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TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1843.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Several months have elapsed since we have offered the few remarks which we have long been in the habit of making on public affairs. There was indeed much to think about, much to grieve over, but little to talk about, while waiting for the results of the new Tariff and the new Sliding Scale,—seeing distress spreading on every hand, and lamentable divisions among those whose union was the surest foundation of the hope of better times. To have given expression to discontent and complaint had at best been idle: those from whom we had hoped better things than riot and outrage, of which they must always be themselves the surest victims, had been sufficiently punished by the vengeance of the laws which they had violated, and were more the subjects of commiseration than rebuke; and in the present awful state of the country, we hold merely factious party recrimination as worse than idle—as morally reprehensible. Party nick-names, and party tactics we have long since left to party jobbers; and having thrown all the badges overboard, we are not disposed to fish them up again. From the first hint of Sir Robert Peel's Tariff, small as was the actual advantage that could be anticipated from a measure that was, perhaps, underrated by one party, and viewed with inordinate alarm by another, Liberals were bound to be in charity with the Tory Minister, who, with however timid a hand, had fairly, though certainly not far, opened the sluices, and let in the waters which are now swelling around us. It is not less true, that Sir Robert Peel's predecessors in office had left but few of those grateful reminiscences and feelings which make this duty of charity difficult to practise towards their rival. A Session of Parliament was got through by Sir Robert, in which, one way or another, a good deal of useful business was accomplished, when its doings are compared with the latter years of the Whig administration; but of which the weightiest business was paving the way for those great commercial and fiscal changes which are now inevitable.

Let us not be understood to impute the dallying with important measures, and the disappointment of the reasonable hopes of the Reformers, altogether to Whig hollowness or disinclination. The late ministry were often obstructed by the contumacy and factious opposition of the party whom their supineness and want of confidence in the people had allowed to rally into formidable strength; though their greatest cause of obstruction lurked within. They had got all they wanted, and nothing more was necessary save to keep what they had obtained. The means of doing so they strangely miscalculated,—and so lost all.

These are things of the past; and now looking forward to the coming Session of Parliament, which, whether for weal or woe, must be one of the most eventful that has yet been witnessed, we start afresh from the point at which we left off when we last spoke of public matters, and inquire whether Sir Robert Peel considers the present distress merely one in the series of periods of temporary difficulty which arise from time to time in every great commercial country, from ruinous wars, bad seasons, and a variety of causes, and are again surmounted; or whether, as is now generally held by reflecting men, he considers it the most alarming symptom that has yet been apparent of the decidedly downward tendency of England in every one of her great interests. The agriculturists begin at length to perceive that all the unjust protection that can be cunningly devised for them, cannot long uphold them, if the other leading interests of the country suffer. The present distress, arising from the same causes, and partaking of the general character of previous periods of suffering, is seen to be more broadly based, and more inveterate in its nature; and the disease has seized upon a previously debilitated frame, no longer able to repel such attacks. National decay has been coming on, now with stealthy pace, now with an accelerated movement,—but ever gaining ground; and the only possible issue has been foreseen and foretold for a quarter of a century. We are not, however, disposed to exult in the fulfilment of prophecies of evil, but rather to rejoice in the indications, that the warning lessons of the justice which is wisdom, are at length beginning to be listened to. Experience, it is said, teaches fools. Falling corn-markets, on the one hand, in spite of a lately adopted magical protecting scale; and, on the other, the energetic action of the Anti-corn,

law League, and the increasing phalanx of Free-traders, at the head of an unemployed and starving population, speak in a tone that must penetrate the most obtuse brains. There is little doubt that Sir Robert Peel, on questions of political economy, holds, at least in the abstract, the same opinions as the late Mr. Huskisson. But there is no longer place for theories and abstractions. Something must be done, and that quickly and effectually; if universal, and, it may be, irreparable ruin is to be averted; and if a last fair chance is to be given to the country to right itself. The Corn Laws must go in the first place;—and they are doomed, and are scarcely worth longer consideration from their opponents; since some of their supporters have themselves magnanimously spoken their sentence. They remain but a question of time, and surely of very brief time,—as we cannot believe that Sir Robert Peel, who has, on former occasions, had the manly humility, and true wisdom and patriotism to adopt whatever was commendable in the policy of his rivals, will pertinaciously cling to a measure proved to be worthless, even to those for whom it was devised, merely because it is not quite a year old, and was of his own contrivance. It has surely been tried quite long enough, the moment that its futility is demonstrated. We would hope that the Minister will as frankly throw his useless Sliding Scale overboard, as adopt the Whig modifications of the Sugar Duties, and, if he please, out-bid the liberality of the Whigs. His difficulties are easily foreseen; and therefore on these, and any liberal measure, or measure of liberal tendency which he may propose, it is the duty of every man who wishes well to the country, and hopes to prosper in the general prosperity, to support a Minister—Tory though he be denominated—who has already done the state some small service, and obtained credit for an inclination to do more, if he is permitted; if he is, in other words, supported by the country against the selfish imbeciles of his own party. Whatever may be the tactics, or, rather, the tempers of the wilder portion of Sir Robert's friends, the duty of Reformers is clear enough. A clamour has been raised by the Whig partisan press, because Sir Robert Peel seems inclined to delude the agricultural interest, has, in fact, deceived the farmers,—though Mr. Estcott and others seem to think this system of delusion will really serve the agriculturists; and no one doubts that, if Sir Robert means free trade in spirit, while restriction is maintained only in words, that this is a kind of delusion which must promote the interests of the whole people, and therefore merits a better name. What shall be said of another kind of delusion, dexterously practised, for a series of years, by another statesman who deluded the Reformers into the expectation that something great was to be done, and ended by telling the people, in plain terms, that even "The Bill" was intended to strengthen the landed interest in the House of Commons! Let us no longer be duped by party names, and made the tools of factious interests. Lord John Russell practised the same kind of tacit delusion. He indubitably allowed the Reformers to indulge in fond fancies of what the Whig administration was to do; and, when the time came, turned round and taunted them with their credulity:—He never had meant any such thing! If Sir Robert Peel should bubble the farmers in the same style, there is yet this great difference in the result of the deception, that his is for their ultimate salvation, and for the more immediate relief of the nation. Let us only find that Sir Robert proves himself an arch-deceiver to the hopes of selfishness and injustice; and long may the monopolists be so deceived! The more intelligent of the agricultural party do not seem to fancy that they have been betrayed.

The changed tone of the late great agricultural meetings is, if possible, a more heart-felt cause of congratulation than the formidable attitude, the elastic energy, and rapidly-growing strength of the Anti-corn-law League.* Those convictions must long have been working in secret which found such strong expression at these farmer assemblies, where things have not been minced or said by halves. The death-warrant of those foolish and iniquitous laws—for they are not more iniquitous than foolish—has been signed by the agriculturists themselves; which leaves no chance for a rescue, and little encouragement for the attempt. There is another advantage. Having surrendered their own monopoly, the landed interest will show no mercy to any other.† Free trade in corn is free trade in everything.——

* Among their other efforts, the active and indefatigable National Anti-corn-law League some time since offered Prizes for the three best Essays on "Agriculture and the Corn Law." From those offered the Three to which the prizes were awarded have been published; and they will, we trust, be speedily circulated far and wide, among the tenant farmers and farm labourers of Great Britain and Ireland, whom they are intended to enlighten. They advocate the same principles, and use the same strain of argument to which our readers have long been familiar in our pages, and especially in the *Political Register* of *Tait's Magazine* for the eight or nine years during which the Political Register was under the superintendence of the late James Johnston Darling, W. S., with whom agricultural science was a favourite pursuit, and who understood the subject well, both practically and theoretically. The opinions advanced in these Essays, and those beginning to be avowed at the agricultural meetings, were unceasingly inculcated by Mr. Darling; and his words have not been as water spilt upon the ground. Mr. Darling was from the outset a Total Repealer, from a sincere conviction, common to him with some of the most intelligent Scottish farmers, that the deprivation of the so-named protection must be for the advantage of the farmers themselves, and ultimately of the landlords also. Nature has, under all circumstances, given a lavish protection to British farmers in the distances from which the corn supplies of the country must be drawn; and from the superior skill, capital, and improved processes of husbandry that must be forced into play by the withdrawal of the enervating protective duties, Mr. Darling always expressed the utmost confidence in the farmers successfully competing with foreigners, if not in one kind of produce, then in others equally profitable. We rejoice to find such doctrines making rapid way. These Prize Essays form a valuable compendium of them.

† The galvanic throes of the *Quarterly Review* are to us another cheering symptom. The poor gentleman who writes about the League in that publication is evidently crazed; though there is no little malignity in his madness. Had he had a few more weeks for consideration, his very extraordinary demonstration might probably have been

The main foundation of the hope on which we now rest is, that the deep-seated evils of our condition being better understood, there is more chance of unanimity as to the nature of the remedy to be administered. There is, so far as we can ascertain, no abatement of the symptoms. Trade becomes every day worse and worse. Whole communities are nearly unemployed, starving, and despairing; and a fearful relaxation of morals, and letting go of the decencies and proprieties of the humblest life that is sustained by regular industry, must be the consequence of those habits of idleness and vagrancy to which so many of the young and of the rising generation are at present condemned:—Nor do we see any chance of speedy relief. Regarded merely as a Tariff, and not in its remote though weightiest results—as the hopeful entering of the wedge, in the process of overthrowing all monopolies—the Peel code promises but slender aid to the manufacturers when compared with their necessities; while another and another hostile Tariff bristles up in the face of our commerce; nor dare we well complain of receiving back from foreign nations the measure we have meted. The total repeal of the Corn Laws, however just and necessary, cannot all at once, nor yet, it is to be feared, of itself, renovate healthful production, and restore the manufacturing system to soundness and prosperity. More is required, much more—the abrogation of many burthens, and the removal of many impediments, which Sir Robert Peel has left untouched; nay, the total emancipation of manufacturing industry. And how is this mighty change to be effected?——By a more sweeping reduction of duties? That the insatiable demands of the State Revenue forbid. The nation, which is almost above measure impatient of the Income-tax in its present form, would absolutely revolt at the amount of direct taxation which might justify Sir Robert Peel in relaxing some of the duties that press the hardest upon the great manufactures of the country. Hostility to this obnoxious impost—the Income-tax, is, we fear, even more general than hostility to monopolies and restrictions on trade; and so determined will the attack already begun be, that unless the Minister has some tempting equivalent with which he can bribe the acquiescence of the country, his Income-tax must go, or he must go; however necessary both may in the meanwhile be to the public welfare. The Tariff is found to be no money equivalent for the Income-tax, though the repeal of the Corn Laws and the reduction of the Sugar Duties might help to fulfil the promise held out by Sir Robert when the tax was imposed; and nothing can compensate to private feeling for the attendant mischiefs of that measure as it at present exists. But were its inquisitorial, unequal, and irritating character corrected, and some great and substantial equivalent offered, in the shape of relieving and stimulating industry, with the farther hope of gradual approximation to a thoroughly sound fiscal system—to, in short, *direct taxation*—even the hateful Income-tax might find and deserve advocates as a step in advance. But we are not so near the political millennium as we dream of; and he must be a very enlightened man, and a very good patriot indeed, who will voluntarily agree to pay a liberal per centage upon his income or his realized property, merely to provide such a public revenue as might justify the abolition of all protecting or prohibitory duties. Were he screwed up to the pitch of making this sacrifice,—in the fruits of which he would ultimately share to the full,—he would be entitled to look for a previous complete revision of the public expenditure, and to demand that retrenchment be carried to the quick in every department of the state where the public interests warrant retrenchment. With our present complicated system of taxation, and overwhelming necessity for an immense yearly revenue, if public faith is to be kept, the change we have been contemplating looks Quixotical and impossible; as one which nothing short of revolution and a national bankruptcy could introduce. We are not so sure of this. "Impossible is the adjective of fools." A few months back, who would have hoped to hear Mr. Estcott and his brethren exhorting the farmers to rely, not upon "protection," but, like other industrious and independent men, upon their own exertions and skill. This looks almost as great a miracle as converting the whole nation to the principle of *direct* taxation; a principle only of secondary importance to that of universal direct representation, which must, among other reforms, ensure a sound system of raising the public revenue.

We do not wish to take a desponding view of the state and prospects of public affairs. The country has probably seen, for the present, the worst of its evil days,—if not yet the end of them; for now their complicated causes and the remedies begin to be generally understood; and though we dare not be

changed into a decent adjustment of the mantle preparatory to the inevitable fall. The desperate and curious piece of rigmarole to which we allude is of great length. It revives the stale and self-refuting calumny of the manufacturers having incited the formidable outrages of last autumn. It deals hugely in CAPITAL and *Italic* letters, a mode of printing, according to the same *Quarterly*, (page 79,) "which may be defined as designating what especially demands skipping." There is, consequently, a great deal of that raw-head-and-bloody-bones article that "especially demands skipping." Its sting lies mainly in its tail, though its spines bristle all over. It would put down the League with the strong hand, as "*Jacobinical—raising-money, organized* and *affiliated*;" and finally endangering "THE SAFETY OF THE STATE." Thus thirty years ago, or less, the same parties—probably the same individual writer for one—would have put down the Anti-slavery Society, which also *raised money*, was *affiliated*, and sent forth lecturers who, in Bristol and Liverpool, were even more roughly handled than the lecturers of the League have been. But the *Quarterly's* scribe, not contented with attacking the members of the League, also denounces the ladies who have coöperated, (as English women, to their honour, have often before done in works of charity and mercy,) as political agitators, wheedling the workmen by styling them "*gentlemen*" in the circulars addressed to them—and who are, moreover, "the *femelles de ces mâles*" who head the League; a mode of designation sufficiently brutal in the original idiom, and not much improved in the delicate use of an English "*gentleman*." The article, however, places many pithy quotations from speeches and letters before the *Quarterly's* readers; and cannot fail to do good, especially when viewed in connexion with what has been accomplished, and the lowered tone of the Monopolists.

so sanguine as to anticipate a speedy and effectual cure, we may confidently look forward to a gradual amelioration of the more distressing symptoms, so soon as the trade in food is unfettered. Skill, enterprise, capital untold, anxiously waiting to be employed in setting busy hands in motion, are still ours, and only require free channels through which they may flow, to bring back the ease, content, and prosperity which it is, at the eleventh hour, discovered will not always wait even upon that protected class to which all the others have been sacrificed.——Instead of indulging in gloom, we would rather dwell upon the blessings which chequer the bitter adversity of the hour. Peace in the East and in China—to the news of which the desponding heart of the weighed-down nation leapt, as a drowning man clutches at a straw—is an eminent cause of gratulation, both from what it has given, and what it promises; and peace preserved with America is a common and inestimable blessing, not alone to the two countries immediately concerned, but to the whole human race. The finances of the country could not longer afford expensive wars; nor did consciousness of their justice strengthen us for the combat. In Sir Robert Peel, we believe, we shall have a promoter of peace, wherever else he may halt. Another ground of gratulation is found in the late indications of returning good sense among those of the "physical-force" Chartists, who, from ignorance, and the instigation of foolish, if not wicked leaders, were incited to violate the law, and who thus brought down its vengeance upon themselves, while they have brought disgrace and discomfiture upon an honest cause. With how many specious arguments has the conduct of these misled men furnished the opposers of every extension of the franchise; who now scornfully inquire if the plunderers and incendiaries of the late riots, are the sort of men for whom is demanded, as of right, a direct influence in making the laws? The insurrection,—for that, it seems, is the imposing though incorrect name given to the late riots,—has certainly no necessary connexion with the claim of the unrepresented for the Suffrage: but when some of the Chartists even boast that this was a Chartist movement, and not a strike for wages, many among the middle classes, who were previously favourable to the essentials of the *six points*, began to doubt if the claimants yet possess that *commonsense* qualification which alone can make the franchise in their hands safe to others, or useful to themselves. We, who consider the extended suffrage an element of safety to the body politic, as well as the right of the unrepresented, disclaim such apprehensions; without, however, being able: in the face of the alarming facts which countenance contrary opinions, to persuade our friends that their fears are fallacious. But one cause of unmingled satisfaction is the growing good sense, and frank good humour displayed of late by the farmers and a few of the landed gentlemen; whom one is disposed to rejoice over like the woman over her lost talent; to find which caused her more joy than the possession of all the rest of her treasure. The advocates of the Total Repeal of the Taxes on the People's Food, the LEAGUE—now "prosperous gentlemen," we already had; the Complete Suffragists we had, and highly were both to be esteemed and valued; but here is a new and almost unhoped-for accession of potent auxiliaries, who make a wise and generous surrender, instead of protracting a weak and exasperated hostility. If any part of this change is owing to Sir Robert Peel's delusions, all praise to him! He is gaining to himself in the farmers a phalanx of supporters in every useful commercial reform that he may project; for the agriculturists, if stripped of their own privileges, will have little indulgence for the monopolies and protecting duties of the other favoured interests.

In the meanwhile, and until the hour of distress is past, or its worst ills mitigated, never at any former epoch in the history of the country were consideration, and kindness, and bountifulness to the extreme sufferers, the unemployed, so much demanded as they are now, and must be for months to come. In relation to this we rejoice to see that a Poor Law for Scotland is at last under the consideration of the government, and that preliminary steps are immediately to be taken. This is a subject on which Sir Robert Peel is as well entitled to demand the support of the Liberals as in those commercial reforms which are expected from him; and we make no doubt that he will obtain it from the country at large, if not from the whole landed class of the North. But before any Poor Law can come into operation years must elapse, and the prevailing misery is extreme: An extraordinary crisis must be met by an extraordinary effort.

DEATH-HYMN OF THE FOOD-TAXED,

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Tune.—"I waited long, and sought the Lord."

GOD said to man, "Arise and toil,
To fill thy soul with good:"
But men said, "No! nor food, nor work:"
I toil'd, and wanted food.
All ills that man can bear I bore,
With none to cheer me nigh;
For pain I toiled, of want I died;
God only saw me die.

"Bread, bread for toil!" I ask'd of man,
But Death for Toil he gave:
And now I ask, "A little earth,
For famish'd man a grave."
Of God I ask, what God will give,
"Rest! till the end shall be:"
Safe in his hands, oh, sweet is rest
To woe-worn men like me!

DYMOND'S GRAVE.*

Standing by Exeter's cathedral tower
My thoughts went back to that small grassy mound
Which I had lately left—the grassy mound
Where Dymond sleeps—and felt how small the power
Of time-worn walls to waken thoughts profound,
Compared with that green spot of sacred ground.

Dymond! death-stricken in thy manhood's flower,
Thy brows with deathless amaranths are crown'd;
Thou saw'st the world from thy sequestered bower,
In old hereditary errors bound;
And such a truthful trumpet thou didst sound
As shall ring in men's ears till Time devour
The vestiges of nations. Yet thy name
Finds but the tribute of slow-gathered fame.

B.

* Author of "Essays on the Private and Political Rights and Obligations of Mankind," reviewed in our September Number for 1842.

PERAULT; OR, SLAVES AND THEIR MASTERS.

[The daring attempt of Perault and his companions, to free themselves from slavery, must still be fresh in the minds of many of the citizens of South Carolina; nor is it likely to be soon forgotten in any slave-holding State. Although little may be heard within the bounds of the slave-holding States of North America, of the mental faculties of the negro race, facts oftentimes occur, which show that the blacks are gifted with higher talents than they are generally allowed to possess. Of this the Insurrection planned, a few years back, by Perault, a negro slave in Charleston, afforded a striking example; and the ringleaders of that deep-laid plot were allowed, on all hands, to have displayed an elevation of mind, and a heroic fortitude, worthy of the best cause. That insurrection is the subject of the following tale, descriptive of the character, manners, and feelings of *Slaves and their Masters.*

It is left to the reader to reconcile the existing institutions of the slave-holding States of America with the following clauses in their Declaration of Independence, dated the 4th July, 1776:—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, *that all mankind are created equal*—that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—that amongst these are life, *liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted amongst men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; and, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is right in the people to alter or abolish it. . . . . When a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, *evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism*, it is *their duty* to *throw off such government*, and to provide new guards for future security."]

CHAPTER I.

THE INDIAN OUTBREAK.

"What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head."

Titus Andronicus.

The banks of the Wandoo, in South Carolina, display some of the most diversified and beautiful scenery that is to be found in any part of the Southern States. The rich soil along the banks of this river, is possessed by opulent planters, who reside almost constantly on their extensive plantations, surrounded by crowds of slaves, and display all that easy luxury, and free hospitality, for which the Carolinian planters have been so long and so justly famed.

Of all the planters in that district, few ranked higher than Mr. Bellgrove of Bellgrove, whose family connexions extended far and near throughout the State. Mr. Bellgrove had taken the lead in society around him, until, in a predatory incursion of the Cherokee Indians, his plantation had been destroyed; and his only son—a youth of much promise—seized and carried away by the savages. From that hour no tidings were heard of the fate of the young man; and the melancholy event was soon followed by the death of Mrs. Bellgrove, whom grief for the loss of her son hurried to an early grave. Sick of the world, Mr. Bellgrove retired from society, and secluded himself on his own estate, shunning all intercourse with his wealthy neighbours, and leaving the management of his plantation to his kinsman and overseer, Mr. Joolay—a rude, unpolished Kentuckian—who ruled with despotic sway over the negro slaves intrusted to his care.

Early one morning, about two years after the destruction of Bellgrove Plantation by the Indians, two negroes were plying their hatchets on the trunk of a tree close by the banks of the Wandoo. One of them was a noble-looking youth, of remarkable regularity and beauty of features. Unlike the generality of the negro race, his figure was handsomely formed, and shown to much advantage by the neat arrangement of his dress, which was of finer materials than that commonly worn by slaves. His companion—who was attired in the ordinary slave-dress—was a chubby, merry-faced, blubber-lipped, flat-nosed negro, who seemed to love laughter and good cheer, and to cherish a thorough negro antipathy to labour; which latter feeling he evinced by repeatedly laying down his hatchet, and stretching his limbs, with a yawn which displayed his capacious mouth from ear to ear.

"Come, Whackie, you must get forward with your work before Mr. Joolay comes round," said his fellow-labourer: "you can't be tired already."

"I is always tire ob dis work," said Whackie, reluctantly resuming his hatchet. "I wish Massa Joolay was at de debil wid all a heart. 'Tis bery kind ob you Zama to come and help I so—but how you like dis workee workee all day?"

"Well enough," answered Zama, "if I saw our poor fellow-negroes looked upon as men and Christians."

"Goley, Zama!" cried Whackie, "Buccra tin!

we nigger is no men: and den what right hab nigger for be Christine?"

"Alas!" sighed Zama, "there is nothing but oppression for the poor negro race."

"Goley!" chuckled Whackie, "if dat be nigger wages, we is always well paid!"

"I grieve to say that you are right," answered Zama, deeply sighing.

"Well," said Whackie, after a pause, "you tink dat Massa Joolay sall go to heben?"

"All good men go there," answered Zama.

"Ah! boy, but Massa Joolay no good man. I tink um go *oder place*, an' poor nigger flog um when um is dere. I no like for workee; but Massa Joolay make me workee like a slave!"

"And what are you but a slave?" said Zama. Nothing provokes a negro quicker than to be called a *slave*, as the name sounds, *even in his ears*, like an *insult;* and Whackie, enraged at the epithet, threw down his hatchet, exclaiming, "Come, boy! no call decen' people names. Lookee, Zama, I no work anoder stroke; an' Massa Joolay may go dam for I!"

"Mr. Joolay," said Zama, "may miss the sound of your axe, and make you feel his whip."

This hint had the desired effect; and Whackie, taking up his axe again, growled,

"'Workee work from morn till night;
Why should black man stoop to white?'

If I was been born planta', an' hab white slave, Lor! how I flog 'em up!" and indulging in this fancy, he plied his hatchet with redoubled vigour, till Zama suddenly ceased working, and gazing earnestly at a small clump of cypress trees, motioned to Whackie to be silent.

"Wot you look at?" inquired Whackie.

"Hush!" said Zama, "there is an Indian lurking in the underwood."

"Oh Lor!" exclaimed Whackie, in a fit of terror, as he concealed himself behind a tree. "Hide, Zama, hide! he shoot like de debil!"

The Indian finding they had observed him, advanced from the thicket. His dress was that of a chieftain of the Cherokee tribe: deer-skin leggans were laced tightly to his shape, while a shirt of beautifully-wrought stuff descended to his knees; his moccasins were trimmed with the skin of the rattlesnake; and a large blanket hung, in not inelegant folds, like a mantle at his back, over which streamed his long, glossy, coarse black hair. The negroes instantly perceived that he bore on his face the streak of war-paint; his wampum belt sustained a huge scalping-knife and a glittering tomahawk, and in his hand he bore a long Kentuckian rifle. With bounding proud step the Indian approached the negroes.

"Peace," said he, extending his hand and lowering the barrel of his rifle; "peace: the Red Indian seeks not the blood of the black slave."

Whackie, on hearing this assurance, recovered his courage, and stepping from his hiding-place, sulkily said, "Why you lurk in a bush? why you frighten poor nigger like I?"

The lip of the Indian curled with contempt as he eyed the negro from head to foot.

"Slave," said he haughtily, "where is the nearest plantation?"

Nettled at the Indian's sneer, and yet frightened at the fiery sparkling of his hawk-like eyes, Whackie sullenly muttered, "Look for him; de first plantation you come to will be de nearest."

The Indian enraged at the insolent answer, and seemingly acquainted with the tenderest part of a negro's frame, suddenly brought the heavy barrel of his rifle in rude contact with the shins of Master Whackie; and that so forcibly, that the poor fellow sprang in the air, and catching hold of the affected part, shrieked with pain and anger, while he pirouetted round on the other splay-foot with the agility of an opera-dancer. "Yeh!" he roared, "yeh! wot is dat?—oh! you dam red tief! yeh! oh Lor! you cus' red waggybone, wot you mean?" The Indian grasped his tomahawk; but Zama, raising his hatchet, threw himself between his companion and the enraged Indian.

"You came with peace on your lips," cried Zama. "Begone then; pass on your way in peace."

"It is good," said the Indian, replacing his tomahawk. "Let there be peace between us. Poor slave," he continued, stroking Whackie's woolly head, "the Red Indian will not harm you."

"Go to de debil, you dam red tief. You break my shin, an' say you no harm me!" was the angry sobbing response of Whackie, as, holding up his cucumber-shaped leg to Zama, he bitterly cried, "Look a' dat Zama, see how he swell!"

Zama expressed his sorrow, and assured Whackie that there was no danger; when the Indian, addressing Zama, inquired, "What is your master's name?"

"Bellgrove," answered Zama.

The eyes of the Indian glowed, as he hastily said —"His plantation is called Bellgrove also. Is it the same Bellgrove whose plantation was destroyed some seasons ago, and whose son was carried away?"

"It is," answered Zama, as he sternly eyed the Indian; "and the Cherokee tribe will yet suffer for the foul deed."

"Have you seen the youth lately?" inquired the Cherokee, eagerly; "he left the wigwams of the Indian to return to his home; has he come? is he well?"

Notwithstanding the assumed composure of the Indian, Zama could easily perceive that there was some deep design labouring in his mind; and he accordingly answered, "The Red Indian comes with a lying tongue. We believe him not. The Cherokees are too bloody to spare the young pale face."

"Then the youth has not returned?" said the Indian.—"No," rejoined Zama.

"Ha!" shouted the Indian, "the young snake has not escaped from the forest yet; he is yet in the power of the Red Cherokee!" With a joyous shout he flourished his rifle in the air, and the wild woods rang with his horrid war-whoop.

"If it is to injure my noble master that you speed thither, you quit not this spot with life!" cried Zama, rushing on the Indian.

"Ay!" cried Whackie, starting up and flourishing his axe, "we do for you. You may kill Massa Joolay, but no harm Massa heshef!"

With a loud war-cry, the Indian bounded forward; and, eluding the grasp of the negroes, with the swiftness of the stag he darted through the mazes of the dark forest, pursued by Zama and Whackie.

After a hard chase, the two negroes reached the clearings of the plantation, and in one of the fields observed Mr. Bellgrove walking with Mr. Joolay.

"Thank heaven," cried Zama, "my dear master is safe."

"No be too sure ob dat," panted Whackie, who had ran till he was out of breath: "look, Zama, yonder de red rogue, see he take a bush an' aim him rifle at Massa; oh run, Zama; you, me run, come, come!"

Both rushed to the spot where the Indian lurked; and before he could take a deliberate aim at his intended victim, Zama hurled his hatchet at the savage, and struck him down with the blow. Whackie flew forward and would have completed the victory by chopping off the head of the Indian, but Zama withheld him. "Shame, shame!" he urged, "he cannot harm us now. Why butcher a helpless foe?"

"Ha, ha!" cried Whackie, struggling to get at the Indian; "he no scruple for take my scalp, an' why I no take him head? You tink if de red rascal get up he tank you for knock um down? He shoot you, and scalp you too, for be so werry kind."

While Zama was endeavouring to prevent Whackie from fulfilling his fierce intent, the Indian, recovering from the sudden effect of the blow, slowly brought his rifle to bear on Mr. Bellgrove, and fired; then instantly springing to his feet, hurled his tomahawk at Zama; but Whackie rushed between his friend and the weapon, the handle of which, in its whirl, encountered the head of Whackie with irresistible force, and stretched him at full length on the ground. Zama instantly caught up Whackie's hatchet, and darted on the Indian, who, drawing his long scalping-knife, attempted to grapple with the negro; who, avoiding his grasp, struck him a violent blow on the right arm, which caused the knife to drop from his hand; and ere he could recover it, the gripe of the negro compressed the throat of the savage, and snatching up the knife, Zama plunged it into the body of his foe.

A number of negroes led by Mr. Bellgrove and the overseer reached the spot, and were amazed at beholding Zama standing with the blood-stained weapon in his hand, over the prostrate Cherokee.

"Zama," cried the overseer, "what means this? who fired at your master?"

Zama turned to Mr. Bellgrove, and pointing to the Indian said, "He would have taken your life, my dear master; but you are safe!"

"Thanks, my faithful Zama," said Mr. Bellgrove. "I will reward your gallant conduct; but is this Whackie? Is the poor fellow dead?"

"He no dead yet, Massa," said Whackie, slowly sitting up and scratching his woolly pate; "only got rap on a head; he ring like an old dry calabash; only leely bruise: too tick for crack!"

"My poor fellow, I am afraid that you are seriously hurt," said Mr. Bellgrove.

"Oh no, Massa," said Whackie, rising up, as he screwed his mouth with pain; "no hurt much; only noise in a ears; dat all. Oh! de dam red tief, was gib me such rap!" And he squeezed his head all round with his hands, as if to restore it to a proper shape again.

"The Indian appears to be dead," said Mr. Bellgrove.—"He no more dead as I," cried Whackie; "he lie 'tiff an' quiet; but neber say Indine dead till um head off."

Mr. Bellgrove looked at the Indian, and seemed violently agitated.

"Mr. Joolay," said he to the overseer, "do you remember the Indian chief who headed the attack on the night my plantation was destroyed?"

"I marked him sure enough," said Joolay. "I shot part of his cheek away; and, if I guess aright, there he lies. 'Tis Moonakah, the Cherokee chief." The Indian slowly raised his head, while the blood oozed fast from his wounds. "Who spoke of Moonakah?" he feebly asked.

"Oh! tell me of my son!" exclaimed Mr. Bellgrove, as he stooped, and, supporting the Indian, endeavoured to stanch his wounds. The Indian faintly smiled; and, speaking with difficulty, said—

"The Red Indian hated the pale faces, and sought to destroy them. A slave has humbled the pride of the Cherokees. The deer shall bound through the dark forest unhurt—Moonakah's rifle is silent, his bow is unstrung."

"Your wounds will be attended to," said Mr. Bellgrove; "you will live and return to your tribe—only tell me of the fate of my son."

The Indian frowned as he feebly answered, "White man, the fawn of thy bosom hath fled from the wigwams of the Indian. He cannot escape—death stalks before the Red Cherokee—ruin is in his train—blood must flow in torrents ere the Red Cherokee seeks the shadows of the dark forest again!" He endeavoured to raise the notes of a warlike death-song; but the mild look of Mr. Bellgrove calmed the fierce spirit of the Indian, and faintly muttering, "I have pursued the young pale face, thy son, with my Braves: even now they surround him—they shall not all fall like Moonakah." With a faint sigh he sunk back into the arms of his supporter, swooning from loss of blood.

"Raise him," said Mr. Bellgrove; "carry him gently to the mansion-house, and let his wounds be properly attended to."

"If you would take my advice," cried Mr. Joolay, "you'd throw him into the Wandoo."

"Silence," said Mr. Bellgrove. "He brings me tidings of my long-lost boy, therefore he must be well treated. Now, my friends," continued he, addressing the negroes, "we must to the woods, and search for your young master; he cannot be far off: and, mark my words—The first negro who brings me intelligence of my son shall be rewarded with *Freedom!*"

"Freedom!" shouted Zama, stepping suddenly forward. "Freedom!—Oh! rapture! Come, my friends, to the forest! Let every swamp and every thicket be explored. Liberty is our reward!"

To his amazement the negroes shrank back and regarded him with sullen angry looks.

"Are ye men?" cried Zama; "hear ye not a father asking for his child—your own master, too; and will you not aid him? Are ye Africans? Ye base dogs! ye are only fit for the whip and the chain: will no one follow me?"

"I go with you," cried a stalwart negro, advancing; but this volunteer was instantly collared by a coarse-looking, blubber-lipped negress, who nearly strangled him with the fury of her gripe as she yelled, "Yeh! oh! you blacka waggybone; you want a go free, an' leave you bootiful wife and you lubely piccaninny!"

"Hold you tongue, Sally," remonstrated the negro, struggling to get away from her; "no 'front me 'fore de whole plantation. See, Massa be angry."

"Let him go, Muma Sally," said Mr. Bellgrove; "if any negro brings me tidings of my son, the negro shall not only obtain his own freedom, but the freedom of his wife and family also."

"No, no, Massa," cried the negress, "no free—no free. Joey go free, Joey go lazy—wife an' piccaninny go starve. No free—no free!"

And the cry of "No free!" arose from the whole sable mob around.

"Pardon me, Sir," said Mr. Joolay, respectfully addressing Mr. Bellgrove. "Your excited feelings cause you to forget the negro character. In the first place, these fellows can do nothing of themselves. In the second place, effectual aid must be obtained, otherwise we are lost. With your permission, therefore, I will proceed to the city, and inform the Governor of this outbreak of the Indians, and request a few companies of Cadet Rifles to scour the woods. In the meantime, send on to Myrtlegrove, and cause your niece to alarm her plantations, and set her negroes to coöperate with your own in watching the clearings till aid arrives. Let your own negroes be well-armed, and a few bands of them be dispersed amongst the thickets to give the alarm. No fear of the Indians harming them; they know the negroes' scalps are no honour, so wont touch them."

"You are right," said Mr. Bellgrove: "proceed instantly to the city; take eight good rowers with you—you will soon reach it. Zama, proceed you to Myrtlegrove and spread the alarm. Request my niece to send out her negroes to cover my son's escape. Mr. Joolay will call at Myrtlegrove on his return, and see that effectual measures are taken. I will arm my own servants, and scour the woods myself at their head."

Zama's countenance became joyful again as he said, "I will strike through the forest, and soon reach Miss Bellgrove's plantation."

"You please, Massa," cried Whackie, "I go wid Zama?"

"If you think you are able, go. Remember, watch the woods well; bring me tidings of my son, and freedom is your reward."

Zama, with an exclamation of joy, caught Whackie in his arms, and cried, "Oh! Whackie, we will yet be free."

"Much good dat do we, eh?" said Whackie, disengaging himself from the embrace of his friend. "Wot use for be free? Massa," continued he, addressing Mr. Bellgrove, "I no like a be free—I no want a be free."

"Why not, my good lad?" inquired Mr. Bellgrove.

Whackie's blubber lip seemed to dangle over his chin with a ludicrous expression of sorrow as he answered, "'Cause, Massa, free nigger hab to work for um wittals; an' when he fall sick, nobody care for um; free nigger no respectable; oder nigger laugh at um: no, no, Massa, you please I no want a be free."

"But, my good lad, you will still remain with me, and I will be your friend and protector," said Mr. Bellgrove.

"Hi!" cried Whackie, joyfully, "dat be oder ting; but wot if Massa Joolay flog I den?"

"Knock him down," cried Zama; "the lash touches not the free!"

"Den, Massa, I want a be free," said Whackie. "I say, Zama," continued he, with a chuckling laugh, addressing his friend in an under tone, "Goley! how I like to hab de pleasure of knock down Massa Joolay!"

"Every man to his duty!" cried Mr. Bellgrove; and instantly the negroes rushed into the thickets.

CHAPTER II.

"There's a splendid day for yellow fever," said Lieutenant Galliard to Captain Charles Waldenberg, as they sauntered along the piazza in front of the Governor's house in Carlville.—"Ay, or roasting eggs i' the sand," responded the captain. "This is no day for reviewing the troops. I'd as soon go through drill in a baker's oven."

"It seems," said Galliard, "that we're to have hot work somehow. What can the Governor mean by sending for us so hurriedly?"

"I can't tell; but here he comes; he will explain it himself."

"Good morning, gentlemen," said the Governor, as he advanced to meet them. "Have you heard anything of this outbreak of the Cherokees?"

The young officers answered that they had heard nothing of it.

"As yet," said the Governor, "it is merely a rumour; nor has aught transpired to confirm it. A number of the Cherokees recently entered the State, and advanced close to the city on pretence of trading; but it seems they have now broke into open warfare, thinking that we are not prepared for them. Captain Waldenberg, I regret that that unfortunate duel between your brother the colonel and Major Maitland should deprive me of the service of two such gallant officers at such a crisis."

"I am happy to learn," answered the captain, "that Major Maitland is now fully recovered from the effects of his wound. My brother has been self-exiled too long; but I am in hourly expectation of his return."

"I rejoice to hear such news," said the Governor; "but in the meantime it is my wish that your brigade of rifles be in readiness to repel any attack which the Indians may be inclined to make."

Assuring him of their readiness to obey his wishes, the young officers received their instructions from the Governor, and were about to take leave, when Captain Waldenberg, looking down the avenue, exclaimed, "As I live, here comes old Joolay, waddling like an overgrown Muscovy duck."

"I see he has got that eternal coach-whip with him," said Galliard; "I should like to know how many lazy negroes have felt it during his progress through the streets."

"His presence bodes no good," said the Governor, hastily.

"One-half of the negroes in town will swear to that," said the captain, laughing.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the Governor; "I will go and meet him. He seems fatigued. Don't leave till I return." So saying, he hurried down the piazza stairs, and advanced to meet the overseer.

"What does Joolay's face look like?" inquired Galliard of his merry companion, as they watched the approach of that worthy.

"It has been sadly bungled in the making," answered the captain: "Nature, in sculpturing his nose, seems to have missed the chissel, and flattened his features with her mallet, leaving the brow and chin protruding most ludicrously."

"True," said the lieutenant, smiling; "and, by way of amending her blunder, Nature placed a fiery carbuncle where the nose should be, and which the owner nourishes most carefully with brandy and water."

"Did you ever see such a dress?" said the captain; "his nankeen coat and trousers would contain half-a-dozen ordinary-sized men, and his sombréro might thatch a negro hut. Here he comes; keep your gravity—he's a dead shot, and I have no desire that he should try his skill at my corpus."

"Sarvant, gentlemen," roared Joolay, as he waddled towards them. "Warm weather this for running in, ain't it? Tarnation hot, I guess, for agoing through the millinery evolutions!"

"Ay, or flogging lazy negroes, Mr. Joolay," cried the captain. "Any of your negroes ran away, that you have galloped to town so fast?"

"No, no," answered Joolay, taking off his huge sombréro, and wiping the perspiration from his face with the lining of it. "The Indgines are down on us bang slam; we want you chaps up to shoot a lot of 'em."

"We are always ready to oblige our friends, Mr. Joolay," said the captain.

"Then, gentlemen, it is time your Rifles were advancing," said the Governor. "Give orders to sound to arms." The young officers bowed and took leave.

The sound of the bugles were heard through every quarter of the city; and the citizens hurried to ascertain the cause of so sudden a call to arms. Merchants, planters, and store-keepers were running along the streets towards the Exchange—all seemed noise and confusion. The haughty Spaniard paused in his promenade, twirled his moustaches, pulled the cigar from his mouth, and muttering "*Que ruido es este?*" stalked on. The lively Frenchman jumped quickly round, and listening to the clang of the bugles, exclaimed, "*Ha! preparatifs de guerre!*" as he rubbed his hands with glee. Young Carolinians were seen rushing with speed through the streets, with flushed cheeks, and eagerness and joy sparkling in their eyes. The negroes looked around with distended eyes and mouth, and wondered—"Wot de debil is de row!" while the Catabaw Indian started forward—clutched his bow and arrows with firmer grasp, and drawing his blanket closer around him, sought the outskirts of the city. Americans of every state—Scotch, English, Irish, Spaniards, French, Germans, Italians, Israelites, Indians, Africans, men of every clime and every tongue, were crowded at the Exchange, all eager to know the cause of alarm—when suddenly the Carolinian Cadets, in their elegant uniforms, with their dreaded Kentuckian rifles in their hands, were seen hurrying to their place of rendezvous, and the mounted brigade galloping along at full speed: the alarm was now explained—the Cadets were called out to repel the Cherokees.

The Governor and Joolay stood in the verandah of the Governor's house, watching the gathering of the troops as they rapidly formed on the lawn; and in a short time, four hundred as noble-looking and as gallant-hearted youths as ever breathed, were drawn up in warlike array, ready and eager to advance upon the foe.

"Look, Mr. Joolay," said the Governor, as his voice trembled with emotion, and the tear glistened in his eye; "are they not a noble set of young men? Do they not look like members of one family?"

"I shouldn't like to be the father of such a family!" growled Joolay.

"Is it not a pity that such gallant youths should fall in such a warfare as this, with these savages?" continued the Governor.

"Better for them to be fighting the Red Cherokees, than fighting duels with each other," answered Joolay. "Lord bless you, Sir, they're all as merry at the idea, as if they were going to shoot squirrels. Hillo!" he cried, "what's ado now?" as two mounted officers galloped up from different directions in front of the troops, and, dismounting from their horses, advanced and embraced each other amid the cheers of the brigade.

"Nobly done!" exclaimed the Governor. "It is Waldenberg and Maitland. I am happy that Waldenberg is returned, and still happier at this reconciliation. Now the young sparks will follow them in the face of all danger. Come, Mr. Joolay, it is time they were getting orders."

The Governor, followed by Joolay, approached towards the corps, and the officers gathering around him, awaited his instructions.

"Colonel Waldenberg," said the Governor, "your presence is unexpected, and it affords me much pleasure to behold you again."

"It is not an hour since I arrived in the city," said the colonel. "Indeed, I had but brief time to arm and gallop hither."

"Major Maitland, I am heartily glad to see you at your post again," said the Governor, addressing

Maitland; "but see that your health can stand this campaign."

"My life," said the major, bowing, "is at my country's service."

The officers having received their instructions, fell back, and took their stations by their different companies. The order was given to advance. Amid deafening cheers the star-spangled banner was unfurled—the band struck up the favourite national air; and, amid prayers and blessings, the gallant youths marched forward to meet their savage enemy.

The Cadet brigade marched through the shady avenues of the city, and, having passed the lines, struck into the open country. The day, as before remarked, was sultry—not a cloud was visible in the heavens: the vultures soared high in the air, till they seemed like small specks flitting in the clear blue sky. The mocking-bird was wheeling his restless flight from bush to bush, warbling in a thousand different notes, and seemingly endued with a sincere love of mischief. Now imitating the warbling of the crested red bird, he would cause numbers of them to forsake their perching places, and fly towards him; but no sooner were they nigh him, than he changed his notes to the fierce cry of the hawk, and caused the terrified warblers to fly for safety, till he in turn was obliged to drop his ill-timed mockery, and, with an ill-natured chirp, hop to the root of the bush, to save himself from the real hawk brought forward by his cries.

The brigade soon entered the bowery paths of the forest. The sunbeams, mellowed by the leafy canopy, spread a rich golden hue around; the lovely jasmine, twining from tree to tree, threw forth its brilliant flowers like a gay drapery; while the clustering vines, clambering around the trunks of the cedar and myrtle, hung in rich festoons, heavily laden with large clusters of grapes, as if inviting the thirsty passer-by to pluck and eat; the smilax, twisting from branch to branch, looked like triumphal arches gaily scattered throughout the forest;—flowers of every form and hue, exhaling perfume, seemed to captivate the senses; while the royal palms and gorgeous magnolias, towering like monarchs of the sylvan scene, showed nature in her richest and most splendid trappings. Guarded by alert skirmishers in the front, on each flank, and in the rear, scattered throughout the forest to rouse any ambuscade of their wily foes, the main body of the Cadets advanced joyously and fearlessly through the lovely scenes of their native land.

CHAPTER III.

Having seen the forces depart, Joolay bade the Governor good-by, and sauntered along the shady streets towards the beach, to regain his canoe. The deep shade of the Pride-of-India, and orange trees, which lined the footpath, could not prevent the overgrown overseer from being oppressed by the excessive heat, which had the effect of making him unusually crabbed. Joolay had a mortal antipathy to "lubberly negroes" wasting their time; and so well-known was he to the sable race, that a glimpse of his figure was quite enough to make a negro run homewards. It so happened that, on turning the corner of Market Street, he stumbled on three clumsy negroes, busy at a game of marbles, with their baskets filled with provisions lying on the ground. Negroes are all fond of gambling; and, whatever may be the game they engage in, their whole soul seems centred in it while they play. So intent were these negroes on their diversion, that they did not observe the approach of their enemy, who, grasping his long whip more firmly, slyly slipped up to them.

"Ah! you tief, Jupita', play fair!" roared one of the gamblers, who appeared to be the losing party; "play fair. Cus you eye!—knucka down—knucka down—no go for cheat!"

"I'll knuckle down ye, you lazy rascals!" cried Joolay, rushing at them, and plying his long whip about their shins. The gamblers instantly began a fandango, yelling in concert, and rubbing their legs; but no sooner did they recognise the hateful face of their assailant, than each, snatching up his market-basket, fled in a different direction, leaving Joolay master of the field; who, like all other conquerors, instantly seized upon the spoils of the vanquished, and pocketed the marbles which the negroes, in their hurry and alarm, had forgotten.

"One, two, three, four," he muttered, as he picked up the trophies of his victory. "Lazy vagabonds, I'll marble them!—five, six, seven, ay, a dozen—that's winning the game, I guess."

So saying, he waddled on his way, till he reached one of the most retired streets in the city, leading to the upper part of the beach. He had not proceeded far along this street, till he encountered a smart-looking negro, who attempted to take the wall of the overseer in passing. Joolay instantly stopped, stared the negro in the face, and uttered a fierce oath.

"Beg pardon, Massa," said the negro; "I want to pass you."

"How dare you take the wall of me?" roared Joolay.

"Because you fill up all de rest of de pave!" answered the negro, grinning broadly in his face.

"You're an impudent dog, and I've a mind to——" Here Joolay flourished his whip very scientifically at the negro; but happening to place his foot on a trap-door in the pavement, leading to a cellar, the door gave way beneath his weight, and Joolay was precipitated into the cellar, where he lay wallowing in mud. With a look of amazement, the negro beheld the sudden and unexpected exit of the overseer; but summoning up his courage, he cautiously peeped into the cellar.

"Help me out, you darned nigger—help me out!" roared Joolay, in a fury.

"Hu—hu—hu!" shouted the negro, in a convulsion of laughter. "Look at de old Buccra—hu—hu—hu! Um be catch like an old rat in a trap!" he shrieked and laughed, till he could no longer stand; and, throwing himself down on the street, rolled in the sand, exclaiming, "Oh dear! —hu—hoo! Oh lor! I sall die wid laughee!"

The mirth of the negro added fresh fuel to Joolay's rage. Scrambling out of the cellar without

hat or wig, he regained the pavement, and looked around for the object of his wrath. The street was perfectly deserted—not a creature was visible.

"Darn him!" exclaimed Joolay, "he's off. No—by the 'ternal here he is!" And there the negro lay at the root of a Pride-of-India tree, holding his sides, and gasping for breath.

"Who the devil was you laughing at?" roared Joolay, springing on the negro, and seizing him firmly by the neck.

"Take care, Massa," bellowed blackie; "I is a free nigger!"

"A free devil!" cried Joolay; "I'll shake the black soul out of your sooty carcass!"—and the overseer bade fair to put his threat into execution. "You 'll laugh, will ye?—at me, will ye?" he roared, as he shook the negro almost to pieces.

"Oh! no, Massa," cried the sufferer; "I no laugh—no, Massa—neber laugh no more!"

"If you do, I——"

Here the overseer was interrupted by the clattering of a horse's hoofs beside him, and a stern loud voice exclaimed, "White monster—unhand the poor African!"

Joolay looked up. The horse was curvetting right over him. A dark face peered on him—a heavy blow descended on his head, and Joolay rolled in the dust, stunned and insensible.

The rescued negro started up and gazed on his deliverer, who was a handsome, haughty-looking negro, attired in a rich Mameluke dress, and mounted on a beautiful and spirited courser.

"Oh, Perault!" exclaimed the poor fellow, with a burst of joy; "can it, indeed, be you?"

"Ay," rejoined his sable auxiliary; "Perault, indeed. Who else of all our race durst strike that monster down?"

"I fear dat you have killed him," said the negro, trembling, as he looked at the prostrate form of the overseer.

"I care not if I have," cried Perault. "If you and the rest of our oppressed race would do the like, our proud tyrants would become the fewer. But, quick—drag his carcass out of the way."

"What can I do?" inquired the negro, looking more and more frightened and perplexed.

"Toss him into that cellar, and leave him," answered Perault, pointing to the one from which Joolay had immediately before emerged. With much difficulty the negro dragged the overseer to the cellar, and tumbled him in.

"Will I shut de door on him?" he inquired. "If he come 'live again, and find heshef in de dark, he sall get good fright!"

"No," said Perault, hastily, "leave the door as it is; if he is found, his fall will be attributed to chance. Now, mark me—not a word of this adventure to any one, if you value your life. Farewell!" He dashed his rowels into his horse's side, and galloped off at full speed, while the rescued blackie sneaked quickly away.

Some time elapsed ere Joolay recovered his senses. A loud tingling in his ears caused him to think he heard a thousand bells ringing; and he was puzzled to conceive where he was, till, by degrees, his ideas arranged themselves, and putting his hand to his crown, he found the bump of knock-downism very largely developed.

"I recollect," he soliloquized, "of tumbling into this darned cellar; but then I got out again to thrash that whoreson nigger, and then I remember of a black rascal riding me down; but how I got into this tarnation hole again, confound me if I can guess."

So saying, he groped about, and finding his hat and wig, which he adjusted, grasped his whip; and scrambling out of the cellar, with sore bones and an aching head, he proceeded towards the beach. On reaching the shore Joolay looked about for his attendants, and beheld them diverting themselves with the little land-crabs, chasing them into the holes in the sand. The negroes were so intent on their sport, that they had forgotten the receding of the tide, which had left their canoe high and dry on the land: no sooner, however, did they observe Joolay, than they rushed helter-skelter into the canoe, and each of them laying hold of it by the side, began to pull and haul with all their force, to get it into the water again, encouraging each other with loud shouts.

"Did ever mortal man see such jackasses!" exclaimed Joolay. "Jump out of the canoe, every devil of ye, and push it into the water before you."

The negroes instantly obeyed him, and, to their great delight, the canoe was once more afloat. "Now," cried Joolay, as he nestled himself in the canoe for a snooze, "row to Myrtlegrove, and don't utter a word till you are there—row like lightning,' ye black boobies!" and the grinning negroes plied their paddles with vigour.

CHAPTER IV.

The Columbian mail-coach, or, properly speaking, cart, was rumbling along a sandy road through a dark part of the forest, with two inside passengers—a young lady, and an elderly gentleman.

"I wish," exclaimed the gentleman; rather testily, "that Government would pay a little more attention to the roads in the State. It certainly would be better to root out these plaguy stumps of trees, that stick up in the road, endangering people's lives at every jolt. I declare I am shaken all to pieces."

Here a sudden jolt tossed him nearly head foremost out of the vehicle; but his cranium coming in contact with one of the bars, another jog flung him back on his seat again.

"Plague take it!" cried he, "I've got my skull fractured."

"Do take it easy, papa," said the young lady; "that's the thirtieth time to-day you have declared that your skull was fractured—a compound fracture I suppose!"

"I shall be all fractions before I get out of this, anyhow," said the gentleman, recovering his good humour. "Ah, Letty, Letty! see what a state you have brought your poor old father to: shaken to pieces in this vile machine to please you."

The coach suddenly stopped, and the driver uttered a fierce oath.

"What is wrong?" said the young lady. "Why is the driver stopping the coach?"

"Hillo, Coachee," cried the gentleman, "anything wrong?"

"An Indgin, Sir!" roared the driver, in answer.

"An Indian; what does he want?"

"I guess, Sir, as how you ha'n't heard that the Cherokees are broken out?"

"Is it possible?" cried the gentleman, somewhat alarmed.

"Calculate as how it is," answered the driver, rolling his quid in his cheek; "and here comes one on 'em." Looking out of the vehicle, the passengers beheld a person in the Indian garb, flying with the speed of the wind towards them. On a sudden the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the supposed Indian, bounding forward, fell prostrate at the side of the carriage.

"Guess I've hitten him!" roared the driver, slowly reloading his rifle.

"Hit him?" cried the gentleman. "You villain, how dared you fire upon him without a cause? he is unarmed, and was giving you no provocation. Poor fellow," he continued, looking at the prostrate form before him, "he must have come a long way; see how torn his garments are.—Letty, my love, let us help him."

Quickly descending from the carriage, the lady and gentleman raised the wounded man; and, to their surprise, beheld not the red face and long coarse black hair of a Cherokee, but a face of youthful beauty, with light-brown hair curling in beautiful ringlets over a brow of purest whiteness. The wounded youth slowly opened his large dark eyes, and bent them for an instant with a look of deep anguish on the lady.

"I am no Indian," he faltered; "I am pursued:" and he sunk insensible, while the blood oozed from his mouth and nostrils.

"No Indian?" said the gentleman, deeply moved by the youth's situation. "No, I'll be sworn for it, fair boy, that no Indian blood runs in thy veins. Here," cried he to the driver, who stood very unconcerned, chewing a quid of tobacco, "here, you harsh brute, lend a hand and help him into the carriage."

"I'm daddled if I does!" exclaimed the driver; "and hark ye, old chap, tip no more jaw, or I guess I'se gotten a 'tother ball in my rifle. Besides, who pays this chap's fare? Let him lie—he won't run far?"

"Unfeeling wretch!" exclaimed the lady.

"'Tisn't manners for us free citizens of America to wallop ladies," said the driver, eyeing her with infinite contempt; "so, I guess, I doesn't fight wi' the fair sex."

"I'll pay this youth's fare," said the gentleman. "He goes with us."

"I guess you'd better tip us the blunt first," said the driver, holding out his hand for prompt payment; "two dollars and a half for carriage and trouble—not a cent less."

"There's your money," said the gentleman, paying his demands. "Now, help him into the carriage—gently now—there, that will do. Letty, take his head upon your knee—poor young fellow, how I feel for him! "Drive slow, Sir," cried he to the driver, as they set to the road again—"and you may rest assured, I shall inform Government of your wanton attack on this poor youth."

"I doesn't care a sweet 'tatie for Government," answered the driver, carelessly. "Government's more obliged to me, than me to it. I'se a free and independent citizen; and I does as I likes."

So saying, he planted himself firmly in his seat, and belaboured the poor skeletons of horses that drew the vehicle, till, to his own wonder—and no doubt the wonder of themselves—they essayed a canter.

While these transactions were taking place, Zama and Whackie had held on their way through the deep forest with the utmost speed, bounding over tangled brakes and vines, dashing through swamps and underwood. Unheeded by them was the hissing of the deadly black snake, and the threatening coil and thrilling rattle of the fiery-eyed and poisonous rattlesnake; the squirrel peeped from his leafy bower with wonder at their speed; the racoon and opposum fled to their places of shelter; while the wild-deer, starting from its covert, bounded away to the darker wilds of the forest. On a sudden Zama stopped, and grasping Whackie by the arm, pointed to the leaves which thickly strewed the ground, and exclaimed—

"See! we are close upon a large band of Indian warriors!"—"Oh, Zama! wot sall we do now?" was the alarmed inquiry, as Whackie, gazing on the ground, beheld the prints of the moccasins of the Indians. "Hush!" whispered Zama; "the trail is quite fresh—let us follow it. Slowly and cautiously now—keep close on the ground among the bushes." Crouching amongst the underwood, and gently pressing the branches aside, they proceeded for some time; when Zama, throwing himself flat on the ground, listened attentively for a few seconds, then motioning to Whackie to follow him, crawled silently to a small thicket of myrtles which commanded a view of an extensive glade. "Look there," whispered Zama, as he pointed to the opening of the forest in front of them; "there the Indians are—in possession of the road too."

Whackie looked in the direction pointed out, and beheld the Indians clustering in numbers. Their tall, erect, and noble figures; their unconstrained and elegant attitudes; their martial air, and wild commanding appearance, arrayed with their fearful weapons, might have struck terror to a firmer heart than that of poor Whackie. There stood the bravest warriors of the Cherokee tribe, among those scenes, and on the soil over which their forefathers had held undoubted sway for ages unknown; yet there, the rightful owners of the land stood as detested blood-thirsty intruders. The soil no longer owned their sway: the white man had seized upon it—driven them from their own hunting-grounds, and cooped them up, like deer in the toils. Now they had rushed from the western wilds, to make the hunting-grounds of their fathers ring once more with the wild war-whoop of the Red Cherokee, and to spread ruin and desolation throughout the land.

A shrill cry of exultation arose from the Indians

as they pressed towards the centre of the road, and a general rush ensued to a place where one of their chieftains stood. Concealed amongst the bushes the two negroes looked on with intense anxiety. "I say, Zama," whispered Whackie, "wot yon long chap wid de red fedder 'tick in him crown mean by point to de wood, den to de road, and shake him rifle?"—"Now, God help our young master!" sighed Zama, bitterly.—"Eh? dey is cotch him, eh?" inquired Whackie.

"Not yet," whispered Zama; "that seems plain from their gestures; but they have got on his trail, and, from their exulting cries, he cannot be far off. See—see," he exclaimed, as he started up; "they point along the road.—Ha! they have vanished. Now, Whackie, let us save Master Charles, or die with him!"

The negroes hurried to the spot where the Indians had previously grouped around, and the trodden leaves showed plainly, that the Cherokees had gathered from all parts of the forest to that particular spot.

"Hi! Zama, see wot a lot ob de red rogues been here!" cried Whackie, pointing to the prints of the Indians' footsteps.

"Ha!" cried Zama, stooping and looking earnestly at the sand, "here is the mark of a white man's foot."

"How you know de difference?" inquired Whackie.

"Notice," said Zama, "how the haughty tread of the Indian causes the sand to sink as he raises his step—see how the leaves and sand are pressed down at the print of the toes; yet you observe that the footstep is turned a little inward, and the mark is smooth by the moccasin—that is the Indian foot-mark. Now, look here," and he pointed to the impression of a small foot on the ground. "See how the footstep is turned outwards; and see, the person must have been running hard, for the sand is pressed forward by the front of the foot, and the mark deeply indented: it is the footstep of a white person."

"How you can tell dat?" inquired Whackie.

"As easily as I can tell the foot-mark of a common negro from that of an Indian," answered Zama; "look at the print of your own foot-mark."

Whackie raised his foot, and examined the sole of it most minutely, then looked at the broad splay mark with the long spur heel in the sand; and, thoroughly satisfied with the proof, he scratched his head and muttered, "Bery well; may be nigger foots be all alike."

"Stay!" exclaimed Zama, "here is blood. See, some one has fallen prostrate on the earth—there is foul play here. Ha! the print of horses' hoofs and carriage wheels—and see here are more foot-marks of white people. I see, it all," he cried, starting up—"he has been wounded, and fallen on the road, where some travellers have found him, and carried him on in their carriage. These red fiends know this, and like so many famished wolves, are on the track. There is a narrow foot-path through the cypress swamp which leads to the turning of the roads. Come, Whackie, redouble your speed, and get between the Red Indians and their prey!"

So saying, he dashed into the thickets at headlong speed, followed by Whackie.

CHAPTER V.

In a gorgeously decorated apartment, displaying all that wealth and luxury could heap around its occupant, there lay upon a rich ottoman, and wrapped in deep slumber, the young and beautiful heiress of Myrtlegrove. Her face was pale, and bore a deep trace of melancholy and suffering; in her silent slumber she was scarcely seen to breathe, and her pale and beautiful features seemed more like the master-piece of a skilful statuary, sculptured from the purest Parian marble, than like a form of life. The paleness of her countenance was relieved by the exquisitely arched eyebrows, and long black silken eye-lashes, and her dark hair, which lay in clustering ringlets on her neck, while the whiteness of her robes vied with the purity of her face. Over her bent a young negress, whose features, for regularity and beauty, rivalled even those of the slumbering white beauty. The dark blood was seen mantling on her cheek; nor could the glossy darkness of her skin, prevent her features from portraying the various emotions which agitated her breast. Her large gazelle-like eyes lit up the whole countenance with sensitiveness, which caused the looker-on to forget that that dark and exquisitely sweet face belonged to the oppressed African race; while the elegant figure, and beautifully-shaped foot and ancle of this negro girl, showed that Nature could lavish her skill on the despised negress, as well as on the proud and haughty white lady. In her hand the young negress held a fan of richly variegated feathers, with which she gently brushed the musquit-toes from the face of her slumbering mistress, as they buzzed around her. "My own dear lady," she murmured, as, with looks of fondness, she bent o'er the fair slumberer. "Hush! Ooknea," she continued, as an elderly Indian woman entered the apartment; "hush! she sleeps."

The Indian squaw stepped gently forward, and gazing on the pale face of the lady, murmured, "Fawn of my bosom—sleep on! And oh! may you awaken but to find new pleasures and happiness!"

Here they were startled by the loud crack of a whip, and a harsh voice beneath the front verandah, sounding like the coarse rasping of a saw, exclaiming—

"Out of my road, ye black rascals, or I'll flay you alive!"

Another loud crack of the whip, followed by the jabbering of a band of negroes, expostulating with the intruder, caused the sleeper to awaken with a start.

"Zada—Ooknea!" she exclaimed, in alarm—"what is that?"

Here another loud oath from the harsh intruder, accompanied by another loud crack of a whip, was followed by an angry exclamation of—

"Flog you own nigger, you dam buccra tief! wot you flog I for?"

"Sarve you right, you black rascal," was the response; "that's to learn you manners!"

"If flogee be good for teachee manners," roared the negro, "you hab much need for get him ten time a-day youshef!"

"You darned black son of a baboon," was the enraged rejoinder, "do you set up your tarnation jaw to me?"

A loud shout of laughter was now heard, and cries of "Run Haman, run—well done, Haman!" Hitherto the lady and her attendants had listened with silent surprise.

"It is that wretch Joolay striking the negroes," said the lady. "Zada, love, call on him to desist; tell him I wish to speak with him."

Zada hastened to the verandah, and beheld Joolay, with his long whip in his hand, giving chase to a negro footman, with about a score of other negroes at his heels, who were roaring and laughing at the race. The bulky form of the overseer, set off with his wide coat and trousers, looked like a sugar hogshead mounted on legs, and his huge hat, with a brim like an umbrella, flapped up and down, as he waddled after the negro, as if to wing him onwards. The fugitive proving too nimble for him, Joolay gave up the pursuit, as, shaking the whip at his light-heeled enemy, he shouted—"Stop till I catch ye! by the Lord Harry, I'll wallop you in style, I calculate!"

The negro instantly turned round, and began dancing in triumph; and, wriggling his body into the most ludicrous postures, he sang—

"Massa Joolay ugly face,
I neber like for see um;
Pity much *him* nigger case,
I shouldn't like for be um!"

Joolay's rage arose beyond all bounds, and he yelled out, "I'll make you pity your own case, you darned ourang-outang, if I catch ye!" Turning quickly round, and resolved to wreak his ill-nature on something, Joolay plied his whip right and left amongst the negroes who followed him.

"I'll give you something to laugh at, you 'tarnal caoutchou-faced yahoos!" yelled he, as the negroes flew off in all directions, cursing him in most energetic terms. Fretting and fuming with passion, Joolay drew nigh to the house, when Zada called to him.

"Well, my negro-queen," said the overseer, looking up, "what is it?"

"My lady is alarmed and displeased at your conduct," answered Zada.

"Is she, my pretty treacle-dish?" he replied—"then let her tell me that herself, and not do it by deputy. I've had enough of your complexion for one day, I guess. Blow my wig," he continued, "I think the world's coming to an end—the niggers care no more for me, than they do for an old turkey-buzzard! Here, my coal-black Venus—my pretty queen of sables," he added, as he entered the verandah, "put my sombréro and my whip out of the way—don't lose 'em though. Now, where's my Mexican rose, my lovely lily of the Wandoo—your mistress?" Zada threw open the door, and Joolay entered the apartment.

"Bless my heart, my dear Miss Bellgrove," cried he, as he looked on the pale face of the lady, "I am sorry to see you thus."

"I have been indisposed for some time," said Matilda.

"Ay, ay, so I heard," said Joolay, "ever since that duel between Colonel Waldenberg and Major Maitland."

Matilda's face flushed with anger as she sternly said, "Silence, Sir; your business here, I presume, is some message from my uncle."

"I humbly crave your pardon, Miss Bellgrove," said Joolay, "if I have hurt your feelings by my ill-timed allusions. I am plain and blunt, my dear young lady; but allow me to say, that no man would lay down life faster than old Tom Joolay, if it was to serve you."

"I believe it," said Matilda, smiling, as she held out her hand to the overseer, who pressed it in his paw, somewhat roughly.

"And now," continued Joolay, "have Zama and Whackie been here?"

Zada answered that they had not arrived.

"They should have been here some hours ago then," said Joolay; "we must to business without delay. Miss Bellgrove, you must instantly call out your negroes, and arm them well."

"Why so?" inquired Matilda, with a look of alarm.

"Because the Red Indians are on us," answered Joolay; "young Master Charles has escaped from them. The woods are filled with them in pursuit of him, and many atrocities have been committed by them."

"Has my cousin escaped?" cried Matilda, with a burst of joy.

"Alas!" said Joolay, "he is still in the woods, surrounded by the savages. One of them early this morning fired at Mr. Bellgrove; he had a narrow escape. Faith, Zada," said he, addressing the young negress, "if it hadn't been for your brother, Zama, it might have gone hard with Mr. Bellgrove. Zama did the Indian's business—knocked him down with a hatchet, and then struck him with his own scalping-knife. A capital joke! keh—keh—keh!"—and the overseer chuckled loudly at the idea.

"My cousin still in danger," cried Matilda; "the Indians at Bellgrove! Oh! Mr. Joolay, what can be done to save him?"

"Ring the alarm-bell," said Joolay. "Arm your niggers—I'll head them; the Indians are nigh, and we can keep them in check till the Rifle Cadets come up; they ought to be close at hand by this time."

"The Rifle Cadets?" said Matilda, trembling.

"Ay—I was at the city, and saw 'em march off to aid us," said Joolay. "And what's better," he continued, with a knowing look, "Colonel Waldenberg and Major Maitland lead them on!" With a piercing shriek Matilda staggered forward, "Waldenberg," she exclaimed; "Waldenberg returned—Maitland alive! Oh! old man," she continued, as she clasped her hands, and almost sunk on her knees before him, while the tears streamed fast from her eyes, "do not—do not jest with my feelings! Was not Maitland killed, and Walden-

berg branded as a murderer; outlawed from his native land, and I, I the fatal cause?"

"Bless your lovely little heart!" said Joolay, coaxingly, "don't take on so. I declare you've almost set me a-crying. You'll see Waldenberg and Maitland both here, alive and happy, in half an hour!"

"Thank heaven—thank heaven!" cried Matilda, as with an hysteric sob she sank into the arms of the overseer.

"Here, Zada, help your lady," cried he; "she's fainting!"

Zada sprang forward, and took Matilda from the arms of the overseer, while Ooknea bathed her forehead with orange-flower water.

"Let me rest," said Matilda faintly; "I am better now. Oh! what a load seems removed from my heart and brain!" and her tears fell unrestrained, as she sobbed aloud on the breast of her attendant.

A distant, shrill, piercing yell, burst on their ears, and Matilda and her attendants started with horror and affright; even Joolay stood transfixed with amazement. Again the yell arose, so shrill, so horrifying, that it curdled the blood at the heart of the hearers.

"What means that fearful cry?" inquired Matilda, in an almost inaudible whisper.

"Now the Great Spirit defend us!" exclaimed Ooknea. "'Tis the war cry of the Red Cherokee!"

"'Sdeath!" roared Joolay, "what am I standing here for! Ring the alarm-bell—arm the niggers—where will I get a rifle?"

"This way," cried Zada; "the armoury is on your left hand; there is the key—I will alarm the negroes."

The loud peals of the bell rang through the plantation, and the negroes rushed in crowds to the mansion-house; when Joolay, armed with a long Kentuckian rifle, appeared in front of the verandah; and beckoning to the negroes to draw nigher, cried with a loud voice—

"Hearee, boys! the Red Indians are coming to kill your Missee: will you fight for her and save her?"

"Yes! yes! we all fight—we all die for Missee!" was the loud and hearty answer.

"Then," cried Joolay, "all you that have got guns, go and bring them, with your powder and shot—I'll give you plenty more when you want it; all you that have no guns, come here and you'll get them."

Many of the negroes were allowed to keep fowling-pieces, to shoot racoons and wild-turkeys; and, hurrying to their huts, they speedily returned armed for the conflict, while Joolay rapidly distributed what rifles and other arms he could get amongst the rest. Women and children came crowding forward to fight for "Missee;" and hatchets and sharp-pointed poles were flourishing in every direction. Joolay soon mustered those who had fire-arms, and found himself at the head of more than a hundred stout fellows.

"Now," said he, "let forty of you arrange yourselves in the upper verandah, and draw down the blinds, except one or two that you can see to fire through; the rest, along with me, will meet them on the lawn. If we are beaten back to the house, then fire from the verandahs down upon the Indians, and give us time to rally again."

"'Top, Massa," cried one of the negroes, "dere be one great big gun in de cella'."

"Bring it out!" cried Joolay; and to his joy the negroes dragged forth a small field-piece.

"Massa use for keep um for fire on grand days," cried another negro.

"Then load it now, and fire at the Indians," cried Joolay, as he helped to load the piece to the very muzzle.

There was a small grove of orange and citron trees near the avenue, which commanded the front of the mansion; here Joolay posted his forces.

"Now, my lads," cried he, "you must fight like devils. Recollect you are fighting for your lives and *liberties*——No, no, that's a mistake," he cried, checking himself as he beheld the negroes gaping and staring at the idea of their fighting for *Liberty*, a thing they never dreamed of. "Fighting for your lives and your lovely young Missee!"

"Yes, yes, we all fight for Missee!" was again the cry.

CHAPTER VI.

The yells of the Indians were drawing nigher and louder every moment, mixed with a loud rumbling sound which Joolay could not account for.

"Hark!" cried one of the negroes, "the sound of chariot wheels."

"Stand firm, my boys," cried Joolay; "here they come."

Louder and louder arose the Indian war-whoop, and a carriage dashed like lightning down the avenue, and wheeled through the centre of the negroes, who opened their ranks to make way for it. It passed so rapidly, that Joolay could only get a glimpse of the horses covered with foam, and the driver and two black faces on the coach-box. He had but little time for reflection; for, like a legion of demons broke loose from pandemonium, the Cherokees came on hard after the carriage.

"Fire!" roared Joolay; and the negroes poured in a well-directed volley on the pursuers. The foremost fell, strewed on the ground like leaves shaken by the wind. The check was so sudden, so unexpected, that the Indians for an instant wavered and turned; but one of their chieftains rushing to their front flourished his rifle, and pointing to the gallant little band of defenders, raised his horrific war-whoop, and urged the Indians on.

"Tarnation!" cried Joolay, "that chap must be done for, or we're all dished."

So saying, he levelled his rifle at the chief and fired. The shot told well; for the Indian, staggering backwards, sunk upon his hand and knee; then striving to regain his feet, again he fell, but fastened his eyes on Joolay with a look of rage, which made his eyes glitter like those of an enraged rattlesnake.

"No joke that," said Joolay, as his cheek blanched a little when he saw the Indian take aim at him: "I wish I was ahind a tree!"

"Stand out the way," shouted a voice behind the overseer, "till I give that there chap his gruel." A shot whistled past Joolay's ear, and struck the Indian in the forehead, and he fell prostrate, his limbs quivering in the agonies of death.

"Ha! that 's saved your bacon, my old cock," cried our friend the mail-driver, as he hit Joolay a hearty slap on the shoulder.

"I'm certainly much obliged t'ye for't," answered the overseer joyfully.

"Is this here thing loaded?" said the driver, pointing to the cannon.

"Yes," answered Joolay.

"Then tip us the match and stand clear." So saying, the driver applied the match to the touch-hole: bang went the piece, and a fearful cry amongst the Indians told of its fatal effects; while the cannon rebounded, and, as if rejoicing at the deed, threw a somerset amongst the negroes, some of whose legs it nearly broke. The cannon shot was answered by the shrill blast of a trumpet in the forest. "Hurrah!" roared Joolay, in a delirium of joy; "we're safe! The Cadets—the Cadets!"

All was hurry and alarm now amongst the Cherokees; and instead of rallying to the attack, they began to pick up their killed and wounded warriors, and prepare for flight.

"Another volley," cried Joolay, "and then charge on the red rascals!"

Another volley was poured in upon the retreating Cherokees; and Zama, with a hatchet in his hand, suddenly rushed to the front of the negroes, followed by the whole band whom Joolay had left to guard the house.

"Follow me, my brethren!" shouted Zama; and leading on the whole body of negroes, he charged furiously on the Indians. The rattling of the rifles was now heard in the wood, mingling with the trumpet-sound of the Cadet brigade; while the Cherokees, broken down, dispersed and dispirited, fled from the lawn to the thickets for safety. The sound of the conflict in the forest was drawing closer and closer, and the main body of the Indians were drawing nigher and nigher to the mansion-house, and were seen hurrying from bush to bush, and from tree to tree, wherever they could maintain their position. It was evident that the Cadets were driving the Cherokees before them; while the negroes, eager in pursuing those who had already fled, could not be rallied to attack the advancing enemy.

"Oh! for a bugle or a horse-whip," cried Joolay, "to bring them black niggers to a sense of their duty. Tarnation! the Cherokees will be round us in a jiffy!"

At this moment Whackie hurried past, armed with a huge club.

"Here," cried Joolay, "roar on Zama and these vagabonds to come back; don't you see the Cherokees coming on us again?"

Whackie instantly darted forward, and considering, that if Zama turned, all the rest would follow, he bellowed out, "Zama, Zama! de Red Indine is behind you: look back—look back!"

Zama heard him, and, looking round, perceived the Indians approaching the clearings. Instantly halting the negroes, he hurriedly formed them, and led them on the approaching foe. The whole posse of negroes, acting like sheep following their leader, no matter where, charged furiously on the Indians. A fierce but brief struggle ensued; for the vanguard of the Cadets now advanced at double-quick time from the forest, driving the Indians like stricken deer before them; a general rout ensued, and the Indians fled in all directions.

"There's a charge for ye!" shouted Joolay; "there's a glorious charge!" as Zama and his followers seemed actually treading the Indians under foot. "Hurrah! the red rascals are beaten to eternal smash. By jingo! Washington, nor Gates, no, nor no other general, ever did the like. By the hookey, its all my doing!" he roared, as he frisked and gambolled about like a young elephant.

"Bravo, my old boy!" cried Captain Waldenberg, as he advanced; "you have stood your ground most nobly!"

"Hav'n't I?" cried Joolay; "show me a general in Ameriky, ay, or out on't either, that could do better!"

The captain laughed, and waving his sword, pointed to the retreating Indians. "On, gentlemen," cried he to the Cadets; "forward on these savages!"

"Oh!" cried Joolay, "if I was as supple as you chaps, I'd show you fun. I've won the battle to your hand, my bucks; so you can chase 'em yourselves. Hillo!" continued he, as a party of the Cadets advanced supporting Major Maitland. "What's ado? What, major, are you wounded?"

"Slightly, slightly," answered the major. "On, gentlemen, on!—Bind that scarf over the wound. Thanks, that will do.—Forward, forward!" He staggered and fell. "Never mind me, gentlemen. On, on; do your duty!" he cried, as he endeavoured to rise.

"This is a sad misfortune," said Joolay, as he stooped down and supported the major's head.

"Yes," said the major; "to be struck down in the moment of victory! I must make another effort to join my gallant comrades."

"What!" cried Joolay, "fight again! and you got a bullet through you already? No, no, let me guide you to the house; Miss Bellgrove must become your sick-nurse."

"No, no," said the major, "rather let me lie where I have fallen; not for the world would I intrude on her!"

"Fiddle-de-dee! my dear fellow," rejoined Joolay, "the turkey-buzzards would gobble you up in a jiffy. Miss Bellgrove knows you are come; so don't offend her again."

"I'll take t'other wing of the gemman," said the coach-driver, "and help him into the house; there's t'other wounded chap in the big house, and a prime wench, I guess, a-looking arter him."

"Is it one of our brigade?" inquired Maitland.

"No," answered the driver, "its a young blade that was chased by them Red Indgins. He's been among 'em a while, and the two black niggers wot saved us from the Cherokees, thinks as how it be's their master,"

"Is't possible!" exclaimed Joolay. "Master Charles here? Lord bless me! what am I about?" So saying, he left Maitland, and trotted off to the mansion-house as fast as he could; when, just as he reached the front staircase, a loud voice hailed him. Joolay turned, and beheld Zama and Whackie advancing rapidly towards him.

"Well," cried Joolay, "do you two niggers think you've nothing to do but spanking Indians? Come along, my boys; your young master's here. But why were you not here before me, eh? You came on to give the alarm, and you wasted your time on the road preciously, I guess."

"We could not arrive earlier," answered Zama. "We came upon the Indians in the forest; and, by the aid of Providence, we have been instrumental in saving Master Charles."

"What d'ye say?" cried Joolay; "how? explain yourself."

"The carriage was pursued by the whole of the Indian warriors," answered Zama. "I knew a road through the forest, which leads through the cedar swamp; we took this path, and overtook the carriage just in time to save the passengers. Whackie and I sprang upon it, and compelled the driver to gallop the horses full speed, and we reached this, followed closely by the Cherokees."

"You're a brave and a clever fellow, Zama," exclaimed Joolay; "Natur' never intended you for a nigger, but blackened your face in a mistake. Come along, my lad, and I'll get you a glass o' brandy, the best in the house, for I want one to myself."

Zama shrank back with a bitter sigh, and his lip quivered with a pang of agony, at the insult to his complexion, and the reward offered for his meritorious service. "Yes," he inwardly exclaimed, "had I saved a thousand whites, my thanks would have been their cold disdain; and this, because I am what God has made me—*a Negro!*" The next moment the gallant youth was folded in the embrace of his affectionate sister, Zada.

"My beloved brother!" exclaimed the girl, as she gazed fondly on him. "Oh, what a noble part you have acted this day!"

"My beloved sister," said Zama, tenderly, "to meet thee thus, and merit thy praises, proves a balm for every wound—both of mind and body."

"What's the meaning of this tomfoolery with you two niggers?" roared Joolay. "Zada, show me instantly to Master Charles' room."

"Master Charles?" said Zada; "he is not here."

"Zounds!" cried Joolay, "didn't he come in the carriage that flew past a little ago?"

"The whole party in the carriage," answered Zada, "were more dead than alive when helped out. But there was a young man in the Indian garb, sorely wounded, carried into the house."

"That's him, that's him!" cried Joolay. "Where is he, where is he?"

"Stay a moment," said Zada; "should it be Charles, oh, what happiness!" So saying, she tripped quickly away, leaving the overseer in the piazza.

On entering the apartment where the wounded youth lay, Zada found Ooknea watching over him; his eyes were closed, and he breathed heavily as with pain. The negress looked earnestly at his features; but grief, harsh usage, and toil, had considerably changed the appearance of the young man. Still Zada saw, or fancied she saw, in the countenance, a strong resemblance to Charles Bellgrove. "Ooknea," said she, "do you not think this is Master Charles who was carried off by the Indians?"

"Nonsense, child," answered Ooknea; "the boy was killed by the Red Cherokees."

At the sound of that dread name the youth started and opened his eyes, while a faint murmur of alarm burst from his lips. The strange appearance of the apartment struck him with surprise, as he gazed around him. "Am I then safe?" he said, "or is this a dream?" He turned, and his eye met the glance of Ooknea. "God help me!" he exclaimed; "am I yet in the power of the Red Indians?"

"Not so, young man," said Zada; "you are safe in the keeping of those who can and will protect you."

The youth started at the sound of her voice, and, looking at her, exclaimed, "A negress! then I must be safe. Where am I?"

"With friends," answered Zada.

"Methinks I hear the horrid yells of the Cherokees ringing in my ears," said the youth; "and yet I must be safe. Where is your master?"

"I have no master," said Zada, smiling.

"You are free, then?" said the youth.

"No," answered Zada.

"Strange!" he said. "Methinks I have seen that face before; and yet my own negroes spoke all in broken dialect. How far am I from Bellgrove?"

"Does your wound pain you?" said Ooknea, interrupting him.

"No, no; not much. The joy of being safe expels all bodily pain. Mother, my beloved mother!" he exclaimed, "am I again near thee?"

"Mr. Bellgrove had a son carried off by the Cherokees," said Zada.

"'Twas I," exclaimed the youth; "I am Charles Bellgrove."

"Joy, joy!" cried Zada, as she sprung towards him. "Oh! Charles, do you not remember me—Zada; your own dear Zama's sister?"

With an exclamation of joy, the youth stretched out his arms to the girl. She caught his hands, and pressed them to her lips. "You are safe," she cried; then rushed from the room with the glad tidings.

"Deuce take the wench!" roared Joolay, as Zada hurried from him, leaving him in the piazza; "where is she gone to? Let's see who's here," he continued, as he pushed open a door; and, followed by Zama and Whackie, he entered into a spacious apartment.

"Ha! Joolay, my old boy; how are ye?" cried a friendly voice.

"Eh? it can't be," cried Joolay. "Well, I declare! is it possible? My dear fellow, how are ye?" And Joolay seized the hand of the beforementioned old gentleman who had picked up young Bellgrove.

"Well, I guess this is odd!" cried Joolay, as he shook the hand of the old gentleman with as much force as if he was working the handle of a pump-well. "My dear Captain Norrisville, what can have brought you here?"

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Joolay, don't shake my arm so. Oh! my bones! I've been bumped and thumped, and tumbled and rumbled, till every joint is dislocated."

"What brought you here?" demanded Joolay.

"That bone-dislocating machine you folks call a mail. My stars! you should call it a new-fashioned wheel for breaking folks alive," answered Mr. Norrisville.

"But bless my wig," cried Joolay, "when did you come? and what brought you to Myrtlegrove at such a time as this?"

"Oh! Joolay, that foolish little jade, my daughter Letty, heard that her cousin, poor Matilda, was ill. So no rest got I, till I agreed to bring her here. Well, as the mail—confound it, say I—was said to be the most expeditious mode of travelling, I secured seats. We got on with plenty of jolting, till we picked up a young wounded lad; and after that we heard an awful yelling and hallooing. Lord bless me! when I looked back, there's about a little thousand of these rascally Cherokees, full drive after two niggers: up come the niggers, jumped up beside the driver like linkin, and lashed the horses like blazes. Away we went—rumbling, tumbling, heels over head in the inside of the coach, rattled up and down, round and round, just like dice in a box, till we got here. We were lifted out by the nigger women, and poor Letty is in hysterics—and as for me, I can't walk a step."

Matilda now entered the apartment, and addressing Mr. Joolay, said—"Oh! Mr. Joolay, this has been a fearful day!" The tears were streaming fast from her eyes, and the overseer felt almost inclined to partake of her grief; but dismissing the thought, he addressed her as he would have done a weeping child, whom he wished to coax with a sugar-plumb.

"Don't cry now—that's a darling: dry those pretty eyes—there's a sweet creature. All's right now, my lovely dear; the Indgines are beaten—all put to flight,—it's devil take the hindmost with them now;—and, hark! there's the Cadets' bugles sounding the recall; faith its time—for the sun's agoing down, and the young chaps can't see to shoot Indgines in the dark." As he spoke, the shrill blast of the bugles sounded the recall. "That's right," cried Joolay.

"Joy—joy!" cried Zada, as she rushed into the apartment; "he is safe—he is safe. Oh, my dear lady, Master Charles is here."

"Hurrah!!!" roared Joolay, as in the height of his joy he pulled off his wig, and tossed it in the air. "Bless you, my dear girl, for the intelligence." So saying, he flung his arms around Zada, and hugging her in a bear-like embrace, imprinted a score of kisses on the cheeks, brow, and lips of the astonished girl.

Whackie, determined to follow the good example thus set him, gave full scope to his joy, and flinging his arms around the neck of a negro woman, who happened to be near him, impressed upon the blubber lips of the wench a kiss, which sounded like a pistol-shot.

"Yeh! you black nasty nigger," shrieked the female, as she struggled to free herself from Whackie's embrace.

"I say, Whackie," expostulated a sulky looking negro footman; "you no do dat again—dat my wife!"

"I no care if she was you moder!" cried Whackie. "Oh, Lor! I is so glad!—ha!—ha!—ha!" He then, forgetful of where he was, and setting all the rules of decorum at defiance, began a negro jig, to the great surprise of the slaves; and it was not till Joolay roared to him to behave himself, that Whackie was restored to peace.

"Nay, check not his honest mirth," said Miss Bellgrove. "To him and to you, my noble-minded Zama, we are indebted for the safety not only of our long lost Charles, but of my dear Cousin Letia, and her father also. Approach, Zama, and receive the slender reward which I now offer, and take it as a guarantee that a higher reward will yet be yours."

Zama had stood transfixed with the excess of rapture; the sound of Miss Bellgrove's voice aroused him from his stupor; and advancing towards her, he cast himself on his knee before her, while, bending his forehead almost to the dust, he gently took and kissed the hem of her garment.

"Dearest lady," he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion; "the rapture I now feel in being instrumental in saving the life of my young master is a reward sufficient in itself. To have merited the approbation of one so lovely, and so good as thou art, adds but to the excess of joy which your poor, but faithful negro feels."

"Take this," said Matilda, as she drew a massy chain of gold from her neck, and threw it around that of Zama, as he knelt at her feet. "Take this—and wear it in remembrance of Matilda Bellgrove."

The negro pressed the chain to his throbbing heart, and answered, "And the heart of Zama will be cold in death ere the gift of Matilda Bellgrove quits its resting-place."

He rose, and a loud noise was heard on the verandah, as Haman threw open the door of the apartment.

"What means this uproar, Haman?" said Miss Bellgrove.

"Oh! Lor A'mighty!" cried Haman, "oh! Missee! he be Massa Maja Maitland kill an' wound, an' shot tro' a body, comin' up a stair—Oh, Lor!"

"Maitland wounded!" exclaimed Matilda, as she flew forward, and, at the door of the apartment, met Maitland, supported by the driver and some negroes. "Oh! Maitland," she exclaimed, as she pressed his hand, "is it thus we meet? Alas, it seems that you must never approach the unhappy Matilda Bellgrove but your blood must pay the forfeit!"

"Oh, say not so, Miss Bellgrove: to die in thy cause were bliss indeed," said Maitland.

"Your wounds must be instantly attended to," said Matilda. "Zada, call Ooknea."

"She is dressing the wound of Master Charles," said Zada.

"Wound!" cried Joolay. "Who wounded *him* —was't the Indgines?"

"No," said Mr. Norrisville. "This gentleman," pointing to the driver, "mistook him for an Indian, and shot at and nearly killed him."

Joolay turned upon the driver as if he could have swallowed him. "Oh! you darned ugly son of a racoon! did you shoot Master Charles? Tarnation! if I hav'n't a mind to skin you alive."

"Not so fast, master," said the driver. "How was I to know the young gemman from an Indgine?—he was more like that nor a decent Christian. I wasn't a-going to wait to see if he'd knock my brains out with his tommy hawk; no, I guess. I fired to save myself,—self-preservation, you know. Besides, if I shot him by mistake, I carried him here, in spite of the red rascals who were after him; and, I guess, if I hadn't a-come to *your* assistance, and shot yon red chap that was agoing to make you his target, ecod! you wouldn't be crowing so loud now."

"You're right, Sir," said Joolay; "and I forgive you."

"Conduct Major Maitland to the apartment next to Charles, and see that Ooknea attends him instantly," said Matilda.

"He couldn't get a better she-doctor than that old copper-faced crone in the State," said Joolay. "So, come, major; I'll escort you. Lend a hand Mr. Norrisville."

The major, expressing his fondest thanks for the kindness, was conducted to his apartment.

A loud altercation in the piazza now arose, and Zada hurried to ascertain the cause of dispute.

"You can't get in," cried Haman.

"What's wrong?" said Zada.

"Oh! him be lot ob dam low nigger want for see Missee," answered Haman.

"Admit them instantly," cried Matilda. A group of armed negroes rushed into the room, and shouted, "Long live Missee!—we beat de Red Indines,—dem no take good Missee away,—no, no, nigger fight for Missee!"

The negroes were all attired in white Osnaburg dresses,—wide trousers, fastened with a red and white sash around the waist,—their jackets, vests, and broad shirt-collars folded over, gave them a neat and smart appearance; and, while each stood before her, grasping his gun firmly, and rejoicing that they could protect her, Matilda felt proud that she could rely upon their courage and fidelity.

"Thanks, my friends," said she. "To-night let there be feasts at your huts: ask freely what you require, and all will be supplied you."

"Massa Corhim Wallenpig!" roared Haman, as he threw open the door; and Colonel Waldenberg entered. A slight wound, which he had received on the cheek during the skirmish, and which he had neglected to think of, was still bleeding. As he advanced, the negroes fell back in two lines; the white dresses of the working negroes blending with the rich liveries of those of the household. Waldenberg's eyes rested on Matilda. She had sunk back on her chair,—her head was drooping on her bosom, while the heaving of her breast, and the working of every nerve, showed that she was violently agitated. Zada was bending at her feet, and looking with sorrow on her mistress. Thrice Waldenberg essayed to speak, and as often his tongue refused its office. He glanced around the room on the silent slaves, and, for a second, not a breath was heard. At length Waldenberg found speech, and tremulously uttered, "Lady!" Matilda started, and Zada, pressing her hand, fondly whispered, "Oh, be calm,—do compose yourself." Waldenberg advanced closer to her, and said, in a tone of deep entreaty, "Miss Bellgrove!" One or two large tears coursed down her cheeks, and fell upon her hand; he took her hand unresistingly, and pressed it fondly in his, as he said, in a tone so soft that it thrilled through every nerve, "Dear Matilda! will not thy sweet lips welcome the weary wanderer to his home?"

Matilda raised her tearful eyes; they fell upon the bleeding wound on his cheek. With a loud shriek she started up, and, throwing herself into his arms, exclaiming, "Waldenberg! you are wounded!" sunk insensible on his bosom.

He looked with alarm on her pale face, and, pressing her to his breast, exclaimed, "O God! I have killed her!"

The negroes, taking the exclamation of the colonel to be a literal fact, raised an ugly and fierce howl, while a dozen of firelocks were instantly levelled at his body. Another moment, and he would have been stretched a bleeding corpse; when Zama rushed on the levelled fire-arms. "Madmen!" he shouted, "what means this folly?"

"Stan' out a road," cried one of the avengers; "you no yearee dat dam buccra say him was *kill Missee!*"

"No, no," cried Zada, throwing herself between the colonel and the weapons. "She has only fainted. Bear her to the window—she will soon recover—give her more air."

The colonel raised Matilda in his arms, and, forcing the negroes aside, bore her into the verandah.

Zama stepped fiercely up to him and said, "Give the lady in charge to her attendants."

"Begone, dog!" was the angry answer.

Zama turned and pressed his hands on his heart. "I forgot," he said, "I am a *negro* and a *slave!*" and with a look of deep anguish he quitted the spot.

A considerable time elapsed before Miss Bellgrove was restored to consciousness; and on her reviving, and finding herself in the arms of Waldenberg, her cup of happiness seemed once more full. In the deep fond look, in which the whole feelings of the soul were concentrated into one blaze of love and joy, Waldenberg read all that his heart could wish.

"My own Matilda," he said, as he pressed her to his bosom, "you have not forgot me?"

"Ah, Waldenberg," she answered, "what I have suffered since that fatal day——"

"I erred," he said, "but still I hope for forgiveness; and I have a long story to tell thee," added

he, smiling; "but you must thank my faithful slave Perault for seeing me here."

"Why so?—you know I never could endure him."

"We were attacked by pirates on our return from Havannah, and Perault's bravery alone saved us——"

"Then he merits regard from me. Is he with you!"

"He follows our route with my horses through the forest."

The sound of Joolay's voice, in angry altercation with Ooknea, now interrupted them.

"Not admit me to see Master Charles!" bellowed Joolay. "You red-faced, brick-bat-looking b——! I must, and shall see him."

"You can't," said Ooknea. "He sleeps. You must not disturb him."

"Well, that's an excuse," cried Joolay. "Why not say so before?"

"Ha!" said Waldenberg, "this reminds me of sending forces on to Bellgrove, Mr. Joolay!"

The overseer joined them. "We must get canoes to send our men to your plantation."

"With Miss Bellgrove's permission I shall do this," said Joolay.

"Order my negroes, Mr. Joolay; all is at your service. I will prepare a letter for my uncle." So saying, she took the colonel's arm, and retired.

(*To be continued.*)

MONTHLY MEMENTOES.

NO. I. FOR JANUARY—THE OLD CENTINEL.

I.

Loud revel sleeps—the lights grow dim
In Pleasure's gilded halls,
While thronging spectres visit him
Who paces round the walls;
Yes, midnight stark,
With storm and dark
And solitude, appals
The breast that ever foremost wont
Where Fury scorched the battle's front;
For stern reflection calls,
Demanding, with unceasing cry
From gibbering forms that fitful wake
And mock the sense they cause to ache,
"*Should man, uninjuring, injured die?*
You gave my heart to the vulture's beak,
Death's blood-hound—servile, moral Cain—
You gave sin's blush to my daughter's cheek,
And my son to the galley chain;
They would have blest the sire you slew:—
What wrong had I e'er done to you?"—
When the stars are hid and the blast is loud,
And the snow-flake, weaving his winter shroud,
Gives depth to the midnight bell,
These visions of glorious war will crowd
On the aged Centinel.

II.

Slaying, he stood in the reeking fosse
Till Glory filled the trench
Before the breach of Badajos,
Cursing whate'er was French;
His ire and hate,
Exasperate,
No sea of blood could quench!
And man on man—or foe on foe,
If inhuman fools will have it so—
Hurlèd with desperate wrench,
Down from the ramparts headlong went
To the pikes below, whence wretches' groans
Of agony o'ertopped the stones
That coped the battered battlement.—
The Centinel, as thought haunts him there,
Inquires, in reason's rising flood,
"What kings take arms?—Why did I wear
Their hateful livery of blood?
In the melée, though tried and true,
My bayonet run my comrade through."
When the stars are hid and the blast is loud,
And the snow-flake, weaving his winter shroud,
Gives depth to the midnight bell,
These visions of glorious war will crowd
On the aged Centinel.

III.

Who war applauds, convince him now—
His tears freeze as they flow—
True bravery's scars are on his brow,
But on his mind there's woe;
The pang of one
That 's murder done
By many a ball and blow,
Which no invaded home defends,
Through all his lone reflection wends;
And he has learnt to know,
The valour spent to build a king,
Perforce, upon a nation's wrong,
Nor blesses life, nor triumphs long,
Nor glows at Freedom's beckoning.—
And thus his foraging crimes return;
Maidens shriek to their fathers slain;
Chateau and chalet before him burn;
And brothers, with scatterèd brain,
Peer in his eyes and sift him through
With, "Servile Serf! how harmed we you?"
When the stars are hid and the blast is loud,
And the snow-flake, weaving his winter shroud,
Gives depth to the midnight bell,
These visions of glorious war will crowd
On the aged Centinel.

J. A. O.

MINOR FRENCH POETS.

We have heard an ingenious Italian maintain, that it is absurd to compare the value of different kinds of poetical genius. All excellence, he asserted, not to say perfection—is positive. If the Idyls of Theocritus are, in their class, as faultless as the Homeric rhapsodies in theirs, what determines the precedence of either? A mere arbitrary choice, varying with the critic's temper: as one eye prefers the green—another the violet ray. The parallel, we might reply, is not quite complete;—and, even in matters of sense, some approach to a law might be found. But in marshalling the several classes of poetry, admitting the vital principle of all to be an inspiration of some truth, the popular distinction cannot be called capricious, so long as it is agreed to grant the supremacy of the spiritual over the sensuous elements of nature; and, amongst human feelings, to dignify those which serve the virtues above those that minister to enjoyments only, or are immediately under the dominion of the senses. Here we would continue to fix the line of division: humbly differing from some eminent modern critics, who regard nature as a whole so homogeneous, that everything truly belonging to it, of whatever kind, is to be accepted with equal love. The high places in the poetical hierarchy, indeed, which we claim for the vestal muse, could hardly be coveted by her unzoned sisters, who breathe the pleasures and passions of a lower region. Their votaries are rarely more ambitious—and why should they be? They are neither seers nor teachers—nor even kings or paladins; but professors of the gay science, nursed in smiling leisure; buxom, careless, pleasure seekers and singers—no lights of the world, but shining motes that dance in its sunbeams—holiday companions, too seductive for constant intercourse, but exquisitely welcome in those moments when the mind, turning from severer thoughts, seeks for elegant relaxation. More than this we would not venture to claim, even for Anacreon.

From the days of the Fronde until the close of the last century, France has produced a succession of butterflies of this species, quite unique in their way. They were the offspring of a privileged world, closed to all but the luxurious and the gay; a kind of Pagan Elysium, the Diety of which was Pleasure, and its Demon, Ennui. In this voluptuous region, Woman, decorated by every art that could render her seductive and imperious, was the visible sovereign; and the favourite saint, of course, was Love. Its possessors were removed alike by position and by choice from the severities of life; accustomed to none but delicate sounds, their silken ears would have been startled by the accents of any deep emotion;—and as they listened their Poets sang. A singular manner of being! not less remarkable for its effeminate ease and indifference to all that lay beyond it, than for its long continuance and terrible catastrophe. While it lasted, it might be regarded as the most successful attempt made in modern times to realize the idea of an Epicurean paradise, and devote all the gifts of life to the service of refined animal enjoyment. The most serious cares which it knew, were the struggles of vanity for precedence, the monotony of repeated pleasures; and the April changes of a love that made no pretence of disinterestedness, was not remarkable for constancy, and openly laughed at the restraints of the moralist or the Churchman. To clothe the prevailing idea in graceful forms, to mingle levity with elegance, and add another luxury to the list of pleasures, was the chief ambition and office of the courtly minstrels, fostered in this world;—whom, for want of a better name, we shall beg to introduce as the Minor French Poets.

The reader asks: "Why not rather call them the Drawing-room Poets?—were there no others, of a stronger frame, belonging to the people?" Alas! the *ancien régime* knew of no people to whom any one cared to sing. *L'état, c'est moi!* The court and the noblesse, were the only class—for scattered exceptions do not make a body—able to enjoy or support any kind of literature;—and the genius of the country was all in their service. Even Voltaire and Beaumarchais, at a time when the great earthquake was at hand, had no notion of addressing any but the inmates of the *salons*. Beyond the vaudevilles sung in the streets, and the farces on the Boulevards,—which were things of another race, there was no form of poetry—not even the drama, in which the people ever dreamed of taking real part. In all countries a majority of the patrons of letters will be found in the higher ranks; but in France, the distinguishing feature was the exclusive obedience of the arts to an order, that had, indeed, taken care to appropriate every other blessing of the land. In the fearful storm that swept all this injustice away, was seen the fruit of a system which, amongst other evils, deprived the many of all share in the genius of their country. While the masses grew brutal, at a distance from the kindly influences of poetry and letters, these, too, were in turn, enervated by confinement to the task of pleasing a class, instead of speaking to a nation.

The Poets accordingly wear embroidery, and exhale the fragrance of *poudre à la maréchale*. They were as idle and voluptuous as those who applauded them:—and either belonged by birth, or sought by their talents admission to the Great Vanity fair, in the train of some magnificent duke or marquise. As the favourite subjects here were few, it was indispensable to study variety in the manner of displaying them: sprightliness and happiness of allusion were graces the most in request, because the most thoroughly appreciated. The verses which were first read in a boudoir obeyed the laws which governed all conversation there,

They were to charm, sparkle, and agreeably excite; no prejudice was to be alarmed, no composure disturbed; and, above all, it was forbidden to be too discreet or tedious. Such is the power of prescription, that the manner thus established survived not only the dominion under which it rose, but even the sentiments it was taught to express. But from the beginning of the present century, a different tone may be felt: to the few who still pursued the old dainty fashion it had evidently grown a mere tradition;—and even in them new sympathies begin to appear and mingle with the habitual strain. These, too, have now become silent, and a new school of poetry has arisen—if better or worse it would be hard to say, looking at the chaos of things vile and things splendid which now envelopes the genius of France. But the Minor Poets will chirp no more; their summer day is over.

Let it not be forgotten that the influence of which they were the most complete expression, was, in its time—and for a time—the canon of literature throughout all Europe;—where one State after another took laws of taste from the French court. They are *per se* a remarkable race; rarely exhibiting genius of the highest kind, but sparkling all over with its smaller brilliants. What they have attempted they have performed with a success approaching to perfection. They are, moreover, exceedingly and absolutely *French;* and are in the closet what the *opéra comique* is on the stage, and the brisk wine of Ai on the table. We shall not ask whether excellence of this kind is not the highest of which French language and genius are capable; but may strongly believe that it is the most perfect thing in its kind that France has hitherto achieved: the consummate flower of conventional and luxurious society, sprinkled with such feelings as refresh that artificial atmosphere, and bearing in its bright colours and trimmed leaves the evidence of choice and delicate culture.

Amongst many light professors of the art, here and there was one who displayed other energies, and at intervals took a bolder flight. You might even find a stray pietist (like Louis Racine) singing devout canticles only; or a philosophizing Ducis, whose gayest excursions end in a moral;—but such exceptions were far from meeting with general applause, or influencing the prevalent fashion. The poet of gentle birth, or the well-beneficed abbé, rarely attempted more than scattered and occasional verses; which, after passing successfully through the ordeal of the *salons*, were committed to the press with the *imprimatur* of their approval. A few, more ambitious, were encouraged by such triumphs to attempt what were called *ouvrages de longue haleine;* epistles, may be, in imitation of Horace, or other considerable pieces, in sonorous heroic metre, adorned with all that this artificial style of poetry required. But these essays were oftener the "probationary odes" of some humbler candidate for admission into the charmed circle. Inspired by Apollo, and the desire to rise, he began with the production of some highly-finished poem—trimmed with classical allusions—glittering with point, and seasoned, if possible, with a panegyric of the reigning monarch, or of some noble Mæcenas. The work, if admired, was a passport to patronage, and even, in some cases, to a chair in the academy; in the meanwhile it secured the author a dubious kind of naturalization in the gay world; for which he paid tribute in the strains most welcome to courtly ears. His real success here was to be won with lighter gifts;—sonnets,—epigrams,—occasional verses happily turned; refined flatteries of great personages, warm compliments to renowned beauties; with abundant elegies and other ditties, of which the burden was love.

That the Divinity worshipped under this name was no Venus Urania, needs not be demonstrated here. An indulgence of the sweetest of all passions, without a thought of restraint, and with enjoyment refined by the resources of art and fancy—was the idea of love, as presented in these poems. Their colouring is often too warm for senses accustomed to breathe a purer air; and many of them, however charming, must be denounced as dangerously seductive. But there are multitudes of lighter essays, in which the passion, less eager and imperious, only lends a distant warmth to wit, archness, and gaiety;—delightful trifles, which may be admired without a frown from the severest censor. It is from this class, and from the occasional pieces of a mixed character, that we propose to offer a hasty anthology gathered wherever a flower could be found in so brilliant a parterre, small and modest enough to be preserved between the leaves of the present essay. Not only do we think such specimens often the most genuine and pleasing of their authors' works; but it would be impossible in any compass, to attempt the slightest notice of more pretending efforts; which we are far from regretting, because we have in vain attempted to take a hearty pleasure in the holiday accents of the French muse. The list of authors, beginning with the early age of Louis XIV., and extending into the present century, excludes, of course, those from Marot and Malherbe, down to La Martine, who deserve a higher place than with Minor Poets. Nor does it contain any of the mere *chansonniers*, who would require a separate article for themselves, if their songs (of which, until Béranger's time the best were merely addressed to the event of the day) could now be understood by an English reader without a commentary. The field, or rather pleasure-ground, which we have chosen is already wide enough without adding to it this merry debatable land.

The first place, in gallantry, must be given to a lady:—"*la tendre et naive Deshoulières.*" She appears with a grace rather faded, and her speech, it must be confessed, has a little flavour of the Grand Cyrus,—but we love her all the better for reminding us of an age, the very affectations of which had an air of purity, which we miss in the gallantries of the following period. She was noble and beautiful, and adored at the French court as "the tenth Muse," between the years 1660 and 1694, when she died, at the age of fifty-six. There is an easy flow in her verses, and a delicacy in their texture, which bespeak some of the most engaging qualities of a feminine hand. Happy the man

who has never received a refusal less daintily and tenderly worded than the—

NOTE TO M. DOUJAT.

You called yourself a vassal in Love's train,
And me the instrument the god employs
To bend your heart to his imperious reign,
And turn to constant faith your fickle joys:—
Thirsis! unless you meant to jest or feign,
You quite mistake your heart's estate and voice.
You chase me not where'er I stray;
Nor even when we meet, betray
The ceaseless wish, the fond impatience, still
To breathe some gentle nothing in my ear;
You are not jealous when a rival's near;
Nor does my absence cloud your days, or fill
Your heart with sighs, your eyes with weeping dim;
Thirsis! this love exceeds your skill,
You took his sister, friend, for him!

The white hand that penned this indictment, (whereby we learn what your perfect lover was expected to fulfil in that day,) is still more happily employed in writing songs, light and playful enough to be set to the music of fairy bells. One we shall try to catch, though at a distance:—

Lovely Spring adorns the year
With as many loves as flowers:
Tremble, virgin hearts, for yours,
When the budding time draws near!
Coyness must give way to Spring,
But the sweetness he may bring
Soon, perhaps, will cost you dear.
Virgin hearts, beware his powers!
Lovely Spring adorns the year
With as many loves as flowers.

A mere nothing! and yet one that you can repeat and remember with pleasure, when greater things have left no impression. There is a secret of poetry in this. The following *Ballade* has another kind of attraction; the old-world style of Marot, in which it is written, was well chosen to convey the regrets of a fair mourner over the decay of the old gallantry and *belle flamme*. Great, no doubt, was the change in this branch of manners during the reign of Deshoulières; yet it is amusing to see, in such instances, how every age has a golden past to describe and lament, bewailing its present decay.

"Trust ne'er a lover but with ample bail:"
A maxim surely in my judgment writ.
Nought think I of the secret pains they wail;
Nought need I charms to guard me from their wit;
The heart of men true Honesty hath quit,
Albeit on lips the same fair words have they,
As ran ere Falsehood in the world was born;
But for fair deeds, the fashion is outworn!
—Men love no more as in a former day!

Rich garments, feasting, servants more than meet,
Of merit now engross three parts in four;
Of lovers true, submissive, and discreet—
If such there be—the troop is dwindled sore.
Love a month old is deemed a thing of yore;
The rudest wooer bears the prize away;
For sighs and tears the world proclaims you Fool:
A favour's boasted ere the lips are cool;—
—Men love no more as in a former day!

In vain young Bellamours their nets devise:
Young bachelors,—a race for mischief born!—
Consort aloof: beneath the sweetest eyes,
Your fopling glories in his lazy scorn.
Not even a decent mask in love is worn;
Or if at times an airy springal may
To some attentions stoop and condescend,
Love's gracious boon is not his only end.
—Men love no more as in a former day!

These are your gallants now! and such entice
Poor silly maids, since better ware is none.
Greybeards have hearts less insolent and nice—
(The devil, waxing old, a cowl put on)—
But naught in these awakes a tender tone.
Much winter chills and drives desire away;
Much ailment turns the sweetest humour sour;
When once, alas! their heads are growing hoar,
—Men love no more as in a former day!

RACAN, who was a flourishing poet and lover in this good old time, so feelingly lamented, shall now appear, and show how he was wont to regard the objects of his admiration. He is the oldest of the poets in our series,—having been born as early as 1589, and a pupil of Malherbe,—and preserves in his manner much of that strange and engaging mixture of simplicity and stateliness which belonged to the French noble of the school of Henri Quatre. In his day, which still retained some of the jovial frankness of that earlier period, no real disrespect to the church would be thought implied in a sonnet like the following: in stricter or less devout times it might have seemed an affront to the dignity of *His Confessor*, whom the poet thus addresses:—

As heaven my heart to penitence inclines,
No thought concealing you are bound to hear,
So, as my failings grave or light appear,
Prescribe the penance: thus my shrift begins.
—If I have played with Love, before and since
Your holy veto, much contemned, I fear,
Contrite, with due remorse, behold me here
To make entire confession of my sins!
At the grand altar, I admit, I swore—
'Twas on the day you heard me last confess—
Thenceforth no mortal creature to adore.
Good Father, weigh my fault, and pass it by!
Divine is she whom now my prayers address;
I cannot think such worship perjury!

As a *Confessio Amantis*, tradition, going back at least to the times of the pious Eneas, will confirm its entire orthodoxy. *O Dea certe!*

Another step brings us into the very midst of the poetical *petits maîtres;* how different from their predecessors of but a few years earlier! Yet in the first rank of these were some who were not always mere triflers; although none have written more mercurially. SENECÉ, for instance, (born in 1643,) was a soldier and a diplomatist before he turned courtier; and an elegant Latin scholar to boot. He writes with the charming good-humoured ease which distinguished his temper, after the quarrelsome heat of youth was spent, and preserved him to the good old age of ninety-four. The little piece which he calls a *Moralité*, clothes a familiar idea in a kind of whimsical complaint, that is very pleasing; and can hardly have been heard unmoved by the beauty to whom its *moral* (heaven save the mark!) was pointed:—

Thou know'st that Time, too fugitive, away
With all our joys will flee;
Yet ever say'st: "To-morrow!" when I pray
For that sweet grace from thee!
To-morrow! fye! how slow the antic creeps!
Where hides he, lingering still?
In Norway, Guinea, under Calpe's steeps,
In China, or Brazil?
What reason bids thee in to-morrow trust?
Say, has it given thee bail?
I fear it hollow; and by Fate discussed
The hope it gives may fail.

Amidst this coying yonder comes old age
With cares to bind thy brow:
To-morrow's but a vapour, Love,—the sage
Would say, "Be happy now!"

We add a lively epigram by the same hand. It was written a hundred and fifty years since; and yet, if you add a name or so, the trait might pass for an anecdote of some modern May-Fair. *Non exolescunt vitia.*

Paul, who now to write pretends,
Royally, last Sunday, fed
At the first hôtel, his friends,—
Dinner two pistoles a-head.
But a mile of tedious prose
Read by Paul, concludes the feast:
Every page by every guest
Welcomed with ecstatic "Ohs!"
Whispers Frank to George, aside:
"How we all like villains lied,
Ne'er was duller trash or thinner!"
George, as low, to Frank replied:
"Silence, criticising sinner!
Don't I know the ass is mad?
The romance, I grant, was bad;
But what genius in the dinner!"

Still more distinguished had been the MARQUIS DE LA FARE: now as a volunteer fighting against the Turks, in his day the terror of Europe; now acting as right hand to the Great Condé at Senef. But he was disappointed in his ambition, and early retired to a voluptuous leisure, amidst friends and light poetical recreations. These he continued until an advanced age; proving at least that his pleasures had not fatally impaired mind or body: in spite of the Epicurean creed which enlivens trifles like the following:—

TRUTH ILLUSTRATED.

Hear but your mannikin's conceit!
For him all things are born, preserved, decay:
For him the spheres revolve from night to day:
The universe was fashioned for his seat!
To prove me this, howe'er he words his plea,
All reasoning's impotent, I humbly think:
But need no syllogism to make me see,
When I am thirsty, that this wine I drink,
Was clearly made for me!

An epigram of his in a few words says much of the court of Louis XIV., and was pointed, in reality, at higher game than it would have been safe to attack openly. Its truth is still to be recommended to all prosecuting attorney-generals:—

Pasquils, in our fathers' time,
Ran, indulged, through all the court:
Now they ban from thence, like crime,
Even the harmless form of sport.
Ah! if these important folks
Whom a laugh with fear can touch,
Less deserved satiric strokes,
Would they fear a jest so much?

The ABBÉ CHAULIEU, La Fare's intimate friend, was the most celebrated of the anacreontic poets of his day, and like many of his brethren, enjoyed that day long.* He, too, was of noble family; and although a Churchman, a greater rake than any of his associates; the many mistresses whose charms he proclaimed were neither imaginary nor platonic. The exceeding warmth of his erotic pieces, charming as they are, debars us from touching them here; and in his other compositions (far inferior to these) there is a tendency to be diffuse, which renders it difficult to find a convenient extract. We must be contented with a fragment of his *Ode contre L'esprit;* in rendering which it is absolutely necessary that we should be allowed to use the word *wit* in the sense attached to it by Addison and other older writers. Modern ignorance or whim has deprived us of the word, and given no equivalent: the barbarous use of "*talent*," "*talented*," which now shocks good taste on every hand, being auctioneers' slang, not English.

The *Ode against false wit* begins with this lively apostrophe:—

Error's source that never dries;
Subtile poison that perverts
Truth of accents, truth of hearts,
Nature's artless sympathies!
Wisp, that only shines to harm,—
Wit! the altars raised to thee,
Brain-sick weaklings' pest and charm,
Now to break my task shall be.

After denouncing with much emphasis the affectations which it has introduced into Poetry, Philosophy, and Religion, he comes to its effects on the commerce of Love.

Author of the fopperies whence
Venus half her tribute draws,
Thou abusest Love with Laws,
Arts, and quibbles, void of sense.
Who in truth has known the birds
"Pine in chains," "in fetters groan,"
"Deafen rocks with doleful words"
And "to streams their grief bemoan?"
Thou hast framed the grand romances,
Strange alike to life and truth,
Which the heads of amorous youth
Turn with empty, frantic fancies.
Still the nightingale and dove
Though unlearned, can pair and please:
—Say, to teach them arts of Love,
Was some Ovid born for these?
Hateful book! from whence distil
All thy worst corruption taught;
Where a gentle passion's wrought
To a hideous game of skill.
Art! from whence, with harlot smile
All coquettish mischiefs came:
And that merchandise of guile,
Gallantry:—deceitful name!
—What, alas! unconscious, then,
Has the spell my steps betrayed?
Soon, I feel, my hate will fade
If I longer hold the pen.
Loved by most, by me abhorred,
Wit! with blank chagrin I see,
Even thy very shafts to ward
Verse must borrow arms from thee!

It is but fair to observe that this diatribe was written when the Abbé had passed his climacteric; and might safely indulge in censures of gallantry, which he was no longer able to pursue. But that, after such a life as he had led, he could venture to denounce the folly with so much unction, is a proof of self-deception as droll as any that can be quoted off-hand.

For the next specimen let us give an elegant trifle by HOUDARD DE LA MOTTE, who belongs in part to the 18th century, although born in 1672. It was he who, when very young, was rendered so desperate by the damnation of a farce which he had composed, that he forsook all his prospects and entered La Trappe. The good De Rancé,

* He died in 1720, aged eighty-one; and was merry, in spite of his gout, to the last.

however, let him loose again after a three-months' trial;—it is said, because the novice was too sickly for the severities of the order;—more probably, because he had grown wise enough to repent of his silly step. He returned to the world, and to verse-making, but did not attempt any more comedies.

THE TEACHER'S PLEASURE.

The charming Angela, erewhile,
For whom a thousand rivals strove,
On me alone was pleased to smile,
And taught my novice heart to love.

To please the soft and warm the coy,
From her I learned to sigh and glow;
And those nice cares, the chief employ
And wisest lore that lovers know.

Scarce had I ceased, a student yet,
These sweet Love-mysteries to learn,
When running to young Violet,
I gave her lessons in my turn.

O! how the teacher loves the taught!
How pleased I saw her knowledge grow!
The bliss my own soft studies brought
Was far less sweet than teaching so.

My heart is now in Violet's care:
And truth must own the mistress kind
Less cherished than the pupil fair:
'Tis so in every school—I find!

This would be the place for PIRON's entrance, if it were possible to introduce him to the worshipful reader. But this merry rhymer is not only free, but loose in his talk; and rattles on at a speed which runs beyond our compass, even when he is more discreet. His epigrams, terse enough and stinging hot, are either too broad or too local for translation; so that we can only place an empty chair for the wicked wit; whose droll sayings and doings are current in France to this day. Near this vacancy let us seat one of the few Minor Poets who served a chaster muse. The chief poetical works of LEFRANC DE POMPIGNAN * are on scriptural subjects—in which he rises at times to a very respectable elevation;—and the rest of his compositions display the seriousness of a calm and reflective nature.

His odes, one of which is translated below, are distinguished by their graceful simplicity; and at times have an earnestness which is touching and almost solemn. In poetic feeling, at least, he rose far above many of his more celebrated rivals.

THE SEPULCHRES.

As late, my restless cares forgot,
I strayed to breathe the breezes free,
My wanderings reached a lonely spot
That bordered on the lonely sea.

There statues from afar were seen,
And wrecks of arches triumph-crowned;
And prostrate columns: nearer then
I drew: and tombs were all I found!

The first, a grand mausoleum, held
One of those conquerors dear to Fame,
By whom the trembling Earth beheld
Her fields laid waste, her cities flame.

There were portrayed a hundred fights;
And nations' chains, and monarchs' fears;
Triumphal marches, funeral rites,
And tributes of a world in tears.

Beneath a shade of ancient yew
A fairer monument was placed,
That charmed the passing stranger's view
With emblems on the marble traced.

This was a Poet's tomb: who sung
So well, that nations praised his lay:
A lute, a lyre, and trumpet hung
From the green branches of a bay.

Hard by, interred in humbler guise,
A fisher slept amongst the dead.
A simple net, a rude device,
Was drawn above his crumbling bed.

"Alas!" I cried, "misdeeming Art!
To all that pass the stone declares
The history of a wretch, whose part
Was less to live than suffer cares."

"And wherefore so?" with angry voice,
A wanderer near me turned to ask:
"The fisher's labour was his choice
And calling: he fulfilled his task."

"See rather here what life displays:
The poet trills his canzonets,
The warrior ravages and slays,
And the poor fisher throws his nets."

Of all the light versifiers, GRESSET, author of the celebrated *Vert-vert*, is the lightest. The general favour which this lively narrative poem has retained, and the applause bestowed on its author's comedy, *Le Méchant*, make us hesitate in expressing a lower opinion of his relative merits than is commonly professed. There must be some peculiar charm, which none but a French ear can perceive, in the cheery gossiping flow of his lesser poems; to us they are commended by little else but ease and good-humour. An extract from *La Chartreuse*, an epistle in cantering verse, which describes his retirement, will give as fair an idea of his manner as we can present.

"If the chamber's round or square
To decide would pose my lore;
But, without a compass, dare
Say that, past the slanting door
Five good steps, or may be more,
You may take within my lair.
Windows, skylit, badly rent,
O'er a gutter look, the which is
Used for Sabbaths worse than witches',
Where collegiate cats,—the vermin!
Every night in gowns of ermine
Hold their squalling Parliament.†
Table half of legs forlorn;
'Neath a shaky tester's head
Half a dozen straws, much worn,
On a pair of trestles spread;
Such the wealth of board and bed
Which my hermit-cell adorn.
Wealth, that Boreas' brethren hoarse
Oft upset with hideous din,
Round my eyry as they course,
Ere their serious wars begin,
And your climate feels their force;
Or, when joined, their icy legions
Form the bolts of snow and hail,
Which across your shivering regions
Shoot catarrhs and agues pale.
Such, in truth, my nest you'll find,
Garret, where your servant writes
Burgher of the sylphid kind,
Comrade of the gnomes and sprites.
In a den like this, they say,
Ancient castle donjons keep

* He lived from 1709 to 1784; and was the author of one successful tragedy, *Didon*.

† It is hardly needful to point the application of this irreverent simile to the jurists who sate in furred gowns in the French Parliaments.

Sybils grim and witches gray,
Buried in sepulchral sleep.
Or methinks, from such a crib,
Scourged by all the winds of air,
Breslau's astronomic scribe
Spies the weather, foul or fair,
And writes, *cum privilegio*, rare
Fictions of the starry tribe.

There is exceeding elegance and feeling in the verses of ST. LAMBERT—whose name is better known to England from his intimacy with Voltaire, and his tenderness for the gentle Madame D'Houdetot, than by his admired poem of the Seasons. In France it would seem that the pursuit of the gayer muses is rewarded with the longevity promised to those who honour their fathers and mothers;—a vast majority of the minor poets lived long, and St. Lambert was of the number: having reached the age of 86, when he died in 1803. We shall only cull a trifle from his garden; but it is a very charming one.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Inconstant butterfly, pursue
Thy flight where Spring reviving flowers exposes;
Less fond than eager, flattering more than true,
Go kiss the bosoms of coquettish roses,
And pleased, with each thy rapture light renew;
Enjoy, and hasten from the prize to woo
The next that fresher loveliness discloses.

Such be thy rule; still courting, ever changing
To these sweet errors all thy hours apply;—
And such I, too, had followed, freely ranging—
Had Sylvia never met mine eye!

Of BERNARD, the French Ovid,—*Gentle* Bernard, as he was christened by Voltaire,—it is hard to speak to our heart's content. So soft are his pictures, so seducing his voluptuous eloquence, so smiling are his landscapes, so delicate and warm is his language, that it is painful, amidst all this beauty, to confess the presence of the merest sensual passion, lurking like a poisonous snake. But it cannot be denied:—whether as teacher of his Art of love, or in his occasional rambles, we see only the refined Sybarite, whose idea of Good is an incarnation of animal pleasure, only the more dangerous for the grace with which it invites the reader. From these we must turn, and listen, instead, to part of one of his harmless anacreontic carols:—but alas! his best powers lie breathing in those naughty erotics,

quæ Venus
Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit;—

and at other times, he writes like one exhausted. The following is from a little piece called

AUTUMN.

Haste to close the day,
Tethy's lover! glaring
Sun, thy fires o'erbearing
In their source allay.
With excess of heat
Brown the fields are lying,
Flowers are scentless dying,
Drained the fountains sweet.
Tearless wakes Aurora,
O'er a pining Flora
Breathless zephyrs fleet.
All are faint and mute,
Save Pomona now
Laughing, with a brow
Crowned with purple fruit;
Midst a merry crew,
Bathed in vine-juice new,
Of the Sylvan throng,
Who in gambolds heady
Reel with feet unsteady
As they dance along.
Come, Aristus mine!
Let her vain command
Reason sour resign;
Would the sage withstand
All the bliss of wine?
Still be wise—but free:
Drink! the god of Pindus
Let your pattern be:
Bacchus, lord of Indus
Conquered him, like thee:
Ever since, Apollo,
Whose decrees we follow,
Bids us make allies
Jests and homilies,
Honour Cato stern,
From Petronius learn;
For a while be wise,
Then to folly turn.
Joyous counsels these,
To the banquet lure us,
Where grave Socrates
Welcomes Epicurus.
Prythee add a guest,
Cypris' boy, the charmer,
Midst the tale and jest
His enchantments warmer
Please my fancy best.
In the vine-leaves' shade
If a sleep o'ertake us,
Low by Bacchus laid,
With his charming aid
Cupid sly shall wake us.
Dotards! that oppose
In the stoic's quarrel,
Feelings youth bestows
With a musty moral!
Why with painful days
Load the passing season,
Gift of Heaven,—'tis treason,
Simple nature says;—
Seneca may reason,
Wiser Horace plays!

As the eighteenth century advances, the noble versifiers give place to rivals of humbler birth, whose talents procured them the notice of the great. The most remarkable of these was LE BRUN, born at Paris in 1729;—whose life, prolonged till 1807, was fertile in strange vicissitudes. What a vast interval is grasped by the mere record, that the poet, favoured in youth by the patronage of a Prince de Conti, and the friendship of Louis Racine, lived to serve under Napoleon as a Director of the Institute! It is almost an injustice to Le Brun to place him amongst the minor poets. None of them seem to equal him in variety of power or in energy:—and while he has as much wit as any, and is not wanting either in grace or in tenderness, a true poetical enthusiasm often animates his strains. The following noble exordium is taken from his "Ode on the Earthquake of Lisbon in 1755;"—of which we grieve to take a fragment only;—recommending the reader to seek for the whole, and compare it, *en passant*, with Voltaire's icy lines on the same subject.

Thus in his heart the proud one said,—
"Lord of this universe am I:
The royal circlet crowns my head,
Bound at my foot disasters lie;

My palaces the hills o'ergrow;
My vassals every plain o'erflow,
And Pleasure decks my banquet hall:
Heaven speeds my vengeance with its fire,
And winds with subject waves conspire
To make the Earth my Fortune's thrall!"
Presumptuous mortal! foolish clay!
Thy destiny's eclipse beware.
Earth's feeble tenant of a day,
Scarce are thy footsteps printed there—
What! does the cradle touch the tomb?
One step from nothing to the gloom
Of graves, and blank oblivion passed;
His day's a flash of hasty light
Gulphed in the greedy jaws of night;
What compass for a pride so vast!

After this the poet points to the real Lord of the World, in a series of stanzas of which the following are part:—

The heaven beneath his march august
Bows trembling its eternal head;
The starry myriads are the dust
That his immortal footsteps tread.
Beneath his chariot thunders roll:
The welkin groans;—from pole to pole,
Earth to the dreadful call replies,
Serene amidst the tempest dire
He sees beneath his feet expire
Monarchs, and tribes, and centuries!
Nought from his lightning Justice hides
The dark abyss of hearts depraved:
He laughs to see the reckless pride
Of kings adored by crowds enslaved;
And from the diadems he breaks,
And from the kingdoms that he shakes,
The fragments strew his awful path—
—O close, in mercy, jealous God,
The days of vengeance! hide thy rod
In thy great treasury of wrath!

This is true poetry—and of a very high class. We cannot refrain from directing admiration to the noble apostrophe in the last stanza, where the poet, as if appalled by the terrors of his vision, suddenly breaks off to implore the avenger's pity. It is said that Le Brun never suspected his own talent for epigram, until he was provoked, by Fréron's attacks, to defend himself in this manner. If so, the assailant must have bitterly repented his folly, when he saw the glittering abundance of the arrows which at once began to fly from his enemy's quiver. Of all the collections of French epigrams, we like Le Brun's the best; they are neat, spirited, and full of Attic salt:—nor in his repayment of literary assaults is he so venomous as some of the writers of this class, although stinging enough, as we shall take occasion to show. Many of his epigrams too have a mixed character, more nearly approaching the true Greek model;—these are very delightful: one shall be selected, not only as a national tribute, but because the lovely trait which it records was no fiction. The "English gallant" was the second Earl of Albemarle,* a true gentleman, if one such ever lived, and father of the admiral. The anecdote may be found in Marmontel's Memoirs.

In his trim park an English gallant, young,
Bounteous, and rich, enjoyed the evening air,
While on his fondling arm a mistress hung:
It was the hour that Venus loves, and fair
Her dewy planet shone. The lady eyed
The star with earnest gaze, and faintly sighed,
As if some yearning with her silence strove;—
The lover, catching at her thought afar,
Said gently: "Do not look so long, my love,
'Tis past my power to give thee yonder star!"

* See a notice of him in a recent No. of this Magazine, vol. ix. p. 641.

The following are of a more festive tone:—

Chloe, the pretty poetess, for two small faults the worse is:
She makes her countenance herself, and does not make her verses.

Here 's a hump-backed bridegroom buckled
To a sweetheart with a bunch:
If the hunch-back 's not made cuckold,
What will be the offspring? Punch!

At Lisa's feet a battered coxcomb lay,
With airs of one on dangerous conquests bent,
And growing urgent: "Rise, dear marquis, pray,"
The minx exclaimed—"Suppose I should consent!"

We have fields so rich and fair,
Hills so fertile, that, I swear,
—Quoth a Gascon of Bordeaux,—
If you set a scabbard there
In a week a sword would grow!

Know you that withered Amoret
Who's ever raging to be fancied younger?
She dreams that Love still watches her toilette
From whence the truant's fled an age, or longer.
No Kalydor that Rowland can supply her
Will hide the world of wrinkles that belie her;—
At fifty-nine she claims for twenty-two!
She'll soon come forth, as Folly still grows worse,
With a baptismal register so new,
One cannot help but send her back to nurse!

We add a specimen or two of the stinging weapons with which the French men of letters have, from time immemorial, been accustomed to assault each other.

"I've just been plundered"—Sorry for your grief.
"Of all my papers."—Sorry for the thief!

No, no! La Harpe the serpent's likeness missed.
The reptile hisses—but La Harpe was hissed.—

—For a dramatic work, the failure of which was manna to those authors whom his strictures as a critic of the *belles lettres* had exasperated. Here is another assault equally keen.

Supreme La Harpe, from his professor's chair
Poetic Laws so learnedly rehearses,
That we his pupils never more shall bear
A single word of the professor's verses.

The readers of this essay, however, are not in the same predicament; and in justice to an author so hardly treated, may be told that La Harpe, although certainly no Orpheus, composed with elegance and purity, and has written many verses that can be read with pleasure. The following Romance, for instance, is not wanting either in truth of expression or in unaffected pathos,—qualities not excessively abundant in any French poet.

THE FORSAKEN.

Wherefore fear thine eyes to sate
With forsaken Love's despair!
'Tis to thee I owe my fate;—
Doomed by thee to shame and care.
I had all but died when told,—
Stricken by a wound too deep,
Now my sorrow's half controlled,
And mine eyes again can weep.

Too sincere, my looks have shown
All thy influence, all my love;
O! had mine remained unknown
Thine had never sought to rove.

Far from thought to hide my heart,
Still I feared not half to tell:—
Others may enchain with art,
I had none but loving well.

To the fickle world restored,
Canst thou real pleasures find?
And the mistress now adored,
Will she fix thy restless mind?
Dearly, at the price I rue,
Should thy new desires be blest:
Can thy heart have turned untrue,
Yet be further still from rest?

Ill thyself thy heart has known,
Doomed its error soon to feel.
Vain ambition urged thee on
More than one weak heart to steal.
Nature soon resistless felt,
Weaker claims will bid decline:
She has formed thy heart to melt;
She has formed thy heart for mine!

When of faithless Beauty's guile
Tired, thy heart for freedom yearns;
When, ashamed of conquests vile,
To thy cheek a blush returns;
Truant, then this love recall,
Trust thy fate to her once more;
She can love in spite of all;
One regret will all restore.

Fear thou not revenge will rise
In an hour like this to wound,
In the soothing of thy sighs
Love will all my triumph bound.
Nay, against myself 'twill plead,
When my lips thy pardon sign,
That the cause I serve indeed,
And the gain, are solely mine!

Ducis, another of the octogenarian minstrels, is admitted here rather because of his attempts to give the French a translated Shakspeare, than for the sake of his own proper creations. The best of these cannot pass for more than versified prose; utterances of becoming and amiable feelings conveyed in melodious language. But he is not a mere drawing-room flutterer; and sometimes almost falls into real poetry, through a vein of pensiveness, which gives a certain charm even to common-place ideas. A sincere lover of the retirement in which his later life was spent, he has celebrated it in many strains,—one of which we repeat below; addressed to his Flower-garden. Its extreme *naïveté* a sour critic might term almost childish: yet the author ventured to translate Lear!

Tiny plot, from whence I choose
Flowers to deck Eliza's hair,
Sweet with odours, fresh with dews.
Nest where linnets sing and pair,
Charm my eyes with all thy hues.
Welcome! smiling violet,
Simple beauty, fond, discreet,—
Such was once La Vallière:
Meek, like thee, and innocent,
Ne'er on power or pride intent,
Nought but love in love she meant,
Hating art, and noise, and glare.
Thee, in sumptuous hoop of red,
Dangerous poppy, hence I ban,
Toss elsewhere thy haughty head,
Thou recallest Montespan.
So! and thou, my modest pet!
Show me, daisy, pretty child,
All thy tiny beauties neat,
Drops of silver golden piled.
Lily Queen! the earliest light
Sees me watch thy opening hues,
Pure and virgin-fresh, and bright,
With the morning's fires and dews.
—Dearer thou than all the rest,
Rose! or rather Love's own bloom!
Whom Idalia's charming breast
Tinges, and her lips perfume,—
Live, and charm me all ye may,—
We have both but passing stay.

Three of her best love-poets, France received from the tropics, nearly at the same period;—a circumstance notable from the rarity of such imports from colonies in general. Léonard, a native of Guadaloupe, came young to France, and soon distinguished himself by the tenderness and melody of his compositions, the most admired of which were his Idyls. It is amusing to observe the actual habits of French life growing daily more artificial, while the Arcadian prattling of swains and shepherdesses was still the favourite vehicle of poetical sentiment:—a proof how thin was the growth of true national poetry, that could be supplanted by such exotics. The traditional affectation was, however, graced by Léonard, with more warmth and sincerity of manner than are commonly found in the carpet-pastorals; and his playful minor pieces have an archness very captivating. The reader may judge of this from two specimens, taken almost at random;—

THE INDISCREET QUESTION.

Yesterday I asked my maid;—
"Ere Lucille my love had blessed,
And my heart with hers repaid,
Had it known no former guest?"
—Straight the rogue with fingers ten
Gravely seemed to count the tale;
While my forehead glowed, and then
At the lengthened list grew pale.
"Mercy! 'twould a saint provoke;
What! a dozen past amours!"
"Hush!" she said, "before I spoke,
"First I thought I'd number yours!"

THE USELESS PROHIBITION.

A shepherd crept behind Lisette:
"Come, beauty, to the woods," he said;
"They're dancing to the hautboys yet,
And nutting in the hazel-glade."
—To free her arm the maiden tried,
But strove too gently in his hold:
"What calls me to the wood?" she cried;
"Have done!—indeed you are too bold,—
Mamma will scold!"

And so Lisette, against her will,
Stole to the woods beside the boy:
Who, as they plucked the filberts, still
Kept glancing at the maiden coy.
Then seized and kissed her fingers white,
Lisette a languid sigh controlled,
And striving with her heart's delight,
Cried, "Cease! indeed you are too bold,—
Mamma will scold!"

Ere long her threatenings milder grew;
Within his clasp her hand she left,
And Colin on her lips of dew
Was tempted to a sweeter theft.
With sudden anger flushed the maid:
"Hence! leave me Sir;—you're over bold!"
—A second kiss her anger stayed:
And scarce she seemed to whisper: "Hold!
Mamma will scold!"

Ah! see how fast in gentle hearts
A dawning passion spreads and warms!
Lisette no longer frowns or starts,
But blushes in her lover's arms.

And, proffered with a sweet caprice,
A charming kiss her fondness told;
While Colin archly whispered: "Cease,
And leave me; fye! you're very bold,
Mamma will scold!"

The second, BERTIN, (only a few years younger than Léonard, who survived him,) was a native of the Island of Bourbon, and brought with him to France all the warmth of that torrid climate. His elegies, entitled *Les Amours*, are remarkable for their passionate glow, and for an earnestness derived from the reality of the adventures described, which were his own:—while the delicacy of his language only renders their extreme voluptuousness more dangerous. They are poems no young reader can safely touch—for to lay them down when once begun is not easy. Of this amorous writer we can only give a light specimen: his best poems unhappily are, in one sense, his worst.

TO MADAME * * *

Lady! by my youth besought,
And my mad and merry lays,
Critic far too kind, you praise
Songs in idle moments wrought
For enticing beauty's gaze.
While my vanity you raise,
Should my fondness go for nought!
I adore you! twenty-one
Little cares for wreath of bay;—
Silken hand, my chains put on!
Deck my muse with ribbons gay,
With Dione's myrtle spray
And the spoil from April won!
Glory tempts the suitor young,
But 'tis love his sighs implore:
Praise a little less the song,
Love the bard a little more!

And yet, with all its selfishness and coxcombry, and want of true elevation, the Love of that artificial world was, after all, the most natural and amiable of the passions ruling there. This may account for the universal chorus of love ditties, from which there is no escaping:—the poetic Sylva is a mere grove of the temple of Gnidos, and the sound of cooing trembles on every leaf. Here is another courtier, DE BONNARD, from whom we can get nothing but dialogues on kissing;—and yet this modern Johannes Secundus was the person honoured for a while with the grave charge of tutor to the present king of the French!* He was a soldier too, as well as a writer of verses,—more fitted perhaps to succeed in either capacity, than in that of preceptor of youth.

"Leave me! if my strength be spent,
And my hands no more resist,
Think not that my lips consent,
Or by aught but force are kissed;
Who would prize, that love has learned,
Kisses snatched, but not returned?"
"Say for whom were kisses meant,
But for one that Love has learned?
How can kisses never lent
Be by maid so coy returned?
Let me then be snatching still,
You can pay them when you will!"

The *Judgment of Paris*, by IMBERT, will long deserve a place amongst the choicest productions of the voluptuous school; and the youth of the author may in part excuse its warmth. Besides this considerable poem, he wrote not a few epigrams, tales, and fables, before his career was prematurely closed. In the former he is humorous, without reaching the finesse of some of his predecessors;—in his apologues clearness and ease do not quite compensate for the want of the playful grace which delights us in La Fontaine. One of each may suffice.

EPIGRAM.

One Friday, honest brother Polycarp
Came bustling up to give the prior warning:
"Your reverence! avoid the carp!
The cook—I saw him—larded it this morning!"
The hungry prior, at the news dismayed,
Frowned on the cause that baulked his palate itching:
"Confound you for a busy fool!"—he said;
"What business had you in the kitchen?"

THE FLY AND THE MOTH.

A fly too liquorish and free,
Buzzing too near sweet malmsey in a glass,
Grew dizzy, and fell in: more silly she!
Beware of gluttony, it brings disgrace!
She's past redemption. "Fye! imprudent thing!"
Sneered the light-winged moth, who saw her drowned;
"Would I be tempted so?—on safer wing
I love to wheel, and sport my lamp around."
And, fluttering, touched the flame. The greedy blaze
Scorches his plumes—he falters, frantic turns,
And falls: the source of light that charmed his gaze
Becomes the pile on which he burns.
Man ever vaunts his worth beyond its due.
On his own wisdom pompously dilates,
And shines in precepts:—but his actions view,
You'll find him tripping, even whilst he prates.

PARNY, the third and most admired of the foreign-born trio, like his friend and contemporary Bertin, came from the Isle of Bourbon;—and sang of love far too fervidly for virgin ears. He is reputed the most perfect of the later tribe of amatory poets; but we praise him more willingly for a trait which does honour to his heart. A poem on the *Loves of the French Queens*, the work of many years, and his best, had long been eagerly expected: at the moment when it was finished the Revolution broke out; and the poet had the generosity to burn his favourite MS., lest he might seem to assail a throne on the point of falling. He died a member of the Institute, in 1814, aged 61. The lines translated below are of a sadder tenor than is usual with him; but are not without his usual elegance.

She had dried the bitterest tears
E'er by injured lover shed:
Soothed by vow on vow, my fears
From this doating bosom fled.
Parting kisses, warm and sweet,
Lulled suspicion, charmed my mind:—
O! the easy task to cheat
One that seeks himself to blind!
Timid eyes that sought the ground;
Artless voice of plaintive tone;
Arms entwined my neck around;
Lips delayed my lips upon—
Love in all the sweets was none!
Till to-day, deceived and bound,
Even her faults I could adore;
And with silly faith possessed
Trusted all the truth professed
In her lightest vows:—but more,
More than all—when thus caressed!

* He preceded the Countess of Genlis in the governorship of the children of the Duke of Orleans.

Wo! the vanish'd spell has spoil'd
All that makes existence sweet:
Ever seeking truth unsoil'd,
Ever more I find deceit.
O'er my heart has passed a blight:
I abjure delusions bright,
I abjure that fair deceiver,
And in sorrow plunged for ever,
Even repent my past delight!

The name of FLORIAN is well known to the tender students of French literature—who have sighed over the flowery paragraphs of Numa, and committed to memory his fables. These last are his only real title to notice; and Voltaire, whose pupil he boasted himself to be, gave him, with his usual happiness, a true character, in the diminutive name, *Florianet*. In his small way, however, he is not without prettiness, and can deliver himself of a borrowed thought very neatly, after giving it a stamp of his own, *e. g.*

THE HAWK AND THE PIGEON.

A falcon rifling of a timid dove,
Said: "Ill-conditioned reprobate, I know
Thee and thy fellows, and how little love
They bear my name: but now I conquer. Lo!
There still are powers that punish!"—"Would there were!"
Sighed the poor victim. "Prodigy of crime!"
The hawk exclaimed: "What, miscreant! dost thou dare
To doubt that verity? I meant this time
To pardon thee, but zeal for truths sublime
Forbids me now to spare."

The procession of Minor Poets is closed with one who almost belongs to another race, and who might, with longer life, have deserved a higher name. Although MILLEVOYE in his love-poems followed the established manner, one perceives in them a tone breathed, as it were, from an opener atmosphere. In his elegies and romances this freshness is still more perceptible, and in reading them we feel as if treading on the real earth at last. Part of this doubtlessly belongs to the peculiar disposition of the writer; but the preference of pathos to luxurious elegance, the interest sought in a wider range of characters and objects, and a truer approach to natural feelings, bespeak the efforts of a poet nursed in a time of change, to move the hearts of a new class of readers, who could not be amused with merely elegant toys. Besides this peculiarity, his affectionate temper, and purer aspirations, as well as the struggles of his youth and the untimely close of his career, at the age of 34, give to Millevoye's productions a peculiar interest; and enable us to dwell on the last of the Minor Poets with a kind of sympathy which cannot be felt for the others. In these narrow limits, the progressive differences in his style cannot be fully shown; but the specimens we translate may in part disclose the character given above.

This is as airy and petulant as if a *petit maître* had written it.

THE LAW OF NATURE.

In vain beneath this shade my sweet
Protests her love will never vary.
O! Happiness! thy pleasing cheat
Is but a morning dream's vagary.
And as the Law of Change has run
Time out of mind, all Nature over,
These trees will change their verdure soon,
And Caroline will change her lover.

How different in tone this inscription for a tomb, pointing to a sadder change!

Sleeps one so loving from her lover torn?
Heaven to itself recalled that spirit fair.
Youth, virtue, grace, my heart, my life forlorn—
All—all are buried there!

Until now, we have seen no attempt of the Minor Poets to wander beyond a very limited circle; and monotony of subject has been not their least characteristic feature. Here, at last, we find the poet, tired of perpetual imitation, endeavouring to forget himself, or his standard models, and to embody some new condition of life. The execution may not be very superior, but the advance in the right way, implied by the very attempt, is notable. We see that poetry had, at last, broken her gilded cage, and begun to flutter abroad; and we must not be surprised if the flight, at first, was but a confused one.

THE ARAB AT THE TOMB OF HIS COURSER.

My noble friend, whose course the wind outsped,
Beneath the desert's moving sand lies dead!

Come, traveller, listen to my sighs;
With sighs increase my vain lament!
The King of Swiftness fallen lies,
And wakes no more at Battle's scent.
Lies, fallen in his noonday track!
The fatal arrow thrill'd his side:
His generous blood, in gushes black,
The fountain's crystal waters died.
My noble friend, &c.

Short was the slayer's vaunt, and sore!
Soon rolled on earth his ghastly head.
This lance was dabbled with his gore.
I spurn'd him long with furious tread:
Then, looking at my breathless steed,
I call'd him, sadly, thrice—in vain!
His ear had ceased my voice to heed:—
I gave him burial in the plain.
My noble friend, &c.

And since that day it haunts my mind:
No happy sun for me hath past;
To pleasure dead, to glory blind,
A weary man I roam the waste.
This Araby, so loved of late,
But seems since then a larger tomb;
I shun the camel's track, and hate
The fragrant plain, the spicy bloom.
My noble friend, &c.

When in the south the sun burn'd sore,
To friendly shades he was my guide;
With me he fought against the Moor,
And still my buckler was his side.
Brave comrade of my toils! thy neigh
So proudly hail'd the dawning glow,
When, swift as light, we sped away
To meet my lady, or my foe!
My noble friend, &c.

That young Azeid thou oft hast seen,
Love's treasure, Beauty's marvel bright!
Her faithless tongue has praised thy mien,
Thy neck she soothed with fingers white.
Soft as the shy gazelle her eyes,
Fresh as young palms her lips of dew:—
A Persian robb'd me of the prize—
She fled! but thou wert ever true.

My noble friend, whose course the wind outsped,
Beneath the desert's moving sand lies dead!

A deeper interest will be felt in the following pathetic lines, written by the poet within a few days only of his death. We are here in the region of genuine human feeling, and know no distinction now between the man and the poet. The

piece, in itself, is of considerable beauty; indeed, what simple utterance of natural emotion ever was wanting in it?

In the hamlet, lone and still,
Brooding o'er his life's decay,
With a slowly-wasting ill,
Dying long, the sufferer lay.
"Village people! 'tis the hour
For the vespers," murmur'd he;
"Tolling from the belfry tower.
You that pray, O! pray for me!

"When yon boughs, with deeper shade,
Veil the chiding torrent's breast,
You shall say: the sufferer's laid,
Free from all his pain—to rest.
By the river, as ye go,
Such your pensive song shall be;
When the bell is tolling slow,
You that pray, O! pray for me!

"While, with Hate and Fraud at strife,
Time and Truth I made my shield;
Of a pure and upright life
Comes the sudden close—I yield.
—Short has been my pilgrimage;
Ending—'tis a hard decree—
In the springtide of my age—
You that pray, O! pray for me!

"Only friend, sweet mistress, mine!
True affection's prize and stay;
All my life was promised thine,
Ah! and scarce I lived a day!
Village people, soothe my flower;
When, too soon, at evening she
Wanders near the belfry tower,
Faintly sighing—'Pray for me!'"

And now, what, in a few words, is the conclusion of this hasty survey? That an artificial atmosphere may force some poetical flowers, the gayest, perhaps, but not the most fragrant, into a surprising bloom:—but that no robust or various growth will arise where a free current of the human spirit does not blow upon the soil.

Unequalled we may admit the minor French poets to be, in gracefully flattering the passions nursed by idleness, and as ministers to elegant self-indulgence; but, in freshness, and truth, and excursiveness, they must not be compared with our own, or even with the German. On the one side, we see the *enfant gâté* of a pampered class; on the other, the wanderer trained in the school of common life—the fruits of whose healthier tuition more than compensate for the want of the nice refinement learned in antechambers and boudoirs. But admitting this preference, and, in part, even because of it, the finished productions of the artificial system will always be of high interest to those who take a thoughtful pleasure in the study of poetry; and the more numerous class who seek for amusement only, may find some entertainment in the attempt to recall strains which once lulled the silken Pompadours and Richelieus of the most pleasure-seeking race that the Christian world has yet seen, or is likely ever to see again. V.

ROYAL DAN AND THE GOSPEL OF NO-POPERY.

[A new Song. Air—"British Grenadiers."]

Some talk of Alexander, some of Napoleon,
Some talk of Ney and Blücher, and some of Wellington.
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's one that leads the van,
Spite of No-No-Popery—'tis Erin's Royal Dan.
But, &c.

Full many a valiant hero has fought for Erin green;
But each was as a glimpse of joy with nights of woe between,
Till God, to base truth's temple sure, a billow-breasting man,
Apostle of the friendless poor, sent broad and Doric Dan.

Of old was preach'd a gospel, "Thy neighbour as thyself
Love;" and beware the Devil, the root of evil—pelf;
And tho' thou art a bishop big, 'tis in that gospel's plan,
Thou shalt not leave him bleeding there, the poor Samaritan!

But the Tories in green Erin, they preach'd for many years
The gospel of No-Popery to ancient ladies' fears;
And of this modern gospel the text precisely ran,
"Unless thou art a Pharisee, thou shalt not be a Man!"

Christ's white and virgin banners they dyed in human blood—
Themselves on purple cushion'd, their brothers in the mud—
Till God, in his good season, despite of bishop's ban,
Against their wild No-Popery, firm planted Royal Dan.

He preach'd the ancient gospel—Love Erin as thyself,
And grudge not some poor Papist a penny of the pelf;
God's golden rule of duty, "Man, love thy brother Man,"
Practise; *then* fear the palace, and *then* the Vatican.

The Tories him rude pelted with thick bedevilment,
The free fee of our true love they call'd it beggar's rent;
But, spite of Tory slander, and Orange-bigot ban,
The gospel of our Freedom spreads wide by Royal Dan.

Then look up, brave hearts, cheerily! though now we tug and toil,
Not distant is the day when our children they shall smile,
To think with what hoarse rattlings the death-doom'd Tory clan
Preached No-No-Popery in vain against King Dan.

B.

HOWITT'S RURAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE OF GERMANY.*

THIS volume would be sure of a warm welcome from us, were it no more than as it vindicates our critical sagacity. When Mr. Howitt translated the ponderous and uncalled-for work of Dr. Cornelius, on the Student Life of Germany, which found so ungracious reception in England—which was indeed treated as a piece of sheer and rather clumsy book-making—it was said in *Tait*, That if the Translator had only given himself a little leisure to look about him, and then related his own observations and experiences of German life, he could not have failed to produce an original work, which would at once instruct and entertain his countrymen, and be cordially received by them. After all, the prediction required no very profound foresight; and here is the prophecy more than fulfilled. Mr. Howitt and his family have been stationary in Heidelberg for the greater part of three years; and in the autumn of last year, he, with Mrs. Howitt and their daughter, made a tour of three months to the principal capitals of Germany, and other places of note—the Baths and old castles, of course, included. His book is thus one of Travels, and also the substance of the experiences and observations of a protracted residence; and these not merely his own experiences, but including those of his accomplished partner, who, though she does not come prominently forward, may be imagined in many a scene, while not visible in any single page. The Book opens with the first vivid and sharp impressions of the Travellers on entering Germany, the author wishing to introduce his readers to that new land as nearly as possible in the manner in which he was introduced himself. The Rhine and its scenery must, at first sight, have been disappointing; but all came right at last. People go abroad, forgetting that the Rhine and the Rhine land are more captivating through historical and poetical associations than by the actual grandeur or picturesqueness of their scenery; and that the Rhine, without its castles, and convents, and ruined towers, and quaint old towns and villages, each the scene of some memorable fact, historical event, or wild legend, would of itself be of inferior interest to hundreds of the unsung rivers which ripple the surface of our globe.

Those who, last year, fancied that the Howitts had become too German, and that they unduly depreciated their own country and its people, will, in the present work, find no blemish of this unnatural kind. England is lauded, and proudly contrasted with Germany on many, and indeed on every point, in a manner which must satisfy the most thoroughly English Clay among us, if he possess any conscience. The Thames, accordingly, though somewhat out of place, receives a warm and filial tribute of praise, before it is hinted that "the exulting and abounding river" of Germany has a somewhat longer course; and contains a more majestic body of water in its bed, and has a more vigorous, though placid current.

Up the Rhine the Traveller is now ascending, somewhat disappointed in the altitude of the hills, and grievously so in the stunted growth of the timber that clothes the river banks, though forests were afterwards seen in the Land of Oaks worthy the name. Yet it cannot be a dull thing to sail up the Rhine, independently of its myriad associations and memories.

As the steamer ploughs its way, its swell rushes, in living ripples, amongst the grass and hanging flowers on its margin, or scours in curling silver the black adamant of its rocks. People in gay costumes enliven its smiling vineyards; and a life of boats, trade barges, and rafts, moves everywhere on its surface. The rivers of Germany are generally the great highways of its commerce, and its population gathers thickly on their banks. This is preëminently the case with the Rhine.

When you land in its towns you then become sensible of their peculiar character, and of the life in their hôtels. The bustle that appeared upon the stream, its banks and quays, here has disappeared again. All is quaint, old, still, and none of the sweetest. You see, as you land, plenty of solemn custom-house officers, in half military dress, and well mustachioed. As you proceed through the streets, you find around you gabled and picturesque white buildings, old squares and markets, with avenues of limes, or of dwarf acacias; people, many of them in the garb of centuries ago; and dreadful pavements. Coleridge has celebrated the six-and-thirty stenches of Cologne, and the invention of Cologne water to cover them; but a wide acquaintance with German towns leaves me the conviction that Cologne can boast no more queer odours than any other of the towns of the nation; for in most of them, as we shall have to show, every street, almost every house, and every hour, has its own appropriate, peculiar, and by no means enviable smell. The pavements, with a few exceptions, are of the most hobbly and excruciating kind. There appears no evidence of any systematic attention to them, or management of them. To pass through a German town or village in a carriage is one of the most rib-trying events in this life. But to walk through one is not much less hazardous. Russell, in his day, tells us, that to avoid being run over on the pavé by a barrow, you often step into the peril of getting your head split with an axe, or your arm torn off by a saw, from the people who are cutting up piles of firewood before the doors. This is pretty much the case yet. The pavés, where there are any, seem appropriated to every purpose but that of walking.

In short, the pavement and lighting are very much in the condition now that our provincial towns and some of our *soi-disant* capitals were within the last half century. Gas has not yet reached Vienna; and the streets in most of the towns are lighted by lamps suspended on ropes across them; while the cellar-doors opening on the street are still in the condition of the *laigh shops* of the High Street of Edinburgh, as described in *The Antiquary*. These, and similar annoyances, and the overpowering compound smells, are what first strike an Englishman in a German town; for people of other nations may not be so strongly affected, nor so exquisitely nose-wise. The inns fall next under notice:—

These are, for the most part, very large, and strike

* Octavo, cloth, pp. 520, with numerous illustrations and embellishments. Longman & Co.

your mind with their great and naked-looking rooms; their great stone staircases, not particularly clean; their large *table d'hôte* rooms, with painted walls and ceilings, naked boarded floors, lots of smoking people, and muslin curtains with festooned hangings, of alternating colours, often of those belonging to the State in which they are. Their uncarpeted chambers, but with generally very cleanly scoured floors in pannels of different-coloured wood, the main part, however, being mostly of deal; their little beds, or rather cribs, without posts or curtains; and their peculiar cooking, and serving of the table, are what first fix your attention.

Yet the inns of Germany, and especially the hôtels at the more fashionable watering-places, have improved amazingly since the continent was thrown open to the English by the general Peace. When Miss Pigott—a traveller who has given us one of the best accounts of the domestic manners of the Germans which, prior to Mr. Howitt's work, we possessed—was at Baden shortly after the Peace, it was with difficulty that she found a lodging in a convent converted into an hôtel, of which she gives a humorous description. Mr. Sharpe (Conversation Sharpe) philosophized upon the utility of an English fine lady doing penance in a small whitewashed chamber, and a bed without curtains, as a salutary adversity; though he exhorted the maids to scrub the floor, the table, and chair; which the lively English lady rendered imperatively necessary, by overturning a pail of water in her apartment. We quote her description, to show the rapid march of improvement between the period of her visit, and that of the Howitt family. The ancient refectory of the convent had been transformed into the saloon of the table d'hôte.

The dinner passed pleasantly, for the Germans near me had the politeness to seek my conversation; and on rising from table, the Baron de Cotter, "Ecuyer du roi de Wurtemberg," led me to my room; it was floating in water, the chambermaids were still ejaculating on the deluge, or as they termed it, "the scandalous waste of water." "Grand dieu!" exclaimed my cavalier, in dolorous tone, "je connais cette chambre, et je vous plains; je ferai mon possible, pour vous procurer un autre plus commode." I found him to be son of the proprietor of the old convent, an eminent librarian at Stuttgard. The hôtel is rented by an old Frenchman, decorated with the ancient aristocratic "Ordre de St. Louis." I put on my hat to hurry out of this flood, and sallied forth alone, through the extensive, beautifully-laid-out walks on the hill that rises behind the hôtel, from whence is a commanding prospect up the narrow rich valley, that is irrigated by a quiet winding stream. This is not unappropriately called the Eden of Germany. The scene was beautiful, and might well win the heart to happiness.

. . . . . .

The first patricians of Germany and France, resort yearly to them, [the baths;] also the Courts of Bavaria, and of the Duchy of Baden; it is therefore strange that the arrangements of the baths are not better attended to. Those in this barrack of an hôtel, are so appalling that I retreated in disgust; they are of the most common porous stone, in small dark cells, where we may suppose the sinning monks were confined for penance; the floors of uneven stone, without carpets or other necessary comforts. When I remonstrated, the unanswerable rebuke made me was, "The King of Bavaria and our own Grand Duke are perfectly satisfied with the accommodations, and receive great benefit to their chronic diseases, and to be sure they suffer greatly." After this able reply, I ascended to my whitewashed cell better pleased with it, where the moonbeams played o'er my couch, and the mice entered under the door, and frisking and capering with daring license, returning ever and anon into the corridor, to visit Mesdames Marmont and Lallemande, with others of my distinguished neighbours; but who would inhabit the hôtels in the town, when they can inhale uncontaminated breezes, and gaze from each window on paradise scenery, at the cost of these temporary sacrifices of comfort! . . . . . .

On producing my travelling breakfast service, and demanding hot water, they inquired what I meant by a kettle, and brought me an earthen jug of water well cooled. I found seated there, the family of L——e, last from Brussels; he was the captain of a trading vessel to China, imagining himself ennobled by his union with the sister of an M.P.; their daughter and reverend son have accompanied them; but there are few English, for Baden is not yet known to those travellers.

We have only the Irish family of Brabazon, the witty Mr. W. Spencer, Mr. Hoare, and the youngest son of Sir Robert Wilmot. . . . . For persons who love to study character, how much information and entertainment, as well as profitable lessons, may be gleaned; how many advantageous connexions in life may be formed, by availing ourselves of the custom throughout Germany, the mart of literature, by frequenting the table d'hôtes. We there find travellers of every nation, on less formal terms with each other, and under less disguise than in their private saloons; and those who study butterflies, birds, and insects, would do well to add the study of mankind. The English, from a sentiment of spurious pride, prefer a sulky repast in their own "chambre a coucher," (for private saloons, as at an English inn, are seldom to be procured,) to eating at the same convivial board with those of inferior rank, though he is almost certain to meet also with others of equal and superior station to himself; for all etiquette of this nature is waived,—the prince and the untitled hero mix in social converse; the waiter, who generally carves each dish at the sideboard, also assigns your place at the table, from the date of your arrival. While the English continue in this humour to avoid the natives of those countries their restless spirit induces them to invade, they might save themselves the expense of quitting their native isles, and content themselves to inspect the numerous picturesque beauties, the woods, wilds, the mountains and the lakes, and all the other picturesque scenery, wild and cultivated, the bounteous hand of God has scattered over the surface, and of which one half of those wandering people know nothing. I am more diffuse on this point, perhaps, from having already formed a most agreeable and eligible acquaintance in the old and respectable Baroness de Bleitwitz, the Baron her husband, and her sweetly modest and pretty daughter; they are of the little German court de Saxe Meiningen; the Baroness was dame d'honneur to the Duchess, mother of the princess who espoused our Duke of Clarence, and to whom we now look to extend our line of kings. On naming, accidentally, this recent royal marriage, commenced our intercourse. The old Baroness is enthusiastic in her panegyrics on the mild virtues, the gentle and pious character of her who may one day fill the throne of Great Britain. The Baroness, to use her own expression, received her at her birth "in my apron." Madame Bleitwitz was the chosen youthful companion of her highness, who, on bidding her farewell, presented her a little mother-of-pearl model of a ship, as a *souvenir*, her highness added, of her wish that Mlle. would visit her in England.

Every body has now seen or read of Baden; but Miss Pigott saw it early and well. She had letters to the Princess Amalie of Baden, and was invited to dine with the Queen of Bavaria, by the lady in waiting, whose homely accommodations are described in her neglected book.

The Queen of Bavaria and her suite are now here; her sister, the Princess Amalie of Baden, is with her. The King has been here, as also the Grand Duke of Baden, but they left before my arrival. These two sisters are much attached, and it is a great enjoyment to them thus to meet every summer, without the embarrassments of court etiquette. They occupy a small house opposite

this hôtel; so small, that they go for dinner, and their receptions, every day to a larger house in the town, which has the windows closed during the morning, to keep it cool and fresh for their arrival. My letters were for the Princess Amalie of Baden; I remitted them, with cards for the lady in waiting. The next morning came the lady, Mlle. la Baronne de Bode, a charming young woman, and an elegant figure, freckled with the small-pox; but her fine dark eyes beam with intelligence and kindness. She is of Russian extraction, and, on the maternal side, the nearest remaining relative of the lately deceased Marchioness of Ormond.

Miss Pigott was told that a very plain toilet might suffice for a visit to the Princess—"a simple muslin robe, and smart cap or bonnet;" and when the English lady apologized for her poor chamber and unmade bed, the court dame assured her that hers was much inferior, and that she had no table of any sort. She said—

"I am obliged to place my mirror upon my bed; and I am also forced, in the intense morning sun, to trudge down and up the hill every day to my princess;" a lesson this that would astonish our courtly dames, and exclusive fine ladies; even their English abigails would rebel under such severe service, as they would denominate it.

While Miss Pigott was at Baden "the Coxe Hippesleys," a super-refined English family, suffered martyrdom under German ignorance of *savoir faire*, and German dirt. They afford an edifying specimen of both nations, as we see the German manners reflected in their fastidious niceness.

The Coxe Hippesleys have also left us, after her ladyship had made the tour of all the table d'hôtes in Baden, without succeeding in finding one to her satisfaction. She had commenced by presenting herself at this hôtel, and interrupted our cheerful sociability by her loud unfavourable criticisms of each dish, and of everything presented to her acceptance. Addressing her complaints to me, "the table-cloth is dirty."—"That is true," I answered, "but follow my example; bring your own clean napkin, and spread it wide under and around your plate."—"The salt-cellar has no spoon."—"Bring your own salt," at the same time pointing out to her observation my portable salt-box. "The knives and forks are detestable; moreover, they serve as tooth-picks to the company, and afterwards to the waiters, and who knows whether they will be cleaned on the morrow!"—"Bring your own, my lady, as I do."—"So I could, but I will not."—"Although you have them at your apartment!—two servants are at this moment in attendance behind your chair, who might have brought them, and Sir John sitting so contented by your side!"—"Oh! he is used to these practices amongst his old cronies, and I do believe, likes all this barbarous filth;" so saying, her peevish ladyship rose to begone. "Then go to the hôtel de Saumon," said I, quite cross at this determination to make herself uncomfortable—and to the Saumon she went, and afterwards to search the town, for the means of having her dinner half warm, served in her own apartment, very angry that I did not display more kindliness of feeling for her self-created evils.

Matters are greatly changed and improved since those days, though in some quarters they are bad enough still. The "honest Germans" can also, according to Mr. Howitt, be a little extortionate occasionally; though this must hold more or less of horse-hirers and innkeepers the whole world over.

The absence of the dwellings of a resident aristocracy, and of the rural villas of an affluent middle class, and also of domestic animals, all the cattle being stalled nearly the whole year round, gives the landscape a heavy, dreary look in English eyes. This, in a country where, in spite of great apparent slovenliness, and the rudeness of the agricultural implements, the most is made of every inch of the soil by the numerous peasant proprietors, who are themselves the cultivators of their own fields, must be found the most advantageous mode of managing cattle, especially where the mountain tops are covered with wood for fuel, the slopes with vineyards, and the plains with corn, It besides saves the expense of enclosures. There are consequently few pastures—

You look in vain for anything like the green fields and hedge-rows of England, with their scattered trees, groups of beautiful cattle or flocks grazing in peace, and sweet cottages, farm-houses, and beautiful mansions of the gentry. It is all one fenceless and ploughed field. Long rows of trees on each side of the roads are all that divide them from the fields, and in the south these are generally fruit trees. The beauty of Germany lies only, or with few exceptions, amongst its hills. . . . . All here is open and bald; the people are collected into villages of the most prosaic kind, and no gentry reside among them. In fact, what we call country life in England is here unknown. . . Far and wide, the country, without a single fence, covered with corn and vegetables, as seen from the heights which bounded it, presented a most singular appearance to an English eye. Its predominating colour, at that time of the year, was that of ripening corn, but of different hues, according to its different degrees of ripeness, and the different kinds of grain. This is not planted in those vast expanses which you see in the corn-farms of Northumberland and Lincolnshire; but in innumerable small patches and narrow stripes, because belonging to many different proprietors. Some is also sown in one direction, and some in another; with patches of potatoes, mangel-wurzel, kidney-beans, &c., amongst it; so that it presented to the eye the appearance of one of those straw table-mats of different colours which one has seen.

Here and there you saw villages lying in the midst of the corn plain, and large woods, but not a hedge, and few scattered trees; the long rows of those marking out the highways, being the only dividing lines of the country. As we passed these trees, we observed that they were principally apple, pear, plum, cherry, and walnut trees. One could not help feeling how these trees would be plundered in England, being set, as it were, by the very road, for that purpose; and, indeed, here thorns fastened round the boles, and stuck between the branches of the cherry trees, where the fruit was ripening, spoke clearly of marauders. . . . . .

We passed through several of the Dorfs, or villages. They had a primitive, heavy, and thoroughly agricultural air. The houses are built of stone, large and heavy, and each having a great round-headed gateway leading into a sort of inner court, or farm-yard. We observed numbers of women at work in the fields, without shoes, stockings, bonnets, or caps. They were healthy, contented, sun-burnt creatures, many of them picturesque enough for any painter of primitive life. What, however, riveted our attention quite as much, were the country wagons and horses. The wagons are the oddest old jumbling things imaginable. What a contrast to the jolly fat horses, and ponderous painted wagons of the English farmer! The set-out of a first-rate English farmer or miller, to say nothing of the wagons and drays of the London brewers, cannot frequently be of less value than £300. Most of these vehicles may be worth from five pounds to five shillings, and are drawn by two or three horses a-breast; the horses of a lightish bay or black, of a slouching look and gait, and harnessed in ropes; if there be four, the two foremost a long way a-head of the other two.

The gentlemen's carriages and "turn-out," and the public vehicles, are treated with something almost approaching to contempt by one trained from childhood to the "right and tight" and universally

handsomely appointed equipages of England, whether they be those of the duke or the drayman. No English tradesman would show his face or his wife's bonnet in a carriage like that in which the Duke of Brunswick arrived at Heidelberg. The wagons of the peasants or *Bauers* seem more to resemble the vehicles in which the Irish drag their turf from the bogs than any sort of carriage which is to be seen in England.

Here comes one wagon with one horse, of course, on one side of the long great pole, with nothing on the other; here another with three horses abreast, and straggling so far apart as to fill the whole road, and make you look about to see how they are to pass without your being run over. They are generally on the trot, driven by a Bauer, in his proper and peculiar costume;—in Baden, a large black cocked-hat, a long blue coat or blue jacket, a pair of blue hempen trousers, and strong boots. They sit in front of their wagon, and, with pipe in mouth and heavy whip in hand, go on smoking and cracking their whips over their horses' heads. All the drivers, in fact, in this country, whether of wagons, eil-wagons, coaches, omnibuses, stage-wagons, or of the indescribable variety of odd vehicles that you see, keep up an eternal smoking and cracking of whips. The postilion with his four or six horses, setting out with some nobleman's carriage, goes off making the street resound with the thunder of his whip, which is only exceeded in noise by the clatter of his horses and the rumble of his vehicle over the rough stones.

But we must not yet leave the Bauer and his wagon for the postilion—of him more anon. The Bauers come trotting along to the market-town with all kinds of country loads; bags of corn, hampers of fruit and vegetables, straw and hay. Often, but more frequently in returning, they have loads of country people, presenting the most varied groups and dresses;—women, old and young, smart and homely, without caps or bonnets, or in the little close things which are cap and bonnet both; and men of all sorts are seen in these wagons, sometimes from the gentleman to the sunburnt labourer. The postilion, returning with his horses, ties them to the tail of the wagon, gets in, and with his miscellaneous companions, sits laughing and chatting. Every one, or nine out of ten, has in his mouth his long pipe with a large earthenware head, and all are smoking and merry.

The wagons are often drawn by bullocks, and even by cows, for in Germany *sex*, and the peculiar duties it imposes, give no immunity from slavish field labour. But German wagons, like other things German, have their bright side. They carry good big loads for one thing; and they are light and elastic; and after all—

Might be introduced in England, to the great advantage of small proprietors, as well as for general use, where the country is hilly and the roads rocky. They will bend in an uneven way like a snake, and their lightness makes them far more fit for many purposes than our heavy and unyielding, and much more expensive carts. For such districts as Scotland, Wales, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the hilly tracts of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, they would be admirably adapted.

Mr. Howitt is quite poetical on the subject of the happy English cow luxuriating in rich pastures and by still waters, when compared with her hard-worked and imprisoned German counterpart.

The village of Rohrbach a haunt of the inhabitants and students of Heidelberg, is selected as a fair specimen of the German *dorf* or village in general.

The houses had the same heavy look which the houses of the German dorfs commonly have, with plenty of old, tall roofs, and leaning gables turned towards the street; and great round-headed gateways in the farm-houses leading into their yards. The streets, as is usual, were long, and paved with huge uneven stones. One side of the street was left unpaved for a little brook to run down it, and over this bridges of great stones were laid to the houses. Down the other side of the street ran another little stream in a gutter, and in this the geese were sitting and forming dams with their bodies, in which they nibbled, and ducked, and washed themselves. The whole long street, from bottom to top, was full of these geese. Some of them, in flocks, were flying up and down, and making no little clangour. As usual, there were the brunnens spouting out their never-ceasing water into their great troughs, and women collected with their tubs about them, in full gossip; and the cows, released at this the peasant's dinner time, half-past ten, from their yokes and labour, also crowding round the troughs to drink. Plenty of funny-looking children, and some other grown-up people completed the scene.

The children are odd little objects; thick, well fed, and with plenty of hair, in German fashion; the little girls in bodices, which seemed ready to burst with plumpness, and all, however small, with their hair in tails; the larger having their tails hanging down their backs, and the smaller, having theirs brought from the sides of their heads in hanging bows to their ears, over which they pass. Most of them were without shoes and stockings. The boys were going in groups, with creels on their backs, to the plain to collect grass for the cows.

One picturesque group, having amongst them a lad with his father's cocked hat on, we prevailed upon, by the offer of a kreutzer, the third of a penny, to stand and be sketched.

Such groups are represented on the page by spirited wood-engravings from designs by Sargent; and we may say of all these marginal and other embellishments, that they are truly illustrations of the text, and not merely decorative irrelevancies or pretty impertinences. The peasants of this dorf are said to be Jews, *agricultural* Jews! a thing not easy for an Englishman to conceive.—Here is a pleasing out-door picture, which moreover tells a story of national manners.

As we returned, we saw large groups of peasants dining under the trees in the fields. Women were bringing from Heidelberg large baskets on their heads containing provisions. The dinners seemed principally contained in two large pans or dishes; one of soup, and one of small puddings called noodles, floating in sauce, or something of a pudding kind in a fluid state. Some of these puddings were little balls of flour and potatoes, dotted with little lumps of fried black bread, and which to a too fanciful eye looked like raisins. The people lay or sat, men and women, round the large dishes, all eating together out of them with long spoons. They formed picturesque groups: the men stripped; the women, many of them, in bodices of red-stripped linen, of which the Germans make their bed-ticks, and which look very lively. Many of the girls too, bronzed with the sun, looked all health and solidity. About stood boots, which the men had pulled off to cool their feet as they lay at rest, baskets and stone bottles. Two boys were dining under a tree on brown bread and little pears, which they drew from a bag, and seemed to divide very carefully between them. These boys had nothing to drink, and said they were accustomed to have nothing to drink to their field dinners, not even water. The homeliness of the fare of these peasants would no little astonish the stomachs of our bean-and-bacon devourers of our harvest-time in England.

Mr. Howitt was particularly struck by the universal Sunday practice of the people of the towns all over Germany, whether Protestant or Papist. With one consent they run away to the country:—

It would shock the religious of England to see how, on a Sunday, the Germans of all classes are flocking off into the country, as on all other leisure occasions, in the

summer: to see, early on Sunday mornings, families of sobriety and of high standing, and even those of grave professors, setting forth for a long day's excursion. By seven o'clock you will see them going out, having not the least idea that to resort to some distant village amongst the hills, perhaps to go to church there, perhaps not, but at all events to proceed to some rural inn, and there, or in the woods, spend the day in social enjoyment, has anything at all amiss in it. Nothing is more common; and on these, and on all such occasions, they will do what would never be thought of in England. They will take tea and sugar, and if necessary, fine bread; and eating and drinking of their own, will pay the good-natured landlord for his attendance and the use of his house.

One delightful Sunday in August '41 was thus spent by Mr. Howitt and his family, among the hills and woods, with some German friends. Of this adventure there is a beautiful description, of which we shall merely notice the close; premising, as Mr. Howitt carefully does, that before setting out on their rural ramble they had attended service at nine o'clock:—

As we approached Guiberg, we saw it standing amid its corn-plots; its garden-plots all unfenced, its green sloping fields, and its scattered fruit trees, having a very sweet but very German look. When we entered the village itself, of course it was like all German villages—the same scene of heavy houses, most of them having their lower story occupied by their cows; of heaps of wood, ploughs, and wagons; but around it lay delightful old bowery orchards, and in one of these belonging to the Wirthshouse, or inn, we dined. With a bottle of the country wine, some roast beef, and plenty of cherries, for which this village is famous far and wide, we made as merry as if we had been dining with Joe Miller himself. The children from the neighbouring orchards came about to look on, to whom we gave bread and meat, which they were at first too shy to take, but when we turned our backs it vanished with a wonderful velocity. Two boys were set by a gentleman of the party to see which could soonest devour a piece of black bread for three kreutzers—one penny—which they did to their own danger of choking, and great merriment of the spectators. Others were set to hop for a kreutzer; and watching this, and a set of bauers playing at nine-pins, the time soon fled by. We went on, and took tea at Bommerthal, where the hostess, a village belle who had probably never seen tea before, for the party took it with them, boiled it in a dirty pan, and made an awful and untouchable mess of it. The bauers were in the public-houses in this village, singing and drinking in a manner that would have horrified Sir Andrew Agnew, and made us think that, for a serious and sentimental nation, the Germans had the least show of being a religious one imaginable.

We proceeded in a fine calm and shining evening to the last village before our return, Neckergemünd, down a green valley, at the feet of steep old beech-woods, and past old water-mills of a primitive character. The whole country in itself was charming, but was like a country in a dream,—a country without animals. There were neither cow, horse, sheep, swine, hare, pheasant, partridge, or scarcely any bird to be seen. In such a country in England we should have seen flocks and herds; and, towards evening, the hares and pheasants would have been seen feeding on the outskirts of the woods in scores, and we should have heard the partridges calling each other together for the night. Here was nothing, even of a winged nature, except a few small birds and one solitary crow.

They reached Petersthal, or the Valley of Peter, lying among the hills, and swarming with human life. The people here were Catholics:—

Everywhere in these valleys you see the people busy in their possessions. Men and women and children are at work in the fields. Down the hills come women and children from the woods, carrying on their heads loads of fuel, or dragging great bundles of boughs down the narrow hollow ways after them. Others are cutting grass for the pent-up cattle;—women are mowing much oftener than the men. Below are groups of women with bare legs, washing by the clear stream. Quantities of linen are spread out to dry and to bleach; and round the houses are stalking plenty of fowls, while a large dog barks at you from his kennel as you pass the mill, or little poodles, with cock-a-side tails, bark at you from the cottages, and geese clap their wings and clangour in the brook.

This Petersthal is a great place for bleaching and washing, and all along lay the white patches of linen on the green meadow grass, and groups of the stoutest and most healthy-looking girls stood washing by the doors as we passed; while numbers of children ran about, many of them with nothing more than a shirt on. Here was one holding two cows by a rope tied to the horns, to graze by the wayside, and here another holding a goat. It was harvest time, and hot weather. The women were cutting their harvest, the men being gone to the greater harvest of the plain.

The Catholic character of the valley was obvious by the little images of the Virgin in niches in the front of the cottages as we passed. These images are of the most wretched kind; little things of gaudily-coloured plaster, bought of the wandering Italian dealers. But at the head of the glen stood a little chapel, which is a perfect specimen of what you find so commonly in Catholic districts, at once indicating so much devotion and so much poverty.

We do not learn that Mr. Howitt thought his Sunday ill-spent, nor do we think it was; though the Sunday, every Sabbath, thus spent not only without public worship, but without the deeper sanctity of serene stillness, and unbroken solitude, and the self-communion of the immortal spirit with itself, would seem a strange perversion of the institution.

The peasants of Germany appear to lead a hard life. Not only the direct stimulus of interest, but dire necessity render these small proprietors industrious. "They labour busily early and late," not only because they are labouring for themselves, but because they must work, and work hard, or else starve:—

The women and children all work as well as the men, for it is family work; nay, the women often work the hardest. They reap, thrash, mow, work on the fallows, do anything. In summer, without shoes and stockings, clad in a dark blue petticoat and body of the same, or in other colours, according to the costume of the neighbourhood, and with their white chemise sleeves in contrast with their dress, and with their hair burnt of a singed brown, or into different hues, with the sun, they are all out in the hot fields. Nay, you may even see women driving a wagon, in which two or three men are sitting at ease smoking. They take the dinners to the fields; frequently giving to the lesser children a piece of bread, and locking them up in the cottage till they come home again; the older ones being at the school till they join them in the afternoon.

This would be thought a hard life in England; but hard as it is, it is not to be compared with the condition of labourers in some agricultural parts of a dear country like England, where eight or nine shillings a-week, and no cow, no pig, no fruit for the market, no work in the winter, but dependence for everything on a master, a constant feeling of anxiety, and the desperate prospect of ending his days in a Union workhouse, is too commonly the labourer's lot. The German peasants work hard, but they have no actual want. Every man has his house, his orchard, his road-side trees, as we have seen, commonly so hung with fruit that he is obliged to prop and secure them all ways, or they would be torn to pieces. He has his corn-plot, his plot for mangel-wurzel, for hemp, and so on. He is his own master; and he, and every member of his family, have the strongest

motives to labour. You see the effect of this in that unremitting diligence which is beyond that of the whole world besides, and his economy, which is still greater.

The Germans, indeed, are not so active and lively as the English. You never see them in a bustle, or as though they meant to knock off a vast deal in a little time. You never witness that scene of stir and hurry that you often do in England; that shouting to one another, and running, where the need of despatch rouses all the life and energy of the English character. They are, on the contrary, slow, but for ever doing. They plod on from day to day, and year to year—the most patient, untirable, and persevering of animals. The English peasant is so cut off from the idea of property, that he comes habitually to look upon it as a thing from which he is warned by the laws of the large proprietors, and becomes, in consequence, spiritless, purposeless, and at once the terror and the victim of the capitalists. The German bauer, on the contrary, looks on the country as made for him and his fellow men. He feels himself a man; he has a stake in his country, as good as that of the bulk of his neighbours; he is content with his black bread, because his labour has at once created it and sweetened it to his taste, and because no proud man can threaten him with ejection or the workhouse, so long as he is active and economical. He walks, therefore, with a bold step; he looks you in the face, with the air of a free man, but of a respectful one; and he knows that when he dies, he shall not be buried between the vile boards of a pauper's coffin, threatening to fall asunder before they reach the grave, nor be consigned to the knife of the surgeon; but his children will lay him by his fathers, and plant the rose, the carnation, and the cross on his grave—*Zum Andenken des frommen Vaters* to the memory of the good father—and will live the same active and independent life, on his native soil, or seek it in America or Australia.

Hence his continual activity and content. He has no ambition to be other than he is; he wears the costume which his fathers wore; the long coat, and cocked or hollow-sided hat, the bauer's costume, and he turns everything about him to account.

We have already seen how perseveringly the women and children gather grass and weeds everywhere for the cows. Nothing that can possibly be made use of is lost. The children may be seen standing in the stream in the villages carefully washing weeds before they are given to the cattle. As we meet them and the women with large bundles of grass on their heads tied in large cloths, one cannot but call to mind the immense quantities by our highway sides and great green lanes in England, and by wood-sides, which grow and wither, which might support many a poor man's cow.

We leave it to our readers, in contrasting these conditions, to draw their own inference. The German peasants turn everything that grows to account, and improve every inch of the soil, so that a slovenly-looking surface is in reality more productive than the trimly-dressed fields of our most scientifically cultivated farms. The great drawback on German domestic life in the eyes of the English is, of course, the dirt, and carelessness or sluttishness, which converts their humble homes into a kind of purgatory to cleanly people. It is however truly said, that women, whether matrons or maidens, cannot be at the same time occupied in hard field-labour, and, like the English housewife, washing, scouring, mending, and making the cottage home a paradise of neatness and beauty. The houses of the German peasants are generally their own. They are substantially built of stone, and are roomy; and, what is more to the purpose—

It is probable that they have less real anxiety in them than those of the English; but, in all else which makes our humble homes attractive, what a contrast! Outwardly, there is little of the picturesque or of neatness about them, except their orchards and vineyards; inwardly, how dingy, and dirty, and cheerless! In winter, instead of the blazing fire casting its pleasant glow on all the walls, a black iron stove in a corner seems to make the gloomy place gloomier. There are troops of children, none of the cleanest, often seeming to have their large heads set on as large bodies, with very little neck, and with very unkempt hair; and the smells which proceed from one thing or another are inexpressible, and often almost stifling. This want of cleanliness and neatness, and these repulsive smells, meet you in all the houses of the common people. In country inns, where the English have not been accustomed to go, you find it a most difficult matter to harden yourselves to the endurance of passing a night. In the houses of the burgher class it is too often the same. A sense of want of cleanness, a feeling of grit and dust under your feet on the naked floor, fill you with disgust to everything; but how the pungent and peculiar smells of common German houses are compounded it would be difficult to say. Even in good houses in cities, where suites of rooms are let, especially where there are shops below them, you have such over-powering odours as make them intolerable. With this nuisance, no doubt, sour-krout, sour paste—with which, spite of the superiority of yeast, they still persist to leaven their bread, and which therefore stands long fermenting in their kneading-tubs—a sort of sour curds, and soft cheeses, with which you see the children's faces often smeared from eyes to chin; their tobacco, their oils and vinegar in their perpetual salads, have pretty close connexion. Into such houses as I have had occasion to enter, as into country inns, bauers' houses, and those of tradesmen, many of them carrying on much business, I have seldom or never been surprised by an air of neatness and cleanliness, but have often been so nearly stifled as to be obliged to make a speedy retreat. One cannot conceive how these people can live in it; but custom has made them entirely unconscious of all this, and probably these "aromatic gales" and rich atmospheres may even to them have become charming.

Mr. Howitt has not yet, we suppose, seen the Sanitary Report lately circulated; nor the Vicar of Norham's Tract on the wretched cottages of the industrious Northumbrian peasants. Many of these rack-rented hovels, from which the tenants are liable to be ejected every half-year, are, we make no question, kept with as great neatness as is possible, and are, in the season, embowered in roses, and creepers. But something more is required. When Mr. Inglis travelled in Ireland, he, at first, as he tells us, was delighted to see a cottage with a rose or honeysuckle trained to its walls; but by and by he knew better, and hailed, instead of these flowery decorations, the reeking dung-heap—which spoke of potatoes in harvest, and "the bellyful;" now the great want of England, as it ever has been of Ireland.

In Germany the Scottish saying, that "women's wark is never done," is peculiarly appropriate. There must ever be some kind of out-door work going forward for women, where there is as constant a rotation of crops as those of a market gardener; carrots, poppies, hemp, flax, saintfoin, lucerne, rape, and all sorts of turnips, with peas, beans, vetches, madder, Indian corn, tobacco, millet, &c., &c., coming each in turn.

You may see the Rhine-plain cleared in fine weather in a fortnight of all its corn, the greater part of the ground where it stood again ploughed up and prepared for turnips or green food for autumn; and the girls in their great straw-hats busy hoeing the tobacco.

These girls, as I have said, are very picturesque; most of them bare-legged, and, according to the part of

the country in which they live, in the quaint and showy costume of the district. In one place, in those great broad straw-hats, wide as umbrellas; in another, in little white caps or little black ones, covering just the back of the head; here with a black handkerchief thrown over the head in the form of a hood; there with a red one in the same style; and in a third district with a white one. In one part they have the head tied in a red handkerchief, much in the French style; in another, with broad black ribbons hanging from the back of their high-peaked bonnet down their backs; in others, a black hat, much like the Welch women; and in others, with nothing at all on their heads, but having them exposed to the full blaze of an intense sun. Everywhere they are as healthy-looking as possible; and as they go from the field with their hoes on their shoulders, you cannot avoid remarking their upright figures and their free gait. Few of them are of more than the middle size, most under it; but they are built broad and strong, like little towers; and yet, spite of modern notions, have a most wholesome, heartsome, agreeable, and good-natured look. In fact, they far surpass in general the ladies of the educated classes, who, owing to the absurd system of swaddling in their infancy, and to tight-lacing and little exercise afterwards, present frequently the most lamentable spectacles of high-shouldered women imaginable. It is well for the beauty of the rising damsels that this swaddling system is now falling into disuse; but the grown-up young ladies are so strikingly marked by it, that you may almost to a certainty know a German girl from an English one, by only looking at their backs at a distance.

The old women look like ugly good-natured witches, and they labour on contentedly and industriously to the last.

When one remembers that each peasant family is labouring for itself, the following picture does not lack attraction. The corn harvest is over, and the groups of reapers have returned from the great plains :—

The latter part of the year, of course, is fully employed in gathering in their various crops. Pulling their hemp and flax, which you may sometimes see them besting the seed out of, in the fields, into an outspread sheet; getting their tobacco, and drying it in the upper parts of their houses, where they have contrivances for lifting up the tiles with little pegs to let in as much air as they want; or by hanging it to dry in open sheds, and on the walls of their houses, under shelter of the projecting roofs. In gathering and pitting their turnips, potatoes, mangel-wurzel, and other roots; and in their fruit-gathering. About the end of October the walnuts are battered down with poles, and the leaves all carefully swept up for manure. There are ladders everywhere reared into the trees. Those fine blue plums which hang by such millions by the waysides, and would tear the trees to pieces if they were not carefully secured, are gathered and converted, some into prunes, some into brandy, and others used for those nice large plum tarts or cakes, of half-a-yard wide, which they bake on tins, with the plums cut in halves, and stuck with the split side upwards all over them. Wagons are standing under the road-side apple-trees, with their patient cows, awaiting their loads. The families are all abroad, father, mother, and children, collecting their stores. Baskets full of ruddy apples are standing about, and showers of golden apples are lying in the green grass. A great portion of this fruit is intended for cider, or as they call it, apple-wine, for their own consumption.

Next comes the vintage, the crowning harvest of the year, which does not commence till about the 12th of October, though, of course, this must be regulated by the particular season. Vineyards do not seem profitable to small proprietors.

The vine culture is not considered a profitable one, and the growers are, for the most part, poor. Here and there a celebrated tract is a valuable property; but the small proprietor of an ordinary vineyard, like the small proprietor of corn-land, is compelled to rush into the market at the very earliest day with his produce, and receives but the jackal's portion of the profits. They are the dealer and capitalist in this, as in everything else, who make the golden harvest. They who know how, not only to buy, but to hold, to mix, to give fine and fashionable names to the growth of nameless hills, in short, to impose cleverly on the credulous world.

The vintage over, the simple peasantry, who have pouched only a lean price for the harvest of all their labours, are busy again carrying up fresh manure into their vineyards, and dig and work there till winter stops them, which, indeed, now strides on apace. In November you see the Germans, men and women, envelope themselves in their great cloaks whenever they appear abroad, which they never lay aside again till spring.

But the plodding industrious Germans have their seasons of leisure and relaxation, and their out-of-door pleasures, as well as their hard tasks. They have not forgotten the maxim, which has almost fallen into oblivion, even among the little children of manufacturing England, that

All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy.

In the towns the working classes have their balls and concerts; and, happier still, they have, in the country, places of resort, where the different classes meet to dance in the open air; and their village wakes, the *Kirchweighs*, are as regularly celebrated as were the parish Ales and Wakes of England three centuries ago. The nature of these amusements is illustrated by a description of a wake held at the Wolfsbrunnen, a favourite holiday resort of the people of Heidelberg. It is a sweetly rural spot, in the valley of the Neckar, embosomed in solitary woods and high hills; and an inn, near the *Brunnen*, affords, in its grounds, the kind of sylvan shades, and rustic bowers and benches, which makes the place, in some degree, approximate the tea-gardens of our large cities.

On most days in summer, but especially on Sundays and holidays, people flock hither both from the town and the country. Groups are found sitting at the tables, under the trees and sheds, with wine, beer, and pipes, curds, coffee, and other refreshments. Some are strolling about the private walks in the woodlands; some are lying on the dry turf of the hill slopes; and others are looking in admiration at the fish in the fountain, the pools, or the little brook beyond. . . . . .

On Tuesday the 12th of July, was one of their wakes, or kirchweighs, at the village adjoining, and it was of course a great day at the Brunnen. As we dressed in the morning, we saw crowds of people going out that way; young people in their best, and musicians with their books and instruments. In the evening we walked thither, and a gay scene it was. All along the way parties were going and coming. They were of all classes, but chiefly of those from the tradesmen and their families down to the working classes. All were well dressed; the young shopmen and mechanics, of course, imitating the students in dress and manner as much as possible; the young women were very well dressed, but all without caps or bonnets, as is the universal custom of those of the ordinary class. They have generally very well-shaped heads of dark glossy hair, which is dressed in a very nice and graceful manner, and nothing can be more pleasing than their appearance, as they thus walk out into the country, having on nothing more than they wear in the house, except a shawl. Many of them are pretty, and all, from their simple and out-of-door habits, have a clear hue, and tone of health and glad-heartedness about them, which is a beauty itself.

As we approached the Brunnen, we saw a dense crowd there. The sheds and tables were all occupied. There

were groups of fierce-looking, whiskered and smoking students; other groups of families, with their choppin, or glass measure of wine, and bread and butter, or cheese, and sundry cakes, enjoying themselves in quiet as they looked on the gaiety around them. The upper outside galleries of the house were filled with gay spectators. Donkies were standing ready saddled for such as chose to hire them for the young women returning to the town, and music announced that dancing was going on near. This we found was in a large shed close to the inn. Several of the trout reservoirs were planked over to prevent people walking into them, and a throng of gazers surrounded the dancing scene. There was a sort of orchestra at one end, at which twenty couples were waltzing. It would have looked strange in England to see shop-boys and girls, nay, shoemakers' and tailors' apprentices, joiners, smiths, boots, or anybody, waltzing with their smart-dressed girls in the shed at a country wake. It would want but this to put waltzing out of fashion with all the other classes of our countrymen. But Germany is the country of waltzing; the waltz is the universal and almost only dance of the people, and they could just as well live without tobacco as it. From the highest saloon in Vienna or Berlin, to the lowest shed in the village, or to the village green, round spin the Germans, and are as happy as if they were in Paradise; nay, what would Paradise be to them without a *long pipe*, a tall glass of beer, a smart girl, and a brisk waltz! The dancing indeed, here, would not have disgraced a splendid saloon. . . . . Here and there was a student in the circle, dancing with some pretty girl of Heidelberg; and we could not avoid being reminded of Goëthe, as he describes himself in his life, mixing in such scenes at Frankfort, with the fair girl destined afterwards to figure as Margaret in Faust.

There was no quarrelling nor drunkenness; and though the gaiety was kept up till a very late, or rather early hour for Germany, many of the revellers were seen sauntering back to town by eight o'clock. The non-observance of Sunday in Germany is deprecated by Mr. Howitt, though not upon the Agnew principle. He wishes to see the Sabbath a day of complete rest for artisans, and as far as is possible for servants and shopmen.

It is melancholy to see young men, who have been confined all the week, dangling about in the shops, where they have seldom anything to do, leaning with their shoulders against the door-posts, when they should be in the free air, breathing health of both body and mind.

The *Kirchweigh* of every village is celebrated for several successive days. It is a season of general rejoicing and visiting; of eating and drinking, dancing and playing, and social merriment. It is like the *Handsel Monday* and *Handsel Tuesday*, &c. of Scotland. Monday and Tuesday are the great feast days, but Sunday is the grand holiday; and, on Tuesday afternoon, they *bury* the *weigh*, that is, the garlands that have been used, and conclude the festival with a grand drinking-bout.

Field-sports, from the tenure of the land, are little known in Germany, Free, happy England is, comparatively, since the French Revolution, the great country where game is exclusively preserved, at the expense of the industrious, for the amusement of the rich. Hunting and coursing in their fields, will not be submitted to by the sturdy German peasantry, though the attempt has been made to introduce those sports, and English packs of hounds imported by some of the Princes; but the peasants resolutely and wisely resist the innovation, wherever it has been attempted to hunt on their lands.

The German bauers and farmers have no faith, and it is quite impossible to persuade them, as it has been attempted to persuade the farmers in England, that it does their corn good to have it in winter ridden over and torn to pieces by a troop of horsemen. On the contrary they insist on *wild-schaden*, or damages done by game, wherever deer, hares, or other game are encouraged by the nobility to the injury of their crops; and the laws support them strongly in this, and give them damages strictly, so that many nobles and princes have yearly large sums on this score to pay.

There is thus some shooting in the corn plains, but very little hunting. Where the nobility hold vast possessions in their own hands, as in Lower Austria, and in Bohemia and Moravia where the peasants are serfs, the pleasures of the chase are enjoyed by the nobility in all their amplitude and magnificence.—These amusements of the nobles are, however, less attractive to us than the out-of-door pleasures of the peasants. Considering that the climate is severe for many months of every year, the Germans live more in the open air than any other European people. Many of their social pleasures—their wine, beer, and coffee-drinkings and concerts—are enjoyed in the open air.

It is the same in every village, in every town, in every capital. Public walks, public music, cafées, and cassinos, coffee and wine-drinking, and smoking and knitting under trees, call out the whole population, high and low, great and small, old and young; and there does not seem a care from Berlin to Strasburg, from Cologne to Pesth. Nay, much as the French live out of doors, the Germans far excel them in this species of life. All their musical art is called forth, and their greatest masters are employed, to give a charm to this mode of social existence. Every means is adopted to give facility to the enjoyment of this taste. . . . . .

There is one advantage that their towns universally possess over ours; and that is, in the abundance of public walks, and public gardens and promenades, where every citizen can wander, or can sit and rejoice with his family and his friends. All round their towns, in general, you find these ample public walks and promenades planted with trees, and furnished with seats. . . .

In England, every man takes care of himself, and makes his own nest snug; besides lighting and paving, little seems done for the public in our towns. Here, on the contrary, the public enjoyment seems to be the favourite and prevailing idea; and you see around you perpetual evidences of its working. The people have, in the outskirts of their cities, their vineyards, and their summer-houses in them, where they can go with their families and friends. But they have, again, their great public gardens and woodlands all round their large towns, to ten or a dozen miles' distance. They have similar places of more rustic resort, often on the most beautiful mountain heights, and in mountain valleys, to which they pour out on all Sundays and leisure days, in carriages and by railroads, by thousands. Here they have wine, and curds, and often dinners. Here they even come with their families, taking whole troops of children with them; and there you find them in old orchards, amid castle ruins, under the trees, and, in short, through all the surrounding hills and valleys. They dine in great family groups—the men sitting often in their shirt-sleeves; the children rolling in the grass; and the landlords hurrying about, dealing out plates and viands to hungry people, in a broil of what seems hopeless hurry. They afterwards smoke their pipes, drink their coffee, and go home at an early hour as happy as this earth can make them. In every country town and village it is the same.

This constant source of humanizing pleasure, must add greatly to the cheerfulness and content of the mass of the people, and tend to keep them from grumbling at the political institutions of their country—

All royal gardens, too, are open, and the people walk in them, and stream round the palaces, passing, in many instances, through their very courts and gateways, just as if they were their own. Nay, the royal and ducal owners walk about amongst the people with as little ceremony as any of the rest. The Emperor of Austria, or the King of Prussia, does the very same. You may meet them anywhere; and little more ceremony is used towards them than is used towards any other individual, simply that of lifting your hat in passing, which is done to all your acquaintance, and is returned as a mark of ordinary salutation. You will see princes sitting in public places with their friends, with a cup of coffee, as unassumingly and as little stared at as any respectable citizen. You may sometimes see a Grand Duke come into a country inn, call for his glass of ale, drink it, pay for it, and go away as unceremoniously as yourself. The consequence of this easy familiarity is, that princes are everywhere popular, and the daily occurrence of their presence amongst the people prevents that absurd crush and stare at them which prevails in more luxurious and exclusive countries.

The same open and general enjoyment of scenery extends to all other estates and gardens. The country-houses of the nobility and gentry are surrounded on all sides with public and private walks. They have seldom any fences about anything but their private gardens. The people go and walk everywhere, and never dream of trespassing, nor are ever told of such a thing. This is one of the great charms of this country. All woods, with the rare exception of a deer park, are thus entirely open and unfenced. You wander where you will, with the most perfect feeling of giving no offence. Here are no warning-boards, no threats of steel-traps or spring-guns. A wisp of straw stuck on a pole, the usual sign in Germany of warning, in vintage time, gives you notice that a private walk, which all the rest of the year is open, is then closed; or a wisp hung on the bough of a tree in the forest, tells you that the common people are not to cut boughs there, or that young trees are planted, and you are not to tread them down. Everywhere else, you go where you please, through woods, valleys, meadows, gardens, or fields; and while property is sacred to the possessor, nature is, as it should be, unrestrictedly yours, and every man's.

In this blessed freedom, and with this simple and thorough line of nature and of society, there is no country in the world where social and summer life are more enjoyed than in Germany. You are perpetually invited to join a party to a wood-stroll, to go to some lovely village in the hills or the forest, or to some old farm-house, where you get milk and coffee, and take bread with you perhaps; where you find a *Tanz-boden*, or shed, where the young people can have a dance; where the old sit, and look on, and smoke, and talk, and knit. Or to some old mill, where you have the same accommodations; or to some inn, on an eminence overlooking a splendid country, as that of the Rhine or Danube, and where, on the terrace, the whole company will play at those simple games so much liked in Germany, as the black man, the blind cow, and others; where all, high and low, old and young, run and laugh, and are as merry as so many boys and girls.

But it is in the capitals that this social out-of-door life is carried to the greatest extent, as well as to the highest pitch of perfection. The most celebrated bands, band-masters, and musical composers of Germany, are in daily requisition to give the highest impetus and enchantment to the popular enjoyment. . . . . .

Vienna is the capital not merely of Austria but of German gaiety. Every day, instead of announcements of auctions and sermons, its walls are plastered with those of concerts, balls, soirées, music vereins, operas, plays, and Belustigungen or pleasure-meetings of a hundred descriptions; mingled with pilgrimages to celebrated shrines—things not less picturesque and amusing, and often not less gay and festive. Every day the lover of pleasure, and the student of human nature and its vagaries, finds himself not at a loss for employment, but distracted with a host of advertisements of the most bewitching spectacles and entertainments. Here is Strauss, there Lanner; here is Staudigl, there Lutzer; here is a ball at Sperls or Zum Zeisig; the Prater is to be magnificent with fire-works and *Volks-freude;* the roundabouts will all be in full action; the entertainment at the Lust-haus most alluring; the stream of carriages and fashionable people on the drives most splendid. Go where you will, you will find thousands and tens of thousands seated in the gardens, netting, knitting, talking, listening to the musical bands, parading in the circle round the orchestra, drinking coffee or sugar-water, eating confections and ices in the cassino. The Folks theatre will call you one way with its drolleries, the opera another; and at Sperls, or the fashionable Dommayer's at Hitzing, you will find the dance going on in the saloon, and the same crowd of family or friendly parties, seated in the area under the trees, which are all hung with lamps, supping and knitting, giving at the same time one eye to the dance in the saloon, and one ear to the music in the orchestra. There are no people on the face of the earth that all summer long enjoy themselves like the Germans in their gay capitals; but autumn approaches, and the great climacteric of the year is reached. The whole nation is astir. Not a man or woman can rest long.

And so they roam abroad through the cities, and watering-places, and fine scenery of their country, or go into Switzerland, but seldom stray farther. Religious processions and pilgrimages are still among the amusements of the Catholic parts of Germany, and also mummeries and grotesque dramatic representations resembling those which have long since become obsolete among our sober and ever-working people. The observances of the Carnival, the New Year, and other great holiday times, are very fully detailed in the "Social Life of Germany," and have a wonderful charm, were it only from reviving the memory of the merry old times of Merry England. But there is change in progress even in stereotyped Germany; and the "genteeler circles" are taking to the self-same dull road in which we have so far outstripped them. Mr. Howitt quotes a writer in the public papers who eloquently laments the departure of the good old times, and the decay of the old German spirit, particularly in Munich, where,—

The increasing importance of the city, the more intimate connexions with the rest of Germany, the flourishing of the arts, and the resort of so many strangers, have introduced a new element of life, which, attacking that old south-German spirit on all sides, has driven it pretty nearly out of the field.

"Before this became the case, the tone of large companies was easy, free, and familiar. Every one was suffered to feel himself of some account in them; every one felt glad to be spoken to by another, though he had never seen him before; instead of making himself exclusive, every one was disposed to make advances. People were on this account more pleased to be amongst strangers, because all was put on a very household footing. It was good gossiping with the old fathers, and the worthy venerable mothers. The young ladies were easily satisfied with the harmless chit-chat which the young gentlemen engaged in with them in the homely high German of Munich. But now people draw into narrower circles; they become more select, more exclusive; society assumes a finer tone, address clears itself of its negligence. Those of maturer years, whom you are able to approach, are become more modish; the young people, in their external demeanour, elegant; the young ladies more chary. The great world begins to grow cold, and people speak more and more of family life; friends and relations draw together into household circles, make unions for the winter entertainments, and give select home balls and concerts. Even the pic-nics,

which become more frequent than ever, display the same tendency; people rejoice themselves in the illusion of being in a family circle.

"In close connexion with this state of things is the growth of tea-drinking. Numbers have already freed themselves from the evening bumper, and numbers more threaten to do it; to such a degree that the first journal of polite literature, which after an absence of many years, was lately brought out here, held it in contemplation whether it should not style itself 'The Munich Tea-leaves.' While breweries are rising on all hands to furnish Bavarian beer to every quarter of the world, here, at the fountain-head, young gentlemen are quenching their thirst with water and milk; and ladies who formerly ordered a good cordial night-cap at least from the doctor, now blush lest they should be thought to sip a little in secret. Truly there are yet jolly fellows, who at the evening *Wirthshaus* table sing boisterous student-songs, and war-songs from Körner, talk loud and vehemently, and send over their heads clouds of smoke and fumes of beer, while they whisper to one another how drearily the fine tea-drinking folk drag through the winter, and how glad they are at the first burst of fine weather to fly off to the Alpine regions that show themselves so temptingly in the distance, and where a gay life still maintains itself with sound of guitar and Alpine song, the report of rifles, and jubilee of kirchweighs, which may almost be heard in the streets of our city.

"But we don't merely drink tea and grow exclusive, we are full of interest for the new literature. We talk of art and science. The English language is everywhere studied, even more than the French. An English leaven, diffused through south Germany, has reached us; and works daily, growingly, mightily, more and more. It has seized on our old habits by the very throat, threatens to annihilate them, and parades boldly before us, with high pretensions of style and refined accomplishments. The leaven works, not merely upwards, but down into the lower grades. It has seized on the burgher-class. Those practices which a while ago were regarded as the privileges of a high sphere, are now pronounced to be indispensable to all. The burgher ladies take off the *Riegelhauben* (the pretty little caps of gold or silver tissue, worn only on the back of the head so becomingly, and which are peculiar to Munich,) and put on silk bonnets. They subscribe to the circulating library, and engage a box at the theatre. The daughters speak written German; they go no longer with the distaff into the Heimgarten, but make formal visits, in order to speak to one another in French. So far as the increase of intellectuality and intelligence go 'tis well, but 'tis not so well to see the old cordial jollity of the carnival turned into a stately frost; and instead of the good old German dancing, laughing, bandying of wits and humours, during which many a love-sign snugly passed, many an explanation found happy opportunity, and many a half-understood case a prosperous issue; a mere walking in crowds through gilded rooms takes its place, with stately salutations and gentility without heartiness."

We can hardly bring ourselves to sympathize in all of the worthy elder's distresses.

Many charming snatches of those popular rhymes of Germany which are connected with holiday times and observances, and of the little songs and rhymes of the children in their sports, occur in the work. It strikes us, that if as purely nonsensical, they are more poetical than our own nursery rhymes; but this they may owe to the graceful English garb in which probably Mrs. Howitt has attired them.

Mr. Howitt gives a graphic and minute account of the wandering handicraftsmen of Germany; a race even more interesting than the students. But their singular customs are already pretty well understood among us. These customs are, in Mr. Howitt's opinion, less pernicious to the morals and character of the young men than might be supposed; but their actual utility in making good workmen is at once disposed of by the fact, that in handicrafts, and especially in blacksmith and ordinary carpentry work, Germany, with its ancient wanderschafte, is whole centuries behind England. Three months spent in London or Sheffield would do much more for these young artisans, if a perfect acquaintance with their craft were the object of their wandering, than the three years which it is the rule to spend in vagabondizing and begging. On the other hand, the young men, in the course of their travels, acquire a more enlarged experience of life and knowledge of their own country, than our artisans, chained to the oar from boyhood to premature old age, have any opportunity of doing. Their rambles, at the period of life they are taken, may also tend to the formation of a firm constitution and a sound state of health; as the craft usages and the customs of the country prevent them from being exposed to great hardships or want of food, clothing, or lodging, while on their travels. In short, before we are done with the wandering German artisans, we begin to wish that our hard-working youth could enjoy the same long season of leisure and thought, in which to store up knowledge, health, and poetical images, and ennobling recollections, to grace the whole of their future life; provided always that their wander-years were free and voluntary.

The festivities of Christmas—the Christmas-tree, the Christ-child, and Pelznichel, or *Knecht Rupert*, the rewarder of good children and the chastiser of the naughty little ones,—draw forth all our author's poetry. And yet he justly questions the wisdom, nay the morality of this systematic playful trickery, and cheating of little children, which he doubts may have a tendency to lessen the veneration for truth in young minds. At all events a very heavy charge made against the whole nation is, that truth is "far from being held so sacred among them as it should be,—the heroes of their most celebrated writers, of Goëthe and others, tell any kind of fibs to help themselves out of scrapes. Whoever has seen much of the private life of Germany, will, we fear, have experienced a similar surprise, spite of the national boasts of the *Deutsche Treue und Deutsche Wahrheit;* German faithfulness and truth. This is a fact which merits the most serious attention of a people so proud of their improvements in education; and it seems wonderful," continues Mr. Howitt, "that it has not struck them, that all the essential and beautiful of this Christmas practice will remain independently of these fictions." As the Christmas Tree has some chance of being introduced into this country, among the other less harmful picturesque customs of the Past, of which there is at present an ominous revival, we deem this hint worthy of especial attention. The customs of the New Year bear a close resemblance to those now deemed old-fashioned, though not forgotten, in Scotland. One of the sports proper to the season, is identical with that which put into so furious a passion "Auld Uncle John," in Burns's "Hallowe'en." It will be remembered that the testy bachelor drew a blank in the matrimonial lottery,—and that because he—

Gat the toom dish thrice,
He heaved them on the fire
In wrath that night.

Besides the numerous stated national holidays in the German towns, circles of friends and neighbours of congenial tastes form small societies, which they name their *Krauchen;* literally little garlands. These signify the practice the members have of making circulating visits once a-week, on fixed evenings, to each others houses; when they take tea, talk, read, and dance or play, according to the age or humour of the parties; and knit of course,—for no knitting, no German woman. Sledging is one of their winter amusements; and Mr. Howitt describes a favourite pastime of the children on the ice, which is exactly the *hurly-hacket*, of which the name is now almost lost in Scotland, though in country places the amusement is still known. Instead of the skull of a horse, or any thing that will move, which the Scottish children adopt as a sledge or ice-seat, the little Germans purchase, at a very cheap rate, small vehicles adapted to this sport. Hurly-hacket, according to Sir David Lyndsay, was in Scotland a royal pastime. It is alluded to by Sir Walter Scott. The Germans, like every other nation, entertain several absurd and prudish customs or etiquettes. Thus, for instance, though a damsel may be spun about like a whirligig, hour after hour, by a youth, or run away with by him in his sledge, *tête-a-tête*, far into the country, taking his arm in the streets, or anywhere else, would be considered either a flagrant breach of decorum, or equivalent to the announcement of a betrothal. In their very marriage processions, the men walk first and the women follow; and in church they sit like the Quakers, the sexes apart. Young people, though brothers and sisters, cannot live together in the same house if their parents are dead or distant; and a bachelor cannot have a sister to keep house for him, without shocking German notions of decorum. Having endeavoured to harmonize the apparent phlegm, the exterior solemnity or formality of the demeanour of the Germans, with their inward sensitiveness, Mr. Howitt proceeds, in the following passage, to give the most elaborate and connected account of his idea of the German social character that occurs in the volume; and it is probably, at least in substance, a correct estimate:—

There is not a more social and affectionate people than they are. They are particularly kind and attentive to each other; sympathize deeply in all each other's troubles and pleasures, successes and reverses. They form the strongest attachments, and maintain them through life. Young men entertain that brotherly feeling for each other that you seldom see in England. They go, as youths, often walking with their arms about each other, as only school-boys do with us. They put their arms over each other's shoulders in familiar conversation in company, in a very brotherly way. I say nothing of that hearty kissing of each other on meeting after an absence, that to an English eye, in great rough-whiskered and mustachioed men, has something very repulsive in it. They make presents of memorials to each other, and maintain a great and lasting correspondence. The correspondence of many Germans is enormous. Ladies who spend the morning in household affairs, will also in the afternoon be as busy in writing to their numerous friends. It is in private social intercourse alone that the Germans display the genuine vivacity and heartiness of their character. In the social and select circle of approved and approving friends, they throw off all formality, and become as frolicsome and joyous as so many boys and girls. These same young men that in the street will go by you as swift as a steam-engine, and as dark as a thunder-cloud, there become the very imps of mirth and jollity. They are ready to enter into any fun, to act any part—to sing, to romp, to laugh, and quiz each other without mercy.

They have indeed the faculty of becoming children, and even buffoons, without becoming ridiculous. They do not feel themselves foolish, and therefore don't become so. None but children in other countries can give themselves, body and soul, to the flow of their spirits, and throw themselves headlong, and yet with safety, into the whirlpool of active enjoyment. The grave Germans, strange as it may seem, can retain their boyhood and girlhood through life, and at any moment be as frolicsome, as artless, as noisy, as happy as children; yet without ever letting go for an instant the saving guidance of a manly discretion. The fact is, that they have a purity and elevation of moral feeling, which is at once their safety, their dignity, their honour, and their happiness. It is this which gives and preserves so much manly attachment in their friendships, so much propriety and endurance in their loves, so much confidence and esteem in their social intercourse.

In similar circumstances, young men of other nations are apt to become impertinent and indecorous. We have heard English young ladies say, that, in all the familiarities of waltzing and festive parties, the German gentlemen have never shown the slightest disposition to pass the bounds of the utmost delicacy. They have given none of those looks, those squeezes of the hand, and those private signals which English young men are but too apt to allow themselves. Yet here, again, is another mark of the sensitiveness of the German character. These same young men, who, in a particular circle will thus combine and be as gay and alert as grashoppers, will, if one individual come in on whom they have not the same reliance, at once involve themselves in their cold formality; as a hedgehog, at the slightest approach of danger, wraps himself in his globe of spines, or as a snail retreats into its shell. . . . . It would be the most hopeless attempt to endeavour to engage them to be funny in any but their most approved circle; a thousand bugbears of ridiculous offence would start up before them, and daunt them past all power of action or desire to please.

There is no doubt that their political institutions and habits have had a great effect in producing this excess of sensitiveness.

The effect of their political institutions on the character and habits of the German people has been of late so ably discussed by Mr. Laing, that we are content, upon this head, to say, that Mr. Howitt holds nearly the same opinions. Their caution is found to be extreme, and even, according to Mr. Howitt, appears phrenologically in the round, broad heads of the children. This excessive caution is, it would seem, even carried the length of unmanly cowardice. A German will rarely risk his own safety to see *fair play*—or for the sympathetic love of justice—or indignation at wrong done to the helpless. He dreads coming in for the "redding-straik." But when elevated and exhilarated by wine or music, or rather by their influence combined, a German will throw off his habitual caution. "A song," says Mr. Howitt, "will thrill through the heart of the whole empire like an electric stroke, and produce the most instantaneous and universal enthusiasm; as was evidenced by the 'Rhine song,' on the threat of invasion by the French in the autumn of 1840." But in this, and in all such cases, was the song any-

thing more than the blazing match applied to the ready-prepared combustibles?

To the large—the ultra cautiousness of the Germans, Mr. Howitt attributes their slow driving, and happy exemption from fatal accidents on their railways; and to their characteristic phlegm he ascribes their indifference or quiet submission to trifling ills or annoyances, which one second of well-directed energy might obviate. This characteristic indolence, or *canna-be-fashed* principle, belongs, however, as much to a condition, or to a certain stage in the practical department of the social progress as to national character. Neither the plodding Scotch, nor the mercurial Irish, would too probably have dealt otherwise with the offending nail, which serves Mr. Howitt as an illustrative example, than did the phlegmatic Germans. This was a nail in a plank which tore the gown of every lady entering a steamer, and made the gentlemen stumble as they passed; but which no German ever dreamed of knocking on the head by one stroke, until Mr. Howitt, on seeing his wife's gown caught, disentangled the robe, called for a hammer, and suggested the simple prompt remedy which made him at once be recognised as an Englishman by an American present. Yet this is not exclusively German. The cottars of Glenburnie submitted to the "broken brig" from day to day though it frequently upset their carts, and occasioned hours of toil and trouble; and poor Thaddy, in Castle Rackrent, acknowledged, that the big pin by which, in place of the proper button, he fastened his *cotamors*, pricked his chin a hundred times a day, yet he could not be troubled to get the button sewed on. Other instances which are cited to illustrate the obtuseness or apathy, and, indeed we must say it, real hard-heartedness, and at least passive cruelty of the national character, are somewhat narrow for the object in view; and may be rather individual instances than national characteristics. In apprehending strokes of wit and humour, the German seems to be what is called "a slow coach." A joke needs to be deliberately explained to him, or at least to some of the nation; now the subtle essence of the very best joke evaporates in explanation. We have, however, seen this sort of dulness occur nearer at hand than Germany.

As Mr. Howitt's work is really more valuable for its insight into domestic life, and the minuteness of its touches, than for what may generally be esteemed its more attractive qualities, we select the following illustrative homely passages in preference to those descriptive of city manners and shows, and picturesque scenery.

Some of the German ladies have an overstrained delicacy and prudery about them, that form the most ridiculous contrast to the homeliness of their manners and language, and remind you of what Sam Slick [Captain Marryat ?] says of the young American ladies putting the legs of their pianos into trousers. They use no circumlocution in expressions which, in England, are at least smoothed over, and reduced to a very convenient indefiniteness. Some of them will talk of sweating, and hawking and spitting, and will perpetrate these things too in company, as well as say them. But there is nothing which tends so much to confound ranks, and puzzle you as to the real standing of people, as the practice in this country of several families living in one house. Nobles may, and often do, let one or two stories of their house. You may have a Graf for your landlord, or a shoemaker. This, while it is considered no degradation to the man of real property and rank, affords a serious opportunity to others, whose trade and dependence consists in letting lodgings, to impose on the English, and creates in them, while fresh to the country, the strangest uncertainty; at the same time that it leads them to the oddest conclusions as to the manners of the better classes of German society. While the graf or the professor lets part of his house, the genuine lodging-house keeper pretends to be a graf, or something approaching one. Our landlady, on our arrival at Heidelberg, pretended to possess a Baden patent of nobility, and to be somebody. She was, in fact, a very silly and mischievous woman; and while on the one hand she would affect to be frightened at the sight of a man in his morning gown and slippers, would, on the other, sit, of an afternoon, eating goose-grease with a bread-crust instead of a spoon, as a luxury! With such strange mixtures of ranks and personages, it requires, at first, in the foreigner, the nicest discernment to decide who are, and who are not, real gentry, and to avoid the oddest errors, in judging of established manners. . . . . Shaking hands is a custom considered entirely English, especially with ladies. The Germans rush into each other's arms; and with such impetuosity, on some occasions, that we are acquainted with a youth who is lamed for life through the very curious circumstance of having entangled his legs with those of a young and dear friend whom he unexpectedly met, after a long absence, and was thus thrown down, and one of his legs injured. But they do not shake hands; and we advise all English gentlemen, on first going to Germany, to be careful not to shock the feelings of the ladies, and especially the young, with offering their hands. The great German salutation is that of lifting the hat to one another, and to the ladies; and to such an extent is this carried, that a humorous, as well as argumentative pamphlet has been lately published, by a very clever man, in Erfurt, who has been a good deal in England, recommending in preference, on many accounts, the English mode of salutation. He calculates that not less than six millions of dollars are yearly spent in the extra wear and tear of hats and caps in Germany. . . . . .

Before the French invasion, what an old-fashioned state must Germany have been in! The Germans are naturally a most contented people. Contented with their mode of living, the daily round of their pursuits, with the state of things as they find them. There is no people of the same numbers, or possessing a territory of the same extent in Europe, who have shown themselves so little disturbed by a thirst of foreign conquest and aggrandizement. If their neighbours would but let them alone, they would never meddle with their neighbours. . . . . In fact, before that period, the Germans seem to have lived pretty much as the Dannites did of old, "every man doing what seemed good in his own eyes." Little could have been the alteration in anything for many generations. They must have lived on and on,—the bauers cultivating, the professors teaching and dreaming, the gentry hunting in the woods, and the ladies cooking and knitting, just as their ancestors had done for ages. By what we see now, they must have been in a very homely condition indeed. The manual arts must have been very humble; their houses must have been very old-fashioned, ill furnished, and none of the cleanest. Their clothes, what an antique cut they must have had! Their locks, door-handles, keys, all sorts of household utensils, their furniture, their carriages, their everything, how rude and homely they must have been! What a length their hair must have grown then; what a length their coats must have been then; what a length their pipes; what a length their dreams! Washing could not have been much in fashion; for, even now, they are amazed at the English; and in the inns they more commonly give you a wine-bottle and an oval pie-dish, instead of a good capacious ewer and basin, than anything else. Such a thing as a piece of soap, or a slop-

jar, you never see in the bed-room; and if you ask for water and a napkin, to wash your hands before dinner at an inn where you are not staying the night, they stare at you, and make a charge in the bill for it. As Diogenes said, on walking through the city, so would the old Germans have said, had they gone through a city in another country, "What heaps of things are here that I have no need of." Roads even they had none—they did not want them—they wanted only to stop at home, eat their sour kraut and sasuages, smoke their pipes, and drink their beer.

The cheerless and comfortless, dirty and odorous, but substantial dwellings of the common people, we have already adverted to. The visible furniture is much the same as in English cottages, with the addition of the stove and the spinning-wheel, and the difference of the beds, which in Germany are universally small, *stump* beds, fashioned to hold but one person. It is to be feared that the Germans must consider the large beds of England, in which from two to a half-dozen individuals are sometimes stowed away, as an indecorous and shocking arrangement. Individuals even of the lowest rank, accustomed from infancy to the delicacy of the exclusive single bed, must, there can be no question, find our custom more revolting than we should a spoon, fork, towel, tooth-brush, or comb, used in common.——Among the working-people, the men,

As in England, are great frequenters of the public-houses, where they all talk, smoke, and drink together, while the women at home get their children to bed, do the necessary mending and ordering of their affairs, and gossip a little besides. In winter, when they cannot go much out, the neighbours get often together around the stove, especially in the evenings, and tell over all the sagas and legends of the country, of which every place has abundance, or read their kalendar, or their folks-books, cheap little books bought at the fairs, which contain many of the old legends and stories extracted from the old romances.

It is through the winter that they are busy dressing their hemp and flax, and the women all spinning and knitting. In an evening it is a common custom for the women to take their wheels and meet together at their houses in rotation, where they tell endless stories, and make themselves very merry, while their husbands are at the wirthshouse; and these, as in all other countries, are "the short and simple annals of the poor."

This is exactly the custom described by Burns:

> On Fasten's Even we had a *rocking*,
> To ca' the crack, and weave our stockin',
> And there was muckle fun and jokin'
> Ye needna doubt;
> At length we had a hearty yokin'
> *At sang about.*

The *Rockings*, which were not confined to Fasten's E'en, were either spinning, knitting, or do-nothing social meetings of young people, for fun and song. They are described in the old *Statistical Account of Scotland*, and are alluded to by many of the rustic Scottish poets in their songs.

The manners of the middle classes present a stronger contrast to English modern usages, than do those of the country people. They,—

Like the Scotch, prefer houses in which a family can live on every separate story, and there are commonly two or three families of the most respectable and wealthy class in one house. One of those round-headed doorways, already spoken of, often forms the entrance; and it is quite a tour of discovery to find the family you want in it. You see two or three bell-handles on the outside, sometimes with Oben written under one, Unten under another, and Dritten Stock under a third. If you have not already possessed yourself of the exact information in which stock or story the family that you want resides, you must pull a bell at guess, for the name of the occupier of each stock nowhere appears. When you have done this, in a while you hear a click, and the door opens itself an inch or so. This is a sign that you can enter.

The want of the easy device of name-plates on the doors, or under each bell-pull, leads to great inconvenience in seeking out one's friends. The whole matter is ill-arranged. In the great common stair-case—a perpendicular street—the stranger is as much astray as if in a wood. He feels, in the solitude of many closed doors, as if in an enchanted castle. If he has not beforehand informed himself of the exact *etage* on which his friend lives,—

His only plan is to knock at the first door that he comes to; if somebody answers, to enter; and, if he be lucky, he will soon see a dirty maid-servant most probably issue from her kitchen, or come out above and look down through the banisters of the stairs at him, from whom he may learn where the family he seeks may be found. It is, however, quite as possible that at the very first door at which he knocks, he will hear somebody within call out "herein," "come in," for this is the usual practice. Instead, when a knock comes, of some one opening the door, as we do, they are so accustomed to have the wrong persons coming, that they let them take the trouble of coming in themselves. They therefore call out "herein," and you must open the door and march in, when it is very probable that, instead of your friends, you will find yourself in the midst of a large party at dinner; or in the study of a rusty old professor, five fathoms deep in his books and his next lecture; or will disturb the tête-à-tête of two lovers, or two ladies plunged in matters of as deep moment; or will rouse some worthy Hofrath from settling the affairs of the state. Though these mistakes are rather annoying to you, they are generally taken in the best humour by those thus broken in upon, for they are matters of daily occurrence. We have, however, witnessed instances in which the unlucky visiter has been received with very freezing and disdainful looks, which said as plainly as looks could do,—"Mr. Blockhead, do mind another time and inform yourself of the stock."

The living, indeed, in these houses, exposes you to many visits that, to say the least, are troublesome. As there is no porter, anybody walks in that is so disposed. The bell is pulled, the door is opened, and the house is at the mercy of the enterer. Whatever he be, he has now the range of the house before him. He has only to present himself at every door in turn, and he is bade to walk in. You are thus often surprised by the most unexpected guests. Now it is a beggar, with a troop of ragged children at his or her heels. Now a wandering gesell, or journeyman, with his knapsack on his back, who wants to beg a trifle too, to carry him to the next town, or, as has occurred to us, has taken the house for an inn, and wants to know if he can stay all night. Now it is a wandering tradesman, a seller of Eau de Cologne or some such thing, or a tradesman out of the town, who stalks in with a great bundle, makes his bow, and with all imaginable gravity begins unfolding his wares, and informs the lady that he thinks this and that is just what the "gnädige Frau" has sent for; when both you and he at the same moment become aware, to mutual astonishment, that it is the "gnädige Frau" upstairs, or downstairs, that the good man really intends. In this manner, too, enter your rooms collectors of subscriptions, proposers of plays and concerts, speculators in lotteries; and in Catholic cities, monks with their little savealls in their hands, collecting for the hospitals. As your bed-rooms are all on the same floor, it is quite as likely that such early visiters as the monks or begging students will walk into your bed-room as your sitting-room. . . . . .

The interior of German houses have, to English eyes, always a somewhat naked look. This arises, in a great measure from the absence of carpets. You approach by uncarpeted stairs, and then find yourself on naked boarded floors. These floors are generally made of broad boards of pine, laid in squares of a large size in framework of oak. The pine is generally kept clean scoured, and the framework dark with paint or oil. In others, the floors are coloured of a reddish yellow, with a preparation of wax, which is kept bright and clean by a hard and heavily-weighted brush. And, here contrary to the condition of the houses of the common people, and of too many of the lower grade of the burgher class, all is extremely neat and clean. The floors, though of deal, are so white, or are so bright where coloured; that they give a very agreeable feeling of cleanliness, and the furniture, though often plain, is equally clean and neat too. There is an air of elegance about a good house, which makes up, in some measure, for the richness and wealth of ornament that we are accustomed to in England. In many cases, again, the floors are of hard and handsome woods, laid down in squares, or in graceful patterns of different colours, in a mosaic style and richly polished. In the palaces and houses of the nobility and wealthy gentry, in winter, carpets are laid down; and in summer these inlaid floors are very tasteful, agreeably cool, and sometimes of singular classic beauty.

The Germans too are very fond of handsome ceilings; and these have often more labour and expense bestowed on them than any other part of the house. They are fond of having them painted in broad arabesque borders, and departments of gay colours; of having the walls too painted in a similar style, in a deep band below the cornice, of classical figures and scenes in fresco, on these and on their ceilings. Paintings in frames are not so numerously found in private houses as in England. These belong more to palaces and galleries. But you find casts, good engravings, and books in abundance. Add to these a not too crowded number of chairs, tables, looking-glasses, bureaus, and chiffoniers, in many parts of Germany, of beautiful dark walnut wood, and you have a tolerable idea of a German drawing-room. Nowhere, not even in palaces, do you find that air of richness, of snugness, of splendour,—in short, of general wealth and luxury, as you do in England; you find a plain and tasteful, and often more classic elegance. The stove is often a great eyesore to the room, being of black cast iron, with its pipe carried up in various winding shapes so as to throw out as much heat as possible. Smarter ones, of square cast-iron work painted, are frequent, and still handsomer ones of porcelain; but what is gained in beauty is generally lost in heat. Many of these stoves have no opening in the room, but are fed from the passage without, into which all the stoves of the story open, and where their mouths are concealed by doors, looking like so many cupboards; and in winter it is a good part of the work of one servant in a large family to go round and keep the fires in order.

The Germans endeavour to persuade themselves and you, that these stoves are much superior to our fireplaces. That our backs are starved in our rooms while our faces burn, and so on; but nothing can make up to the English for the cordial brightness and friendly glow of their hearths; and we find that when Germans come to England, they are invariably enraptured with our fires, and the beauty of our chimney-pieces, and all their ornamental accompaniments. Stoves are a great comfort in chambers, where you want the air tempering only; but in sitting-rooms, nothing but the absence of coals and the dearness of wood are the real causes of the use of stoves. In Germany, coal is uncommon, and wood is generally as dear as coal in London. A house with four fires cannot be well supplied with wood under £30 a-year.

Mr. Howitt gives a ludicrous account of the chimney-sweeps, who are, like most things, under the regulation of the police, and who sometimes arrive to sweep the chimneys when least expected, and not at all welcome—that is, exactly when it suits themselves. Every one must admire the handsome ceilings of the continent, and those of England must have a very meagre and beggarly appearance in the eyes of foreigners; one also likes to hear of the chimney-sweeps being under the superintendence of the police,—as the *profession* lies somewhat open to the charge of dishonesty and extortion,—though we should certainly demur to the sudden thumping and rushing in the drawing-room chimney, while we sat quietly at our writing-desk, and at all the other awful consequences. The chimneys seem to be swept as in Edinburgh, and other Scotch cities. Conceive Mr. Howitt writing the description of his excursion to the *Brocken*, when all at once a mysterious rumbling and thumping is heard in the chimney.

Presently the stove-pipe, where it entered the ceiling, was driven violently down. A round iron ball, as big as a cricket-ball, made its appearance, and after it a sort of besom. The sweep had dropped his machinery into a wrong flue, and finding it did not descend so far as he wanted it, had dropped his weight with such force that it carried all before it. Astonished at this sudden apparition, and at the stove-pipes tumbling into the room, I ran out, and alarmed the active but unconscious operative. The maid had just left all in nicest order; the wood soot had burst out in a dense cloud and filled the room, settling on chairs, tables, curtains, everything, enough to craze the brain of a housemaid, and more especially of the mistress. "Ah!" said the black knight, "it is nothing particular, nothing at all particular." He clapped his sooty ladder against the beautifully light-coloured and perfectly new paper; knocked up the stove-pipes again, trod the soot and dust unmercifully into the nicely waxed floor, let fall his heavy iron scraper, of at least four pounds weight, on the toe of a bystander, and repeating that it was nothing at all particular, asked for his money, and withdrew.

Early hours and simple living distinguish the Germans. Three meals a-day are the usual order. The common people are astir extremely early, especially in summer, when wagons and carriages begin to roll about at two o'clock; and after that time, every hour becomes more lively with the country people proceeding to the town with articles for market. The cooks and good housewives are off to market to make their purchases for the day at five and six o'clock. The peasant girls, of course, before that hour, are going along in streams, with their tubs or baskets on their heads, full of vegetables, eggs, milk, fruit, &c. Men who get up early to study, or to work, often take some coffee directly they come down, and then breakfast with their family at six or seven o'clock in summer. This breakfast is, generally, simply coffee and bread, mostly without butter. Dinner is on table at twelve or one. The German cookery abounds in soups, vegetables, and sausages, of various kinds, sour kraut, of course, salads of as many kinds, amongst which a particular salad, made of cold potatoes with vinegar and anchovies, is a great favourite. Their meat, like most continental meat, is very lean. Their beef, though lean, good; their bullocks being fine, but killed just at that state in which we should begin to feed them. Their mutton is generally very bad; the sheep being kept principally for the wool, and never fed like ours. Veal is killed at about a week old, and is very poor and tasteless. Hood's description of a big man, with a big stick, and a big dog, driving a week-old calf, is of every-day realization in the street. Lamb has no resemblance whatever to that most princely of luxuries in England; and, what is worse, the green peas are always spoiled by being gathered before they have any kernel, and by being cooked with sugar. Fowls they have in plenty, and cheap, but never well fed. Geese, on the contrary, are regularly crammed, when alive, with Indian corn; and are stuffed in the cooking with chestnuts. They are often, however, to our taste, spoiled

by the plentiful addition of raisins. Hares are cheap; the common price being a shilling, and are good. Cheese is very indifferent, and little eaten at table. Their beer is a weak table-beer, very strong of hop, very wholesome, and, with a little use, very agreeable; but, in the wine districts, wine is much more drank at table, being quite as cheap, and in summer being very pleasant, from its weakness and its sub-acid flavour.

Of puddings they have a variety, and very tolerable. After dinner, a cup of coffee is generally taken. Tea is by no means a general afternoon beverage. Of late years it has been more and more introduced; but in the greater number of families is not drank except when they have visiters, and then one or two cups is all that they can master. They complain that tea makes them drunk, makes their heads ache, heats them, gives them red noses, and, in fact, has all the effects of spirituous liquors on them. The mode in which the English drink off their three, four, or five cups occasionally, is to them amazing, but more so the strength of it. You have to water your tea for your German visiters till it is really not tea, but milk and water; and if you allowed the waiters at inns to make tea for you, it would require a good microscope to find the tea-leaves in the pot. Such is the effect of custom. German families, in general, therefore, have their Abends-essen, or supper, about seven o'clock. This consists very much of cold sliced meat, sausages, potato-salad, and such like. The eating of meat suppers and drinking of no tea probably produces the common effect, that they require in the morning to supply themselves with that fluid which we take at tea-time. The first thing, therefore, that you see a German do at breakfast, is to toss off a large glass of cold water. Numbers, if they did not get their dose of cold water, could not eat a bit of breakfast.

The coffee is pronounced excellent; and a German servant maid, though she may be fit for nothing else, can still roast coffee to a nicety. The farther description of the Social or Domestic Life of the Germans shows the routine of the ordinary day.

During the day, while the men are at their various avocations, the ladies are busy in their kitchens, or amongst their linen, or are sewing or knitting, as if their lives depended on the labour. The hoarding of linen and of stockings is just as great a passion with most German ladies as with the Frau von Westen.* Spinning-wheels abound, and are to be seen in the houses of many people of great pretensions; in still more of the burgher class, and in every house of the common people. The rock is often bound about with a gay broad ribbon, and the wheel itself is very neat. Linen is hoarded up in such quantities, that washing-days come in very many families but once a quarter, in many even but once a-year; and I have heard of one wealthy family where the master's shirts were only gone through in six years. Most gentlemen now have their gross of shirts, and other things in proportion. The quantity of beautiful table-linen, napkins for the table and the chambers, and all such things, would be a cordial to any good housewife's soul. The knitting of stockings is an everlasting job. At home and abroad, Sundays and week-days, in private parties and at public out-of-door concerts and in public gardens, the dear, good, industrious souls sit knitting and smiling and gossiping in the seventh heaven of delight. It is to be hoped that there is a German heaven where knitting is one of the appointed rewards of virtue; for without the idea of the eternity of knitting-needles, what German lady could look forward with any comfort.

Cooking is equally a lady's pleasure. The education of a German lady is to us a very singular one. It is composed of the two extremes of household usefulness and social ornament. Accomplishments are carefully taught. All that tends to give the ladies *éclat* in the ball-room and in large companies, they are more regularly drilled into even than ours. Music and dancing are indispensable. The French language has long been universal, and English is now becoming so. Their greater intercourse with foreigners keeps in use their French. Music is so much a national enjoyment, that not only all young women, but almost all young men, play on the piano and sing. This is not only a great relief to the monotony of private life, and an elegant and refining enjoyment for the evening circle, especially to weary men, harassed or exhausted by the daily tug of their affairs, but is conducive to the pleasure of those agreeable little parties which abound so much amongst the Germans; where singing, a dance, and simple games, pass away rapidly the hours. Here there requires no hired musicians; one after another will sit down to the harp or piano; others will join in singing; and thus social pleasure can go forward most independently. So general are such accomplishments, that they are much less thought of—individuals pride themselves much less upon them than in England. They are rather regarded as the indispensable parts of education, as much so as reading and writing are.

But the accomplishments of cooking and of domestic management are not the less cultivated. Ladies of rank and fortune are still plentiful, who spend their mornings in the kitchen, and are not contented with directing what shall be done, but are up to the elbows in flour, and as busy compounding salads and puddings as ever an old alchymist was in preparing *his* elixir of life. English notions on this head are now very much infusing themselves, and no doubt it will not be long before it will be found that a lady can do far more with her eyes and her commands, than she can do with her hands, and that it is a much better division of employment for servants to do the menial work, and for the ladies to be able skilfully to see that all is done. In the present day, however, the old school has the predominance. Ladies are too much of practical cooks and housewives to be much visible before dinner; and there are those who have been for more than a year regular attendants of the kitchen of some great hôtel, in order practically to learn all the sublime mysteries of cooking.

The great defect of German female education is, that household and social accomplishments are made the sum of their instruction. The ladies of Germany, with many exceptions, are far below the English ladies, as desirable intellectual companions. Kinder or more attached and affectionate creatures cannot exist; but the good creatures must excuse me when I say, that they too often resemble kind, dear creatures in England, that one might pick up out of the class of our maids and housekeepers, with the exception of the knowledge of music and French, who would make very inadequate companions of our intellectual tastes and pursuits, though they might possess all other virtues under heaven. They are not instructed in the more solid parts of general learning. In history, in geography, in the wide field of the world of polite literature, in which our English ladies are as much at home as ourselves, they are far, far behind these ladies. They read, indeed, the romances and novels, and poetry, not only of their own country, but almost all the new novels of France, and England too; and truly, it must be confessed, show very little discrimination in their taste for these. Not only the works of Bulwer, Boz, Marryat, James, &c, but the most trashy tales of our inferior writers, which are puffed in England, are immediately translated, or reprinted in Germany, and as much read by ladies and the devourers of circulating library pabulum, as they are at home. The men of any standing, from the cheapness of a university education, generally receive such a one; and, as if from jealousy, seem to have a mortal aversion to the ladies possessing the same sort of information as themselves. There is, accordingly, a great vacuum in German literature, which in England is filled by a host of productions which are equally read and relished by men and women; in which all matters of history, science, morals, and religion, are ably and profoundly, though not technically treated.

Here for the present we must stop. The *utile* we have, as in duty bound, first discussed. The *dulce* must be left for some future opportunity.

* A character in a play.

APOSTOLIC CHRISTIANITY; OR, THE PEOPLE'S ANTIDOTE AGAINST ROMANISM AND PUSEYISM.*

RIGHT or wrong, it does one good to find a man so alive and earnest in his work as the Rev. James Godkin, a gentleman of whom, by the way, we knew nothing whatever; though he appears to be a missionary minister in the north of Ireland. Many have expressed to him a wish to see a work on Romanism and *Puseyism*, at once comprehensive and brief, solid in argument and lively in style, mild and conciliating in its tone,—yet firm in defence of principle; and free from the bitterness, dryness, and harshness of polemics;—and here is one, the best the author's "circumstances allowed." We can answer for the general curiosity awakened about this new Anglican heresy, or new modification of Romanism, which is nick-named Puseyism, after one of its first and most zealous promulgators, Dr. *Pusey*.

Though the main stress of the entire argument falls on the creed of the Roman Catholics, the new sect, where not included in the same category, is not spared; and to it alone we shall devote our attention, in a very brief and cursory notice of a really able and strenuous book, and one of a popular character. Passing over the four beginning chapters, we come to that one in which the Puseyites are first directly assailed:—

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

IDENTITY OF ROMAN AND ANGLICAN CHURCH PRINCIPLES.

It is a fact, now too notorious to be denied, that a large portion of the beneficed and dignified clergy, not to speak of the great fountains of theological literature, are tainted with a spirit, which differs from Popery less than the blossom does from the seed, to which it is soon to give place. Their hatred of *Protestantism* is just in proportion to their irregular passion for Catholicism. However the *mark* of Rome may be detested—with whatever instinctive horror and pious antipathy it may be shunned, when detected on the forehead of Irish Radicalism,—it is certain, that the mystical lady, by whom it is imprinted, is clandestinely fondled by the Apostolical Succession party throughout the United Kingdom. Theirs is

> "Not the pure, open, prosperous love,
> That, pledged on earth, and sealed above,
> Grows in the world's approving eyes.
> In the soul's darkness, buried deep,
> It lies like some ill-gotten treasure,—
> Some idol without shrine or name,
> O'er which its pale-eyed votaries keep
> Unholy watch, while others sleep."

The violence of this love for the purpled sorceress, vents itself chiefly in inveterate hatred towards those bodies whose principles strike most directly at the root of her power. This bigotry, which has been gathering intensity from the efforts made to restrain it, sometimes forgets its cunning, and breaks forth in the fiercest vituperation.

The following extracts will show why the Puseyites hate the name of Protestant:—"We have neglected the real ground on which our authority is built,—OUR APOSTOLICAL DESCENT." "We, who have been ordained clergy, acknowledge the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession. And for this reason, we must necessarily consider none to be really ordained, who have not *thus* been ordained. For, if ordination is a divine ordinance, it must be necessary. . . . . As well might we pretend the sacraments are not necessary to salvation, while we use the offices of the Liturgy; for, when God appoints means of grace, they are *the* means." "This is the *unanimous opinion of our divines, that*, as the sacraments, so communion with the church, is generally necessary to salvation, in the case of those who can obtain it." "For many years, we have been in the habit of resting our claim on the general duties of submission to authority, &c., instead of appealing to that warrant, which marks us *exclusively* for God's AMBASSADORS." "By separating themselves from our communion, they separate themselves from THE ONLY CHURCH IN THIS REALM, WHICH HAS A RIGHT TO BE QUITE SURE THAT SHE HAS THE LORD'S BODY TO GIVE TO THE PEOPLE."*

Dr. Hook, vicar of Leeds, writes as follows:—"We ask, what was the fact, and the fact was this: that the officer whom we now call a *bishop* was at first called an APOSTLE, although afterwards it was thought better to confine the title of apostle to those who had seen the Lord Jesus, while their successors, exercising the SAME RIGHTS and AUTHORITY, contented themselves with the designation of bishops." Another of the Apostolic champions says, that as the second generation of apostles felt themselves so much inferior to the first, they did not deem it necessary to retain their title.

Who will believe that ecclesiastics, knowing the force of names with the multitude, whom they love so well to rule, would be contented with a title less dignified than that which truly belonged to them?—and that they renounced this elevation of rank from the Christian consciousness of not having merit to sustain it? This would be giving them greater credit for humility than is warranted by their history But the modest avowal of inferiority proves, by implication, that the ancient bishops had no just pretension to be regarded as the successors of the Apostles, otherwise a body whose ambition was so insatiable—whose grasping domination grew so enormously from age to age, would never have relinquished such an advantage.

Let us return, however, to Dr. Hook. "Our ordinations," says he, "descend, in an UNBROKEN LINE, from Peter and Paul, the Apostles of the circumcision and the Gentiles. These great Apostles successively ordained Linus, Cletus, and Clement, bishops of Rome; and the Apostolic succession was regularly continued from them to Celestine, Gregory, and Vitalianus, who ordained Patrick, bishop of the Irish, and Augustine and Theodore for the English. And from those times, an uninterrupted series of valid ordinations has carried down the Apostolic succession in our churches to the present day. There is not a bishop, priest, or deacon among us, who may not, if he please, trace his spiritual descent from St. Peter or St. Paul."

To this agrees the language of Dr. Hickes, an eminent church divine of former times, who declares, that bishops "stand in God's and Christ's stead over their flocks; the clergy as well as the people are to be subject to them, as to the VICEGERENTS of our Lord." "And the successors of the Apostles, the bishops, like *spiritual princes*, exercise the *same coercive authority* that they did, in inflicting spiritual censures upon their disobedient SUBJECTS."

This reminds me of a clause in the creed of Pope Pius IV., *suppressed* in the copy appended to the "Faith of Catholics," and also by the late Mr. C. Butler, in his "Book of the Roman Catholic Church:"—"and to take care, as far as in me lies, that it shall be held, taught, and published by my *subjects*, or by those the care of whom shall appertain to me, in my office."

Well have the Apostolic party in England, not only

* By the Rev. James Godkin, author of "A Guide from the Church of Rome to the Church of Christ." Octavo, pp. 339. London: Snow.

* Tracts for the Times, No. 4.

now, but in all past ages, studied the lessons of the holy mother at Rome, and deeply have they imbibed her spirit! Protestant bishops, too, though bound by oath to an Erastian establishment, must be spiritual princes, and glory in the passive obedience of their miserable "subjects." Such doctrines become those with whom Hildebrand shines out as the best of CHRIST's vicars, Thomas à Becket as the most illustrious of martyrs, and Laud as the paragon of saints.

Lest the reader should suppose me mistaken about *Hildebrand*, I will quote a passage from Bowden's Life and Pontificate of Gregory the Seventh:—"And it is through their spiritual descent from *this* Roman bishop and his predecessors, that our primates and their suffragans derive their *clearest title* to govern the church of Christ in England at this very day. It is not, therefore, for us to look with jealousy upon the ancient glories of our *nursing mother in the faith!* It is not for us to seek to pare away expressions, or to reduce to their minimum of meaning the glowing testimonies of antiquity, to that mother's purity and honour. She, it is true, has since abandoned us; and because we refuse to bow down before the idols whom in these latter times she has set up, refuses to recognise us as her children. We, however, have not separated from her—we have formed ourselves into no new sect or party, but, by God's blessing, continue within the pale of that Catholic community to which she first admitted us. Nor can her recent tyranny prevent our eyes from reverting to the shining indications of her pristine worth, or our hearts from burning within us, as we gaze, with emotions of exalted pleasure, akin to those with which an affectionate and duteous child delights to survey the cherished mementos of parental excellence."

On perusing this passage—which would be thought very extraordinary, if the church literature of the day did not abound with similar ones,—the following questions will probably suggest themselves to the mind of the reader:—

1. If Rome possessed apostolic power at the Reformation,—as the Anglicans contend,—and if all bishops derived their authority from the Pope, as the vicar of Jesus Christ, how could a small minority of those bishops, living in England, revolt against their head, without being guilty of *schism* and spiritual rebellion?

2. If they were guilty of that crime, have they not been ever since, not only "*abandoned*" by their mother, but shut out of the pale of the Catholic Church, whose unity they had wickedly broken?

3. Was it not in *obedience* to Henry VIII., a licentious, secular tyrant, that the English Church renounced the authority of her Roman mother?—and, is it not a fact, that she was so servile a tool of the civil power, that the number of those priests who kept a conscience, in the reign of Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, never amounted to two hundred? All the rest tamely conformed,—the colour of their creed changing as fast as the chameleon's, according to the light that shone upon it from the court! They did not refuse to bow down to the ever-changing idols, which the temporal sovereign chanced to set up.

4. But, what becomes of all the wonderful virtue, which, as we have seen, high-churchmen ascribe to the succession, if the very power, to whom it was committed by Apostolic hands, and by whom it is transmitted to others, could, after all, "*set up idols*,"—and such idols as even the Anglican hierarchy had too much conscience to worship? How comes it to pass, that the most apostolic church in Christendom is also the *most idolatrous?*

Contrary to the nature of all holy things, this mystical power seems to be moved by a strong propensity to ally itself with corruption! It delights to brood, like the sea-bird, on agitated waters, that cast up weeds and mire; and, as if endowed with a charmed life, it survives in a perpetual pestilence, where every other heavenly grace is sure to perish! Forsaking the bright abodes of the virtuous and the free, it selects, as its chosen, its eternal home—the darkest city, the vilest court, the bloodiest throne in Europe!

Mr. Godkin here of course refers to Rome as it was under its most profligate Popes,

Some champions for the apostolicity of mitres,—a sort of half-bred Puseyites,—do not stop to trim their phrases in speaking of the apostacy of Rome. With them she is not merely disfigured by a few superstitions, like an unshaven monk, or an unwashed virgin, or like a cup outwardly defiled, but pure within. She is a "*harlot*," in face and heart—yea, the very mother of abominations—the fountain-head of all spiritual adulteries—false, hypocritical, licentious, tyrannical, persecuting, anti-Christian, lifted up in pride to the very throne of Deity! Such are the views regarding the Church of Rome, put forth on all occasions, in every variety of superlative malediction, by those who yet contend that she has been the safe keeper of "*holy* orders!" As if this impure and apostate power,—a power that "framed iniquity by law," and dethroned God in his own temple—that peopled hell with its favourites, and heaven with its victims—had been preserved by the wisdom of Providence, for the express purpose of keeping the SUCCESSION pure and undefiled for the modern Anglicans!!

But they cannot take as much of Popery as they like, and leave the rest. Where one of its doctrines settles, others will follow;—they are mutually dependent, and cannot stand alone. For example:—in order to maintain the sanctity of the Succession, and to support the supreme, irresponsible authority of the episcopal order—an authority said to be derived from the Author of truth and virtue, yet flourishing most in a soil of perfidy, and an atmosphere of vice,—it became necessary to borrow from Rome, also, the principle, that the mystic virtue of the sacraments is independent of the personal character of the administrator. Without this shield, the priesthood would have long since perished by the hands of its own dupes. The principle is so monstrous in itself, that every unsophisticated mind recoils from it;—and to embrace it in the love of it, implies a degree of mental depravity, which the *sacerdotal* spirit only can produce. . . . . .

What need is there for a priest being a moral man, when he can perform his work of *curing souls* as well, though steeped to the lips in vice? Scripture says, that the "prayers of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord;" but the "Catholics" teach, that the prayers of a wicked priest avail as much as those of the righteous, for their "efficacy is independent of the personal character of the administrator." Jehovah demands of the ungodly prophet,—What hast thou to do, to take my covenant into thy mouth, seeing thou hatest instruction, &c.? But our church *authorities* have no hesitation in overruling the decisions of Jehovah, in matters of this kind. The most depraved priest can regenerate immortal souls as fast as they are born within the bounds of his parish! He can forgive the sins of others, while he is laden with sin himself—can sanctify the people with his sacraments, while he is himself "led captive" by the devil at his will, and while his vile example spreads a moral contagion around him; nay, certain spell-words which drop from his lips, can change the bread and the cup, which he holds in his defiling fingers, into the body and blood of Christ. He can offer the "tremendous sacrifice" as acceptably, as if he were the purest of the virgin priesthood. Such are the doctrines taught to an immense body of youthful candidates for the ministry of the Church of England!—"O Lord, how long!" . . . . . .

The Roman and Anglican bishops, it is said, are the successors of the Apostles. It is natural to ask, "IN WHAT do they succeed the Apostles?" When one set of men pretend to succeed another, it is natural to compare them. Paul says, "Not many mighty, not many noble, are called." This is peculiarly the case with regard to the Apostleship. Peter was a fisherman, Paul was a tent-maker—all were poor when called to the office, and continued poor till they died; but the *episcopal* office has ever been filled, since the temporal establishment of Christianity, by the mighty and the noble. Bishops became princes, and their chairs were converted into "thrones." . . . . . No one is anxious to succeed to Paul's poverty, nor to his *labours*. The Apostles were sent to proclaim the gospel to all nations. They

were, in fact, itinerant preachers, brought from town to town by the bounty of their disciples; and nothing could possibly be remoter from their humble thoughts, than the pomp and circumstance of their imaginary successors,—who fare sumptuously every day—drive in chariots, attended by troops of servants—and vie with the grandees of the earth in all the "pomps and vanities of this wicked world." . . . . . .

But we will come to matters less invidious,—what were the signs of an apostle?

It is enough that, according to our author, few of these signs are to be found in the present race of prelates. One sign there is which the most ignorant may readily recognize:

Do bishops succeed the Apostles, even in that to which not only every clergyman, but every layman may attain—I mean their sanctity! No. They are modest enough here, for here there was no room for delusion. The people may be mystified and confounded about old parish registers, and catalogues of popes—about the power of the keys, and the magic of the crozier; but a child could tell whether a bishop were "sober, righteous, and godly,"—and whether he pursued a life of benevolent self-denial. And every one who opened the New Testament, could see the contrast, in point of holiness, between Apostles and prelates. Hence the maxim, whose unprincipledness was never surpassed, since Satan began to practise his devices,—that the ministrations of a wicked priest are as efficacious in the sight of God, as those of a righteous one. A principle, this, which mingles light with darkness, yokes CHRIST with Belial, and puts the most awful heavenly power into the hands of the vilest of mankind, to be wielded by him *at his will*: for its saving exercise is made to depend on his *intention*. Yes, Heaven is made to wait upon the wretch's lips,—and Christ, by this system, is bound to the bidding of a man, who is at once a priest of God and a slave of Satan.

"We (Churchmen) have always embraced the doctrine, that GOD conveys grace only through the instrumentality of the mental energies, that is through *faith*, *prayer*, active spiritual contemplations, or (what is commonly called) communion with God, in contradiction to the primitive view,—according to which, the *church and her sacraments* are the ordained and direct visible means of conveying to the soul what is in itself supernatural and unseen. . . . Indeed, this may even be set down as the essence of sectarian doctrine, to consider *faith*, and not the *sacraments*, as the proper instrument of *justification*, and other gospel gifts." "Christ hath appointed the *church* as the only way unto eternal life."*

Who that has paid the slightest attention to the terms of salvation laid down in Scripture, but must pronounce the Oxford system to be "another gospel!" Why are its authors allowed to go on poisoning the Church of England, still boasting that they stick to the *Rubric*? Better, surely, to abandon the Rubric, and keep the Faith.

Are not the Puseyites infatuated? What could induce them to revive such a doctrine in England, in the nineteenth century? Their attempts to ape Rome, will be an utter failure! They are unskilled in the art of concealing their artifices. They are but clumsy imitators at best; and it is too late to pick up and patch together the drapery of superstition, which was desecrated, torn, and trampled under foot at the Reformation. Well was it once said, by an eloquent and zealous member of the Church of England, in reference to the tactics of the Catholic priesthood,—"Their's are the *depths* of Satan: ours, the *shallows*."

Having strenuously and unanswerably maintained the Christian and Protestant right of private judgment, our author proceeds to inqure into the grounds for any order of priests usurping authority over Christ's heritage:—

Whence comes this great power, in deference to which, we are called on to deny the Lord that bought us? It comes through the Roman hierarchy! It confessedly depends on the Papacy! What was its character? We have sketched it already, but another touch will finish the picture. "For about three hundred years," says Bishop Burnet, "the Popes were made upon the Emperors' mandate. Nor did the Emperors part easily with this right; but after that, the Othos and Henrys kept up their pretensions, and came oft to Rome, and made many Popes; and the most of the Popes so made, were generally anti-popes and schismatics; yet some of them, as Clement the Second, are put into the catalogues of the Popes by Baronius and Binius, and by the late publishers of the Councils, Labbeus and Cossartius. There was indeed, great opposition made to this at Rome; but let their own historians be appealed to, what a *series of monsters* and not men, those Popes were; how infamously they were elected, *often* by the harlots of Rome; and how flagitious they were, we refer to Baronius himself, who could not deny this, for all his partiality in his great work."

This is a pretty spiritual ancestry for the Puseyites! A series of monsters elected by harlots! No wonder they are proud of their pedigree, and teach their priests to despise matrimony. What says the great Cardinal Baronius himself on this subject? Let us hear him:—"Oh! what was then (in the ninth century) the face of the holy Roman Church! How filthy, when the vilest and most powerful harlots ruled in the court of Rome; by whose arbitrary sway dioceses were made and unmade, bishops were consecrated, and—which is horrible to be mentioned—*false popes*, their paramours, were thrust into the *Chair of Peter*, who, in being numbered as Popes, serve no purpose except to fill up the catalogues of the Popes of Rome. For who can say, that persons thrust into the popedom without any law by harlots of this sort, were legitimate Popes of Rome? In these elections no mention is made of the acts of the clergy, either by their choosing the Pope, at the time of his election, or their consent afterward. All the canons were suppressed into silence—the voice of the decrees of former pontiffs was not allowed to be heard—ancient traditions were proscribed—the customs formerly practised in electing the Pope, with the sacred rites and pristine usages were all extinguished. In this manner, lust, supported by secular power, excited to frenzy in the rage for domination, RULED IN ALL THINGS."

What holy links of an unbroken line—the grand, exclusive *conductor* of the fire of Heaven to the altar of God! For nearly one thousand years, says the Rev. Mr. Powell, in his able essay on *Apostolical Succession*, it does not appear that any person, *previously a bishop*, was elected bishop of Rome. Indeed, not only laymen, but mere boys were sometimes raised to the Chair of Peter. . . . . .

Bishop Stillingfleet says, that at Rome the succession is as muddy as the Tiber. Canterbury was kept vacant by the king four years from 1089, that he might enjoy the revenues. Dr. Inett acknowledged, that "the difficulties of succession in that See, betwixt the year 768 and the year 800, *were invincible*." In 1370, the Bishop of Norwich was consecrated by his own archdeacon. According to Fox, in his Book of Martyrs, the first *seven* of the prelates of Canterbury "were Italians, or other foreigners,"—and, therefore, the creatures of the Bishop of Rome. Many of the primates of England were consecrated by the Pope, his cardinals, or legates;—and some of them by Popes whose own consecration was null and void, according to the canons of several councils, which decreed "that they who were ordained for money might be deposed;"—"that there is *no power* in ordination, where buying and selling prevail." . . .

During one hundred and fifty years, there had been one hundred Popes, and thirteen schisms in the popedom. That is, there were, on thirteen occasions, two or three rival Popes, each pretending to be the successor of Peter. Yet the succession must work its way down through these scenes of confusion, strife, usurpation, and civil war;—and, often the most artful and powerful faction carried off the Palladium of infallibility! Often, too, the Emperor conferred the *holything* like a ribbon, or a

* Tract 51.

garter, on whatever licentious favourite he pleased. Many of the Popes were mere laymen, some of them but boys, when they were thurst into Peter's Chair by the courtezans. They hurried on holy orders as they hurried on a state dress, to ascend Peter's throne. Such is the course of THE SUCCESSION, on account of which, the Puseyites would excommunicate and *curse* all Protestant Christendom!

It is easy for them to talk of the English Church, as of a woman that has washed her *face* and is still the same. Had Rome nothing worse than a dirty face? Was not her whole head sick—her whole heart faint—and was she not covered with wounds and bruises and putrefying sores! . . . . . .
There is another fatal break in the succession. The Anglicans will find much difficulty in tracing any of their orders even to Rome. The ghost of Elizabeth, their *Founder*, will rise up before them, with the Act of Supremacy in one hand, and of Uniformity in the other—stamping with anger, and in a stern voice proclaiming—"My Lords Spiritual of England, I am your Founder and Head—from me you derive your ghostly power—these hands conferred on you the mitres and the keys,—will you now ungratefully disown your virgin mother!"

The constitution of the Church, as by law established, is then manifestly, a *human* thing—a *secular* institution—the work of *laymen*, and a woman! This fact is painfully felt by the Puseyites, as appears from their Tract "On Church and State."

Having, in the very words of the Oxford tract "On Church and State," described the woful plight of the Church of England in the unhallowed grasp or at the mercy of the State, our author triumphantly exclaims:—

How different—how happily different is it, with what high-churchmen contemptuously call the schismatics! The promised presence of the Saviour, with any, is dependent on their retaining the truth, and acting according to it. He is with those who teach all things whatsoever he has commanded. Between real Protestant ministers and the Apostles, there is not a single link;—we take the law directly from inspired lips! We open the Bible, and expound the words of Christ to the people—and *He* speaks by us. We do not receive the grace of God through a series of tainted vessels, becoming more offensive as they descend;—we take the water of life fresh from the fountain, and will never admit that it requires to be *filtered* by a corporation of priests, arrogantly calling itself the Church, before it is fit for the refreshment of God's people! The Holy Ghost says,—"*Whosoever will*, let him come and *take of the water of life freely*." In passing through the wilderness down the track of time, true believers "drink of that spiritual rock that FOLLOWS THEM; and that rock is Christ."

In a chapter on the authority of the Ancient Fathers, and on their claims over posterity, we find, among many pertinent and eloquent remarks on the enervating power of the Past with a certain order of minds, this passage:—

We cannot too curiously explore the foundations of that POWER, whose dark and terrible energy desolated Christendom for so many centuries—that power which the Oxford Divines are now moving (not heaven and earth, but) Church and State to restore, and to which they would again bring the nations of Europe into subjection. . . . . Every Roman Catholic priest has vowed that he will never take and interpret Scripture "otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers." To this principle the Puseyites subscribe *ex animo*. The Bible is at the opposite end of the long, long "*Catena Patrum*," and its meaning must come down living along that chain, or they cannot receive it. The Bible must remain mute, till five hundred discordant voices form one harmonious utterance! And how are the laity to know where or when they are unanimous! They must just take it on trust from their teachers, who stand between the people and the fathers, as the fathers stand between the teachers and Christ. But, if the authority of the fathers constitute an infallible rule of faith, the Christian has surely a right to examine it for himself. How else can he fashion his opinions and his life according to the standard? In order, then, to read the Word of GOD with safety and profit, "the laity must for themselves deliberately peruse and compare the multitudinous folios of Christian antiquity—a task for which, from want of leisure, acquaintance with the Greek and Latin languages, and opportunity of access to the remains of ancient theology, the mass of mankind, it is plain, are wholly incompetent. The clause, therefore, is tantamount to a prohibition of the use of the Bible." It took Archbishop Usher eighteen or nineteen years to get through the Fathers, though he read a portion every day, no matter what other business demanded his attention. Is there one of a thousand, even of the clergy, who have read all the Fathers? How can a lawyer tell whether the great legal authorities are for or against his cause, till he has read and compared them? Is he to take the fact for granted, from the interested advocate on the other side?

According to the Oxford Divines, the Fathers are the infallible interpreters of the Apostles—and they themselves are the "*inerrant*" interpreters of the Fathers. From *their* lips the "children of the Church" are to receive the "lively oracles." We may push the claims of our Newmans, Puseys, Keebles, and Sewells, aside without cermony; but the Fathers must be treated with the respect due to old age. As the genius of Pascal confounded the anti-christian policy of whole hosts of accomplished Jesuits, when their principles had corrupted nearly every court and college in Europe, so Mr. Isaac Taylor's well sustained attacks have shaken the foundations of Anglo-Catholicism.

In the chapter on Baptismal regeneration, Dr. Pusey's treatise on Baptism is keenly dissected; Mr. Godkin quoting largely and freely the extreme opinions advanced on the alleged efficacy of this mysterious rite. Among these opinions are the subjoined; nor can the Puseyites well say that the passages are garbled:—

"In baptism, we were buried, planted, crucified with Christ,"—(p. 96.) "All infants, therefore, must have died to sin,"—(p. 106.) "All the baptised have put on Christ,"—(p. 109.) "Whoever of us has been baptised, was thereby incorporated into Christ." "All the texts that speak of our being *in Christ*, are referred to baptism, by which alone that union can be effected,"—(pp. 114, 115.) "Baptism is putting off the old man and his deeds,"—(p. 178.) It is "the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost,"—Passim. "The gift of baptism is above all spiritual gifts,"—(p. 209,) "yet this gift Simon Magus also obtained,"—(p. 233.) "As *after receiving* the body of the Lord, Satan entered into Judas!! . . . . so after the unworthy receiving of baptism came he into Simon Magus." "He was born in vain—perhaps it had been better for him not to have been born!"—(pp. 236-238.) God has in a wonderful manner, for his own glory, made baptism effectual, when administered in mockery by heathens on a heathen stage!"—(p. 237.)

The passage through the Red Sea, and over Jordan, were types of baptism; and all the predictions in regard to the illumination and purification of the church refer to this awful rite—this "daily miracle"—performed in "the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanliness;" which is, good reader, nothing but the water of baptism. Moreover, Dr. Pusey approves of the Catholic practice of *anointing* with oil in baptism, and the ceremonies for casting out the "evil spirit that lurks" in the infant,—(pp. 58-60); and signing the cross on eyes, mouth, nose, forehead, ears, breast, shoulders, &c.; as well as the three-fold *immersion* in the names of the three persons of the Trinity,"—(p. 144-5.)

No wonder Dr. Pusey should say, this doctrine "lies, it is confessed, at the root of the whole system." . . . . . It may well seem strange to a reader of the New Testament, that *its* ministers should set up a

form which man enacts, as necessary to salvation, and that a kingdom "which consists not in meats or drinks, or *divers washings*," should be *entered* ONLY by the application of water to the body, and *always* entered by the use of that infallible ceremony! The whole of the teaching of our Lord and his Apostles, as to the spirit of his economy, would lead us to quite a contrary conclusion.

But the doctrines held by Dr. Pusey, were taught, if not by the Apostles, by the primitive Fathers, who are the Apostles of the Puseyites:—

"The doctrine of baptismal regeneration was inculcated," says Dr. Vaughan, "by nearly all the primitive Fathers—not only by such writers as Clemens Alexandrinus, and Origen, but in the less speculative productions of Justin Martyr, Tertullian, and Cyprian." According to Tertullian, the water in this ceremony is sanctified by the Holy Ghost, who never fails to descend upon it as the name of God is invoked by the officiating minister. "The doctrine of the sacraments was so constructed, that religion could neither begin, nor be sustained, nor end, successfully without them. They were the Alpha and Omega; and the priest, as being alone competent to their administration, was to the worshipper in the place of the Almighty, having the destiny of the victim at his pleasure."

Of the bad consequences of these superstitious notions of the mystical virtue of the rite of baptism, it is in another place remarked:—

The notion of baptism which I have refuted, is very pernicious; it works the very worst results in practice; it gives a fatal tendency to the whole course of procedure on the part of the clergy, regarding the salvation of the people. In the first place, parents are deluded by the belief that their infants are *lost*, if the minister has not been in time to sprinkle them with water. JESUS cannot take up the little child in his arms and bless it, till the priest arrives; and thus the salvation of these immortal creatures, before they can discern the right hand from the left, is dependent on the indolence, the illness, the caprice, the distance of the minister, or other ten thousand accidents, which may delay the rite of baptism till the child has died! Christ is there, but he cannot act, because the *priest*, who is his right hand, is sick or asleep, or on a journey! In consequence of this the dear departed infant "can never see the face of God!"

In the second place, all baptised persons are "the members of Christ, the children of God, and the inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." All this they were *made* in baptism. The *priest* made them members of Christ's "body, of his flesh, and of his bones"—vitally uniting them to the living head in heaven—engrafting them in the mystical vine—adopting them into the redeemed family of God—washing out their sins—renewing their hearts—and constituting them the heirs of God, and joint-heirs of Christ! All this the Roman and Oxford priests profess to accomplish. Their water-made heirs of glory are all addressed as "faithful brethren in Christ;" "washed, sanctified, and justified."

To show the truly Protestant spirit of the work, we shall now select a few disjointed, pithy paragraphs:—

THE SUBJUGATION OF HUMAN REASON.

I always suspect the creed that cannot be defended without vilifying reason. It reminds one of a man who should dig up the foundation of a house, in order more effectually to prop its walls. It is the province of Reason to ascertain whether God has revealed his will to men—to inquire into the meaning of his revelation; and when that is found, her business is to submit to the heavenly teaching. She need not cavil about the *how*, but embrace the *fact*, and adore the wisdom that ordained it. What is above her capacity, she has no right to question. But if the thing which purports to be a revelation from God, shocks her first principles, and does violence to her unavoidable, universal dictates, that is enough: it cannot come from the Author of the human mind; and His honour calls loudly for its rejection.

Speaking of the Ancient Fathers, those worthies whom the Oxford Divines exalt above humanity, and call on the modern world to bow down before, as its masters in theology, it is remarked:—

We must think leniently, then, of the first Christian anchorets. Still they should have remembered the example of their Lord, who went about doing good—of his Apostles, who bore the rude contact of an evil world, that they might bless men by their instructions and social influence. The soldier of the cross should not desert the path of duty, because it is encompassed with danger. Apostolic Christianity is active, practical, self-denying, benevolent. When "the lights of the world" went into the wilderness, of course the world was left in deeper darkness. When the "salt of the earth" was removed from the mass which it should have penetrated and purified, the process of corruption went on the more rapidly; and the salt, when thus collected in a heap, was subjected to an influence which deprived it of its savour, and made it fit only to be trodden under foot of men. It was not the world alone that suffered by the passion for the monastic life—the monks and hermits themselves were its victims. "It is not good for man to be alone." Female society softens our manners, refines our intellects, purifies our affections, enlarges our sympathies, and ennobles our sentiments. The martyrs of truth, and freedom, and philanthropy have not all come from the ranks of the *single*.

The Oxford divines, it would appear, without yet openly advocating the celibacy of the priesthood, pronounce it "*the more excellent way*:"—

What a contrast (continues our author) between the Nicene saints and the Apostles! *These* affected nothing singular in dress or manner. Their excellence was moral; it was in the inner man of the heart, and in their useful lives. Anthony, the patriarch of hermits, wore one sheepskin for fifty years. Some of his unhappy followers condemned themselves to perpetual silence. Through their "voluntary humility and neglecting of the body," they allowed their hair to grow, and, glorying in their filth, were sometimes taken for bears and hyænas! A female anchorite deemed it a sinful conformity to the world to wash more than the tips of her fingers. The tendency, and indeed the avowed aim of this system, was to extinguish all "natural affection." Wives and children were abandoned, not only without remorse, but with the proud consciousnes of having acted heroically. To marry was to lose caste in this new spiritual aristocracy, which had appropriated to itself all the most difficult precepts and most precious promises in the Bible, leaving the crowd of vulgar Christians to a laxer morality and a lower reward. . . . . .

As to the "doctrines of devils," or *demonology*, the church was full of it during the third and fourth centuries. It was believed that the fallen angels had become the gods of heathenism—that they frequently also took possession of men and women. They were tortured, however, and cast out by the touch of a martyr's bones; or by the sight of the shrine where they were deposited. Awful ceremonies of this kind were practised in the most celebrated churches, in which such men as Chrysostom and Athanasius were the chief actors! Every child was supposed to be possessed by an evil spirit till it was baptised. The Council of Carthage, anno 256, decreed, therefore, that exorcism should precede baptism. How very ancient, then, is the present superstition in Ireland, both among ignorant church people and Roman Catholics upon this subject! Had the Rev. Mr. Carroll, who killed a child in Wexford, while endeavouring to cast a devil out of it, flourished in the third century, he would have been canonised as one of the great thaumaturgues of the age, instead of being shut up in a lunatic asylum for life! But, alas for the Puseyites, this is a degenerate age! There is little faith now even in Ireland, although the *Quarterly Review* says there is more in it (among the Roman Catholics) than in any nation in Europe; and, therefore, Oxford Christians look on it with most hope.

MORE ABOUT THE FATHERS.

The most renowned of the Fathers flourished in the fourth century. Among these was *Gregory*, son of the Bishop of Naziensus. Within sixty years after the establishment of Christianity, he thus addresses the Governor of the city:—"The law of Christ subjects you to my power, and to my pulpit; for ours is the authority—an authority greater and more excellent than that which you possess, unless indeed spirit is to be subject unto flesh, and heaven unto earth."

This is the true Catholic spirit of church ascendency—the spirit, too, of the Nicene age. The most holy of the Fathers appealed to the civil sword to execute their canons, and punish their adversaries. Athanasius protested against the recall of Arius from banishment.

Ambrose, who, like Plato, was fabled to have been visited, when an infant, by a swarm of bees, which reposed on his lips, and then ascended high in the air, was made bishop on the eighth day after baptism! He was the first great champion of church ascendancy, and he compelled the Emperor, Theodosius, to perform public penance as a condition of his reconciliation to the church. This great victory of the ecclesiastical over the civil power, occurred in the year 390.

St. John Chrysostom was a great man, and a reforming bishop. But, says Waddington, a writer disposed rather to extenuate than aggravate the faults of the Fathers—"he was not exempt from the *errors and abuses of his day*. He exalted the merit of *celibacy;* he strongly inculcated the duty of *fasting*, and the sanctity of a solitary and *ascetic life*. He encouraged the veneration for saints and martyrs; but the practical nature of his piety sometimes shone through the mists of his superstitious delusion." He also held the coporeal presence in the eucharist. Such were the errors of his day.

The great *St. Jerome* had an excessive admiration for the "monastic excellence." He was a monk himself, and from his convent at Bethlehem, he expatiated on the justifying merits of mortification, celibacy, and pilgrimages: and "though in the birth-place of Christ, at the very fountain of humility and peace, he vented even against his Christian adversaries a malignant and calumnious rancour."

Erasmus says, that *Augustine*, Bishop of Hippo, allowed to be the most eminent of the Fathers, began to read Paul's epistles with no instructor when near thirty years of age—that he was immediately hurried to the episcopal office, and compelled to teach others what he had not learned himself; and that he had not sufficient knowledge of Greek to enable him to study the commentaries of the Greek writers. He gave the authority of his name to the maxim, that it is right to punish religious errors by civil penalties, and thus sanctioned the diabolical principle of persecution, which has so disgraced and desolated the Christian Church in every age; and which lurks, like a cowardly demon, in certain corners of it still. His motives for embracing the Catholic faith, would not weigh much with a modern sceptic, though they might influence a congregation of ignorant peasants.

According to Mosheim, and other learned authors, the value of the writings that remain of the *Apostolic Fathers*, is very little, except as historical witnesses of what prevailed in their day; and even in regard to this, as Mr. Taylor has justly remarked, the testimony of heathen writers, such as Pliny and Tacitus, would be quite as good. . . . . .

Of the merits of the *primitive* Fathers, as moralists, Mosheim delivers the following judgment, which is fully borne out by their writings:—"Before the question mentioned above, concerning the merit of the ancient Fathers, as moralists, be decided, a previous question must be determined, viz., what is meant by a bad director in point of morals? And if by such a person, he meant one who has no determinate notion of the nature and limits of the duties incumbent on Christians—no clear and distinct ideas of virtue and vice; who has not penetrated the spirit and genius of those sacred books, to which alone we must appeal in every dispute about Christian virtue, and who, in consequence thereof, fluctuates often in uncertainty, or falls into error in explaining the divine laws, though he may frequently administer sublime and pathetic instructions; if, by a bad guide in morals, such a person as we have now delineated be meant, then it must be confessed, that this title belongs, indisputably, to many of the Fathers."

Could this be truly said of the very lowest order of Protestant writers of the present day, or of any day since the Reformation? How could the professor of "Christian morals" in the University of Oxford, have the conscience to send the people away from the Bible, and our own excellent practical writers, to learn what is right and wrong from the "wisemen" that lived fifteen hundred years ago? Does not such advice betray great ignorance of the Gospel, or great ignorance of the Fathers—or great treachery to the church in which he holds so important an office?

We might multiply extract upon extract; but we advise, as "*the better way*," that readers search out the matter for themselves. Controversy of this sort is not much in our way; but on every hand, as we have noticed, it is asked—What is this Puseyism which is bringing to its aid, by what means it best knows, all the great Tory organs of the press, and turning the shallow brains of the Oxford youths with Fathers and Councils, and all manner of superstitions, instead of the races, boxing-matches, hunting, and drinking-bouts, which occupied their fathers and grand-fathers?—and in Mr. Godkin's book we find the plainest reply that we have yet seen. Puseyism is, in the Oxford divines, the very natural manifestation of a sacerdotal corporation beginning to feel alarmed at the boldly innovating, at the "Ultra-Protestant" spirit of the age; while among Oxford young men, the rising aristocracy of the country, Puseyism is the growth of another natural instinct, which inspires the blind desire of consolidating in the hands of Churchmen usurped power, which it is perceived is insensibly, but inevitably gliding from their own order. The Church once courted the alliance of the State as a prop and defence; now the aristocracy begin to cling to the Church as an Ark of safety from the rising waters. Better and surer were their stay could they only think of redressing wrong, and of doing justice to those they fear and hate.

We would here beg to inquire, merely for information, and as among the ignorant laity, whether the Oxford divines allow baptism administered by a Presbyterian or Dissenter to be efficacious; for if not, we suspect that more than one of our Scottish bishops,—Right-Reverend Fathers in God,—bishops of the "Reformed Catholic Church of Scotland!" are still little better than the heathen, though ordination, through unbroken Apostolic succession, may have had some mystical virtue. If not, how is the supposed case to be remedied? Has their subsequent Confirmation the effect? Are such bishops yet baptized, or are they not? In what strange inconsistencies and absurdities do men involve themselves, who cast off not only the authority of Scripture but the plainest dictates of common sense. It would be a singular thing to find a bishop, at the close of his career, not entitled to Christian burial, because he had not in infancy been baptized by a legitimate Successor of the Apostles.

A VOYAGE ROUND SCOTLAND AND THE ISLES. *

Two volumes, and these well filled, seem a pretty considerable bulk of *log* for a voyage from Greenock round Cape Wrath and back to Leith, though excursions to St. Kilda and the Shetland Isles, and nearly all the island dependencies of Scotland, are included. Good will and skill may, however, accomplish much; so, starting with ample foreknowledge of the ground, the ingenious author, with the help of a good deal of family history and scenic description, a little amateur angling, a little Natural History, and doing

All the gentlemen's seats by the way,

gets along swimmingly, and contrives to manufacture an exceedingly agreeable literary melange.

In the watery summer of 1841, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, on duty as Secretary to the Board of Trustees for Scottish Manufactures and Fisheries, made this small circumnavigation in the Fishery *Cutter* Princess Royal, and invited Mr. Wilson to accompany him, "for the purpose of making certain investigations into the natural history of the herring." These appear to have been most satisfactorily conducted—especially at breakfast time—both upon the fresh, the *red*, and the *pickled* varieties; and the narrative of the voyage certainly does not suffer from the reported results of these and similar branches of scientific inquiry. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's Sketch-Book and Journal have both been at the service of the companion of his voyage; whom, by the way, many of our readers will more readily recollect, and more heartily welcome, under his sporting appellation of *Tom Oakleigh*.

The voyagers embarked at Greenock; touched at Bute, Arran, and Campbeltown; and then skirted the coasts of Ayrshire and Wigtonshire, examining the state of the local fisheries—or as often the no-fisheries—angling a little in the freshwater lochs and most reputed trouting streams on the coast; and experimenting on the effect of drinking champagne out of Bohemian-coloured glass—a practice found highly worthy of imitation; and also making frequent trial of the hospitalities of those of the *lairds* whose mansions lay within range of the Princess Royal. Whether it were in pursuit of herring shoals or the sublime and picturesque, the voyagers took a peep of the Giant's Causeway before running into Bowmore in Islay, and passing "two very agreeable days at Islay House."

Besides descriptions of things as they are, Mr. Wilson gives a frequent retrospective glance to insular clan history; though he leaves some important points, that have long been mooted almost at the point of the dirk, in a rather unsatisfactory state; as, for example, whether the ancestor of Glengarry, or "one Allan of Moidart," was the eldest son of a certain Ranald; of which controversy, with greater levity than so grave and serious a matter warrants, he thus concludes: "Of the actual truth in this matter we are ourselves as ignorant as the child unborn; and if we did possess a knowledge of it, we would hold our peace (especially in the Highlands,) even although we also knew that the representative of the one [Glengarry] had carried both himself and his *tail* to New South Wales; while the other [Clanranald,] somewhat like Tam o' Shanter's mare, had 'fient a tail to shake.'" This want of reverence in speaking of matters of such vast importance augurs worse for the voyage than the reality bears out.

Colonsay, and the hospitable and modest mansion of its Laird at Killouran, is one of the most attractive of the domestic insular pictures with which the reader is gratified. After a good and ample island dinner at Killouran, where the mutton was black-faced and four-year old—a great rarity according to Mr. Wilson, though our butcher never yet had a sheep under that age in his stall—the evening was wound up, in gallant style, by a Highland-fling danced to perfection by Sir T. D. L., (it makes us young again but to hear of it!) the Lady of Colonsay, and Captain M'Neill, the Laird's kinsman. "And such snapping of fingers and pointing of toes, and ever and anon a shout like a musket shot, were never heard nor seen before in any Western Isle." There should have been an engraving of this among the plates.

The voyagers made a run over to Skerry-vore, or the Light-house, now erecting on those tremendous rocks off the island of Tiree, so named.

The Princess Royal careered and coquetted about the coast of Mull and the smaller islands which cluster around its Atlantic side, while her passengers examined, at their leisure, Staffa and Iona. Indeed they lost no opportunity of exploring every scene of note in the Hebrides, and every ruined castle and tower on their way that was at all approachable from the coast. And these old holds nearly all lie upon the coast. Numerous fine descriptions of scenery of course occur in the work; but Loch Sunart is especially recommended to us, as this tortuous arm of the ocean lies out of the way of ordinary tourists, who have frequent opportunities of seeing many of the finest of the other salt-water lochs, on the different steam voyages to the West Highland coast or to the Isles.

We now struck across from Tobermory towards the mouth of Loch Sunart, one of the most picturesque and finely varied pieces of salt-water scenery to be seen in all Scotland. This far-stretching narrow and tortuous sea-loch, extends about twenty miles among the hills, running westwards beyond Strontian, and within so short a distance of the Linnhé Loch as to give a peninsular character to the great district of Morven, which forms its own southern bounds. The entrance seems at first so closed by islands as to present a most impervious aspect. One of these, called Risca, is of small dimensions, and comparatively low and wooded; but Oronsay, and above all Carnich, are large high and rocky, singularly wild in form, and generally bare of wood. Over the low Risca appear the richly wooded and variously formed steeps and knolls which bound the loch, and

* By James Wilson, F.R.S.E., M.W.S., &c. 2 volumes cloth, with numerous Illustrations, and a Map of Scotland and the Isles. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

these are everywhere backed by bold and broken outlines of what may be better named mountains of rock than rocky mountains. To the right is soon seen the mouth of a branch called Loch Teacus, its narrow entrance opening between two low rocky headlands, the loch itself enclosed and backed by finely formed mountains, with steep slopes and hanging woods; while Carnich continues so to shut the scene, that no one suspects the existence of the narrow strait behind; and so Loch Sunart properly so called, remains not only invisible but unimagined. Turning, however, into a difficult and narrow passage, the upward portion of the scene opens in all its beauty; and a finer combination of mountain precipices, with lower ranges one rising behind another backwards from the water's edge, many of them wooded in the most gorgeous manner, with rocky promontories and intervening grassy slopes enlivened by receding cottages and slips of cultivated ground, cannot be seen among the British islands. The evening was fine, the wind fair, the narrow waters rippled only by a gentle breeze, and we glided most serenely within the darkening shadows of the great mountains, in the eyes of whose lonely dwellers we doubt not the sight of the beautiful Princess Royal, with her full-swelling snowy sails, advancing along those finely wooded shores, must have added greatly to the glory of such a lustrous sunset. .

Loch Sunart seemed well supplied at this time both with birds and fishes. In some particular spots the gulls were literally in thousands, all screaming and tumbling on the top of each other, with a view to get the sooner to the surface, where some small shoals of herring fry were swimming. . . . . The morning of the 8th of July was bright and sunny, so weighing anchor at an early hour, we continued our run up Loch Sunart, as far as Sir James Miles Riddell's residence at Strontian. The upper reaches of the loch are still extremely fine, though not of so peculiar and striking a character as those nearer the entrance. We landed for a short time, while some of our people were foraging for milk and eggs. The house is a pleasant, irregular, old-fashioned, cottage kind of dwelling, very snugly placed, and the environs delightful, being deeply embowered in shrubs, with no want of the larger kinds of forest trees, the walks laid out in a somewhat labyrinthic order, while a sparkling stream comes murmuring down the glen, and is crossed by a bridge which spans it close upon the shore. Some of the lower windows open into the varied parterres of a flower garden, and the sight of moss-roses, mimuli, &c., was refreshing to seafaring men, who enjoy with highest relish during the sweet serenity of a summer morning, the unaccustomed sparkling of the dewy grass, and "Flora's earliest smell." Sir James, we believe, possesses a great extent of property in this peninsular territory of Ardnamurchan; but we can easily conceive from the aspect of its higher portions, that compared with its vast range, it is probably more picturesque than productive. Lord Waterford occupied this portion of the estate not long ago as a shooting quarter, and among other philanthropic exertions, endeavoured, on one occasion, to awaken the benighted people to the performance of more active duties, by tying the parson's horse to the rope of the church bell.

The voyage was diversified by the ordinary salt-water incidents; sometimes a spice of actual danger, or a touch of sea-sickness—though the last mortifying fact is rather indicated than frankly pleaded to.

The wild, rocky, and sea-indented western coasts of Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland shires, detained the Princess Royal and her gallant crew a long while; for now they were beginning to find something like herring fisheries, and sport became earnest. We should have liked to see a little more of the people—the Highlanders; but the object was herrings, and we must be content with very scanty, incidental notices of the other natives. The voyagers landed one day, as they often did, at the Bay of Scourie, on the west coast of Sutherland.

We found a pretty land-locked natural harbour, and some cultivated ground laid out in fields. The houses of the hamlet lay chiefly on some elevated ground to the north, and eastward over the fields are houses here and there. A poor maniac woman was filling the air with her wild cries, ever and anon singing more solemnly a Gaelic song, in which the word "America" was intermingled. Her friends were conveying her in a cart to Dornoch to place her in restraint.

Poor people from the Duke of Sutherland's estates were found about to emigrate at this time, as they may have been in that paternal quarter for many years; which was one cause, probably, of "America" mingling in the wild chant of the poor distracted creature. About the Edderachillis coast, and other places of the late "Reay country," now part of the overgrown property of the family of Sutherland, lobster fisheries were found; welled smacks from the Thames carrying off the trapped lobsters alive, to be devoured in London. The wretched hovels inhabited by the Highlanders could not fail to arrest the attention of the southern voyagers. On a Sunday, they landed somewhere near Pool Ewe, in the parish of Gairloch, on the west coast of Ross-shire.

We followed the Gairloch road which leads along the southern bank, and soon after diverges to the right among the hills. A lofty rocky range prevailed at some distance on that side, the intervening ground being partly cultivated in the form of small patches of grain and potatoes, partly in the more unsophisticated condition of peat-moss. Among these were visible collections of very wretched-looking hovels,—poor even for Highland huts,—with holes for windows, closed up with sods removeable at pleasure. We were at times in doubt if they were actual dwellings, had we not seen so many well-dressed men and women going out and in. The contrast was indeed remarkable between the attire and general aspect of the people, and the forlorn condition of their habitations. Nothing could be more decent and respectable than the groups of natives, all in their Sunday gear. Most of the women had tidy caps, (a few of them extremely smart,) with bows of ribbons on either side, and their hair hanging beneath in well-kept curls; and some had elegantly-formed great-coats made of cloth, and neatly fitted to the person, though without the capes so common with the Irish women. Where they contrive to stow away, or how to preserve unsoiled by soot and smoke, these better garments within their dingy cabins, is what we have yet to learn.

Those mistresses in Edinburgh or Glasgow, who, upon the faith of the exterior of a strapping new-caught lass, thus rigged out, engage her to do the household business of a civilized family, will, we imagine, fairly catch a Tartar. But the minister of the parish says, that they are now beginning to build byres for their cows; and if the cows are once ejected from the dwelling-house, some improvement in domestic cleanliness may be anticipated. In the suburbs of Stornoway, if a town of its size ever rises to the dignity of having suburbs, we are told—

We passed a kraal of wretched-looking huts, some of them so small and sad, so resembling decayed portions of mother earth upheaved by accident, that we did not at first regard them as human dwellings, till we observed a single pane of glass, in one instance, sticking in the thatch. Some were attached together, and thickly built up with sods, in such a way as to look like natural green hummocks, over the tops of which chance had thrown a scanty covering of dirty straw. The interiors were very miserable. Yet the people had a healthy aspect on the whole, and seemed in no way deficient in muscular strength. Black eyes, dark hair, and a somewhat swarthy complexion, were more common than we

expected in a country where the Scandinavian blood so long prevailed.

The cultivation was, in general, much of a piece with the dwellings.

Some rather extraordinary facts in natural history were witnessed and recorded during the voyage, of which the following are among the more remarkable :—

As we were rowing ashore from the cutter, we observed a singular kind of encounter on a small island in Loch Laxford, between a troop of goats and a flock of sea-gulls. The goats were all as black as pitch, and the old ones were accompanied by some young retainers, which to us looked not much bigger than jackdaws, though as nimble as monkeys. Our notice was first attracted by seeing some of them descend from their rocky ledges, and gamble over a piece of green, moist meadow ground. They had not done so, however, for more than a few seconds, before they were attacked most fiercely by a flock of gulls, which dived directly down upon them; and each time they did so the goats made a spring, as if they found the horny beaks too much for either their fore or hind quarters. They were in a regular quandary, or what the Germans call a ffunke; and it was curious to observe how the gulls achieved their object, by always keeping the goats between themselves and the rocks, and thus at last driving them upwards from the meadow, where we doubt not lay their "callow young,"—small, soft powder-puffs in woolly garments, which the horny hoof of kidling might have sorely incommoded, but for this brave parental interference. So the goats were gulled, and the gulls not kidnapped. .

Saw around us, for the first time during the present voyage, specimens of the Arctic Gull (*Lestris Richardsonii*) pursuing, as is their wont, the other kinds of gull, —forcing them to disgorge their food. Observed a feature of this manœuvre which we had never before noticed. When they descend upon what may be called the victim gull, either actually striking it on the back, or with an angry menace seeming so to do, they frequently tumble themselves head over heels beyond and beneath it, so as to hang, as it were, for a few seconds in the air back downwards, but with ready beak, intent to seize the savoury half-digested morsel, disgorged in terror by their timorous cousins.

We ought to have mentioned that our author is a most determined and persevering joker and punster, and that he seems to have been in such ebullient spirits throughout the voyage, that your dull matter-of-fact folks may occasionally feel his inordinate facetiousness somewhat overpowering; and your fastidious people question of its uniform good taste.

St. Kilda was an object of great curiosity; and the voyagers were much gratified by their visit to that speck in the ocean. Mr. Wilson has dwelt long upon the St. Kildeans, with fondness and a kind of enthusiasm. They are a fortunate small picturesque family, to attract so much attention, and to make such a noise in the world. The present population of the island is only 105 souls, including nine in the family of the missionary—not so many persons in all as inhabit many of the high, old, over-peopled lands in the Cowgate or Blackfriars' Wynd of Edinburgh, or the Saltmarket of Glasgow; but who thinks of making a voyage of discovery to these urbane insulated communities, save the police, or Dr. Alison? The little primitive community of St. Kilda is, however, rendered quite fascinating under Mr. Wilson's portraiture; and his narrative cannot fail to interest many individuals in its behalf. The late cold and rainy seasons have been severely felt by the natives, who last year were in danger of starvation. There might be worse deeds than shipping off the entire community some morning for the shores of Newfoundland, and leaving St. Kilda to the sea-fowl, its ancient and fittest possessors. There are, however, other places in the Hebrides which, if not quite so wild and tempestuous, afford little more comfort or shelter to the inhabitants. The Fishery Board have, at considerable expense, formed a harbour named Callicott, near the extremity of the Butt of Lewis :—

There is a road of approach to the harbour, and a considerable extent of curing-houses, some of which were occupied by those engaged in curing ling. Farther on was a kraal of the most miserable houses ever seen, resembling those of Barra in external form, but infinitely worse. The St. Kilda huts in comparison to these were palaces. The first object which met the eye (and nose and feet) within the threshold was a dunghill, from which the visiter has the option of descending either by the right hand into the cow's apartment, or by the left into that tenanted by human beings. Yet many of these people were making handsomely by fishing. A good deal of cultivation prevailed around.

Leaving the western coasts, the Princess Royal made her way to Thurso, and at last to Wick, the head-quarters, and the very heart of the Fishery, then, about the middle of August, at the busiest. And now we do learn something of this important branch of national economy. We, however, can only take a side-glance, premising that the herring-gutters below are often strapping, comely lasses, earning in "the season" great wages, and dressing quite as gaily as the fair inmates of the black huts of Gairloch :—

After breakfast we went ashore to Wick, and there witnessed one of the most extraordinary sights we have seen for many a day. All along the inner harbour, and in every street and quay, as well as within many large enclosed yards and covered buildings, there are numerous square wooden boxes as big as ordinary sized rooms, the containing sides, however, being only two or three feet high. Into these huge troughs the herrings are carried in panniers from the boats the instant they arrive. There they are all tumbled in helter-skelter, pannier after pannier, in a long-continued stream of fish, until the boats are emptied or the troughs are filled. Then come troops of sturdy females, each armed with knife in hand, and range themselves around the trough, —the process of gutting commences, and is carried on with such ceaseless and untiring rapidity, that unless we had used the freedom to request one of the cleanest and prettiest of these evisceratrixes so to moderate the rancour of her knife as to let us see what she was doing, we could scarcely have followed her manipulations with the naked eye. However, we think we are now master, at least in theory, of the refined art of evisceration. The Secretary and ourself had the curiosity to time our fair friend, when left to the remorseless rapidity of her own sweet will, and we found that she gutted exactly two dozen in the minute. Now two thousand women working at that rate, with but brief intermission from early morning till the close of day, must produce an almost incalculable amount of disembowelment. . . .

Before beginning to work they take off their caps and bonnets, and either cover over or exchange their outer garment for a *worser*, making their toilet with innocent unreserve *sub Jove*, and so commence their bloody occupation. Towards evening they carefully wash their faces, arms, and legs, and slip on again their better garment. Thus they never appear, except around the gutting board, in otherwise than rather trim array. Indeed many of the most magnificently fine females, whom we saw standing at respectable doors, or looking out of decent windows, or going sedately about their evening occupations from shop to shop, had been assiduously engaged in gutting

all day long. The cure of herrings is indeed an object of such paramount importance to the town and neighbourhood, that when an unusual *take* occurs, and delicate female hands are wanting for the work, a kind of requisition is sent through the town, even to the most respectable inhabitants, to allow their domestics to attend as gutters for a day or two; and in hiring servants it is by no means unusual for the latter to stipulate for *leave to gut* during a certain number of days, as a perquisite beyond their usual termly wages. To prevent indolence or idleness, all these gutters are paid by piece-work, that is, so much a cran or barrel after the fish are packed. At the rate of 4d. per barrel, each gutter according to her skill and activity, may make from four to seven shillings a-day; and in former times, when so high as a shilling a barrel was sometimes allowed during a press of work and scarcity of hands, their gains were actually enormous. An expert and practised company of three can make up among them sixty-three barrels in a day, or twenty-one barrels each; so that, in the glorious times alluded to, a gutter might have kept her gig, and driven to the scene of action daily.

This is but a small and incidental feature of the fishery, and of herring and cod in general.

After the Secretary's business at Wick was accomplished, the Princess Royal stood away for Orkney, and went as far as the Fitful Head, in Shetland. Sir Walter Scott, who had made and recorded nearly the same circum or elliptic navigation a good many years ago, was often present to the recollection of the voyager; while "Andersons' Guide to the Highlands and Isles," and the new "Statistical Account," lent him more effectual aid. The chief incidents in Shetland were, the Princess Royal being as nearly as possible wrecked; and her nobler passengers eating the *tusk* while fresh—a glorious fish! By the way, trout, like those of Loch Leven, were discovered in a small lake in Barra. Save a run into Cromarty Bay, and a few friendly calls on the coast, there is nothing more of interest till the Princess Royal happily reached Granton, and her passengers dropt off at the end of a three-months' voyage, which must have afforded them very great pleasure and amusement; one element of solid satisfaction, denied to ordinary travellers, being, that, so far as appears, not a single hôtel or tavern bill was presented during the whole period; all being free where the Princess Royal and Captain Stewart came.——We can promise every class of readers, but especially those to whom the scenes described are new, much entertainment from Mr. Wilson's voyage round Scotland, which only wanted the presence of his brother, the Professor, to render it immortal.

MIDSUMMER EVE.*

This tale is illustrative of the Reformation in England, and of the condition and spirit of society at a memorable stage of its progress. The particular Midsummer Eve on which the romance opens, was towards the close of the short and bitter reign of the "Bloody Queen Mary," while the fires of Smithfield were never dormant, and it closes on Midsummer Night; so that the events are crowded into a very brief space of time. The scene is the heart of London, or the then retired neighbouring village of Islington, and other small suburban hamlets. The construction of the plot, if plot there be, is exceedingly simple, and the incidents are few. The strength of the tale depending upon the dramatic delineation of historical and ideal characters, and lively pictures of the spirit and body of the age. The romance opens pleasantly.——At a point which, in those days, usually bounded the summer evening walks of the citizens of London, and where the high-road, leading from the postern of Newgate through Islington towards Barnet, was intersected by the road from Kingsland and Essex, towards Tottenham, stood the remains of an antique cross, and, near it, a humble and solitary, but exceedingly picturesque cottage, which, though only two miles distant from the city, and not above one from the houses in Smithfield, seemed as lonely and rural as if a hundred miles distant from any town.

In that cottage porch, many a young citizen doubtless observed, with eyes of admiration, a pretty young maiden surrounded with balls of twine and small cord, engaged in net-making. This maid was Annot, the daughter of widow Palmer, who lived in that cottage; and the young girl, through the summer, sat in the porch from morning till night, busily plying her fingers at her beautiful employment. So public a spot as that—the point of intersection of two great thoroughfares, where so many gay citizens walked for pleasure, with more than ordinary liveliness, from having for a time done with trade, might seem not a very proper place for a young and modest virgin to sit, even at work. It might appear that she knew she was pretty, and, loving to be admired and complimented, sat in that place of bustle as a spot where those tastes were most likely to be gratified. But this was not the case: if Annot knew she was pretty, she had learned it from her friends, and not from her mirror, and the words gave her not more pleasure than any other expressive of their affection. Not a particle of feminine vanity was mixed up in her composition: prettiness of face and form gave her no pleasure; a compliment on her person from the gayest noble would not have urged her heart one degree beyond its ordinary motion. Poor girl! one element of woman's joy she was deprived of—she was blind, and had been so from her birth.

The costume of the young girl is elaborately described, and also the dress and appearance of "a man of motley," who stood beside her; "the fool of her patrons, the loyal Sir Thomas Granville and his noble-minded daughter, Lady Anne. They were rigid Catholics, while the blind girl had secretly imbibed the doctrines of the Reformation; which were also held by Master Barker, the curate of the parish of Islington, and a few of his flock. But, to the innocence of the dove, the blind girl united the wisdom of the serpent, and no doubt of her orthodoxy had been entertained until this fatal evening. Upon it the Right Reverend Bishop of London, Dr. Bonner, was returning from a Visitation which he had, by special command of his mistress, been making into Essex, for the purpose

* A Tale, 3 vols. Saunders & Otley

of finding more heretical combustibles for his ever-blazing fires, and, in an evil hour, he halted at the cottage at the cross roads to inquire his way, when the ribaldry of Ralph the fool, who knew not in whose presence he stood, brought both himself and Blind Annot into trouble. The cavalcade, consisting of Bonner, Bishop Tonstall of Durham, with several lawyers and doctors in theology, minions of the persecuting fiend, and a few wretched prisoners, had been nearly benighted; and it was, at this period, considered dangerous to approach the city after dark. The fierce and brutal character of Bonner, and the milder nature of the conscientious, and very aged Tonstall, are dramatically brought out in the dialogue which passes while the cavalcade halts before the cottage. When Ralph discovered his mistake, and listened to the boisterous threats of the renegade Bishop, he cried,

"I pray your good lordship not to hurt pretty Annot," interrupted the fool, with great earnestness—"I assure your lordship and all worthy gentlemen, that she follows the good fashion, and holdeth by Queen Mary, and the Pope, and King Philip, and reads not the Common Prayer."

"Peace, knave, and answer me!"

"But your good lordship will promise not to hurt our pretty Annot, for she comes of a good stock."

"Wilt thou be silent knave?"

"Nay, my lord; you will be glad to hear that Annot is daughter of Abraham Palmer, that you and good King Henry burnt because he went along with his mother to mass; so in my poor opinion——"

"Knaves, knaves there! unsling your carabines, leave your horses, and haul me out that devil's brat into the road, and my horse's hoofs shall trample him into hell!"

"Nay, nay, brother Bonner——"

"Brother Tonstall, I will not be gainsaid in this matter. Shall I be mocked and scoffed before mine own grooms? Out with the traitorous heretic there!"

While his reverend lordship was saying this, the serving men had sprung from their horses and rushed into the porch, and now reappeared, dragging the offender by the collar of his doublet into the full moonlight, when the bishop, perceiving the gay colours of poor Ralph's dress, exclaimed,—

"Heyday, my masters, whom have we here. Are we at the May-day gambols, or what mummery is this?"

"Nay, my lord," replied Ralph, consequentially, "I am no Friar Tuck—your lordship's belly would better suit that character. Neither am I——"

"Giles! Edward! fasten me this knave to the belly of your horse. I will see whether I am to abide his gibes," cried the bishop, as he heard his prisoners laughing at the fool's foolish reply.

"And it please your lordship, it is only a poor fool—one that hath lost his way from the neighbouring castle," said one of the serving men.

"Truly, it is," rejoined Annot. "A fool that lives hard by—Sir Thomas Granville's fool, an't please your lordship."

"And what art thou, wench, that consortest with pestilent fools like this, who, I'll be sworn, is more knave than fool?"

"Nay, brother Bonner," said Bishop Tonstall, "I pray thee let us not tarry for this trash. The fool doth but speak after his vocation, and we may not expect words of wisdom from him. Sir Thomas Granville, his owner, is a loyal servant of the Queen's majesty, and a brave man that will not suffer his toy to be spoiled."

"Hold the fool straitly in thy grasp, Giles," cried Bonner, "until we see fit to dismiss him presently with a whipping; but I must speak to the woman. Now, thou light wench, didst thou set on yonder fool to utter his ribald speech?"

"Nay, my lord, I would not willingly give matter of offence even to mine enemy."

"Enemy! dost thou say, I thy bishop am thine enemy?"

"No, my lord. I mean I would not offend."

"Woman, I grievously suspect thee. Before I am many days older, I will make a narrow inquisition of this parish of Islington."

On this night the blind girl found means to steal away to warn Master Barker of the peril in which he stood with Bonner. But Barker, the pupil and ordained minister of Cranmer, felt that now the time was come when every honest man was bound to declare himself. The meekness of wisdom, the beauty of holiness in the poor blind girl, and the fiery zeal of Barker, afford fine contrasts of Christian principle and character. He is cursing in bitterness the bloody persecutors, the defilers of the sanctuary, the slayers of God's servants, when Annot thus expostulates:—

"Dear sir!" cried Annot, "surely your reverence hath forgotten that sweet chapter of the holy Word which you read to me a few days agone, where we are commanded to forgive those that persecute us, and rather do them good than evil?"

"Yes, Annot, poor girl! I can forgive all my particular and private wrongs; but these are wrongs to God, whose servant I am; and I am bound to do for the glory of God what I would not do for myself."

"Alas, sir, what are all the men in the world to avenge the wrongs of the great God? The lightest touch of his wrath would be heavier than the arms of all Christendom. Dear sir, the sacred book teacheth mercy, and that is why the children of affliction love it. If it taught vengeance, it would be unregarded, since we are utterly unable to inflict it: but indeed nothing can be so truly God's word as the commands of mercy; for mercy never erreth; but while you strike down the most grievous persecutor of the saints, perchance you strike one that God had willed to repent and find mercy."

"Thy reproof is just, my gentle friend, and yet my anger is not unjust," replied the priest; "for while I would strike the foe, I would go patiently into the flames lighted for me; whilst thou, who wouldst show him mercy, wouldst hide thee from him. The difference between us is, that I am a man and thou art a woman."

"Nay, sir, that is not all. I too am prepared, if needful, to yield my soul to God amidst the flames; and yet the Bible telleth me not to curse, but to pray for those that despitefully use me, for Christ's sake, who can judge and punish more justly and thoroughly than all the children of men."

"I have taught thee, and now thou teachest me; and I thank God that thou art able to preach a nobler doctrine than mine own—even the charity which, standing above the common altitude of the world, looketh down on the passions of men with the indifference of a superior nature."

"Alas, sir! such a one as I must be just; I can only hear God's Word, and think on it. The passions of the great and the learned, and even of those happy persons that can see, affect not my mind. I must trust humbly in God, as I find his Word commands me; for what other help have I in all the world?"

"Well, Annot," said the priest, "with the help of God, I will school my tongue to prudence and my heart to meekness, that I may not offend these butchers of the saints; but I know not—this night even is a night of peril. The bitterness with which I spoke was not caused by a light thing, for my heart was bursting with grief. Thou knowest that five persons have been excommunicated this day, and are to be burned in Smithfield tomorrow. But thou dost not know that one of them is mine own familiar friend, and father in the faith: I must see him and them: the night shall not pass over without a word of love and admonition, if needful, from my lips, to those who are so soon to enter the presence of our Lord, even if Bonner and the chief justice stood in the way to forbid me."

This Midsummer Eve was to Barker a night of

wild and busy adventure. Among the more remarkable of the persons whom he encountered in his perilous ramble in the streets and lanes of London, was Master Steynham, a wealthy London merchant, and a determined adherent of the Reformed cause, who, for commercial reasons, enjoyed the protection of Philip of Spain, the husband of the Queen, and was, by this means, and his popularity among the brave London 'Prentices, able to succour some of the persecuted Protestants in defiance of Mary and Bonner. The character of Steynham is well conceived and well supported throughout. The blind girl was arrested, and that by means of Harry Markham, the lover of her generous friend and patroness, the Lady Anne Granville. His remorse and grief, when he discovers into what cruelty he has been unconsciously led to oblige Bonner, and his profound grief, when he is cast off by Lady Anne as unworthy of her love, or of the name of a gentleman, makes Markham vow to effect, at all risks, the liberation of Annot, or to perish in the attempt. The fierce progress of the persecution—the examinations, and actual burning and torturing of the heretics, and the adventures of Markham, Steynham, and Barker, in rescuing victims from the grasp of the blood-thirsty prelate, fill up the rest of the volumes. These transactions afford many opportunities for the development of the character of the age, and for descriptions of manners, and especially of London in the olden time. The great object of the enterprise of Harry Markham, a Roman Catholic believer but a Christian gentleman, and, above all, the devoted lover of Anne Granville, is accomplished after a world of daring and dangerous adventure; and all the party escape to Geneva through the kindness of Master Steynham and the secret influence of his patron Philip. Then come the happy days of good Queen Bess!—when all the exiled Protestants return, and among them, Blind Annot, Master Barker, and the lover of Anne Granville. Adversity had taught the Protestants charity, when their day of power came. Instead of retaliating upon their Catholic fellow-subjects, they remembered that they had been English men and women before they had been Papists, and that the men, women, and children of that faith were not all devils, though a few of their churchmen and rulers were.—When it is wondered that so brave and gallant a nation as the French could, for one month, or one week, have submitted to the Reign of Terror, may it not be a subject of equal wonder that the English so long submitted to the atrocities of the reign of "Bloody Mary"—or that, in the language of this Tale, "a bold, intelligent, and honest nation, like the English, should have been turned and twisted about in every direction of political and religious bigotry, at the will of any person occupying a certain position, though imbecile, bloody-minded, or mad, or all of them together!" Upon reflection, we can hardly forgive Miss Strickland for those softening shades with which she has, in her late work, tried to invest the character of the unsexed and merciless bigot.

The chief defect of this story is the occasional languor of movement in the very heat and pith of its greatest enterprises; when the reader, instead of being hurried onward, is kept back by collateral details, which, though they display the author's antiquarian knowledge, retard the action and weaken the interest. The Tale, however, possesses many beauties; and, on the whole, the only solid objection which we can urge is, that finding it so close on the mark of excellence, it is not quite up to it. No small merit is its bold and free Protestant spirit. As short specimens of a romance, which, compared with ordinary fictions, is far above the average, we shall now extract a few brief and disjointed specimens.——Markham and Steynham, in their attempt to find and release Annot, kept prisoner in some unknown part of the vast pile of St. Paul's, overhear two of Bonner's Doctors of Theology haranguing Barker, who is chained to a pillar of the Cathedral, now turned into one of the Bishop's supplementary prisons.

"There is no folly or obstinacy in all Christendom so great as yours. With very little or no learning, ye maintain doctrines not allowed by the Church; that is your folly. And although there be divers learned men that talk with ye, and show ye the right way, ye persist in your false opinions; that is your obstinacy."

"But," replied another voice, "I do but believe what the Bible teacheth, and you profess to have your doctrines out of the Bible. Why then talk to me so much of councils, and fathers—can they alter the Word?"

"Nay," was the reply, "fathers and councils do in nowise alter the Word of Scripture; they only declare its meaning."

"But where find you that I am to follow their opinion?"

"The Church declareth that their opinions are to be followed."

"And where hath your Church that power?"

"Man, dost thou not know that the Church and the Scriptures are two ministers that act together by the will of God; and that to doubt the authority of the Church is rank blasphemy all the same as though thou wert to dispute the authority of Scripture? It is a crime that cannot be pardoned: how can the Church pardon the man that denieth her authority? Assuredly thou hast a heart of stone, or thou wouldst feel how terrible a thing it must be to endure the torture of fire, which thou wilt have to undergo in a few days, but which is as nothing compared with that which is prepared for thee."

While listening to this conversation, Steynham had gradually drawn near to the speakers, and as the sentence last quoted was spoken, motioning Harry to guard the door, he laid his hand on the speaker's shoulder, saying—

"A rather uncomfortable kind of argument this, good sir, when the one party threateneth the other with burning on earth and in hell."

"What fellow art thou?—take thy hand from my cloak!" cried the other, endeavouring to free himself from Steynham's vigorous grasp.

"Nay, good sir," cried Steynham, "I hold it not good to set men at liberty that wield such power as ye do."

In the following scene Blind Annot Palmer is undergoing the examination of Bonner, Gardiner, and Tonstall, and their assisting doctors and lawyers. She is urged and commanded to criminate herself, and to inform on her fellow heretics. After Bonner had stormed and threatened, Tonstall spoke—

"Child," said Tonstall, with his usual kindness, "methinks thou art strangely timorous to utter the truth: thinkest thou we lie in wait, like murderers, to do thee harm? We require only a plain answer to our questions; and if thou hast done wrong, and art sorry for thy offence, thou mayest be readily pardoned."

"Annot Palmer," said Gardiner, with a more dangerous mildness, "you mistake the nature of this examination; but it will do you harm to persist in the mistake. There is, indeed, a difference between a criminal and a suspected person; but there is also a difference between this court and a criminal court. His lordship the Bishop of London hath an undoubted right to question you who are suspected, and to let you go after confession; but if you persist in obstinacy, and leave it to him to prove your guilt, you will take yourself out of his hands, and deliver yourself to the sheriff to be tried in a public court, from which there would be no appeal."

"I have never denied your right to examine me," replied Annot; "but I will never say what may bring evil on others. As for myself, I will take all risks of a fair examination; for, perchance, if I confess my faults, knowing not what is laid to my charge, I might confess more than you could prove."

"Knowest thou not, then," asked Gardiner, "that it hath been declared unlawful for any man to expound the Scripture until he hath gotten a license from a bishop now being?"

Annot was about to object to this question, when one of the doctors arose and said—

"My lord, I humbly submit that it is not necessary the prisoner should answer the question: such notoriously is the law, and therefore it is at her own peril if she be ignorant of it."

"Yea, good doctor, such is the custom of the courts," said Gardiner, "but we will go more mildly to work with this prisoner. It seemeth to me, girl, that you show more natural cunning than learning in your answers; but, prithee, remember what the power is of them that question thee. Say, then, hast thou listened to the preaching of any man not duly licensed by his bishop?"

"My lord," replied Annot, "I humbly submit that I am not bound to answer you, but that if I be accused you are to prove the accusation."

"Remember, girl, if we prove it in your despite, you have no claim on our mercy."

"I will take the chance of that," said Annot—"I cannot be worse in an examination than after a confession."

"Say, at least, have you attended mass on Sundays and holidays, according to law?"

To this question Annot made a similar reply, calling on them, as her simple reason dictated, to prove the charge. Then Dr. Bonner arose from his chair in great wrath, and cried—

"When will there be an end of this shilly shally? Thinkest thou, wench, we are to wait here till Christmas for thine answer? By the Lord, thou despisest the holy Church, and shalt have thy reward. But I will go to work roundly with thee, and put questions that thou shalt answer—articles that contain the whole matter. Now, then, say, ought vows of chastity by men or women to be observed by the laws of God?"

"Yea, my lord," she replied, "every vow ought to be observed that harmeth not our neighbours."

"Very well answered," said Tonstall; "be not in haste, good girl; answer directly to the point, and you shall do well."

"My lords," cried one of the doctors, rising, I humbly crave permission to say, the answer containeth a doubt. The girl doth not say but a vow of chastity may be hurtful, for she saith only that good vows should be observed."

"But this vow is a good one," cried Bonner, "and therefore is comprised in her answer."

"With submission, my lord, the girl's answer proveth not that she esteemeth the vow a good one. I appeal to the lawyers."

The learned gentlemen arose to dispute on this point, but Gardiner stopped them by taking the part of the doctor, saying—

"The girl hath a mind to deceive us. How say you, then, girl, is it allowed to God's Word that men and women should make vows of chastity?"

"I have never said the contrary," replied Annot, "and if the Word of God alloweth it, I believe it."

"But the Word doth allow it," said Tonstall.

"Yea," cried one of the doctors, "but the girl doth not say so."

"If you have no other reply to make," said Gardiner, "it must be set down that you refuse to answer."

Annot spoke not, and Bonner continued—

"May priests marry by God's law?"

"To this question Annot gave a similar reply, and Bonner went to the most important of the six articles, whether in the eucharist the real body of Christ was present, and to this Annot replied—

"My lords and gentlemen, I crave your charity and pity while I speak to you. I cannot tell whether all these things be found in God's Word or no; but if they be, your church believeth them, and is safe, and what matters it whether I believe or no?"

"Yea, but there is no more than one Church," said Tonstall, "and when you say, 'your church,' you signify that there is more than one, which is heresy. There is but one Church, and its ministers have power and command over all the earth; and it is our lawful duty to guard all people that are faithful, to examine all that are suspected, to punish all that disbelieve."

"Pray, my lord, bear with me," Annot replied; "I am very unlearned, and know not the art of putting words together clerkwise; yet will I utter to you all my heart, if you will grant me your patience. I cannot tell whether the person of my Saviour be in the sacrament, nor whether priests may marry, nor whether it is good to make vows of chastity."

"Yea, wench," cried Bonner, "thou knowest whether that be good or no, I warrant me, or I had not found thee at night with a man."

"I thank God, I have more chastity than you have charity!" cried Annot, with a loud voice. "My lords, if you will, you may burn me in a fire this day; it will be less grievous than to be accused publicly of deeds which no maiden in England is more innocent of, or hateth more than I do."

At this reply, Dr. Bonner arose in very fierce wrath, and his doctors also arose, their eyes and mouths open with astonishment at the prisoner's insolence. But Tonstall and Gardiner whispered awhile with their brother, and he sat down in murmuring wrath. Annot was then directed to speak, which she did as follows—

"I know not whether these articles be found in Scripture, nor is it fit a maiden should speak of them, or think of them; for what know I of priests' marriages or men's vows? Perchance if I were blessed with sight, and could walk about free from harm and talk with many people, and learn to read, I should find such things in the Bible. But I am like an infant in knowledge; I know nothing of these great doctrines which are the study of learned men. I know only what hath been read to me in the Bible, that God loveth them that are merciful, and patient and dutiful, and long-suffering, and that he will provide for the orphan that trusteth in him. And I am truly an orphan, good sirs; for some of you did put my father, John Palmer, to death in the Queen's majesty's father's time, because he maintained the pope's supremacy, when some of ye did see fit to make King Harry supreme. My mother, too, is bed-rid—a feeble, helpless woman, for whom my hands have laboured early and late from my childhood until now; and there have been times when I would have given up and sat me down to die for very distress, but for the sweet words in God's book, how he looked to the orphan. Judge ye then, sirs, if I have had time or means to examine these learned doctrines, or whether I did not well to learn only that which taught me to be contented with poverty, and blindness, and labour, and made me rejoice to feel every day and every hour, that though blind and unlearned, my hands gat food for my mother when she was otherwise helpless."

To this passionate address neither of the bishops replied; Gardiner was really ashamed for the moment at the contrast presented to his mind by Annot of the different causes in support of which he had become a persecutor; Bonner was silent, half through wrath at the girl's boldness in reminding him of former times, and

half through want of ready wit to extricate himself from the embarrassment in which she had placed him; Tonstall's heart was touched by the picture the poor girl had presented to him of her position and her duties, and covered his face with the sleeve of his gown. But the lawyers and doctors had been too much accustomed to discussion to be moved to wrath—too much accustomed to depend on controversy to be put to shame—too much accustomed to the pleadings of criminals and convicted persons, and all the outward expressions of human agony, to feel compassion or tenderness: the business of their lives, the duties of their callings, had begotten an indifference to everything besides argument and law, which perhaps is a more certain cause of cruelty than any active form of misanthropy.

The scene in which the blind girl is subjected to the torture, in presence of Sir Thomas Granville and her afflicted friend Lady Anne, is more powerful, but less edifying, in these Puseyite times. Lady Anne, who is herself a strict Catholic, will not believe that the sweet and gentle maiden entertains heretical opinions; but, at all events, is resolved to save her, notwithstanding the suspicions of her orthodoxy; nor was it every member of "the true church" that Anne would esteem or love, while the blind heretic girl was her most cherished friend. The brutal character of Bonner is broadly displayed as the torture scene closes, and is at other times somewhat exaggerated. Anne had fainted on witnessing the tortures which her gentle friend bore with astonishing constancy, and Barker had been subjected to the gyves in place of Annot, when the brutal priest cries out—

"Ho, Sir Knight, get thee and thy wench away, wilt! for I am going to supper. But look first at this man in the gyves, how he twisteth and turneth in seeking the pleasant place he will not find. Be sure, Knight, thou goest to St. Mary Overie's Church to-morrow morning; for I will have gyves made to fit this stubborn blind girl by then; and by the Lord, she shall have them on, with a whipping on her naked skin. Yea, and by the Lord that made me, I will send her to the Tower, and this Barker too; and I will have them on the rack in each other's sight, until they confess all they're charged withal. So, Sir Knight, be sure you come, and bring your wench there, and I will give orders that you be admitted."

In another style the inquisitorial visit made by Bonner to Master Barker's church at Islington, affords an apt specimen:—

The knight, the bishop, and the chaplains, dismounted, and leaving their horses to their servants, went into the porch, when the bishop burst forth in a very torrent of curses.

This porch was one of the beautiful pointed arches of the fourteenth century, whose simplicity of outline, and elaborate tracery, threw into the shade the finest porticoes of Greece, in the opinion of every mind not prejudiced in favour of classical forms. The spirit of a religion, modified in expression, in its progress through Saxon and Norman customs, seemed to have filled the heart and soul of the architect; and his workmanship was such as to create religious emotions in all who looked on it. But Dr. Bonner looked to be an architect of religion rather than of churches. He saw no beauty in the building; but he saw a monstrous deformity in what it covered. On the left hand, within the porch, was a kind of reading-desk, about four feet from the ground, on which was a well-thumbed folio volume, fastened to it by a strong iron attached to the oak covers. This book he knew at a glance to be heretical—in short, no other than the Book of Homilies fixed in all the churches in Edward's reign.

Justice cannot be done here to Dr. Bonner's eloquence, which consisted of a vast variety of oaths, not pleasant either to hear or read. When a divine does swear, his oaths are richer than all others, deriving great variety from his religious learning. But bishops and priests are privileged in the matter of swearing, because the very language which would be horrible in the mouth of a layman, may be legitimate objurgation or remonstrance in the mouth of a churchman. But Dr. Bonner did not confine himself to the phraseology of his profession, which would have afforded grounds for a Jesuit to prove that his language had the essence of the Fathers: he swore large "hunters' oaths," he talked "like a fishwife," or a catchpole caught in a trap by apprentices. But this must be understood—not related.

"Behold!" said his lordship, "said I not that this was a nest of heresy—damnable treason! Lo! here is a book which hath been for a whole year forbidden by the Queen's council. Homilies, indeed!—stinking and rotten treason! Doth it not deny the Pope's supremacy here in England! Doth it not make that peevish abortion, Edward, head of the church! Doth it not abolish mass, and five sacraments, and priestly celibacy? To hell with the book! Here, knaves, knaves! bring me a hammer, or send for a smith, and wrench me this door open!"

"I crave your pardon, my lord!" cried Sir Thomas Granville; "perhaps the priest liveth close by, in which case it would be well to abstain from violence."

"Violence!—violence!" cried the bishop; "doth not this parish of Islington do violence to our commands! But, Giles!" said the bishop, running into the churchyard, "ride into the village, and inquire for the priest, and bid him come to me; and if thou canst not find him, seek a churchwarden, and when thou hast found him, bring him hither, even if thou tiest him to thy horse; and if he be not there, bring me a smith with a hammer and a bar of iron."

While Giles was gone on this voyage of discovery, the bishop walked muttering about the churchyard, peeping in at the church windows, and examining the tombstones, as though he would have loved to take up the dead to examine into their orthodoxy. What he found in the tomb-stones can never be known, but his glances at the interior of the church were by no means satisfactory, if one might judge by the testy manner in which he walked about, the heat of body which made him loosen the points of his doublet, and the earnestness with which he looked for the return of Giles. At length the serving-man returned, accompanied by an old man with a long beard, who looked like a small farmer, and who was one of the churchwardens.

"Oh!" quoth the bishop, "Sir Priest feareth to meet me. He hath not yet returned from Smithfield; but I will give him enough of Smithfield before I have made an end with him. Now, old man, tell me, dost thou know yonder book!"—"Yea, master, I do know the book," replied the old man; "and a very good book it be."—"What! knave, a good book! Dost thou read in it!"—"Nay, master, sure I never read it, nor any other book."—"What! not thy psalter!"—"No, master."—"And why!"—"Please you, master, I cannot read."—"Not read, thou fool! why sayest thou, then, that it is a good book!"—"I only know what the people and the minister tell me."—"Minister! thou heretic! Dost thou mean thy priest!"—"Nay, master, we have no priests here since good King Edward came to be king."—"Good King Edward! Villain! dost thou know whom thou speakest to!"—"No, master."—"I am thy bishop. Now thou knowest me, and shalt know me better yet."—"An't please your worship, I don't believe you be our bishop, for the bishop that I have seen here were a mild-spoken man, and not fat, and not given to swearing; and his name were Ridley."—"God's curse upon thee, thou fool! I tell thee I am thy bishop, as thou shalt find if thou givest me another saucy word. Hast thou the key of the church! . . . . . I tell thee, man, Ridley was no bishop; but such as he is, he is now in prison, and shall die the death, as thou shalt. Scoundrel! didst thou not receive our mandate to remove from the porch all pestilent books like that, and give us a notice what persons in the parish read or

heard them!"—"Nay, master, I know nothing about it. They make me warden, and I see the bells rung, and the wine got, and the noisy boys whipped ———" —"Open the door," interrupted the bishop; "and let us see what order is within—a rare filthy nest I warrant."

When the door was opened, the bishop started back, aghast at the sight; then calling on the knight and the chaplains to follow him, rushed into the church. There was little of a very frightful nature visible: it was a small church, of which the floor was covered with rude seats of ancient wood; the walls of clear white were inscribed with a dozen sentences of holy writ, and the communion table was covered with a plain cloth. But of all the horrors imaginable to man, this was the worst, in the opinion of Dr. Bonner.

"Look there, sirs! look there, Doctor! look there, Sir Thomas Granville! Saw ye ever before such a den of filth as this? By my father's soul, I never saw the like; and I pray God these cursed walls do not tumble on our heads. Follow me, follow me!"

The bishop strode up to the chancel, where was a reading-desk similar to the one at the door: he rushed up to it, and having glanced into the book, wrenched off the iron chain, and threw the folio away with all his might.

"Bibles! Bibles!" cried he; "nothing but Bibles. By God, this parish ought to be burned to the ground *with every soul*; for if there had been a single Christian *in it*, such a vile hole as this could not have been so near London, and I not know it. Would you believe, sirs, that yonder book is the Bible—Coverdale's Bible, which was ordered to be destroyed a year past? By God, sirs, the worst book ever brought into the realm! for it hath made more heretics than all other. Now, John Smith—hey, you villain, what art thou?"

The cause of this last exclamation was, that as the bishop turned towards the churchwarden, he observed a person take up the Bible, and place it very carefully on the desk—this person, as he turned about, the bishop discovered to be Master Barker, the minister.

"God-a-mercy, fellow!" quoth the bishop, "thou art bold to take up a book that I have cast down."—"It is the Holy Bible, my lord."—"The holy devil, knave! Art thou the parson of this church?"—"Yea, my lord." —"Then didst thou not receive our mandate, ordering thee to erect a well-favoured rood of goodly stature, and the other necessary ornaments of the altar, while thou hast nothing but a table?"

"Please you, my lord," interposed the churchwarden, "the old rood was pulled down in Edward's time, and now we be so poor we cannot———"—"Get thee out, fool!" cried the bishop, "I will have thee to give answer at my consistory in Paul's; and thence thou wilt go to Newgate. But, Barker, what meaneth these writings on the wall, taken out of yonder forbidden book?"

We cannot follow the scene until Barker had uttered something about conscience, which grated on the ears of the renegade bishop, and he rushed upon him, crying,—

"Turks! thou—thou ribald knave!" and raising his hand, struck at him. Sir Thomas Granville, probably fearing the bishop might commit himself, stepped forward to beg for peace, when his lordship's holy and heavy fist came full on his ear, and sent him spinning against the benches two or three yards off.

"What meanest thou by that, priest?" cried Sir Thomas Granville, highly indignant at this blow; but the bishop made no reply, being struggling with his chaplains to get at Master Barker.

"I ask thee, Dr. Bonner, what thou meanest by striking me?" he cried again. "Let me tell thee that no man, whether priest or soldier, shall strike me with impunity."

"And what meanest thou by thou-ing me, thy bishop? I tell you, Sir Thomas Granville, that I grievously suspect you; and as soon as my suspicions are verified, neither thy knighthood nor thy soldiership shall save thee. Nobler names than thine have been dealt with for heresy, and shall again."

"False priest, I defy thee!" cried the knight. "None of my family have ever been tainted with heresy, and none have borne the chastisement of a priest. I have fought the battles of three monarchs, and my forefathers have been foremost wherever England required brave men, whilst thy ancestors have borne trenchers and scoured pewter in kitchens!—and thou, to strike and revile me! I will appeal to her majesty against thee, and if I do not tie thy hands and thy tongue, never trust me!"

"I spit upon thee, thou heretic!" cried the bishop, out of his senses with passion.

"Englishmen!" cried the knight to the parishioners, who had flocked in considerable numbers to the church —"Englishmen! you hear how this shaven priest reviletth brave men. Take away Master Barker with you, and keep him out of the man's hands. I give you notice I will put up a rood at my own charges, and I will at once appeal to her majesty, who will stop this wild beast."

"These were the times, Mrs. Rigmarole!" Is there any chance, any symptom of their return to Merry England? It is, at least, consolatory to reflect, that they could not long be suffered. Where the Schoolmaster is abroad, the bigot must quickly draw in his horns.

SPECIMENS OF MODERN ROMANCE.

NO. V.—THE LEGAL-TECHNICAL.

THE RUINED WRITER.—A TALE OF PERSONAL DILIGENCE.

[Legal Fictions have long been known as the most perfect of all fictions in this romancing world. Fictions they are, that, like tragedies, move terror and pity in those who come under their operations—shooting, from the skyey heights of imagination, blight and devastation upon the pockets of unhappy litigants. They are the poetry of law—the oases in its wilderness of dusty parchment. But the legal fiction proper is not what we now propose to illustrate. Our dealings are with an entirely new species, which has started up among the reading public quite recently, in which lawyers of all grades are the principal actors, legal phraseology is the prevailing language, and technical subtleties constitute the machinery—Themis, in fact, being the only divinity who "guides the whirlwind and directs the storm." The world is sick of brutal fathers and remorseless mothers—benevolent old bachelors are at a discount—the pangs of despised love can no longer excite a sympathetic sigh—stilettoes have gone out of fashion, and broken hearts are a drug in the market. Nothing short of a writ of ejectment, or of *fieri facias* can touch our jaded sensibilities. A mysterious murder shall scarcely rouse a sensation, but the thrill of a *capias ad satisfaciendum* goes to every heart. A hero's death used to be a powerful incident, but a flaw in a Deed of Demise is now the vehicle of the most touching pathos. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, and the jargon of the attorney's office and the Chancery bar is read with an enthusiasm proportioned to the ignorance of the student. "Poor Scott," as Bulwer calls him, did well with Peter Peebles; but he seems to have had no idea of the effects to be produced by filling a novel with a set of characters all talking legal slang and forms of process,

The following is the mere outline of a romance constructed upon this principle, which might easily be filled up with the usual "scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations," had we the heart so far to abuse our readers' patience. The incidents are simple. A country lawyer naturally enough bungles a mortgage, and is made liable for the debt; and, naturally enough, being unable to pay it, is arrested by his creditor, which is also sufficiently natural. A technical objection arises upon a defect in the proceedings of the messenger, or bailiff, which becomes the theme of a protracted litigation, the result of which—not the least natural of all the incidents—is the total ruin of the whole parties involved in it. An interesting wife and beautiful sister are thrown in, to keep down the vivacity of the legal details, and to satisfy the boarding-schools. Of course the reader is not expected to understand the cabalistic signs of horrible realities, called "charges of horning:"—this, by the way, has nothing to do with an infringement of matrimonial rights—"notes of suspension, multiple-poinding, interlocutors, *novodamus*," &c. &c. To explain this would be to overload our margin with annotations—an intolerable nuisance—and also to destroy the chief beauty of the tale, which, upon approved standards, lies in its being totally unintelligible to unprofessional readers.]

"WHAT a beautiful season it is, to be sure," exclaimed Mrs. Charles Screever, as, laying down the pelerine which she was hemming, she gazed fixedly through the window upon the gay and golden landscape before her.

"A beautiful seisin, indeed!" replied her husband; "but, alas, my love, like many other beautiful things, it bears a canker in its heart—a fatal flaw—an undeniable erasure *in substantialibus!*" and with a hollow sigh he threw down a massive document of parchment, folded bookways, which for the last half hour he had been silently contemplating with the fixed gaze of despair.

"Charles, dear Charles, you are ill, very ill!" cried the young and affectionate wife, startled at the unusual tone of the foregoing exclamation.—"That horrid parchment—speak!"

"*Sciatis omnes per hoc presens publicum instrumentum*," muttered her husband abstractedly, regardless of the anxiety expressed in her beautiful countenance.

"Oh, Charles, Charles, speak to me!" she continued, throwing her arms around his neck.

"*Et ego vero notarius publicus et clericus Edinburgensis diocesios*—but I dream. It is but too plain—upon the principle in Innes's case, 5 Shaw and Dunlop, page 559, the instrument is worthless, and I am a ruined man."

"Nay, do not say so. Things are perhaps not so bad, and these gloomy forebodings may not be confirmed."

"Would to Heaven the disposition and infeftment were!" replied Screever faintly. "If the superior could be got to grant a Charter of Resignation?"

"Yes, Charles, resignation is our duty under the frown of the superior powers."

"By staff and baton, as use is—"

"But tell me the extent of our loss. May not diligence repair it?"

"Diligence!" exclaimed the young writer, with a hollow laugh. "Diligence repair it! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, Ellen, you know not what diligence yet may do—what diligence has been already done. I tell you, girl, not slothfulness itself—that eating, creeping, crawling, debilitated vice—can prey half so closely on the vitals of a man, as that fearful engine of the law, that so-called Diligence. See here!" and he drew from beneath a bottle containing a viper preserved in spirits—the one cheerful ornament of his writing-table—a folded sheet of written paper marked on the back with certain mysterious hieroglyphics. This little instrument, mark me, has more power upon your husband's fortunes, than the eyes of that pickled serpent ever had over the fascinated and palpitating sparrow. You are surprised, Ellen! Dear girl, *this* is diligence."

"Diligence—impossible! It is marked letters—"

"Of horning and poinding, is it not? Yes, it is a letter, but one of no ordinary kind. It is a royal mandate—a message from the sovereign; and mark to whom it is addressed—'To messengers-at-arms, our sheriffs in that part, conjunctly and severally specially constituted, Greeting!' Exquisite condescension! Royalty sends greetings to its messengers individually and collectively. Beautiful, most beautiful the link of law that binds the Crown with the concurrent!" and the young writer smiled with the bitterness of a Heraclitus.

"But, Charles," replied his wife, "you are not a messenger. How does this affect you?"

"Affect! Attach you mean. Mark the purport of this gracious message—'Attour, that ye lawfully fence, arrest, appraise, compel, poind and distrenzie all and sundry the said Charles Screever his readiest moveable goods, gear, debts and sums of money, and other moveable goods of every denomination or wheresoever situated—'"

"I never knew you had such a great variety of personal property, Charles," here broke in his wife.

"'Make penny thereof,'" continued Screever, doggedly, "'to the avail and quantity of the foresaid sum of £1500 sterling, interest thereof, and liquidate penalty—'"

"Ah!" screamed his wife, and fell senseless on the hearthrug.

"And why?" said Screever, folding his arms with a resolute air, after having in vain emptied a jug of water upon his wife's inanimate countenance—"why should I seek to recall her to the miseries of this hang-dog existence? Why seek to obtain a Novodamus of breath in her favour—why apply for a renewal of the expired Tack of life? Were it not a *quasi-delict* to effect an excambion between her registered infeftment within the liberty and regality of heaven, and the poor hope of a widow's terce in the parts, pendicles, and pertinents of that poffle of land my father left me in this miserable burgh of Kinross? Yes, Ellen, thou hast taken refuge in a sanctuary where no messengers may force an entry, nor use her Majesty's keys thereto! Yes, Ellen, we shall meet again beyond the jurisdiction of all earthly courts, and when my wearied spirit shall have obtained a loosing of all arrestments. Like other sinful men, I may have incurred an irritancy of my tenure upon a better world, *ob non solutum canonem*; but the *reddendo* of a broken and contrite heart—for mine, alas! is both—and payment of my arrear of duties may, perchance, still entitle me to entry there as a singular successor at least!"

That night Charles Screever was dragged to prison.

CHAPTER II.

About a month had elapsed since the occurrence of the events noticed in the last chapter. Charles Screever, the young writer of Kinross, still lingered in confinement. His wife had not yet recovered from hers. The agitation produced by the sudden shock did not remove her from this terrestrial scene, but merely introduced another actor to it. Ellen Screever was now a mother.

In a romantic plantation of Scotch firs by the side of Lochleven, where the unfortunate Mary pined so long in an imprisonment, uncheered save by the guitar of the dissolute Knox, and the *chansons* of the gay and accomplished Dryfesdale, sat a young and engaging female, dressed in a chintz gown of the brightest and most diversified colours. Her attitude was one of attention, and she appeared to be listening for the approach of some expected friend.

At last a hoarse and manly voice was heard by the margin of the lake, carolling a ballad to the beautiful old air of "*Sir Patrick Spens*," the words of which became more distinct as the singer approached. They were nearly as follows:—

The Queen she sat in Holyruid,
A-drinking the bluid-reid wine,
"O whaur sall I find a messenger
Will carry this writ of mine?"

Then up and spake the Lord Lyoun,
Was sittin' beneath her knee—
"It's Jock M'Nab's the wiliest messenger
That ever I did see."

The Queen she's written a braid letter,
And sealed it wi' her seal,
And she's sent it awa to bauld Jock M'Nab,
Was tipplin' at the yill.

When Jock he read the Queen's letter,
A loud lauch lauchèd he!
"Gosh! things hae come to a bonnie pass,
When the Queen sends greetin' to me!

"But wha the deil has dune this deed,
An' tauld the Queen o' me—
That I suld gang at this time o' the nicht
To poind and distrenzie!"

"Weel, Claury, ma wumman, hoo's a' wi' ye?" said the proprietor of the voice, who now presented himself in a faded green coat, yellow waistcoat, and pepper-and-salt smalls; and, jumping over a bramble-bush, he folded the shrinking Clara in his arms.

"Oh, Jock, this is kind!" she replied, dropping her head upon his shoulder.

"Kind! Feint a hair o' kindness is there in't. Deevil a job's gauin' i' the town the day, forbye twa bits of charges on sheriff's decreets, and a summons o' removin', and I got them put by han' an hour ago. So we've lots o' time before us for a' our cracks, my doo!"

"John, John, do not speak of love. The state of my distracted sister—her poor husband's misfortunes—all these must, I fear, form an eternal barrier between you and Clara Constat."

"Maybe ay, and maybe yes!" responded M'Nab, chewing, with considerable agitation, the glutinous butt-end of a rush—"Eternal barrier! Stuff and nonsense! Deil a bit o' me's proud. It's true I'm a messenger in active practice, and Charlie Screever's habits hae been those of a dyvour for some time back—mair by token he is at this present underlyin' the *squalor carceris*, puir chiel, but I cannot see what for that suld loose the bands o' luve atween us. Here's my hand, Claury, for a' that's come and gane, I'm ready to gang wi' ye afore the minister the morn."

"Hear me, John M'Nab!" cried the maiden, starting suddenly from the turf—the rather, perhaps, that an ant's nest, on which she had inadvertently seated herself, began to vomit forth its inmates—"Rather would I be stung to death—rather crushed like these frail insects whom I thus trample into annihilation,"—and here she danced a mazurka upon the ant-hill—"than ally myself with an honourable man, while the cloud of misfortune lours so heavily upon our devoted house."

"The lassie's in a creel! What'n hoos?" inquired her lover.

"Mine—his—ours—all of them!" cried the agitated maiden, sweeping off from the skirts of her garment a whole holocaust of emmets.

"The sorra's in the beasties!" exclaimed the messenger parenthetically. "There's a sicht o' them cruppen up my legs. But tell me, Claury, my dawtie, gin your gude-brither were a free man and clear o' the Tolbooth, wad ye haud by your bargain, and become the bride o' John M'Nab?"

"Would I not?" replied the maiden, softly, and at the same time crushed an aggressive straggler to death between her forefinger and thumb.—"When that day shall come, ask me. That's all I say."

"Then, as I'm a leevin' man, ye's be Mrs. John M'Nab yet," shouted the enraptured executor of the law. "Charlie Screever shall be discharged in a week, or I wuss I may never tak another invetar."

"'Tis impossible!"

"Impossible!—deil a bit o't's impossible. Oh, wumman, the law's a graun thing, and I ken whaur there's a screw loose. Auld Knuckles executed the horning against your gude-brither without witnesses; and it 'll puzzle him, I'm thinking, to show cause for that afore the Coort o' Session. He's a puir, ignorant brute, at best, and carries mair brandy nor brains in his head at any time. He a messenger!—set him up! We 'll hae a Suspension and Liberation, lass, and an action of damages for wrongous imprisonment, forbye. Five hunder punds at the very least, as a *solautium* for the injury in credit, stamack, character, an' feelin's."

Clara Constat heard no more. Her cup of happiness was full, and she dropped insensible into the arms of the astute votary of Themis.

CHAPTER III.

[We pass over a detailed and highly interesting description of the procedure resorted to by Mr. M'Nab, on behalf of his brother-in-law presumptive, for his release from "durance vile." A note of Suspension and Liberation in terms of the Act

of Parliament thereanent, and the relative act of Sederunt was presented in the Bill Chamber, and appointed by the Lord Ordinary on the Bills to be intimated to the incarcerating creditor. This was done; and answers for that gentleman were lodged, showing why the Diligence at his instance ought not to be suspended, nor Mr. Screever set at large; which were followed by the usual and amusing procedure laid down by the forms of process. A multiple-poinding was also brought by a debtor of Screever's, in whose hands arrestments had been used—in which Condescendences and Claims were lodged for about fifty claimants, each claiming to have a snatch *primo loco* at the bone of contention or fund *in medio*, as it is called in legal phrase, an interesting deposit which generally turns out to be sufficient to meet the expenses of process and no more. But that space forbids, we might, after the manner of our esteemed friend the author of "Ten Thousand a-Year," present the reader with a very diverting series of extracts from legal style-books and the pleadings of the parties, interspersed with sketches of the various W.S.'s and Solicitors who headed the warfare—their clerks, who copied the papers, and geographical surveys of the varions dens of Trophonius in which these ornaments of the legal profession plied their mystic tasks. But we prefer going on with the main current of the story.]

. . . . . .

It was early morning: the month December; time, ten years ago. The large Hall of the Parliament House, or, as it is called, the Outer-House, creaked to the steps of some twenty of the most juvenile counsel, and about an equal number of the most forlorn of the worshipful fraternity of writer's clerks, whose unshaven chins and dusty vestments told, in the broadest characters, that they entertained the contempt natural to great minds of the minor niceties of the toilette. But, deserted as was the general aspect of the Hall, at one part of it, a dense crowd was assembled. This favoured spot was the bar of the Lord Ordinary, before whom Mr. Screever's case had come to depend, my Lord Switherhaugh, to wit, who, with pen in hand, was bewildering himself in a chaos of notes. Mr. Fiat of the Bill-Chamber was studying *The Caledonian Mercury* in front of the bar, at which two counsel were engaged in animated debate.

"Looking, therefore, my lud," said Mr. Eckspenses, a counsel of considerable standing, at the close of an able speech, "to the whole circumstances of this case, and more particularly to the terms of the Act 1686, chap. 4, the words of which I have already quoted to your ludship, and need not again repeat,—looking, moreover, to the uniform practice of the large and intellectual body of messengers-at-arms, from the earliest period of our law,—looking also to the implication directly involved in the more recent but not less important Statute, with which your ludship is familiar—"

His lordship nodded an admission of the allegation.

"Looking, I say, my lud, to both the undeniable usage of the profession and the express letter of the statute, I feel assured that your ludship will have no hesitation in passing the note." Mr. Eckpenses sate down, and Mr. William Wadset, a young but acute member of faculty, rose to address his lordship for the defence.

"I hope, my lud," he said, at the close of a luminous argument in which he proved to the satisfaction of—a writer to the signet's apprentice of three weeks' standing, that statutes were to be construed, not according to the letter, but according to what he termed "a large and liberal construction of the intention of the legislature in enacting them, and the convenience of the subject in carrying them into execution"—"I hope, my lud, that I have satisfied your ludship, that this is one of the most groundless and frivolous of the many groundless and frivolous applications that daily come under your ludship's notice—"

His lordship looked indignant, as if he conceived that everything ceased to be groundless or frivolous the moment he was called to adjudicate upon it. Mr. Wadset was a young hand, anxious to say smart things, and had lost a point instead of making one.

"That it is an unworthy attempt, upon the part of my learned brother's client, by a paltry quibble, to evade the operation of the valuable maxim, *qui non solvit in ære, solvat in corpore;* and therefore your ludship will at once refuse the desire of the suspender, and find my client entitled to full expenses."

Mr. Wadset sat down and all eyes were directed to his lordship to hear the words of wisdom that were about to fall from his lips.

"As this is a summary case," said Lord Switherhaugh, after losing himself in his notes for some five minutes, "and of maist undooted importance to the parties, and the profession at large, and as it is of great importance that uniformity of practice should prevail in all matters affecting the liberty of the subject, and as I do not find any case upon the books directly in point, and as I think that a great deal may unquestionably be said on both sides, and as, in particular, I by no means see my way out of the mess; therefore, and for other reasons on which I need not mair specially condescend, I shall appoint the parties to lodge Minutes of Debate on the haill cause to be seen and interchanged, and boxed to the court by the first sederunt day after the recess; that the parties may have the satisfaction of having this nice question of law settled by the opinions of the whole court."

"At their private expense!" murmured Eckspenses darting from the bar in disgust; while Wadset deliberately gathered up his papers, delighted at having, by his ingenuity, secured further delay, and—the prospect of a heavy fee for writing the minute of debate.

CHAPTER IV.

[A minute and very able analysis of the personal and intellectual qualifications of the whole Judges of the Court of Session with the speeches of senior and junior counsel on both sides is here omitted.]

The thirteen judges were divided. Six were for passing the Note—six for refusing it, and one, Lord Switherhaugh, declared himself utterly unable to make up his mind. After a great deal of discussion

and smart altercation, their lordships got out of their dilemma by remitting the cause to the Lord Ordinary, with instructions to his Lordship "to proceed orderly in the cause, as to his Lordship should seem fit."

Accordingly the case once more made its appearance about a month after in the rolls of the Outer House, and was debated for six days. The Lord Ordinary pronounced the following Interlocutor.

"*Act. Ekspenses. Alt. Wadset.*

"The Lord Ordinary having heard counsel for the parties, makes avizandum to himself upon the debate and closed record.

"*Note.*—As this is a summary case, and of the greatest importance to the parties, the Lord Ordinary intends to peruse the whole process leisurely and repeatedly, and to be well and ripely advised upon the whole points of the case before pronouncing judgment."

CHAPTER V.

Eighteen months afterwards the cause emerged from avizandum, with a judgment passing the *Note* of Suspension and Liberation, for reasons explained by the Lord Ordinary in a note of forty pages of manuscript, in which the whole law of arrest was luminously gone over. Screever was accordingly liberated. But by this time he was far gone in consumption. His wife and child were dead. Mr. John M'Nab had been persuaded, by a considerate executive, to try the effects of a foreign climate in improving his health and morals; and we regret to add, that on the previous Sunday, Clara Constat, habited in a white sheet, was subjected to some poignant personal remarks, in open church, before a delighted congregation, by the parish minister of Kinross. Ekspenses had been raised to the bench in room of Lord Switherhaugh, who died the evening after he had made avizandum to himself, (he had much better have made it to somebody else,) with a conjoined process of Ranking and Sale, Divorce, Declarator of legitimacy, Tinsel of superiority, and Division of Runrig lands,—a legal *olla podrida* of the most unctuous description, consisting of 3894 numbers. Wadset bade fair to fall into a sheriffship by dint of unlimited waggery among his brethren of the learned faculty, squibbing at elections, and smashing or supporting fictitious votes at the Registration Courts, as the exigencies of his clique required.

CHAPTER VI.

The agent of the incarcerating creditor actively engaged in prosecuting his client for his account; who, simultaneously with the approval by the Court of the auditor's report upon the charges, applied to their Lordships for the benefit of the cessio.—Screever dead, and the fund *in medio* in the multiple-poinding going among the agents for the various claimants.

VISITS TO GRAVES.—No. II. THE CHILD'S GRAVE.

"Whom the gods love, die young."

She was one of Nature's Nobles,
With her forehead broad and high;
And the fervent love that sparkled
In her clear and steadfast eye.
She was full of happy fancies
Glancing round her like the light,
And the sunshine of her spirit
Made the Earth and Heavens bright;—

Brighter than to common mortals
They with all their splendour seem;
For her happy soul shed o'er them
Beauty, like a poet's dream.
And she was the noble heiress
Of broad lands that round her spread,
And the hopes of a long lineage
Centred all on that young head.

And she dwelt afar from cities
In her grandsire's princely halls,
'Midst the shade of rocky mountains
And the sound of waterfalls;
And her infant footsteps wander'd
By the brook and through the dell,
And she lived so much with Nature
That she learned to love her well!

For she had no other playmates
Than the birds and bees and flowers,
And she sported gaily midst them
Through the long and summer hours.
Thus she dwelt secluded, lonely,
With one guest in that wide home;
And her tutor, friend, companion,
Was a holy priest of Rome!

For her race held his religion,
In its cause had fought and died,
When the tide of Reformation
Swept the land from side to side.
Lovingly they dwelt together,
He in her forgot his age;
And he feared sometimes her fondness
Smoothed too much life's pilgrimage.

And she gained all learning from him,
Mixed with teachings pure and high
Of the mighty end of living,
And our glorious destiny.
And his eyes would often soften
When they fixed on that young face,
Fearing lest that gentle child might
Share the fate of all her race.

For an early death hath marked them
One by one they passed away,
And the chapel walls were covered
With their names in long array.
But no darksome fear possessed *her*,
Loving all things under Heaven,
Blithe she rose at morning's breaking,
Blithe she sunk to rest at even.

Glorious summer, always scorching,
Had this year more fiercely burned;
And the cool and mossy verdure
Had to barren dryness turned;
And the fading drooping branches
Of the old ancestral trees
Idly hung in perfect stillness
All unstirred by summer breeze.

And the full and bounding river
Narrower grew from day to day,
And its sandy banks uncovered
Deeper still, and deeper lay.
And the cheeks of that fair maiden
Took a pale and sunken hue;
And her lids cast darker shadows
On her eyes of clearest blue.

"Come, my father, let us wander
To the dark and lonely woods;
If not gales, yet surely coolness
Will be in their solitudes."
As they passed the ancient staircase,
Wherefore did a shadow fall
On the heart of that good father,
Dark as funereal pall?

As they passed her mother's picture
Wherefore did the old priest's eye
Such a mournful look of warning
In that loving face descry?
Wherefore did the wide gate closing
Seem the passing knell of doom;
Wherefore did the old towers' shadows
Seem like darkness from the tomb?

Wherefore did his warning fancy
Shape the likeness of a shroud,
And the nodding plumes of hearses,
In that light and moveless cloud?—
But the fancies past by quickly
When he turned to that fair child,
And her guileless prattle cheered him
Till at length he almost smiled!

And he told her many a legend
Of her race in bygone days;
And he cited monarchs' praises,
And he quoted poets' lays.
And he bade her grow up gentle
To adorn her ancient faith,
To be true and good and humble,
Ready and prepared for death.

Now a sudden wind awakened
And drove fast black clouds along;
And it swept the withered herbage,
And it bent the tall tree strong;
And it struck those old woods hoary,
Which its mighty torrent rent,
With such crashing fitful fury
That it shook the firmament.

And the heavy rain-drops plashing
Fell upon the arid ground,
Withered by a three-months' parching
With a loud and hollow sound.

And the vivid flashing lightning,
Blazing through the earth and sky,
Scathed the trunks and rent the branches
That around in ruins lie.

Undismayed that fair young maiden
With her watchful guardian trod,
Undismayed amidst the tempest,
Trusting to the care of God.
They had reached the wide wood's border
Where a giant oak tree stood,
Towering o'er its noble compeers,
Monarch of the solitude!

They had reached its wide-spread shelter
When a broad and burning flash,
Scathed its hoary top, and smote it
To the earth with one dire crash;
And beneath in that fell ruin
Died that noble gentle child.—
Soon the heavy clouds disparted
And the sun looked out and smiled.

Never did his bright beams shine on
Sadder sight than what lay there,—
A young girl in Death's still slumbers,
An old man in his despair.—
And that house's proud possessions
Into stranger hands then passed;
And the chapel's vaults keep watch o'er
Her, the loveliest and the last.

While now joyous children gambol
In the halls that once were hers,
Not a memory of her graces
Through their happy bosoms stirs;
Other feelings, other habits,
Differing faith have come instead;—
Save the priest and old domestics
None are mourners for the dead.

Yet a stranger sadly muses,
When he sees the long array
Of the names that ancient chapel
Bears of those who passed away.
Many dying in life's spring-time,
Some in blaze of deathless fame,
Till the mournful list is finished
By that youngest gentlest name.

Who can grieve that fair young bosom
Never felt the chill of years,
Who can mourn those eyes so fearless
Never knew the touch of tears!
Peace to her deep dreamless slumbers!
Happy must her waking be!
Blest the change and glad the summons
Which have set her spirit free.

S.

AMOR PATRIÆ—BY AN EMIGRANT.

Land of our Fathers! when afar from thee
We think of all that we have left behind:
The cottage in the glen, the moss-grown tree,
It's dark boughs waving in the summer wind.

The wimpling stream that softly rolls along,
Meandering down the rugged mountain's side;
The briery bush; the blackbird's well-known song,
Pouring its raptures in a trilling tide.

The eagle, wheeling high in circle wide;
The red-deer, bounding in the glades below;
The salmon, leaping in the silvery tide;
The humming bee; the cattle's well-known low.

The time-worn tower, whose venerable form
In stilly grandeur breaks upon the view,—
Its grey head towering o'er the howling storm,—
Is it not fixed in Memory's Tablets too?

Borne on the wind, the well-known Sabbath bell
Chimes its soft music to our straining ear,
Entrancing all our senses like a spell:
Ah! sad illusion, never more to hear.

How vivid in our mind the eventful day
Which saw us sailing from our native land.
The lessening hills in distance rising grey,
We gazed thereon—a melancholy band.

But though far distant from our native shore,
Old Scotland ne'er shall hang her head in shame,
For we, though severed by Atlantic's roar,
Will aye uphold our country's well won fame.

W. M.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Buckingham's America—The Eastern and Western States. 3 volumes, octavo, with illustrative plates. Fisher & Co.

These three large volumes complete Mr. Buckingham's work, which of itself forms no despicable Cyclopædia of the United States. At some future time we hope to present our readers with an analysis of the more original parts of these new volumes; but at present we must rest content with the cursory notice of one urgent fact. In traversing the fertile prairies of Missouri and Illinois, Mr. Buckingham remarks:—

If the legislators of England could but be prevailed upon to remove all restrictions on the importation of food for the half-nourished population of the labouring classes of England, these prairies of the West might be made to yield, in a year or two, food for millions; and as the growers of grain and feeders of cattle which might here be raised, would be as much in want of British manufactures of almost every kind, as our hungry artisans are of the necessary supply of food, the interchange of their respective productions could not fail to be mutually beneficial. . . . . If the trade in corn had been free for the last ten years, the difficulties that now embarrass the United States would not probably have occurred; because in that case her exports of grain and flour to Europe might have fully counterbalanced her importation of manufactured goods; and even now, if the remittal of duties on foreign grain were to be extended by England to America only, she could in a very few years pay the whole of her vast private debt to Britain in this commodity, as well as the interest of the money of the state debts and public works, for which British capital has been advanced, by persons investing it in railroads, canals, and state stocks in that country. But this is certain, that if the restrictive policy be maintained much longer by England, with respect to so important an article as the chief food of man, it will abundantly justify any retaliatory measures which the Americans may take in excluding British manufactures from their markets; and the double operation of these two opposing pressures,—on the one side dear food and heavy taxes, for those who are called on to compete with workmen having cheap food and light taxes, and, on the other side, a constantly narrowing market for consumption, while our rivals have constantly expanding ones, cannot fail in the end so to crush British operatives as literally to grind them to dust, and to leave them no refuge but in emigration.

Mr. Buckingham, in a note, informs his British readers that this was written on the banks of the Ohio, in April 1840. Since then the late severe American tariff has passed, and the general distress arisen, from which there is but one hope of escape.

On the Preservation of the Health of Body and Mind. By Forbes Winslow, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London.

This is the work of an intelligent man, well acquainted with the general principles of his profession, though it displays as much industry as originality. We must except the subject of insanity, which Mr. Winslow seems to have studied deeply.

The Shipwreck of the Dryad; in a series of Letters to a Sister.

The Dryad was wrecked some days after leaving the Mauritius, in the spring of 1841. The crew and passengers, among whom were several ladies, took to the boats, and after enduring great hardship, were so fortunate as to reach Port Dauphin, in Madagascar. The narrative, which is written in a simple and natural manner, is, like that of every shipwreck, interesting.

Annals of the Persecution in Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution. By James Aikman, author of the "History of Scotland." Octavo, pp. 556, with illustrations.

Mr. Aikman's previous studies and warm sympathies with the persecuted Presbyterians, peculiarly qualify him for compiling the annals of what to the people of Scotland is, next to the Reformation struggle, the most deeply interesting period of their national history. The work, which is written in a plain and popular style, embodies all the memorable domestic incidents, family traditions, and traits of heroism which illustrate that remarkable period. It is thus as well adapted to the window-bink of the small Scottish farmer, as to the library shelves of every sturdy Presbyterian.

The Queen in Scotland; a Descriptive Poem. By James Howie, M.D.

We can promise our readers a vast deal of entertainment from this *Epic*, which properly ought to have appeared among our own *Lays of Loyalty*. In it nothing is extenuate, from the debarkation at Granton, to the royal departure from the same honoured pier. The poem, we think, reaches the climax at the final surrender of the City Keys. Pass we, therefore, "the white-robed orphans ranged in seemly rows," and the rows, "no less grotesque, of men and women from the Refuge-house," and get to the heart of the matter—to the

——— Applauding throngs,
Resounding now with cheers and deafening, still
Increasing, banners, hats, and handkerchiefs,
Waving from windows high and slated roofs,
As the excited gazer gained a glimpse
Of royalty, intoxicating quite!
But loudest rose the shouting where our own
Honoured Lord Provost met the cavalcade,
And put, on bended knee, the city keys
Into the Queen's own hand, which, pleased awhile,
She held half smiling, giving kindly words,
And soon restoring them, the crowd move on!
At length the street grows narrower, and the crowds
Denser and thicker still, as up the old
Lawnmarket wound the gorgeous retinue;
Till, having gained the bannered Castlehill,
The royal train halted, and once again,
Leaning on Albert's arm, I saw our Queen!

The eyes of the bard, thus enriched, flash in a fine frenzy over the glorious landscape commanded by the Castle. By the way, Mons Meg has been strangely neglected by him. On the whole the Queen was pleased; and

The Royal Train,
Escorted by the bright dragoons, now moves
Down Bank Street and the Mound; the brilliant crowds,
Long stationed here, loud greet her as she wheels
Majestically on through Prince's Street.

This must serve as a specimen. We have had nothing to match this since we lost Mr. Fitzgerald. We were lately suggesting Mr. Walker Ord for the Laurel when

—distant be the day! it shall become vacant; but here is a Northern aspirant who, in hyperbolical loyalty, beats him all to sticks.

SERIAL WORKS.

KNIGHT'S PICTORIAL SHAKSPERE. Part L. The History of Opinion on the Writings of Shakspere. Among the endless criticisms and commentaries on Shakspere which Mr. Knight has industriously unearthed, is Garrick's Oration at the famous Stratford Jubilee, in which some passages occur, soaring far above the wing of the clever player; so far indeed above the greatest known Shaksperian critics of the period, Johnson included, and the cold and precise spirit of the middle of the eighteenth century, that, by a bold and not unfelicitous conjecture, Mr. Knight attributes them to Burke, who was intimate enough with Garrick, to make it not unlikely that, on so momentous an occasion, his aid might be requested. At all events, the beginning and the close of the otherwise common-place oration make it certain that the singular passages referred to must have proceeded from a mightier mind than Davy's. They, in substance, anticipate all that has since been said by the ablest critics of our times; by Coleridge and Hazlitt. The Part has portraits of all Shakspere's biographers and critics.

BLACKIE'S ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF BURNS'S POEMS. Parts I., II., III. These Parts, of a new Glasgow Edition of Burns, have just appeared. The work is to be completed in 21 Parts, and promises to be all that the admirers of the National Poet can desire; complete, accurate, and handsome. The portraits, landscapes, and architectural views, are those which appeared in the late Pictorial work, *The Land of Burns*. The edition is enriched with the notes of Robert Chambers, and the original annotations of the Editor. With the Life of Burns, by Currie, is to be given Professor Wilson's "words that breathe and thoughts that burn" upon the Poet and his writings, which appeared in "The Land of Burns." Gleanings are also to be made from all the eminent writers who have spoken of the Poet; and the number is not small. We have said this much, as we consider this particular edition worthy of attention.

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH SONG: a Collection of the best and most approved Songs of Scotland, ancient and modern, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4. Glasgow: Blackie & Son.—This collection is intended to comprehend every approved, and also, we should fear, some rather mediocre, though popular, Scottish songs. The Editor's net is, we suspect, somewhat narrow in the mesh; but the collection must, nevertheless, prove a source of refined and innocent pleasure to hundreds of thousands; and, as such, we cordially welcome it. The little explanatory notices prefixed to many of the songs increase the pleasure of the reader, and the value of the book.

BROWNING'S BELLS AND POMEGRANATES, No. III.: Dramatic Lyrics.

CUMMING'S FOXE'S BOOK OF MARTYRS. Part XVIII. With a portrait of Calvin.

CYCLOPEDIA OF COMMERCE. By Waterston, Accountant. Part V.

CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL HUSBANDRY. By Martin Doyle. Part VIII.

ELEMENTS OF ELECTRO-METALLURGY. Part VII. By Alfred Shee, F.R.S.

THORNTON'S HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA. Vol. IV., Part II.

BREWSTER'S CHARTIST AND MILITARY DISCOURSES. Part II.

CANADIAN SCENERY ILLUSTRATED. Part XXX.—This Part completes the work. We are bound to say, that the designer, Mr. W. H. Bartlett, and the engravers, have performed their duty far more satisfactorily than N. P. Willis, who undertook the literary department. A Map of Canada, and a splendid Frontispiece, a View of the Falls of Niagara from the Canada side, are given in this concluding Part.

SCENERY AND ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND ILLUSTRATED. Part XIX.: contains some fine architectural views in Limerick city and the county; and a few more pencillings of the personal adventures of N. P. Willis in the Green Isle.

THE GABERLUNZIE'S WALLET. Parts XI. and XII.—In these Parts this unique Scottish Tale is ended in the very same spirit in which it commenced; poetical, Jacobitical, kindly, and *auld-warld*.

THE GIFT-BOOK OF POETRY. Edinburgh: Johnstone. The principle upon which every collection of this kind is formed, renders it next to impossible to make a bad book of popular poetry. If the Collector should not possess the necessary critical judgment or taste himself, he is nevertheless guided by the popular taste; and whatever Mr. Wordsworth may affirm to the contrary, there is, in general, no better criterion of poetic excellence. The *Gift-book* of Poetry is, however, a very fair collection. It has a freer sprinkling of *new*, if not original pieces than is usually met with in similar works; and is withal a very neat, little volume.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

CHANNING'S ADDRESS ON THE OCCASION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES IN THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

THE DIVINE WARNING TO THE CHURCH AT THIS TIME, &c., &c. A Sermon preached before the Protestant Association. By the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, Rector of Walton, Berks.—A discourse against the revival of Romish principles in the English Church.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS VINDICATED.

DISCOURSE ON THE VISIT OF HER MAJESTY. By the Rev. J. T. Brown, one of the ministers of Dunfermline.

Printed by WILLIAM TAIT, 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND THE LEAGUERS.

THERE are at present but two paramount subjects of public interest;—the usual idle conjectures which always precede the meeting of Parliament, as to what the Minister of the day is to do; and watching and guessing the course which the compact and energetic central action and widening ramifications of the Anti-Corn-Law League—fast becoming a National League—may compel Sir Robert Peel to adopt.——What can Sir Robert Peel do in the present exigency? How is he to face Parliament?—How to raise the necessary supplies?—How frame the Queen's speech? Expressions of sympathy for the admitted extreme sufferings of the people might do, last session: but something more substantial is required now. The people must have employment, they must have food,—and they have learned what deprives and stints them not merely of the comforts but of the merest necessaries of life. Fair professions will no longer satisfy them. It is no affair of yesterday, no temporary cause, no small amount of wrong and injustice, which has reduced them to their present wretched condition; nor can the atonement and remedy be slight or temporary, if to be effectual. They may have their sugar a trifle cheaper, but that is not enough; they may have some other small solace, or rather the pressure may be removed from one suffering part and laid upon another; but while the drain on their strength and the strangling dead-weight that crushes their energies remain, no effectual relief is to be looked for. It would be giving Sir Robert Peel credit for less perspicacity and political sagacity than he is entitled to, were we to doubt that, individually, he is fully aware that every means which his intelligence and statesmanship, backed by the cordial support of the whole nation, can suggest, is required to renovate the exhausted resources of the country, and to give merely a fair chance of recovery. The immediate and total repeal of the corn and provision laws—the watchword of the hour—the declaration that the oppression and injustice of twenty-seven years is at an end, is so obviously the first true step, that it is idle longer to argue that question. This point we consider virtually conceded; and we are almost as certain it would be triumphantly carried, if Sir Robert could but pluck up heart to dissolve upon it,—as it speedily must be whether he shall be the honoured leader or not. On this absorbing subject, the steadily falling revenue, and the continued and hopeless depression of trade, speak even more convincingly than the indefatigable Leaguers, with all their enginery of tracts, meetings, and lectures. They are doing wonders; but an empty Exchequer and the dried-up sources of its ordinary replenishment are more persuasive still. The deaf adders begin to give ear.

This time last year every one was busied in puzzling out the riddle which Sir Robert Peel had thrown out to amuse the nation during its lenten holidays, and which developed itself in the new-invented Sliding-Scale—that instrument which has proved itself worthy of the savans of Laputa—the Income Tax, and the meddling with the Tariff. The fruits of that grand compound scheme to bring back prosperity, please everybody, and spare "the interests," must have grievously disappointed the projector. Yet what was Sir Robert reasonably warranted to expect? After he came into power, the sufferings of the working-classes were at first denied. We can remember that the Savings'-banks were triumphantly pointed to as evidence of the prosperity of the great mass of the people; a fallacious test at best, although the accumulations had been fact. But what does a steadily declining revenue prove?—that test of physical wellbeing which admits of no delusion or fallacy. The aggravated symptoms of general distress cannot be denied; but now it is discovered that ten years of Whig misrule have produced the whole of these disastrous effects. Whig rule, as such, did not much to deepen the causes of national decline: and certainly not much to avert them; until an attempt was made, when it was perceived that nothing short of the recognition of Free-Trade principles, whether they were approved or not, could longer maintain in power those who had no Tory supporters. When is Sir Robert also to make the greater discovery, that without acting upon Free-Trade principles, and that largely and speedily, all the support that the Tories can lend cannot long uphold him as a minister? He must, by this time, be tolerably well convinced that there is for the minister of England but one

proper and safe course to follow. It remains to be seen, and that very shortly, whether Sir Robert will have the wisdom and courage to venture upon that course; or the manliness to confess his powerlessness to serve the country while obstructed by his friends, and to throw up the game. If he did this in the right vein, no prophet is required to foretell the result. Had he the patriotism and true wisdom to avail himself of those elements of strength which the exigencies of the crisis, and a common feeling of danger, are hourly calling forth, his part would be as plain as it would be noble;—that of a great statesman, the saviour, in the hour of extremity, of a falling country. We fear it may be assumed that Sir Robert Peel is destined to play no such part on the stage of the world's history; though looking to what he has done, and been most foolishly and recklessly vilified for doing, we shall not yet despair; nor, for some time longer, believe that the Catholic Emancipation measure is to remain Peel's sole title to the name of a really great statesman. He is, no doubt, hampered by circumstances; but it is for a truly great man to mould circumstances to his purpose—that purpose being the most exalted that a man can set before him; to restore his country to prosperity, to draw down upon himself the blessings of those that are ready to perish. No king, and, certainly no minister, though his heart were as hard, his conscience as dead or seared as those of an intelligent being can be, can look with indifference upon the prolonged sufferings of millions of his innocent fellow-creatures—hastening to the tribunal at which the ruler and the ruled must alike give an account—and, with a strong conviction in his mind of the causes of the prevailing misery, and the remedy in his power, mercilessly withhold it. We cannot believe that the chief of the Tories is so thoroughly cold-blooded as this indifference would augur; and if he has not the power to accomplish his object—he has the power to make the trial. The country is much more united on this question than it was on the Catholic Emancipation measure. The portentous look which Sir Robert is reported to have cast upon Sir Edward Knatchbull, when that most candid and innocent of country gentlemen let the cat out of the bag, and told the truth, that the Corn Laws must be maintained to enable the aristocracy to support their station and dignity, forbids the belief that his convictions are not with the Free-Trade party.——In brief, though we have no trust in Sir Robert Peel in the matter of extension of the suffrage, we will not, until he declare himself by deeds as well as words, believe him the enemy of Free Trade. In the meanwhile, in the dearth of authentic information of any kind, the journalists are attaching most disproportionate importance to certain revelations (*asides*) made by the elder Mr. Gladstone; who seems to have, at all times, an inordinate itching to have his finger in Sir Robert Peel's pie. We accept this gentleman's revelations at their full value, when we receive them as the expression of what may be his own hopes and wishes about corn and cattle, since he became a landed proprietor. The father of the Vice-President of the Board of Trade is a somewhat comical character. He deals forth his notions and his beliefs as solemnly as did the learned Bartolemus Saddletree, who laid down the law to the admiring neighbours, whom he instructed as to the manner in which the Lords of Session, whose shop adjoined his own, were to deal with the most intricate cases which came before them; foretelling, with edifying gravity, whatever was to come next. Mr. Gladstone is, perhaps, as like the honest city tallow-chandler, who, though retired to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* in the suburbs, could not be kept away from the shop on melting days. Sir Robert Peel will, we are certain, not thank Mr. Gladstone for his indiscreet officiousness. He would, we apprehend, approve of him making the concern entirely over to his son; saying, like his Ossianic countryman, "Let the name of *John* be forgotten among his people. May it only be said, Behold the father of *William!*" What is more, and, indeed, alone to the point, Mr. John Gladstone knows about as much of the mind of Sir Robert Peel as we do; and for this, among other good reasons, that Sir Robert is, we fear, too experienced a trading statesman, to have altogether made up his mind as to the line of policy which he may pursue, and too enlightened a man not to have in theory, at all events, adopted opinions diametrically opposite to those which are so freely ascribed to him by the elder Gladstone. Before Sir Robert finally make up his own mind, he must both learn, and well weigh the mind of the country. That has been pretty clearly manifested of late on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's epistle; and the question for Sir Robert must, we apprehend, resolve itself into the adoption of the Whig measure of a fixed duty, or of total and immediate repeal; before the Whigs shall anticipate him in the only measure that now either can or ought to satisfy the country. It is as much ground of thankfulness that the Tories (doubtless to their deep regret) opposed the Whig scheme of a fixed duty of 8s., as that they resisted the poor demand of the elective franchise for Birmingham and Manchester, and thereby created the ten-pounders. What is meant by this fixed duty "for revenue?" which, while the revenue is falling off, looks so specious in theory. It must, in the first place, be, in effect, a differential duty as between the foreign and the home grower; which is, in every case, irritating and insulting to other nations, as well as injurious to our own people; a duty, in fact, to favour the landed interest of Great Britain, at the expense of the foreign customers of the manufacturers of Great Britain. This fixed duty "for revenue," will, it is probable, be one of the stalking-horses of the session; and it ought to be hamstrung at the outset. If a fixed duty on food, on the bare necessaries of the most cheaply-sustained existence of a labouring family, on what are, next to air and water, the spontaneous gifts of Heaven to all the children of men; if revenue is to be raised by this stringent means, by a mouth-tax, a poll-tax, a tax on the mere right of existing—for without bread, or bread stuffs, there is no life—then it should surely be one for revenue alone; and not for a barleycorn of revenue, with a bushel of landlords' protection. But, unless the duty be

imposed at the mill, or at the mouth of the oven; unless there be an excise on every loaf, and every pound of flour, duty for revenue is a sheer delusion. It is the Corn-Laws in another—they cannot indeed come in a worse—shape. Let every man be on his guard, then, against this duty for revenue, unless it shall fall equally upon the wheat of Lincoln and Sussex, and that of the Ohio and Illinois. If levied upon the grain of every country alike, there will be, we apprehend, little danger of the Farmers' Friends listening to a duty on the People's food that affects their own produce. They will become benevolent; they will, as when the Whigs were smashed, when Peel repudiated a fixed duty, and recommended his new Sliding-scale, be utterly shocked to hear of a tax upon the People's food.

Let us turn from these things to examine our increasing strength,—our own resources. If Sir Robert Peel wishes to know the mind of the country upon the Corn Laws before making up his own mind, that has now been pretty clearly demonstrated. The agitation spreads every day, of which the League is now the centre; though truth and humanity are the source of that great cause, in which, in our own sphere, in season and out of season, we have laboured for ten years, and which we rejoice to see hastening to a happy issue. There can be no hope of allaying that agitation which has, year after year, been steadily widening its basis, and which is supported by increasing knowledge among the people, diffused by the indefatigable energy and perseverance of the Leaguers; by great talent, by vast moral influence; by hard cash; but, above all, by the urgent necessities of the people, who, right or wrong, are convinced that they must have Free Trade or perish. Although the abolition of the monopolies should prove—were that possible—as injurious as it must prove beneficial, the monopolies must fall. The decree has gone forth. They are doomed—and with them all legislation for the benefit of a class at the expense of the whole; —the *apparent* benefit; for injustice never yet in the long-run benefited any man. It ought to take the last argument out of the mouths of the Monopolists, that the Free Traders, whether mill-owners, shippers, or persons engaged in commerce, are as ready to surrender every vestige of those "protections" of their interests which in the present languishing state of trade might seem to be required, as they are strenuous in their demand for a like measure of justice; for the total abolition of every impost on food. If they will give no protection, they ask for none; and to this they should and will be held.

Even the sagacity of an elder Gladstone could not foresee what is to take place in the approaching session of Parliament. The Whig Opposition may, perhaps, assume a more decided, nay, a more liberal line of policy than they saw fit to take last year. From their ostensible head, Lord John Russell, on the question of the Corn-laws, we expect very little; and, in extension of the suffrage, active opposition. No Liberal need be greatly disappointed by anything that Lord John Russell will either do or forbear to do. But Lord Palmerston is not quite so immaculate an incarnation of Whig notions; and the voluntary declaration of Mr. Fox Maule, at the great Anti-corn-law meeting in Glasgow, of his somewhat sudden, though welcome conversion, together with the oracular response of Mr. Macaulay to his Edinburgh constituents, augur no inflexible hostility in these two members of the late government to "Total and immediate repeal." It is not easy to guess how any argument is longer to be maintained in Parliament on this question. Last year it was virtually abandoned on every ground of reason. The adversaries were literally beaten off the floor of the House of Commons. Every fallacy was disproved, every refuge of lies swept away. That the high prices of food keep up wages, which, of all humbugs, is surely the most impudent, even a Buckinghamshire or Sussex peasant would now laugh at, and disprove from his own hungry experience. That extraordinary burthens fall upon the land, which therefore requires extraordinary protection, is an outcry which the landowners perceive may be carried too far, if it should go the length of provoking inquiry and instituting comparisons between the taxes that fall on land in Great Britain, and in every other country. Nothing then remains but the prophecy that land will be thrown out of cultivation; or, in other words, that our farmers cannot, on fair terms, compete, in the home market, with the farmers of the continent, or those beyond the Atlantic. The League might very safely guarantee a good rent per acre, for every acre that, having once been profitably cultivated, though when prices were exorbitant, should be thrown out of cultivation by the repeal of the Corn Laws.

It is not easy to guess the line of policy which the Pro-corn-Law party can now adopt in Parliament, or how they are to face the impending discussions. The despicable manœuvre of "No House," can no longer avail them against the body of new recruits and converts. The League—the People's representatives out of doors—seem to have "declared the sittings permanent." Every passing year has added to their power and influence. Their head-quarters at Manchester are now like the well-organized central bureau of some vast empire, which, in knowing what it is about, and in regularity and despatch, might afford useful hints to Downing Street. But, perhaps, the most remarkable feature of this agitation is the promptitude with which the country has responded to the call for the necessary supplies, in this season of universal depression and impoverishment; and the sums, small though they be, collected in agricultural districts, and in towns like Edinburgh under the immediate influence of the landed aristocracy, are much more worthy of notice than the large sums raised in the manufacturing districts. People not only flock to the meetings, but "they put money in their purses," which they can often ill spare. But they may, and most correctly too, view this money rather in the light of a profitable investment, than as a sum subscribed for a public object. Sir Robert Peel promised them back the full amount of the extorted Income-Tax in savings on their coffee, cabinet-work, shoes, gloves, &c, &c. The League may more assuredly guar-

antee the repayment of their voluntary subscriptions, in the reduced price of provisions; in the improvement of trade; in the ameliorated condition of the unemployed and destitute poor. This is solid encouragement to give, not only this year, but in every future year that the system of monopoly with which they war shall endure. These years cannot number many, if they shall be more than one.

We would entreat our readers to remember that these blighting and accursed laws were thrust upon the protesting nation in the borough-mongering times, and at the point of the bayonet; soldiers protecting our representatives in recording their votes against the most vital interests of their constituents. Let all this be now remembered. Nor is it likely to be forgotten. The greatest apparent present danger is of truckling and compromise with the half-and-half admirers of a fixed duty; with those who cling to as much of "protection" as can by any means be retained, and who would juggle the nation by pretending that it is for revenue. O'Connell said well—

A FIXED DUTY IS A FIXED INJUSTICE.

THE RUINED CASTLES OF SCOTLAND.

ON SEEING TWO AT A SHORT DISTANCE FROM ONE ANOTHER.

Ye fragments of a wondrous dream
Of Glory and of Power,
Of centuries whose shadows stream
O'er battlement and tower,
Of times whose tide rolled bright along
In light of chivalry and song.

Ye stand not there—realities—
Though felt and scanned ye be:
A portion of the Past ye rise
'Mid hoar Antiquity!
And cloud and sunshine fleeting o'er ye
Are blended with the olden glory.

Who gazeth on ye burns to see
The bannered pomp of old,
The plumes of glorious chivalry,
The croslet's broiderd gold,
The knightly arm that tamed so well
The boast of turban'd infidel.

The chieftains of the olden fields,
The tournament and song,
Trilled to the music of the shields
When wine-cups cheered the strong;
The muster and the festal hall,—
The siege, the shout, the battered wall.

The baron on his battle steed,
Begirt with Knighthood's flower,
And bold retainers, good at need,
With axe and arrowy shower,
And vassal hundreds pealing high
The feudal monarch's gathering-cry.

The heroes of the endless strife
Of Scotland's hundred wars,—
When life was grimly given for life,
And scars for bloody scars,—
When Saxon flag, 'mid slogan yell,
Along the tameless Border fell.

The plume bestowed by ladye love
Upon her gallant knight,
That shone the battle-waves above
In all its stainless white,
And bore to Syria's land of flame
The dark-eyed ladye's peerless fame.

That lone maid loves to greet the star
Of twilight fondly burning,
For well she knows one eye afar
To that bright star is turning
At the same hour, where'er it be,
By Salem's shrine or Galilee.

All the old splendour of the time
When ancestry was young
And Troubadour the lofty rhyme
In festal chamber sung,—
All the old magic of a day
Passed with the Troubadour away.

G. P.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD SAILOR.

NO. I.—THE MUTINY OF THE GLATTON.

MANY of my readers will recollect that the Mutiny at the Nore, and in the North-sea fleet, took place after that in the Channel fleet had been quelled by the redress of those grievances which had given rise to it. Therefore, when the *soi-disant* Admiral Parker* hoisted the red flag at the Nore, and was speedily joined by nearly the whole of the North-sea fleet, the alarm throughout the country became general, even to the extent of believing that our navy was about to be surrendered to the enemy. To prove that such a belief was unfounded, and to do justice to the character of the British sailor, I shall here narrate what occurred in my presence on board the Glatton during her short-lived insubordination.

At this period (1797) the Glatton was commanded by Captain Henry Trollope, who, a short time prior to the mutiny, had distinguished himself by one of the most brilliant naval actions on record,—having, in the short space of forty-nine minutes, beaten off a French squadron consisting of five frigates, a brig, and a cutter. This extraordinary exploit may appear incredible to many of my readers; but it must be remembered that the Glatton, though carrying only fifty guns, threw more weight of metal at each broadside than any three-decker then in the service.

When all the rest of the mutinous ships in the North-sea fleet were nearly out of sight on their way to the Nore, the Glatton was the last to desert the two admirals, Duncan and Onslow. We were at this time off Yarmouth, steering under easy sail towards the Texel.

At length, when the other ships which had left us for the Nore were waning on the distant horizon, the Glatton's Captain of the forecastle, ac-

* This man, Richard Parker, was a seaman who had been placed at the head of the Council of Delegates elected by the mutinous sailors at the Nore. He took the command of the Nore fleet, fomented the mutiny, and committed various acts of robbery and violence. He and some other mutineers were executed in 1797.

companied by a boatswain's mate, and two or three more of the leading mutineers, came to the quarter-deck and announced to the officer of the watch the wish of the ship's company that they should proceed to the Nore: stating, at the same time, that they had nothing to complain of, and were perfectly satisfied with their officers; but that if they did not follow the example of their comrades, they would be afraid to meet them on shore. Remonstrance on the part of the Captain and officers was vain: the red flag was hoisted, and our course directed towards the Nore. No sooner was this perceived by the Commander-in-Chief, than he hoisted his colours! The force of such an appeal can be appreciated by sailors only. On this occasion, however, it was ineffectual. The Captain, with tears in his eyes, and in a state of mind not to be described, begged and entreated his men to return to their duty; pointed out to them the high compliment the Admiral had paid them; remarking, that it was tantamount to asking them the question, "Will the Glattons also desert me?" But the will and better feelings of the majority of the crew were now, unfortunately, controlled by a few desperate and depraved characters, under the title of Delegates, who responded to the prayers and entreaties of the Captain, with cries of "The Nore!—the Nore!" Accordingly, under these painful but unavoidable circumstances, the Glatton proceeded to Hosely Bay, where we anchored for the night.

The next morning, matters assumed a more serious and threatening aspect. The men had now discovered—or rather the ringleader ruffians had pretended to discover—that three of the officers had treated them with tyranny, and therefore deserved to be punished. The men had also stuck up a paper on the Bitts,* in which they stated, that the marines and ship's company having bound themselves by a solemn oath to support each other on this occasion, any officer attempting to dissuade any one of them from the observance of that oath should be immediately punished with death; for which purpose yard-ropes were already suspended from each arm of the fore-yard.

Shortly after this a letter was sent to the Captain, stating the determination of the ship's company to punish an officer immediately, without mentioning his name or crime. The first Lieutenant and Surgeon were immediately sent for into the cabin; and, in a few minutes, every officer was ordered to appear on the quarter-deck, and to arm himself with a brace of loaded pistols and a cutlass. While these orders were being executed on the poop, the ship's company were not idle on their part. The guns on the forecastle were pointed aft, loaded with grape and canister; while, on the lower-deck, as many of the 68-pounders, as could be elevated, so as to reach the poop, by firing through the deck, were also pointed in that direction. The critical situation of the officers, at this moment, may be imagined, when I say, that if a pistol had gone off by accident, among the officers, while loading, that would have acted as a signal for the men on the lower deck to have fired the 68-pounders, which they had made ready and elevated; and few, if any, of the officers, standing at their perilous post, could have escaped instant destruction from such an upward discharge of shot through the upper deck, accompanied by tearing up of planks, splinters, &c. Not to mention that, of course at the same moment, the forecastle guns would have sent a storm of grape and canister among the devoted officers on the poop. Such a fearful crisis, within the narrow limits of a British Indiaman,†—one of the most gallant and effective in the service,—it is not easy for a landsman to appreciate in its full force of danger and anxiety. The evil passions then domineering over a courageous ship's company, often tried in battle,—the deeply painful thoughts of their brave officers, who had treated so kindly, and so often led to victory those misguided men, against whom duty now called upon them to present themselves as armed enemies,—the deadly preparations on both sides for mutual destruction: violent mutiny on the one side,—cool, but regretful determination to follow the line of duty, altogether presented such a scene, on that eventful morning, as I hope never to witness again. It was, to the last degree, distressing and appalling.

When all was prepared among the officers for resistance, the Captain and first Lieutenant went coolly and boldly forward among the ship's company, and demanded the name and the crime of the officer who had been pitched upon for punishment by the mutineers. The answers made it appear, that the officer was a master's mate named Ricketts, who had been overheard mentioning the names of the ringleaders to the Captain. When the men were told that not one officer would live to witness such an unwarrantable attempt at punishment, the men proposed to delay the punishment until the ship got to the Nore. Deeming it more prudent to temporize on this occasion, and to try what gentler means might effect among the misled men, the officers were accordingly desired to replace their arms in the arm-chest. Most of the officers then retired below, the Captain and the first Lieutenant only remaining among the ship's company, and trying to prevail on them to return to their duty. At this period of the mutiny, hardly ten minutes had elapsed when the gunner's mate, followed by one of the jolly-boat's crew (one of the worst characters in the ship), passed me on the quarter-deck, and went upon the poop, unobserved by the officer of the watch, who was in deep conversation with the surgeon. I watched them, and saw them go to the arm-chest, and begin to unlash it from its fastenings to the deck. I called the attention of the officer of the watch to this proceeding, who went immediately to the Captain; but, before the latter could get on the quarter-deck, the arm-chest was on the brink of the poop-ladder, with the gunner's mate standing on it, waving his hat for assistance. The sight of this was too much for even the temper and prudence of Captain Trollope, who instantly drew his dirk, and, running up the ladder, leaped upon the chest, made a blow at

* A conspicuous part of the ship.

† The Glatton was one of several Indiamen, recently bought into the service.

the gunner's mate and wounded him in the face; at the same time telling him, that if he did not instantly go forward he would run him through. The fellow, conscious of his own delinquency, and awed by the determination of his Captain, skulked away with his companion; both muttering that they had no wish to hurt the officers, but only wanted to protect themselves.

A few minutes after this painful and dangerous occurrence, the Captain returned to his now almost hopeless task of persuasion. At length, however, amid this gloomy and anxious scene, a ray of more hopeful light appeared. Three or four of the Captain's oldest followers came aft and joined the officers.

This suggested the propriety of a general muster, which immediately took place. Then every man was required to declare whether he would obey the Captain, or the delegates of the mutineers. The result was favourable to the Captain; for the first names on the ship's books were his oldest followers, —men naturally more attached to the ship and officers than the new comers. Nearly thirty of those names passed muster in favour of the Captain, without a dissentient voice. The lookers-on, seeing that the tide was about to turn against them, thought it prudent to swell the number; so that, at the end of the muster, the delegates remained with a very small minority who had taken so active a part in the affair, that their sentiments could not be concealed by voting. This was a glorious moment for the Captain and officers; and it would be hard to say whether their feelings were more intensely happy and pleasurable on this occasion, than they had been wretched and painful but a very short time before. In the one case, their loved and valued men—friends and companions in battle against the enemy—were arrayed against them in mutiny and deadly purpose of destruction; and in the other case, the same men (all the *best* men) were ranging themselves around them in recovered rule of duty and discipline, and a determination to stand by and protect their officers, not only on board of their own ship, but against every enemy that might appear at sea or on shore. This was a glorious day for the true-blue and stanch sailors of the British navy,—a sample of what their better feelings are when not perverted or fettered by bad advisers and malignant rulers of mind and body.

No sooner was the result of that memorable muster known, than the red flag was immediately hauled down, and the order given from the quarter-deck—"All hands up anchor!" At this order the men flew promptly to their stations—the ship was quickly under weigh—and a course steered for the Downs. Soon afterwards, the delegates and their few friends that remained, sent to the Captain to say that they also were ready to return to their duty, in the hope that what had passed would be buried in oblivion; which he assented to. A few hours after the Glatton had taken this course, two large sail, on the larboard-bow, were reported from the mast-head; and, as we were sailing nearly in an opposite direction, it was soon ascertained that they were men-of-war—one a large French eighty-gun ship, the other a seventy-four. No private signal was made on either side; and our Captain, pronouncing these two ships to be enemies steering for the Texel, ordered the first Lieutenant to beat to quarters. Whether or not our Captain believed the ships to be enemies, I will not pretend to say; but, at any rate, the Glatton was ready for action in *ten minutes;* and, with the desire her crew now had to wipe off the stain that so recently shaded their loyalty, I believe every man on board would have gone into action against those two French ships with full confidence of victory, notwithstanding the fearful odds. The late brilliant action of the Glatton, above alluded to, might well warrant such confidence. As we approached nearer the two ships, one of them threw out the signal for us to show our number. The numbers were exchanged; and we then learned that the eighty-gun-ship was the Sans Pareil, (taken on the first of June by Lord Howe,) the other the Russell.

We then proceeded to the Downs, where we found the Overyssel and Beaulieu frigates, with the red flag flying. We anchored on the quarter of the former, and the latter got under weigh, and anchored on our bow, both ships believing that we had come to reduce them to obedience. In such belief they slept three successive nights at their quarters, for no communication was allowed with the Glatton; and in this state we remained until the business at the Nore was happily terminated, and we were ordered into port to refit.

I cannot conclude this narrative without recording a noble trait in the character of the senior marine officer's servant, an Irishman, who came aft while the officers were arming themselves on the poop, to resist the mutineers; and who, on being questioned by the first Lieutenant why he made his appearance there, answered—"I am come to die with my master!"

Nor ought I to omit to record the valuable assistance which the Captain received on this trying occasion from the counsel and determined courage of the first Lieutenant, R. Williams, and the surgeon, Stevenson Eden. The first Lieutenant I believe to have been beloved and esteemed by every officer and man in the ship. The surgeon, though one of the most generous and kind-hearted of men, did not fare so well in the estimation of the crew; for, unluckily, he happened to find among them, occasionally, a character much more common in the navy then than at present; that is to say, a *skulker*—a man feigning disease in the hope of getting out of the service. It naturally followed that such characters were seldom pleased with their medical treatment; and, in this way, my friend Eden subjected himself to the charge of tyranny, for which he was included in the number destined by the mutineers to be *tarred and feathered*, at the commencement of the outbreak in the Glatton. This may partly account for the zeal he displayed at the moment we were arming ourselves on the poop, where, I believe, he loaded half of the pistols himself. To him also were we indebted for the happy thought of mustering the ship's company, by which proceeding this formidable mutiny was so fortunately terminated.

BORROW'S BIBLE IN SPAIN.*

The most striking feature of this work is, perhaps, the personal character of the author, as it is broadly revealed in every page. Bible-Borrow is, however, not entitled to this devout appellation for anything resembling the causes which made Cromwell's old military expounder be christened by Scott *Bible-Butler*; for Mr. Borrow differs, in few respects, from other contrabandists, save in the nature of the commodity which he introduced into the varied scenes of his labours. Conceive a vigorous man, of about thirty years of age, standing six feet two in his stocking-soles, who, from boyhood, has been engaged in all manner of adventures in every country of Europe; who is a daring and fearless rider; an adept in the use of his weapons; gifted with great personal and mental intrepidity, and by no means destitute of modest assurance; conceive him, familiar with the lowest haunts of vice, as it is seen in mendicant and gypsy life; a horse sorcerer and whisperer; speaking fluently every European language, and pattering every slang, lingua, and lingo, of Frank, Jew, and Gypsy; capable of adapting himself to every variety of circumstance; of not only "becoming all things to all men"—though not exactly in the sense of the apostle—but actually personating all kinds of men; and you have a faint idea of the singular individual whom the British Bible Society, probably looking more to the end than the means, sagaciously chose to introduce the Scriptures into Russia, and latterly into Spain and Portugal. We find Mr. Borrow in Paris, a spectator, if not an actor, in the Revolution of the Barricades; in the Peninsula; in Norway; in Russia; among the Bohemians, the Tartars, the Turks—everywhere; and, last of all, in Barbary; a kind of wandering Jew, in short, whose adventures necessarily comprise many romantic rencontres and strange vicissitudes, and perhaps some questionable or rather indecorous proceedings.

The work before us, "The Bible in Spain," is, however, limited to scenes in the Peninsula; though the author is often led to refer to his previous wanderings; and he also frequently stumbles, in the most unexpected places, upon individuals of his own nomade, or cosmopolitan species, whom he had first met with in far distant countries.

One would, in these days, give some money for a true narrative of how the Scriptures, and the heterodox writings of Martin Luther and his contemporaries, were first smuggled from Holland into our own seaport towns; and secretly disseminated, not by wholesale as in Spain, through the active agency of Mr. Borrow, but in single, highly-prized copies; stealthily procured, timidly lent, and zealously studied. At a little unlawful traffic, or of veritable smuggling of this description, wise men must, under certain circumstances, wink; as they must sometimes do at the wild justice of a little well-regulated *Lynching*, in a country where law is still too feeble to repress crime and protect person and property. We therefore consider Mr. Borrow's efforts to fulfil his duties to his constituents, of the Bible Society, as not merely venial, but meritorious. They have also, on the whole, been more successful than could reasonably have been anticipated. The very disorganisation and political disorder of Spain seem to have been of some advantage to Mr. Borrow's leading object,—the printing and diffusion of the Scriptures,—from the liberals being found disposed to view the attempt with favour, were it but from the spirit of contradiction; and the clergy being less prompt and united in their opposition than they might have been found in tranquil times. Their opposition was, at last, sufficiently virulent. The dealers, and especially the regular booksellers, in the different towns and villages were generally ready and often eager to sell the Bibles supplied to them, and the people were willing and in many instances eager to purchase both Bibles and the New Testament which was printed in Spain. But, as of old, the scribes and ruling Pharisees were set on by the priests; and, save for the powerful protection of the British embassy, Mr. Borrow, who did meet with some personal annoyance, might have encountered very serious inconvenience. He found, throughout, a powerful and even zealous protector in the British ambassador, Mr. Villiers (now Earl of Clarendon,) to whom the cause of Bible dissemination in Spain owes as much as the Anti-slavery cause; and who appears to have been as anxious that the people of Spain should be permitted freely to procure Bibles, as is his excellent brother that the people of England, who have free Bibles, should also have Free Bread.

Mr. Borrow seems to have spent nearly five years in his mission to the Peninsula; though, at one period, he was compelled to return to England for some months on account of illness, and at another time on business. His wanderings during this protracted sojourn were widely extended; and his adventures are as various as were those of Gil Blas of Santillane. Our readers will be enabled, by our extracts, to judge of his powers of observation and description, which are of no common order. Like that other brave missionary and African Lion-queller, Mr. Moffat, his matter is too copious to leave any space for the trivial graces and artificial adornments of the word-hunters; but he tells his story clearly and even eloquently; because his mind is stored with that information, and with those thoughts and images which are best expressed in unstudied language. In the preface the author alludes to, without feeling called upon to apologize for, the strange scenes and characters which are introduced into a work of the grave description of his. He is conscious of hav-

* "The Bible in Spain; or the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman, in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula." By George Borrow, author of "The Gipsies in Spain." 3 volumes, post octavo. London: John Murray.

ing had better opportunities of becoming acquainted with the peculiarities and hidden things of Spanish social life "than were, perhaps, ever yet afforded to a foreigner;" and it is but right to give his readers the full advantage of his knowledge. The years he spent in Spain, of which this work is the record, were, besides, "the happiest years of his existence." Long before he had seen that romantic and chivalrous land, her strange history had filled the day-dreams of boyhood; and he still regards Spain as "the most magnificent country in the world;" "probably the most fertile, and certainly with the finest climate." "Whether," he remarks—

Her children are worthy of their mother, is another question, which I shall not attempt to answer; but content myself with observing, that, amongst much that is lamentable and reprehensible, I have found much that is noble and to be admired; much stern heroic virtue; much savage and horrible crime; of low vulgar vice very little, at least amongst the great body of the Spanish nation, with which my mission lay; for it will be as well here to observe, that I advance no claim to an intimate acquaintance with the Spanish nobility, from whom I kept as remote as circumstances would permit me; *en revanche*, however, I have had the honour to live on familiar terms with the peasants, shepherds, and muleteers of Spain, whose bread and bacalao I have eaten; who always treated me with kindness and courtesy, and to whom I have not unfrequently been indebted for shelter and protection.

> "The generous bearing of Francisco Gonzales, and the high deeds of Ruy Diaz the Cid, are still sung amongst the fastnesses of the Sierra Morena."

I believe that no stronger argument can be brought forward in proof of the natural vigour and resources of Spain, and the sterling character of her population, than the fact that, at the present day, she is still a powerful and unexhausted country, and her children still, to a certain extent, a high-minded and great people.

It must, to Mr. Borrow, be a grateful reflection, that his time in Spain was spent in endeavouring to sow those seeds of the highest and purest of all knowledge which must tend to make this fine people more worthy of their magnificent country.

He landed at Lisbon in November 1835, and his first excursion was in the Alemtejo. His first impression, from the insolence of the custom-house officers, and the dirt and expense of living in Lisbon, were unfavourable; and he wished himself back in Russia, as a more friendly and civilized country. It does not appear that Mr. Borrow at any after-time extended the liking which he conceived for Spain, to Portugal. In about a fortnight, by following the subjoined useful recipe, he found himself conversing in Portuguese with tolerable fluency.

Those who wish to make themselves understood by a foreigner in his own language, should speak with much noise and vociferation, opening their mouths wide. Is it surprising that the English are, in general, the worst linguists in the world, seeing that they pursue a system diametrically opposite!

Lisbon, to his fancy, still exhibited traces of the terrible earthquake by which it was devastated some eighty years ago; but with all its ruin and desolation, it is, where it stands on its seven hills, in Mr Borrows eyes, still the most remarkable city in the Peninsula. The Water Works, and especially the edifice named *The Mother* of the *Waters*, he considers among the grandest of the monuments of human art. There is another sight. Travellers in Lisbon—

If they be of England, may well be excused if they kiss the cold tomb, as I did, of the author of "Amelia," the most singular genius which their island ever produced; whose works it has long been the fashion to abuse in public, and to read in secret. In the same cemetery rest the mortal remains of Doddridge, another English author of a different stamp, but justly admired and esteemed.

Mr. Borrow certainly cannot be charged with cant or sanctimoniousness; yet we should fear that many sober-minded Christians will be less repelled by his freer vein, and his wild gypsy adventures, than by the incongruous pious ejaculations, the prayers and notices of preachings, and exhortations with which he has seen meet to interlard the early part of his narrative; as if he felt it the duty of every man engaged in the service of the Bible Society to adopt a certain pious slip-shod phraseology. We could well have spared many of these tags and garnishings, which it strikes us are neither very congruous nor very reverent. But though our author may be accused of what to some may seem levity, we entirely acquit him of insincerity.

Mr. Borrow was furnished with letters of introduction to all those individuals that could be reached who were thought likely to aid his enterprise; and though these were few, he, upon the whole, met with much friendly encouragement, both from natives and foreigners settled in Spain. One of his first attempts was upon the schoolmaster of a romantic village on the mountain of Cintra, who, in a small room, taught about a dozen children their spelling-book, in a government-supported school, and received no salary. So much for Government schools. What this man called a copy of the New Testament which he had, turned out to be the Epistles by Pereira, with copious notes.

I asked him whether he considered that there was harm in reading the Scriptures without notes; he replied that there was certainly no harm in it, but that simple people, without the help of notes, could derive but little benefit from Scripture, as the greatest part would be unintelligible to them; whereupon I shook hands with him, and on departing said, that there was no part of Scripture so difficult to understand as those very notes which were intended to elucidate it, and that it would never have been written if not calculated of itself to illumine the minds of all classes of mankind.

At Mafra, the fine library, so often celebrated by travellers, was found abandoned and neglected; the monks, who had long acted as its conservators, having been driven forth to beg or steal; or serve under the banners of Don Carlos. One of the friars was found lingering in the neighbourhood, "a learned man," for "he spoke French and Greek," and now taught a few boys, probably for a morsel of bread, though he was unwilling to confess the degradation. Of a boy, one of the friar's pupils, Mr. Borrow inquired—

Whether he or his parents were acquainted with the Scripture and ever read it; he did not, however, seem to understand me. I must here observe, that the boy was fifteen years of age, that he was in many respects very intelligent, and had some knowledge of the Latin language, nevertheless he knew not the Scripture even by name; and I have no doubt, from what I subsequently observed, that at least two-thirds of his countrymen are, on that important point, no wiser than himself. At the doors of village inns, at the hearths of the rustics,

in the fields where they labour, at the stone fountains by the way-side where they water their cattle, I have questioned the lower class of the children of Portugal about the Scripture, the Bible, the Old and New Testament; and in no one instance have they known what I was alluding to, or could return me a rational answer, though on all other matters their replies were sensible enough; indeed, nothing surprised me more than the free and unembarrassed manner in which the Portuguese peasantry sustain a conversation, and the purity of the language in which they express their thoughts, and yet few of them can read or write.

With the purpose of establishing depôts of Bibles in the Alemtejo, or province beyond the Tagus, which is a very benighted region, an excursion was made into that country in the depth of winter. The Alemtejo was infested by banditti; and their dilapidated strongholds, and the hostelries which they frequented, were sometimes seen on the road. One of these at Pegoens, a small and wretched hamlet, affords us a view of the interior of a Portuguese country inn.

In the whole of Portugal there is no place of worse reputation, and the inn is nicknamed *Estalagem de Ladroes*, or the hostelry of thieves; for it is there that the banditti of the wilderness, which extends around it on every side for leagues, are in the habit of coming and spending the money, the fruits of their criminal daring; there they dance and sing, eat fricasseed rabbits and olives, and drink the muddy but strong wine of the Alemtejo. An enormous fire, fed by the trunk of a cork tree, was blazing in a niche on the left hand on entering the spacious kitchen. Close by it, seething, were several large jars, which emitted no disagreeable odour, and reminded me that I had not broken my fast, although it was now nearly one o'clock, and I had ridden five leagues. Several wild-looking men, who, if they were not banditti, might easily be mistaken for such, were seated on logs about the fire. I asked them some unimportant questions, to which they replied with readiness and civility; and one of them, who said he could read, accepted a tract which I offered him.

My new friend, who had been bespeaking dinner, or rather breakfast, now, with great civility, invited me to partake of it, and at the same time introduced me to the officer who accompanied him, and who was his brother, and also spoke English, though not so well as himself. I found I had become acquainted with Don Geronimo Jose D'Azveto, secretary to the government at Evora; his brother belonged to a regiment of hussars, whose head-quarters were at Evora, but which had outlying parties along the road,—for example, the place where we were stopping.

Rabbits at Pegoens seem to be a standard article of food, being produced in abundance on the moors around. We had one fried, the gravy of which was delicious, and afterwards a roasted one, which was brought up on a dish entire; the hostess, having first washed her hands, proceeded to tear the animal to pieces; which having accomplished, she poured over the fragments a sweet sauce. I ate heartily of both dishes, particularly of the last, owing, perhaps, to the novel and curious manner in which it was served up.

Sometimes Testaments and Tracts were left by the wayside, at spots where they were likely to attract attention and curiosity. Before approaching Evora, the country improved somewhat; Monte Moro, an ancient town of the Moors, which is a much more singular place than the larger cities of the Alemtejo, was found very picturesque, situated at the head of a range of hills, and with many of the houses, built in the Moorish fashion, still standing. There is here a convent of giggling nuns, who make delicious cheese-cakes. So nunneries are good for something. At Evora, he says,

I and my servant went to the Largo de San Francisco, in which the muleteer informed me was the best hostelry of the town. We rode into the kitchen, at the extreme end of which was the stable, as is customary in Portugal. The house was kept by an aged gypsy-like female and her daughter, a fine blooming girl about eighteen years of age. The house was large; in the upper story was a very long room, like a granary, which extended nearly the whole length of the house; the farther part was partitioned off, and formed a chamber tolerably comfortable, but very cold, and the floor was of tiles, as was also that of the large room in which the muleteers were accustomed to sleep on the furniture of the mules.

In Evora there was neither a school nor a bookshop. The people of the middle class, without knowing anything of true religion, detested the lazy friars, who had eaten up the fat of the land; while the peasants regretted the expelled brethren, who had distributed alms among them. In his religious conversations with the people around the fountains, which are the common muster-places in the Peninsula, Mr. Borrow appears to have displayed as much zeal as discretion; though, when vituperating the Pope as the Head Minister of Satan, and the friars as his agents, he met with no obstruction or insult; so that it is probable he was sometimes not fully understood. Don Geronimo, alluded to above, was quite aware of the deplorable ignorance of his countrymen; and he willingly undertook to distribute the Bibles intrusted to his care. The conditions of that trust were not of a kind to alarm any educated man; for Mr. Borrow carefully impressed upon him that he

Did not come to Portugal with the view of propagating the dogmas of any particular sect, but with the hope of introducing the Bible, which is the well-head of all that is useful and conducive to the happiness of society,—that I cared not what people called themselves, provided they followed the Bible as a guide; for that where the Scriptures were read, neither priestcraft nor tyranny could long exist, and instanced the case of my own country, the cause of whose freedom and prosperity was the Bible.

At this place was seen a man whose business it was to travel between Evora and Palmella, and who believed, (though he took care always to travel in company with others,) that his best protection from the attacks of banditti was a charm which he wore suspended round his neck in a bag. Mr. Borrow obtained a sight of this monkish spell, which was written in bad Portuguese; and he was at the pains to translate its jargon, in which the Virgin Mary figures prominently. He relates—

The woman of the house and her daughter had similar bags attached to their necks, containing charms, which, they said, prevented the witches having power to harm them. The belief in witchcraft is very prevalent amongst the peasantry of the Alemtejo, and I believe of other provinces of Portugal. This is one of the relics of the monkish system, the aim of which, in all countries where it has existed, seems to have been to besot the minds of the people, that they might be more easily misled. All these charms were fabrications of the monks, who had sold them to their infatuated confessants.

On the Sunday, the daughter, who adhered to the expelled friars, said, that she had ceased to confess, or to attend mass; because the government priests had no spiritual power nor unction. She, on this day, produced her library for the entertainment of the stranger. It consisted of popular stories, lives and miracles of Saints, and a Portuguese translation of Volney's Ruins of

Empires, which the zealous Missionary or pious Contrabandist represented in so atrocious a light, that the girl immediately put it into a blazing fire, kindled for the purpose of destroying it, telling her beads till it was consumed. The Spanish Contrabandists, who frequented this Inn, were not nearly so good Catholics as the girl. They were clamorous for tracts. They said they cared as little for the Pope and his monks as for Don Carlos; the latter being a dwarf and a tyrant, the former plunderers and robbers. The smugglers, though emancipated from spiritual or priestly terrors, had not, however, overcome their dread of witches. On the same stormy night on which they had declared their contempt for the Pope and Don Carlos—

At about nine we heard a galloping towards the door, and then a loud knocking; it was opened, and in rushed a wild-looking man, mounted on a donkey. He wore a ragged jacket of sheep skin, called in Spanish zamarra, with breeches of the same as far down as his knees; his legs were bare. Around his sombrero, or shadowy hat, was tied a large quantity of the herb which in English is called rosemary, in Spanish romero, and in the rustic language of Portugal, alecrim; which last is a word of Scandinavian origin (*ellegren*), signifying the elfin plant, and was probably carried into the south by the Vandals. The man seemed frantic with terror, and said that the witches had been pursuing him, and hovering over his head for the last two leagues. He came from the Spanish frontier with meal and other articles; he said that his wife was following him and would soon arrive, and in about a quarter of an hour she made her appearance, dripping with rain, and also mounted on a donkey.

I asked my friends, the contrabandistas, why he wore the rosemary in his hat; whereupon they told me that it was good against witches and the mischances on the road.

Next morning, Mr. Borrow was to set off on his return to Lisbon. He says—

I rose at four, and after having taken some refreshment, descended, and found the strange man and his wife sleeping in the chimney-corner by the fire, which was still burning; they soon awoke and began preparing their breakfast, which consisted of salt sardinhas, broiled upon the embers. In the meantime, the woman sang snatches of the beautiful hymn, very common in Spain, which commences thus:—

"Once of old, upon a mountain, shepherds overcome with sleep,
Near to Bethlem's holy tower, kept at dead of night their sheep;
Round about the trunk, they nodded, of a huge ignited oak,
Whence the crackling flame ascending, bright and clear, the darkness broke."

On hearing that I was about to depart, she said, "You shall have some of my husband's rosemary, which will keep you from danger, and prevent any misfortune occurring." I was foolish enough to permit her to put some of it in my hat.

Adventures with mule-hirers, though characteristic, are less rare than encounters with the native fidalgos, who are not so often abroad; so we pass a series of amusing incidents, to introduce a specimen of the genuine Portuguese Squire.

I found the inn at Vendas Novas thronged with people, and had some difficulty in obtaining accommodation and refreshment. It was occupied by the family of a certain Fidalgo from Estremoz; he was on the way to Lisbon, conveying a large sum of money, as was said—probably the rents of his estates. He had with him a body-guard of four-and-twenty of his dependants, each armed with a rifle; they consisted of his swineherds, shepherds, cowherds, and hunters, and were commanded by two youths, his son and nephew; the latter of whom was in regimentals; nevertheless, notwithstanding the number of his troop, it appeared that the Fidalgo laboured under considerable apprehension of being despoiled upon the waste which lay between Vendas Novas and Pegoens, as he had just requested a guard of four soldiers from the officer who commanded a detachment stationed here: there were many females in his company, who, I was told, were his illegitimate daughters—for he bore an infamous moral character, and was represented to me as a stanch friend of Don Miguel. It was not long before he came up to me and my new acquaintance, as we sat by the kitchen fire: he was a tall man of about sixty, but stooped much. His countenance was by no means pleasing: he had a long hooked nose, small, twinkling, cunning eyes, and, what I liked worst of all, a continual sneering smile, which I firmly believe to be the index of a treacherous and malignant heart. He addressed me in Spanish, which, as he resided not far from the frontier, he spoke with fluency, but, contrary to my usual practice, I was reserved and silent.

This family were next day overtaken on this dangerous road; which was found in a condition that justified their anxious precaution.

A visit to the English Catholic College in Lisbon offers some attraction, though there are many provoking blanks left in the narrative. The allusion to Mr. O'Connell in the subjoined passage is, however, plain enough. The speaker is the Rector of the College:—

At present the English * * * * * are the most devoted subjects of our gracious sovereign. I should be happy if I could say as much for our Irish brethren; but their conduct has been—oh! detestable. Yet what can you expect? The true * * * * * blush for them. A certain person is a disgrace to the church of which he pretends to be the servant. Where does he find in our canons sanction for his proceedings, his undutiful expressions towards one who is his sovereign by divine right, and who can do no wrong? And, above all, where does he find authority for inflaming the passions of a vile mob against a nation intended by nature and by position to command them?

Myself.—I believe there is an Irish college in this city?

Rector.—I believe there is; but it does not flourish: there are few or no pupils. Oh!

I looked through a window, at a great height, and saw about twenty or thirty fine lads sporting in a court below. "This is as it should be," said I; "those boys will not make worse priests from a little early devotion to trap-ball and cudgel-playing. I dislike a staid, serious, puritanic education, as I firmly believe that it encourages vice and hypocrisy."

We then went into the Rector's room, where, above a crucifix, was hanging a small portrait.

Myself.—That was a great and portentous man, honest withal. I believe the body of which he was the founder, and which has been so much decried, has effected infinitely more good than it has caused harm.

Rector.—What do I hear? You, an Englishman and a Protestant, and yet an admirer of Ignatius Loyola!

Myself.—I will say nothing with respect to the doctrine of the Jesuits, for, as you have observed, I am a Protestant; but I am ready to assert that there are no people in the world better qualified, upon the whole, to be intrusted with the education of youth. Their moral system and discipline are truly admirable. Their pupils, in after life, are seldom vicious and licentious characters, and are, in general, men of learning, science, and possessed of every elegant accomplishment. I execrate the conduct of the liberals of Madrid in murdering last year the helpless fathers, by whose care and instruction two of the finest minds of Spain have been evolved—the two ornaments of the liberal cause and modern literature of Spain, for such are Toreno and Martinez de la Rosa.

This is so far good, as Mr. Borrow by no means spares the Roman Catholic faith, or its priests.

The following passage is characteristic of the

actor, who would seem to have a wonderful talent at personation, be it of Jew, Gentile, or Gypsy. It could not be easy to deceive not one Jew, but many sharp, vagabond Jews:—

Gathered in small clusters about the pillars at the lower extremities of the Gold and Silver Streets in Lisbon, may be observed, about noon in every day, certain strange-looking men, whose appearance is neither Portuguese nor European. Their dress generally consists of a red cap, with a blue silken tassel at the top of it, a blue tunic, girded at the waist with a red sash, and wide linen pantaloons or trousers. He who passes by these groups generally hears them conversing in broken Spanish or Portuguese, and occasionally in a harsh guttural language, which the oriental traveller knows to be the Arabic, or a dialect thereof. These people are the Jews of Lisbon. Into the midst of one of these groups I one day introduced myself, and pronounced a beraka, or blessing. I have lived in different parts of the world, much amongst the Hebrew race, and am well acquainted with their ways and phraseology. I was rather anxious to become acquainted with the state of the Portuguese Jews, and I had now an opportunity. "The man is a powerful rabbi," said a voice in Arabic; "it behoves us to treat him kindly." They welcomed me. I *favoured their mistake*, and in a few days I knew all that related to them and their traffic in Lisbon. I found them a vile, infamous rabble, about two hundred in number.

These off-scourings of the Hebrew nation pretend to work in silver and gold, and to keep small peddling shops; while their real or main business is dealing in stolen goods. There seems a touch of exaggeration in the unqualified account given of the Jews of Lisbon; nor must we forget the adage, "Give a dog an ill name, and hang him." There is, however, a better class of Jews in the city. Mr. Borrow went from Lisbon to Madrid, by way of Badajoz. In the journey, he often saw some of the worst consequences of those intestine contentions of faction, which have inflicted far more suffering upon Spain and Portugal than was ever caused to them by the presence of invading armies. The peasants, and with good reason, curse "both their houses." Whatever faction triumphs, they are the sufferers. The following incident displays the true ruffianly character of the Portuguese soldiers. The party in question were escorting stores and ammunition into Spain, and were met near Arroyolos:—

Six or seven of these soldiers marched a considerable way in front; they were villanous-looking ruffians, upon whose livid and ghastly countenances were written murder, and all the other crimes which the decalogue forbids. As I passed by, one of them, with a harsh, croaking voice, commenced cursing all foreigners. "There," said he, "is this Frenchman riding on horseback," (I was on a mule,) "with a man" (the idiot) "to take care of him, and all because he is rich; whilst I, who am a poor soldier, am obliged to tramp on foot. I could find it in my heart to shoot him dead, for in what respect is he better than I? But he is a foreigner, and the devil helps foreigners and hates the Portuguese." He continued shouting his remarks until I got about forty yards in advance, when I commenced laughing; but it would have been more prudent in me to have held my peace, for the next moment, with bang—bang, two bullets, well aimed, came whizzing past my ears. A small river lay just before me, though the bridge was a considerable way on my left. I spurred my animal through it, closely followed by the terrified guide, and commenced galloping along a sandy plain on the other side, and so escaped with my life.

These fellows, with the look of banditti, were in no respect better; and the traveller who should meet them in a solitary place would have little reason to bless his good fortune. One of the carriers, (all of whom were Spaniards from the neighbourhood of Badajoz, and had been despatched into Portugal for the purpose of conveying the stores,) whom I afterwards met in the aforesaid town, informed me that the whole party were equally bad; and that he and his companions had been plundered by them of various articles, and threatened with death if they attempted to complain. How frightful to figure to oneself an army of such beings in a foreign land, sent thither either to invade or defend.

At Estremoz, though still in Portugal, we find a very Gil Blasian kind of inn—

The cold was far too terrible to permit me to remain in the chamber to which I had been conducted; I therefore went down to a kind of kitchen on one side of the arched passage, which led under the house to the yard and stables. A tremendous withering blast poured through this passage, like the water through the flush of a mill. A large cork tree was blazing in the kitchen beneath a spacious chimney; and around it were gathered a noisy crew of peasants and farmers from the neighbourhood, and three or four Spanish smugglers from the frontier. I with difficulty obtained a place amongst them, as a Portuguese or a Spaniard will seldom make way for a stranger, till called upon or pushed aside, but prefers gazing upon him with an expression which seems to say, I know what you want, but I prefer remaining where I am.

I now first began to observe an alteration in the language spoken; it had become less sibilant, and more guttural; and, when addressing each other, the speakers used the Spanish title of courtesy *usted*, or your worthiness, instead of the Portuguese high flowing *vossem se*, or your lordship.

The adventures at this inn were quite in keeping with the locality. Lavishly as the English have poured forth their blood and treasure for the alleged advantage of foreign nations—and especially in the Peninsula—bitter hatred seems to be the prevailing feeling, where warm gratitude might have been looked for. The general feeling is, that all the sacrifices made by the British were to serve their own selfish purposes—to promote their own aggrandizement. Even in better-informed Germany, this opinion is nearly universal. At a sort of news-room in Elvas, kept by a Portuguese who had served in the British army, a good-looking young officer, who commanded at the gate of the town, came in while Mr. Borrow was there. After a few observations this person, we are told,

Began to burst forth in violent declamation against the English nation and government, who, he said, had at all times proved themselves selfish and deceitful, but that their present conduct in respect to Spain was particularly infamous; for though it was in their power to put an end to the war at once, by sending a large army thither, they preferred sending a handful of troops, in order that the war might be prolonged, for no other reason than that it was of advantage to them. Having paid him an ironical compliment for his politeness and urbanity, I asked whether he reckoned amongst the selfish actions of the English government and nation, their having expended hundreds of millions of pounds sterling, and an ocean of precious blood, in fighting the battles of Spain and Portugal against Napoleon. "Surely," said I, the fort of Elvas above our heads, and, still more, the castle of Badajoz over the water, speak volumes respecting English selfishness, and must, every time you view them, confirm you in the opinion which you have just expressed.

The Englishman became most patriotically angry, gave the Portuguese what is called a good setting down, and turned the laugh against him. Mr. Borrow was not even allowed to enter the fort at Badajoz, which tempts him to exclaim—

This is one of the beneficial results of protecting a nation and squandering blood and treasure in its defence. The English, who have never been at war with Portugal, who have fought for its independence on land and sea, and always with success; who have forced themselves by a treaty to commence to drink its coarse and filthy wines, which no other nation cares to taste, are the most unpopular people who visit Portugal. The French have ravaged the country with fire and sword, and shed the blood of its sons like water; the French buy not its fruits and loath its wines, yet there is no bad spirit in Portugal towards the French. . . . . There is no country in which the English are so popular as in France; but, though the French have been frequently roughly handled by the English, and have seen their capital occupied by an English army, they have never been subjected to the supposed ignominy of receiving assistance from them.

At Elvas, however, a Portuguese phœnix was discovered, a worthy tradesman, a man of talent though of rough manners, who hated the Papal system, and frankly volunteered to sell Bibles, scoffing at the idea of fee or reward, save being allowed to coöperate in a good cause.

At last the frontier was crossed, and Spain was entered; the traveller characteristically hailed by one of those Gil Blasian, sturdy, wine-bibbing, mendicants, who are as prompt with their curses of the niggard, as with their blessings on the liberal alms-giver.

It should be understood that the distributor or smuggler of the Bible in Spain is the very counterpart of the renowned Bampfylde Moore Carew, not merely in his familiarity with the gypsy haunts, habits, and *lingo*, but in his romantic attachment to that singular race. In reference to the scenes more fully described in his former work, "The Gypsies in Spain," he here relates—

It was at this town of Badajoz, the capital of Estremadura, that I first fell in with those singular people, the Zincali, Gitanos, or Spanish gypsies. It was here I met with the wild Paco, the man with the withered arm, who wielded the chakas (*shears*) with his left hand; his shrewd wife, Antonia, skilled in hokkano baro, or the great trick; the fierce gypsy, Antonio Lopez, their father-in-law; and many other almost equally singular individuals of the Errate, or gypsy blood. It was here that I first preached the gospel to the gypsy people, and commenced that translation of the New Testament in the Spanish gypsy tongue, a portion of which I subsequently printed at Madrid. . . . . During my stay at Badajoz, I had but little intercourse with the Spaniards, my time being chiefly devoted to the gypsies, with whom, from long intercourse with various sections of their race in different parts of the world, I felt myself much more at home than with the silent reserved men of Spain, with whom a foreigner might mingle for half a century without having half a dozen words addressed to him.

After remaining for three weeks at Badajoz, and seeing a great deal of his vagrant friends of the gypsy blood, who at once received him as a Calé, or one of themselves, he set off for Madrid, under the guidance of one of the number, who was bound "on business of Egypt," to a distant place. In withdrawing rather secretly from the town, the traveller went early one morning to the dwelling of his guide. We cannot say that we are particular admirers either of the gypsy jargon or manners. Still both are wild and curious.

It was a small mean building, situated in a dirty street. The morning was quite dark; the street, however, was partially illumined by a heap of lighted straw, round which two or three men were busily engaged, apparently holding an object over the flames. Presently the gypsy's door opened, and Antonio made his appearance; and, casting his eye in the direction of the light, exclaimed, "The swine have killed their brother; would that every Busno* was served as yonder hog is. Come in, brother, and we will eat the heart of that hog." I scarcely understood his words; but, following him, he led me into a low room in which was a brasero, or small pan full of lighted charcoal; beside it was a rude table, spread with a coarse linen cloth, upon which was bread and a large pipkin full of a mess which emitted no disagreeable savour. "The heart of the balichow is in that puchera," said Antonio; "eat, brother." We both sat down and ate, Antonio voraciously. When we had concluded, he arose:—"Have you got your *li*?" he demanded. "Here it is," said I, showing him my passport. "Good," said he, "you may want it; I want none, my passport is the bar lachi. Now for a glass of repani, and then for the road.

We left the room, the door of which he locked, hiding the key beneath a loose brick in a corner of the passage. "Go into the street, brother, whilst I fetch the caballerias from the stable."

Towards night they reached Merida; and the real gypsy left the imagined one without the walls until he had reconnoitred. The following adventure, and much that is to come, places an agent of the Bible Society in a rather awkward position:—

I dismounted from the horse, and sat down on a stone beneath the ruined wall to which Antonio had motioned me. The sun went down, and the air was exceedingly keen; I drew close around me an old tattered gypsy cloak with which my companion had provided me; and, being somewhat fatigued, fell into a doze which lasted for nearly an hour.

"Is your worship the London Caloro?" said a strange voice close beside me.

I started, and beheld the face of a woman peering under my hat. Notwithstanding the dusk, I could see that the features were hideously ugly, and almost black; they belonged, in fact, to a gypsy crone, at least seventy years of age, leaning upon a staff.

"Is your worship the London Caloro?" repeated she.

"I am he whom you seek," said I; "where is Antonio?"

"*Curelando, curelando, baribustres curelos terela*," [Doing business, doing business—he has much business to do] said the crone: "come with me, Caloro of my garlochin, come with me to my little ker, he will be there anon."

I followed the crone, who led the way into the town, which was ruinous and seemingly half deserted; we went up the street, from which she turned into a narrow and dark lane, and presently opened the gate of a large dilapidated house: "Come in," said she.

"And the gras?" I demanded.

"Bring the gras in too, my chabo, bring the gras in too; there is room for the gras in my little stable." We entered a large court, across which we proceeded till we came to a wide door-way. "Go in, my child of Egypt," said the hag; "go in, that is my little stable."

"The place is as dark as pitch," said I, "and may be a well for what I know; bring a light, or I will not enter."

"Give me the solabarri, *(bridle,)*" said the hag, "and I will lead your horse in, my chabo of Egypt—yes, and tether him to my little manger." She led the horse through the doorway, and I heard her busy in the darkness; presently the horse shook himself: "*Grasti terelamos*," said the hag, who now made her appearance with the bridle in her hand; "the horse has shaken himself, he is not harmed by his day's journey; now let us go in, my Caloro, into my little room."

We entered the house, and found ourselves in a vast room, which would have been quite dark but for a faint glow which appeared at the farther end; it proceeded

* The Busné are the Gentiles, including the Portuguese; or rather, all nations who are not gypsies or Calés.

from a brasero, beside which were squatted two dusky figures.

"These are Callees," said the hag; "one is my daughter, and the other is her chabi: sit down, my London Caloro, and let us hear you speak."

I looked about for a chair, but could see none; at a short distance, however, I perceived the end of a broken pillar lying on the floor; this I rolled to the brasero, and sat down upon it.

"This is a fine house, mother of the gypsies," said I to the hag, willing to gratify the desire she had expressed of hearing me speak; "a fine house is this of yours: rather cold and damp, though; it appears large enough to be a barrack for hundunares."

"Plenty of houses in this foros, plenty of houses in Merida, my London Caloro; some of them just as they were left by the Corahanoes: ah, a fine people are the Corahanoes; I often wish myself in their chim once more."

"How is this, mother," said I; "have you been in the land of the Moors?"

The old gypsy told the wild and marvellous adventures of her life, which we are forced to believe are somewhat indebted to the embellishments of the reporter. When she concluded her tale,

She commenced laughing loud and long, and when she had ceased, her daughter and grandchild took up the laugh, which they continued so long that I concluded they were all lunatics.

Hour succeeded hour, and still we sat crouching over the brasero, from which, by this time, all warmth had departed; the glow had long since disappeared, and only a few dying sparks were to be distinguished. The room or hall was now involved in utter darkness; the women were motionless and still; I shivered and began to feel uneasy. "Will Antonio be here to-night?" at length I demanded.

"*No tenga usted cuidao*, my London Caloro," said the Gypsy mother, in an unearthly tone; "Pepindorio [the Gypsy word for Antonio] has been here some time."

I was about to rise from my seat and attempt to escape from the house, when I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder, and in a moment I heard the voice of Antonio.

"Be not afraid, 'tis I, brother; we will have a light anon, and then supper."

The supper was rude enough, consisting of bread, cheese, and olives. Antonio, however, produced a leathern bottle of excellent wine; we despatched these viands by the light of an earthen lamp which was placed upon the floor.

"Now," said Antonio to the youngest female, "bring me the pajandi, and I will sing a gachapla."

The girl brought the guitar, which, with some difficulty, the Gypsy tuned, and then, strumming it vigorously, he sang:

"I stole a plump and bonny fowl,
But ere I well had dined,
The master came with scowl and growl,
And me would captive bind.

"My hat and mantle off I threw,
And scour'd across the lea,
Then cried the beng [devil] with loud halloo,
Where does the Gypsy flee?"

He continued playing and singing for a considerable time, the two younger females dancing in the meanwhile with unwearied diligence, whilst the aged mother occasionally snapped her fingers or beat time on the ground with her stick. At last Antonio suddenly laid down the instrument, exclaiming:—"I see the London Caloro is weary; enough, enough: to-morrow more thereof—we will now to the charipé (*bed.*)"—"With all my heart," said I; "where are we to sleep?"—"In the stable," said he, "in the manger; however cold the stable may be, we shall be warm enough in the bufa."

A strange house of entertainment this in which Mr. Borrow remained concealed for three days, while his companion was daily engaged abroad on "business of Egypt"—the gypsy phrase for schemes relating to cheating, stealing, and robbing. We were afraid that Mr. Borrow was about getting into the same sort of scrape with the gypsy *sowanee*, or sorceress, into which Captain Clapperton fell with the amorous and ambitious widow Wowwow; but it was only the hand of her accomplished granddaughter that the old lady earnestly tendered to the tall "London Caloro;" and this delicately, while the fair subject of their conversation was abroad in the town telling fortunes. The matrimonial affair was placed in a very tempting light; and, when the stranger pleaded that he could not support a *romi*, and also did not choose to settle in this *chim*, the old lady obviated all objections. Her granddaughter, she averred, could cheat, tell fortunes, and steal; and at Madrid would not fail to make a fortune, and wear silks and satins; while her *ro* rode about on his black-tailed *gra*;—or—

The chabi can cross the pani. Would she not do business in London with the rest of the Caloré? Or why not go to the land of the Corahai? In which case I would accompany you; I and my daughter, the mother of the chabi. . . . . Take the chabi, therefore, and go to Madrilati to win the parné, and when you have got it, return, and we will give a banquet to all the Busné in Merida, and in their food I will mix drow, and they shall eat and burst like poisoned sheep..... And when they have eaten we will leave them, and away to the land of the Moor, my London Caloro.

The "business of Egypt" did not carry Antonio so far as Madrid; and the London Caloro parted from the Badajoz Caloro in a wild pass; previous to which this singular conversation took place:—

Antonio.—Brother, I cannot imagine what business brought you to this country?

Myself.—Perhaps the same which brings you to this moor,—business of Egypt.

Antonio.—Not so, brother; you speak the language of Egypt, it is true, but your ways and words are neither those of the Calés nor of the Busné.

Myself.—Did you not hear me speak in the foros about God and Tebleque? It was to declare his glory to the Calés and Gentiles that I came to the land of Spain.

Antonio.—And who sent you on this errand?

Myself.—You would scarcely understand me were I to inform you. Know, however, that there are many in foreign lands who lament the darkness which envelops Spain, and the scenes of cruelty, robbery, and murder which deform it.

Antonio.—Are they Caloré or Busné?

Myself.—What matters it? Both Caloré and Busné are sons of the same God.

Antonio.—You lie, brother; they are not of one father nor of one Errate. You speak of robbery, cruelty, and murder. There are too many Busné, brother; if there were no Busné there would be neither robbery nor murder. The Caloré neither rob nor murder each other, the Busné do; nor are they cruel to their animals, their law forbids them. When I was a child, I was beating a burra, but my father stopped my hand, and chided me. "Hurt not the animal," said he;" for within it is the soul of your own sister!"

Myself.—And do you believe in this wild doctrine, O Antonio?

Antonio.—Sometimes I do, sometimes I do not. There are some who believe in nothing; not even that they live! Long since, I knew an old Caloro, he was old, very old, upwards of a hundred years,—and I once heard him say, that all we thought we saw was a lie; that there was no world, no men nor women, no horses nor mules, no olive trees. But whither are we straying? I asked what induced you to come to this country—you tell me the glory of God and Tebleque. Disparáte! tell that to the Busné. You have good reasons for coming, no doubt, else you would not be here. Some

say you are a spy of the Londoné, perhaps you are; I care not. Rise, brother, and tell me whether any one is coming down the pass.

Antonio must surely have heard of the writings of Berkeley, incredible as that may seem. If the reader cannot believe this, he may adopt any other hypothesis he pleases.

The remainder of the journey to Madrid was prosecuted solitarily, the traveller riding upon a beautiful ass, which he had purchased from the gypsy. His next striking adventure is even more extraordinary than his entertainment among the gypsies, as it is next to impossible to conjecture by what spell, save his wonderful power of personating Jew, Moor, or Gypsy, he was able to unlock the breast and tongue of the fellow-traveller who was thus overtaken, after a long ride in the dark:—

At length the moon shone out faintly, when suddenly by its beams I beheld a figure moving before me at a slight distance. I quickened the pace of the burra, and was soon close at its side. It went on, neither altering its pace nor looking round for a moment. It was the figure of a man, the tallest and bulkiest that I had hitherto seen in Spain, dressed in a manner strange and singular for the country. On his head was a hat with a low crown and broad brim, very much resembling that of an English wagoner; about his body was a long loose tunic or slop, seemingly of coarse ticken, open in front, so as to allow the interior garments to be occasionally seen; these appeared to consist of a jerkin and short velveteen pantaloons. I have said that the brim of the hat was broad, but, broad as it was, it was insufficient to cover an immense bush of coal-black hair, which, thick and curly, projected on either side; over the left shoulder was flung a kind of satchel, and in the right hand was held a long staff or pole.

There was something peculiarly strange about the figure; but what struck me the most was the tranquillity with which it moved along, taking no heed of me, though of course aware of my proximity, but looking straight forward along the road, save when it occasionally raised a huge face and large eyes towards the moon, which was now shining forth in the eastern quarter.

"A cold night," said I at last. "Is this the way to Talavera?"

"It is the way to Talavera, and the night is cold."

"I am going to Talavera," said I, "as I suppose you are yourself."

"I am going thither, so are you, *Bueno*."

The tones of the voice which delivered these words were in their way quite as strange and singular as the figure to which the voice belonged; they were not exactly the tones of a Spanish voice, and yet there was something in them that could hardly be foreign; the pronunciation also was correct, and the language, though singular, faultless. But I was most struck with the manner in which the last word, *bueno*, was spoken. I had heard something like it before, but where or when I could by no means remember. A pause now ensued; the figure stalking on as before with the most perfect indifference, and seemingly with no disposition either to seek or avoid conversation.

"Are you not afraid," said I at last, "to travel these roads in the dark? It is said that there are robbers abroad."

"Are you not rather afraid," replied the figure, "to travel these roads in the dark?—you who are ignorant of the country, who are a foreigner, an Englishman!"

"How is it that you know me to be an Englishman?" demanded I, much surprised.

"That is no difficult matter," replied the figure; "the sound of your voice was enough to tell me that."

"You speak of voices," said I; "suppose the tone of your own voice were to tell me who you are?"—"That it will not do," replied my companion; "you know nothing about me—you can know nothing about me."—"Be not sure of that my friend; I am acquainted with many things of which you have little idea."—"Por exemplo," said the figure.—"For example," said I; "you speak two languages."—The figure moved on, seemed to consider a moment, and then said slowly, *bueno*.

"You have two names," I continued; "one for the house and the other for the street; both are good, but the one by which you are called at home is the one which you like best."

The man walked on about ten paces, in the same manner as he had previously done; all of a sudden he turned, and taking the bridle of the burra gently in his hand, stopped her. I had now a full view of his face and figure, and those huge features and Herculean form still occasionally revisit me in my dreams. I see him standing in the moonshine, staring me in the face with his deep calm eyes. At last he said:

"*Es usted tambien de nosotros?*"

. . . . . .

It was late at night when we arrived at Talavera. We went to a large gloomy house, which my companion informed me was the principal posada of the town. We entered the kitchen, at the extremity of which a large fire was blazing. "Pepita," said my companion to a handsome girl who advanced smiling toward us; "a brasero and a private apartment; this cavalier is a friend of mine, and we shall sup together." We were shown to an apartment in which were two alcoves containing beds. After supper, which consisted of the very best, by the order of my companion, we sat over the brasero, and commenced talking.

Myself.—Of course you have conversed with Englishmen before, else you could not have recognised me by the tone of my voice.

Abarbenel.—I was a young lad when the war of the independence broke out, and there came to the village in which our family lived an English officer in order to teach discipline to the new levies. He was quartered in my father's house, where he conceived a great affection for me. On his departure, with the consent of my father, I attended him through both the Castiles, partly as companion, partly as domestic. I was with him nearly a year, when he was suddenly summoned to return to his own country. He would fain have taken me with him, but to that my father would by no means consent. It is now five-and-twenty years since I last saw an Englishman; but you have seen how I recognised you even in the dark night.

Myself.—And what kind of life do you pursue, and by what means do you obtain support?

Abarbenel.—I experience no difficulty. I live much in the same way as I believe my forefathers lived; certainly as my father did, for his course has been mine. At his death I took possession of the herencia, for I was his only child. It was not requisite that I should follow any business, for my wealth was great; yet, to avoid remark, I followed that of my father, who was a longanizero. I have occasionally dealt in wool; but lazily, lazily,—as I had no stimulus for exertion. I was, however, successful in many instances, strangely so; much more than many others who toiled day and night, and whose whole soul was in the trade.

Myself.—Have you any children? Are you married?

Abarbenel.—I have no children though I am married. I have a wife and an amiga, or I should rather say two wives, for I am wedded to both. I, however, call one my amiga, for appearance sake; for I wish to live in quiet, and am unwilling to offend the prejudices of the surrounding people.

Myself.—You say you are wealthy. In what does your wealth consist?

Abarbenel.—In gold and silver, and stones of price; for I have inherited all the hoards of my forefathers. The greater part is buried under ground; indeed, I have never examined the tenth part of it. I have coins of silver and gold older than the times of Ferdinand the Accursed and Jezebel; I have also large sums employed in usury. We keep ourselves close, however, and pretend to be poor, miserably so; but on certain occasions,

at our festivals, when our gates are barred, and our savage dogs are let loose in the court, we eat our food off services such as the Queen of Spain cannot boast of, and wash our feet in ewers of silver, fashioned and wrought before the Americas were discovered; though our garments are at all times coarse, and our food for the most part of the plainest description.

Myself.—Are there more of you than yourself and your two wives?

Abarbenel.—There are my two servants, who are likewise of us; the one is a youth, and is about to leave, being betrothed to one at some distance; the other is old: he is now upon the road, following me with a mule and car.

Myself.—And whither are you bound at present?

Abarbenel.—To Toledo, where I ply my trade occasionally of longanizero. I love to wander about, though I seldom stray far from home. Since I left the Englishman my feet have never once stepped beyond the bounds of New Castile. I love to visit Toledo, and to think of the times which have long since departed; I should establish myself there, were there not so many accursed ones, who look upon me with an evil eye.

Myself.—Are you known for what you are? Do the authorities molest you?

Abarbenel.—People of course suspect me to be what I am; but as I conform outwardly in most respects to their ways, they do not interfere with me. True it is that sometimes, when I enter the church to hear the mass, they glare at me over the left shoulder, as much as to say—"What do you here?" And sometimes they cross themselves as I pass by; but as they go no further, I do not trouble myself on that account. With respect to the authorities, they are not bad friends of mine. Many of the higher class have borrowed money from me on usury, so that I have them to a certain extent in my power; and as for the low alguazils and corchetes, they would do anything to oblige me in consideration of a few dollars, which I occasionally give them; so that matters upon the whole go on remarkably well. Of old, indeed, it was far otherwise; yet, I know not how it was, though other families suffered much, ours always enjoyed a tolerable share of tranquillity. The truth is, that our family has always known how to guide itself wonderfully. I may say there is much of the wisdom of the snake amongst us. We have always possessed friends; and with respect to enemies, it is by no means safe to meddle with us; for it is a rule of our house never to forgive an injury, and to spare neither trouble nor expense in bringing ruin and destruction upon the heads of our evil doers.

Myself.—Do the priests interfere with you?

Abarbenel.—They let me alone, especially in our own neighbourhood. Shortly after the death of my father, one hot-headed individual endeavoured to do me an evil turn; but I soon requited him, causing him to be imprisoned on a charge of blasphemy, and in prison he remained a long time, till he went mad and died.

Myself.—Have you a head in Spain, in whom is vested the chief authority?

Abarbenel.—Not exactly. There are, however, certain holy families who enjoy much consideration; my own is one of these—the chiefest, I may say. My grandsire was a particularly holy man; and I have heard my father say, that one night an archbishop came to his house secretly, merely to have the satisfaction of kissing his head.

Myself.—How can that be? what reverence could an archbishop entertain for one like yourself or your grandsire?

Abarbenel.—More than you imagine. He was one of us, at least his father was, and he could never forget what he had learned with reverence in his infancy. He said he had tried to forget it, but he could not; that the *ruah* was continually upon him, and that even from his childhood he had borne its terrors with a troubled mind, till at last he could bear himself no longer; so he went to my grandsire, with whom he remained one whole night; he then returned to his diocese, where he shortly afterwards died, in much renown for sanctity.

Myself.—What you say surprises me. Have you reason to suppose that many of you are to be found amongst the priesthood?

Abarbenel.—Not to suppose, but to know it. There are many such as I amongst the priesthood, and not amongst the inferior priesthood either: some of the most learned and famed of them in Spain have been of us, or of our blood at least, and many of them at this day think as I do. There is one particular festival of the year at which four dignified ecclesiastics are sure to visit me; and then, when all is made close and secure, and the fitting ceremonies have been gone through, they sit down upon the floor and curse.

Myself.—Are you numerous in the large towns?

Abarbenel.—By no means; our places of abode are seldom the large towns; we prefer the villages, and rarely enter the large towns but on business. Indeed, we are not a numerous people, and there are few provinces of Spain which contain more than twenty families. None of us are poor; and those among us who serve, do so more from choice than necessity, for by serving each other we acquire different trades. Not unfrequently the time of service is that of courtship also, and the servants eventually marry the daughters of the house.

We continued in discourse the greater part of the night; the next morning I prepared to depart. My companion, however, advised me to remain where I was for that day. "And if you respect my counsel," said he, "you will not proceed farther in this manner. To-night the diligence will arrive from Estremadura, on its way to Madrid. Deposit yourself therein; it is the safest and most speedy mode of travelling. As for your Caballeria, I will myself purchase her. My servant is here, and has informed me that she will be of service to us. Let us, therefore, pass the day together in communion, like brothers, and then proceed on our separate journeys." We did pass the day together; and when the diligence arrived I deposited myself within, and on the morning of the second day arrived at Madrid.

This is a long extract; but, besides its air of the marvellous, it is profitable as a true picture of a class which certainly still exists in Spain, and in considerable numbers.

Through the prudence and friendliness of Abarbenel, the agent of the Bible Society entered Madrid in a more respectable guise than he had quitted Badajos. Pious frauds, as those tacitly allowed, if not actually practised on Jew and gypsy, Carlist or Christino, never seem to have troubled his conscience. He had his "Bible business" to serve, and was invariably of the politics of the parties among whom he was placed; and we should imagine, that if he did not occasionally tacitly conform to their religion also, he gave no sign of difference of opinion. Mr. Borrow established himself in Madrid with a very fat, grandiose landlady, who said of her large empty saloon and small chamber—"Did you ever see so magnificent an apartment? Last winter it was occupied by the great General Espartero!" Her second boast was of her son, Baltasar, who was a swaggering, vapouring tailor in the Nationals—*intensely* Spanish, though of the Gascon breed, and not a little amusing. Mr. Borrow had no letters brought to any individual in Madrid, which is somewhat singular, as the members of the Bible Society must have had some means of introducing their agent to influential persons in the Spanish capital. Thus left to his own resources, he took the liberty of waiting upon Mr. Villiers, to solicit his interest for obtaining an interview with Mendizabal, who, at the moment, enjoyed unbounded power. After shivering for three hours in the ante-chamber of

the Minister, he was received upon the strength of Mr. Villiers' letter—and, behold! Mendizabal—

He stood behind a table covered with papers, on which his eyes were intently fixed. He took not the slightest notice when I entered, and I had leisure enough to survey him: he was a huge athletic man, somewhat taller than myself, who measure six feet two without my shoes; his complexion was florid, his features fine and regular, his nose quite aquiline, and his teeth splendidly white: though scarcely fifty years of age, his hair was remarkably grey; he was dressed in a rich morning gown, with a gold chain round his neck, and morocco slippers on his feet.

His secretary, a fine intellectual looking man, who, as I was subsequently informed, had acquired a name both in English and Spanish literature, stood at one end of the table with papers in his hands.

After I had been standing about a quarter of an hour, Mendizabal suddenly lifted up a pair of sharp eyes, and fixed them upon me with a peculiarly scrutinizing glance.

"I have seen a glance very similar to that amongst the Beni Israel," thought I to myself. . . .

My interview with him lasted nearly an hour. Some singular discourse passed between us: I found him, as I had been informed, a bitter enemy to the Bible Society, of which he spoke in terms of hatred and contempt, and by no means a friend to the Christian religion, which I could easily account for. I was not discouraged, however, and pressed upon him the matter which brought me thither, and was eventually so far successful, as to obtain a promise, that at the expiration of a few months, when he hoped the country would be in a more tranquil state, I should be allowed to print the Scriptures.

As I was going away he said, "Yours is not the first application I have had: ever since I have held the reins of government I have been pestered in this manner, by English calling themselves Evangelical Christians, who have of late come flocking over into Spain. Only last week a hunchbacked fellow found his way into my cabinet whilst I was engaged in important business, and told me that Christ was coming. . . . . And now you have made your appearance, and almost persuaded me to embroil myself yet more with the priesthood, as if they did not abhor me enough already. What a strange infatuation is this, which drives you over lands and waters with Bibles in your hands!! My good Sir, it is not Bibles we want, but rather guns and gunpowder, to put the rebels down with; and above all, money, that we may pay the troops. Whenever you come with these three things, you shall have a hearty welcome; if not, we really can dispense with your visits, however great the honour."

Myself.—There will be no end to the troubles of this afflicted country until the Gospel have free circulation.

Mendizabal.—I expected that answer, for I have not lived thirteen years in England without forming some acquaintance with the phraseology of you good folks. Now, now, pray go; you see how engaged I am. Come again whenever you please; but let it not be within the next three months.

The interval was occupied by "Don Jorge"—the style of Mr. George Borrow in Madrid—partly in seeing the sights of the capital; of which he thus speaks:—

I have visited most of the principal capitals of the world; but upon the whole none has ever so interested me as this city of Madrid, in which I now found myself. I will not dwell upon its streets, its edifices, its public squares, its fountains, though some of these are remarkable enough; but Petersburg has finer streets, Paris and Edinburgh more stately edifices, London far nobler squares, whilst Shiraz can boast of more costly fountains, though not cooler waters. But the population! Within a mud wall, scarcely one league and a half in circuit, are contained two hundred thousand human beings, certainly forming the most extraordinary vital mass to be found in the entire world; and be it always remembered that this mass is strictly Spanish. The population of Constantinople is extraordinary enough, but to form it twenty nations have contributed; Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Poles, Jews, the latter, by the by, of Spanish origin, and speaking amongst themselves the old Spanish language; but the huge population of Madrid, with the exception of a sprinkling of foreigners, chiefly French tailors, glove makers, and perruquiers, is strictly Spanish, though a considerable portion are not natives of the place. Here are no colonies of Germans, as at Saint Petersburg; no English factories, as at Lisbon; no multitudes of insolent Yankees lounging through the streets, as at the Havannah, with an air which seems to say, the land is our own whenever we choose to take it; but a population which, however strange and wild, and composed of various elements, is Spanish, and will remain so as long as the city itself shall exist. Hail, ye aguadores of Asturia! who, in your dress of coarse duffel and leathern skull-caps, are seen seated in hundreds by the fountain-sides, upon your empty water-casks, or staggering with them filled, to the topmost stories of lofty houses. Hail, ye caleseros of Valencia! who, lolling lazily against your vehicles, rasp tobacco for your paper cigars whilst waiting for a fare. Hail to you, beggars of La Mancha! men and women, who, wrapped in coarse blankets, demand charity indifferently at the gate of the palace or the prison. Hail to you, valets from the mountains, mayordomos and secretaries from Biscay and Guipuscoa, toreros from Andalusia, riposteros from Galicia, shopkeepers from Catalonia! Hail to ye, Castilians, Estremenians and Aragonese, of whatever calling! And lastly, genuine sons of the capital, rabble of Madrid, ye twenty thousand manolos, whose terrible knives, on the second morning of May, worked such grim havoc amongst the legions of Murat!

And the higher orders—the ladies and gentlemen, the cavaliers and señoras; shall I pass them by in silence! The truth is I have little to say about them; I mingled but little in their society, and what I saw of them by no means tended to exalt them in my imagination. I am not one of those who, wherever they go, make it a constant practice to disparage the higher orders, and to exalt the populace at their expense. There are many capitals in which the high aristocracy, the lords and ladies, the sons and daughters of nobility, constitute the most remarkable and the most interesting part of the population. This is the case at Vienna, and more especially at London. . . . . But with respect to the Spanish aristocracy, the ladies and gentlemen, the cavaliers and señoras, I believe the less that is said of them on the points to which I have just alluded the better. I confess, however, that I know little about them; they have, perhaps, their admirers, and to the pens of such I leave their panegyric. Le Sage has described them as they were nearly two centuries ago. His description is anything but captivating, and I do not think that they have improved since the period of the sketches of the immortal Frenchman. I would sooner talk of the lower class, not only of Madrid but of all Spain. The Spaniard of the lower class has much more interest for me, whether manolo, labourer, or muleteer. He is not a common being; he is an extraordinary man. He has not, it is true, the amiability and generosity of the Russian mujik, who will give his only rouble rather than the stranger shall want; nor his placid courage, which renders him insensible to fear, and at the command of his Tsar, sends him singing to certain death. There is more hardness and less self-devotion in the disposition of the Spaniard; he possesses, however, a spirit of proud independance, which it is impossible but to admire. He is ignorant, of course; but it is singular, that I have invariably found amongst the low and slightly educated classes far more liberality of sentiment than amongst the upper.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

PERAULT; OR, SLAVES AND THEIR MASTERS.

(*Continued from page 20 of our January No.*)

CHAPTER VII.

A GROUP of officers of the brigade were standing in the verandah, when Colonel Waldenberg joined them.

"Captain Osborne," said he, addressing one of the officers, "take a hundred of our best rifles, and advance to Bellgrove plantation. The surrounding country must be protected from the incursions of the Indians. I have made arrangements for your proceeding in canoes, so that you will not be fatigued marching through the forests."

Osborne bowed, and was retiring to issue orders, when Joolay came up, and catching him by the arm, dragged him into a corner.

"My dear fellow," said Joolay, with a most melancholy and imploring look, "I understand that you are proceeding to Bellgrove with a lot of your young chaps, to garrison the plantation."

"I am," said Osborne. "Do you go with us?"

"Can't get just now," said Joolay; "but tell Mr. Bellgrove that his son is safe. Please hand him that letter from his niece, which will explain all. Tell him we expect him here to-morrow. And I say, Captain, let the young chaps you take with you be the most steady, sober, cool-blooded fellows in your whole brigade."

"Why so?" inquired the Captain.

"You see," said Joolay, with a knowing look, "there are some fine nigger wenches about Bellgrove; and I beg, earnestly beg, Captain, that you'll issue a standing order, that your young fellows are not to meddle with them."

"You surprise me, Mr. Joolay," said Osborne.

"Oh! maybe I do," replied Joolay; "but you see, Captain, it looks horrid ugly to see a plantation peopled with mulattoes; and in that case, the overseer generally gets the blame. Now, my dear fellow, I've got a character,"—and here he laid his hand on his heart,—"and for my sake keep your young chaps well in. You understand me, eh?"

"You must issue the same orders here," said Osborne, laughing.

"No, no," answered Joolay. "You see there are no overseers here; so all the blame shall rest on the Cadets themselves."

"We shall see to it," said Osborne, as, turning to his brother officers, he told them Joolay's orders, which gave rise to much mirth, which was still farther increased as the overseer marshalled them to the dining-room, and, in absence of the lady of the mansion, did the honours of the table, boasting, in the most magniloquent terms, of his own military talents, and placing himself above all heroes ancient and modern.

Zada, in passing the door of the apartment, observed her brother enter, and heard him request of Joolay to allow him to return to Bellgrove with the canoes.

"No," answered Joolay; "Whackie and you stay here till I go. Gentlemen," continued he, addressing the officers, "there's a nigger for you—a rigglar wild-cat. Lord! if you had seen how he walloped the Indgines!"

The proud spirit of Zama could ill brook the contemptuous and haughty looks of the young planters, as they glanced at him, and with a proud look he folded his arms and returned their gaze.

"What a saucy, impudent dog," remarked some of them as they turned away.

"Ah!" cried Joolay, "he's a clever chap, Zama—worth a thousand dollars in any market: devil of a pity he's a nigger. If he'd been a white man, like me, he'd gotten on famously!"

Zama heard no more, for, turning on his heel, he suddenly left the apartment.

Zada followed her brother, and found him leaning against one of the pillars in the verandah, groaning in bitter agony of soul.

"Zama," said the affectionate girl, as she threw her arms around his neck, "Zama, what means this burst of grief?"

"Oh, Zada, can it be otherwise," he answered, leaning his forehead on her shoulder, "when I reflect that I am a *slave*."

"Then, my brother, look around you, and behold how many thousands, nay, millions of our race, are the same."

"That is the worst of it," replied Zama, bitterly; "for even were I free, the curse of Heaven would still cling to me, and the white man would despise and spurn me for my complexion."

"Oh! cease to talk thus," said Zada, reproachfully, "nor raise thy voice in vain upbraiding against that Power who made thee what thou art."

"Zada, my dear Zada," he exclaimed, "I have done deeds this day which, had my features been white, instead of Ethiopian dye, would have entitled me to esteem and honour. As I am, what have I gained by it? Insult and contumely! A slave I am—degraded, lost, dishonoured—a slave I must remain!"

"Alas, Zama, what wouldst thou be?" inquired his sister.

"I would be *free*, my sister—*free* as the eagle that soars o'er yon forest. Oh, God! how glorious the thought, that man should bend to nought but his Creator!"

"Ah, Zama, Zama, 'tis a wild and a vain thought. Look around you, and ask where is freedom to be found? Mark the young white men whom you envy so much: the greater number of them are compelled to toil through life like slaves, ay, worse at times than the poor negro they despise. Oh! Zama, I could tell you of some noble-minded youths, the sole support of helpless, aged parents, whose lives are gall and wormwood, bound to submit to every capricious whim, and every insolent word of brutal and tyrannical employers. They dare not murmur; for if they did, they would

be driven to the world, without hope, without succour: yet with galled spirits, and broken hearts, they must submit and toil on. Contrast them with the poor negro: in many cases the latter has the advantage."

"What!" exclaimed Zama, angrily, "wouldst thou argue me into love of slavery? Art thou so fond of our degraded lot?"

"Not so, my dear brother," she answered; "but when I look upon young white females, who are dependent upon others, and who, to gain a morsel of bread, must submit to the vilest drudgery, and calmly bend to insolent and tyrannic pride, I have thanked Heaven that my lot was cast with one whom, next to my God, I honour and adore —my own beloved and loving lady! You tremble, Zama: have I offended you?"

"No, dearest—thy lady! Yes, love dwells in all around her—air, earth, and sky seem hallowed with her presence; let us talk no more of her, Zada. Alas! were I free, I'd seek for other lands where the tincture of my skin would be no barrier to bravery. I'd live a soldier's life, and seek a soldier's grave."

"A soldier's life, Zama!—a slave of slaves. Is not the soldier but the bond-slave of his superiors? I have often read and heard that the poor soldier is lashed, at times, worse than ever any negro was."

"What sayest thou to a sailor's life, then?" inquired Zama.

"The same objection that I have to a soldier's; but often more toil and worse usage," she answered.

"But it is only the vile and bad of them who are kept down," he argued.

"The same with the negroes," answered Zada. "'Tis only the vile and bad of them who suffer punishment. Didst thou ever behold a well-behaved negro punished? Did Mr. Bellgrove ever punish his negroes wantonly?"

"Never, Zada—never. He treats them as a father would his children."

"Then, Zama, repay him with the affection you ought, and repine not. Believe me, you will find the white man oftener in worse bondage than the negro ever could be."

"Cease, Zada—cease to talk thus!" exclaimed Zama, fiercely. "Thy reasoning can never remove the bitter sting of *slavery* which thou, and I, and all our hapless brethren writhe under."

"And which thy offspring and theirs must ever endure!" exclaimed a deep, stern voice, from beneath the verandah.

With an exclamation of terror, Zada clung to her brother, who looked around for the intruder, but could discover no one.

"We have been overheard, Zada. Retire; no one dare harm thee while I am nigh," said Zama.

A slight rustling amongst the shrubbery was now heard; and Zada, loosing herself from her brother's embrace, murmured—"Good night," and hurried to rejoin her mistress.

"Who, and what are you?" cried Zama, as a dark figure emerged from the shrubbery.

"An old friend and comrade," exclaimed the stranger, advancing.

"Thy name?" inquired Zama.

"PERAULT!" exclaimed the stranger, as he leaped over the balustrade into the verandah; and, catching Zama in his arms with a firm embrace, said—"Hast thou forgotten me!"

Zama returned the embrace with much cordiality, and expressed his joy at the meeting. "'Tis so unexpected," he said. "How came you here?"

"In the honourable capacity of guide to my master's horse," said Perault, with bitterness. I had not long arrived, and tired of attending on him who *owns* me, I strolled forth to hear the bull-frogs croak, and the locust and grasshopper chirp their vesper hymn. Hearing thy voice, I turned hither, and overheard thee repining at thy bitter lot. But where is Zada?"

"She was alarmed, and fled," answered Zama.

"'Tis a pity," said Perault, heaving a deep sigh; "a great pity that a girl so noble-minded as Zada, should be dragged forth to a public market, like a beast of burden, exposed to the view of the rude and vulgar, and sold to the highest bidder."

"What mean ye, Perault?" cried Zama, with a shudder, as he placed his hand on Perault's arm.

"And then," continued Perault, as if unmindful of the interruption, "to see the monsters feeling her joints, and passing their brutal jests on her; to behold her bathed in tears, looking with imploring eyes for succour!"

"Death and hell!" exclaimed Zama, as he clutched Perault firmly by the throat; "utter but another word in that strain, and by heaven I will strangle thee!"

"Stay, my friend, unloose thy grasp; I speak but of the fate of *slaves*," said Perault, as he gently relaxed the hand of Zama. "Are we not liable to be sold when it suits the whim of our masters? Suppose it should be *thyself* who stood upon the hated platform in the slave-market, how would thy haughty spirit brook the ruffian jests of the detested slave-dealers, and the disdainful looks of the haughty planters: to have thy good qualities bellowed out to the gaping crowd, and paced up and down like a horse for sale?"

"Perault, I give thee fair warning," said Zama, his voice quivering with rage. "Beware! and provoke me no farther."

"Then suppose 'twas *I*—Perault, the favoured slave amongst a thousand," said the negro, still urging his point. "I who am pointed out by the passers-by as the haughtiest slave in the city: how would I feel, stationed on the market platform, and the accursed placard o'er my head, 'For sale, Perault, an *educated* Negro?' Mark me, Zama! Colonel Waldenberg will soon be married to the lady of this mansion. Ha! you start at that? I, his favourite slave, will be discarded; Zada, thy sister—*her* favourite slave—will be given up. What have we to look to? The slave-market!—sold to some brutal tyrant! We are unfit for labour—the whip must force us on to toil! 'Tis a pleasing prospect, is it not?"

"In mercy cease this theme!" said Zama, faintly; "it sickens me almost to death!"

"Most gladly would I cease," rejoined Perault, "if thou could'st cause the *slave-dealers* to cease also."

"Alas! what can we do?" cried Zama.

"We are men," said Perault, "and can strike for freedom!"

"Only to meet with defeat and death," said Zama.

"Better to die in freedom's cause, than live in bands of slavery!" said Perault. "Now, Zama, suppose that fifteen thousand negroes were at this moment leagued to vindicate their freedom, and wrench the chains of slavery asunder—wouldst thou join them?"

"With heart and soul!" exclaimed Zama.

"Wilt thou be true and secret?" said Perault.

"Both," answered Zama; "or may my soul pay the forfeit!"

"Thy hand on't, my noble Zama! Then learn," —and here Perault's voice sunk into a stern, low whisper,—"I have stirred the negroes in the city on to revolt: full fifteen thousand, fully armed, await my signal to wrap the city in flames,—then seize the shipping, and escape to Hayti."

"You amaze and confuse me, Perault," said Zama, starting up. "What if this plot should be discovered?"

"Our plans are too well laid," answered the conspirator. "I have just now returned from Hayti, where King Christophe and his free negro subjects have already assigned us a rich and fertile portion of the island, and await with open arms our coming. Ha! my Zama, with fifteen thousand well-armed followers at our back, e'en King Christophe might tremble on his throne, and from the hills of Hayti the negroes' name might ring throughout the western world!"

"I am so confused," said Zama, "that my very brain seems swimming round."

"A new light hath burst upon thy mind," replied Perault; "a field of fame and glory lies before thee. The seeds of sedition are sown throughout the whole plantations, and scarcely a family in the city, or for miles around it, but have their negroes in the plot. Even on this plantation, and on Bellgrove, there are parties in it."

"Perault," said Zama, "I cannot consent to this. I will not, cannot harm my good, kind master; and Miss Bellgrove,—so young, so lovely. No, Matilda; no—that cannot be."

"So ho! friend Zama, sets the wind in that quarter? What, injure *her*? No; for thy sake she shall be safe. Nay, more, Zama, what will prevent thee *carrying her off to Hayti*? Trust me, were she once there, and none but negroes around her, she would cling to one who could, and would protect her."

"Cease, Perault, cease!—I feel fatigued and sick at heart. To-morrow we will talk of this."

"To-morrow, at day-break, meet me in yonder citron grove. Good-night, Zama,—dream of liberty, power, and love!" So saying, he parted from Zama, who, with swelling bosom, sought the apartment of Joolay; but finding that he was still carousing with the young officers, he left the care of the overseer to Whackie, and retired to the apartment allotted to himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

"How do you feel after yesterday's work?" said Captain Waldenberg to his friend Galliard, as they met on the banks of the Wandoo.

"Confoundedly fatigued, I assure you," answered Galliard; "and I have been annoyed all morning with that chatterbox of a negro of mine, who arrived with the rest of our servants last night."

"What, Tom? he is a genuine negro dandy!" said the Captain, laughing.

"Yes," said the Lieutenant, laughing; "too much so. The rascal makes free with my clothes on all occasions: gives his tea and supper-parties too. I caught him, a few nights ago, figuring in a dress-coat of mine; and when I swore at him for it, the fellow grinned in my face, and told me 'he hab a ball and a card-party in de ketchen, an' he mos' look like a genelum for *my* credit!' I could have kicked the scamp out of the room!"

"You are too easy with him, Galliard. But, heigho! it's the fault with us Carolinians,—we allow the rascals too much liberty. By the by, how are you going to kill time here? for it seems we'll not kill aught else, since the Cherokees have taken leg bail."

"Suppose we take a look at this plantation, and see how it thrives under petticoat government?"

"Agreed; and, in the first place, we'll take a peep at the negroes and the pigs."

Arm in arm, the two friends sauntered past the negro huts. Some were neatly painted white, and the windows green; while around others the vines, the jessamine, honeysuckle, and the Mexican rose, were trained, so that the huts looked like lovely bowers. In front of each was a neat garden-plot, decorated with orange, pomegranate, and fig trees, while the beautiful shady pride-of-India trees, threw their canopies in front of the entrances. Hearing the voices of children proceeding from one of the larger huts, the friends bent their steps thither; and looking through one of the low windows, witnessed a scene which excited their mirth. The hut was one of those where the children of the negroes are committed to the charge of the elder females during the space the parents are at work—a sort of juvenile negro-school, where the old negresses inculcate the greater part of the moral education which the negroes ever receive. In this hut were assembled about a score of little blackies, the eldest of whom would not be above five years of age. All were dressed in short frocks of clean white Osnaburg, and their round chubby faces bore the very look of happiness.

It was their breakfast hour, and the little ones were all busy at their messes of hominey and molasses, while the old negress was sipping her coffee in a corner by herself. One little urchin had seized upon a large pot full of hominey, into which he had poured a double allowance of treacle, and was defending his possession against other two little negroes who stood close by him with wooden spoons, looking most indignantly at the little glutton, as he sat with the dish between his legs, and eating with all possible speed—now and then knocking aside the spoons of the excluded mem-

bers of the mess, as they vainly endeavoured to partake with him.

"I take some hominey wid you, Billy?" said one of the urchins, as he set himself down coaxingly at the side of the devourer.

"No!" cried the young rascal, with a growl, such as a dog would salute a canine friend with, which, self-invited, wished to partake of a bone. "No!" and he grasped the dish firmer, and whisked his back to the proposer.

"Mumma Wenus say we mos' take our breakstuff wid you," said the other, flourishing his spoon, and making a dive at the hominey.

"No!" cried the selfish rogue, as he filled his mouth, and grasping the dish closer to him, twined his legs around it.

"You no gone for sup him all, Billy?" said one of the boys, with a melancholy whine.

"Iss I is!" cried Billy, whisking himself round again.

The two young urchins perceiving that Billy was resolved to maintain his illegal possession, instantly resolved to deprive him thereof by a summary process. Seizing him by the shoulders, they endeavoured to drag him from the dish; but Billy would not untwine his legs, till one of the little negroes hit him a smart rap over the shins with his spoon. A sharp struggle now ensued; but Billy, finding he was likely to be defeated, exclaimed,—"No, you no get none! You sup him now?" cried he, with a chuckle, as he thrust his dirty foot into the dish.

"Oh! you nasty beast!" cried the two boys.

Billy, too eager on his revenge, had forgot that the hominey was *hot*, and, with a loud yell, he hastily drew his foot back, severely burned.

"Wot's de matter now?" cried the old nurse.

"He Billy, ma'am!" responded one of the boys.

"Wot is Billy do now?" inquired she.

"He put him foot in de hominey, ma'am, to keep Coopid an' me from sop wid him."

"Oh! de dorty dam leely blagart!" exclaimed the nurse, flouncing round in her chair. "Bring me dat dere cowskin!"

The boys started forward, and presented the dreaded cowskin to the nurse, with more awe and reverence than ever minister of state presented a sceptre to his liege lord.

"Come here, you leely dorty piccaneeny!" cried the nurse, as she shook the cowskin at the culprit.

"I can't come, ma'am!" whined Billy.

"Why you no can come, eh?" inquired she.

"'Cause I bu'n my foot!" he whined. Billy, however, was forced to limp up.

"Down on you knees, Sar," said the nurse; "if you cry one single word, I flog you ten time more. Now, you leely boys and gals, see what nigger boy get for put him foot in hominey." Whack-whack-whack. "Hold you tongue, you leely blagart!" Whack-whack-whack. "Now, Sar; ax pardon of leely Coopid and Bacchus for spoil him breakstuff, an' say you no spoil em hominey an' molasses no more."

Billy obeyed orders, and was dismissed with an application of the cowskin, which made him run off, forgetful of his burned foot—as he rubbed the affected part most strenuously.

Laughing heartily at the old dame's method of administering justice, the two friends turned from the hut, and observed a handsomely-dressed female in one of the gardens, conversing with some negro children, who were training the tendrils of some vines, so as to form a porch over the garden gate. "There's an elegant figure," exclaimed Waldenberg. "I have never seen a female form of more beautiful symmetry!"

"Suppose we accost her," said Galliard. "Oh! we're too late; there she goes into the hut. What a noble gesture she has! Come, Captain, I don't care if we call on the negro 'Massa' of the next hut, to see this damsel."

With hasty steps they approached the gate, and entered into the garden. "Who lives here, my girl?" said Galliard, to a happy-looking little negress.

"He Mumma Kattey, Sar," answered the girl, dropping a curtsey: "Mumma Kattey been werry sick for long time, an' we come for help she."

"Is there a lady with her just now?" inquired Galliard.

"Yes, Massa; he Zada wid him—jost gone in," answered the little negress.

The friends advanced towards the hut, but hesitated to enter.

"I am glad you are getting better, Mumma," said a soft sweet voice, which sounded on the ears of the young men like the notes of a mellow flute.

"Tankee, Missee Zada," answered the old invalid; "I is get betta; tanks for you kindness, an' my good sweet lady."

"She is coming to see you, Muma," said the sweet voice again.

"La, yearee dat!" exclaimed the old negress. "Has my sweet Missee got betta so soon, and come for see I?—well, I is glad!"

"She is quite recovered, and quite happy now," said the damsel.

Galliard and Captain Waldenberg now entered the hut; and both drew back with surprise, when Zada, startled at their appearance, looked round.

"'Sdeath! its only a negress!" exclaimed Galliard, peevishly.

Waldenberg, who instantly noticed the regularly formed features of the girl, said, half bantering, "Ah! my lovely girl, can't you withdraw the dark veil that covers those beautiful features?"

Zada stepped back—her large eyes kindling with indignation as she answered—"When the officers of the Cadet Brigade can act like gentlemen, then the poor negress may change her colour!"

Both the young men keenly felt the rebuke, and the blush of anger and shame rushed to their cheeks. Galliard bit his lip as he haughtily said—"The Cadet Brigade respect your whole sex—no matter what the colour may be."

Here the old crone struck in with a "Yeh! you two imperant buccra wagibone, wot you mean; who send for you here, eh? Get along wid you."

"Nay—nay, Mumma, don't be angry; we only come to ask for you," said the Captain, laughing.

"Wot you know 'bout I—eh?"

"Oh! we heard you were sick, and came to give you a dollar or two, to buy something nice to cure you."

"An' wot I buy on de plantation—eh?"

"You can send to town for what you want."

"My Missee gib me all I want, and I no need you money, Sar!—Much oblige to you, tho'."

The sound of voices approaching the hut caused Galliard to turn, and he hastily addressed Waldenberg:—"Here we're fairly caught—here comes Perault and another negro: no doubt your brother and the rest are here also."

Perault and Zama now entered the hut, and both looked with surprise on the two officers. Perault bent a keen glance at Waldenberg, and another at Zada, and his lip curled with a disdainful smile.

"You are surprised at finding us here, Perault," said Galliard.

"Not so," answered Perault, in a smooth sly tone, while he shrugged up his shoulders. "Wherever a sweet-tongued female is to be found, 'tis a sufficient lure for young gallants!"

Zama started, and cast an angry look at Zada, then exchanged glances of deep meaning with Perault; while Galliard and Waldenberg felt as if they could have knocked him down. A loud cry of alarm from the garden now attracted their attention, and one of the negro children rushed into the hut, shrieking, "Obi! Obi! hide me—hide me!"

"Hush, child!" said Zada, as the little one rushed into her arms. "Obi will not harm you."

An aged personage tottered into the hut. The stranger was dressed in a long, flowing dark robe, and the face was almost entirely enveloped in a large dark shawl twisted like a turban, and veil; part of the forehead was exposed, and bore a deep scar in the centre.

"We are going to have a snug family party, I see," said Galliard. "Are you coming, Waldenberg?"

The Obi uttered a piercing cry, and reeled towards the door, exclaiming, "Waldenberg, said he?"

"What ails the old hag?" said the Captain. "Here, Obi, tell me my fortune!"

"Mercy—mercy! spare me!" shrieked Obi, rushing from the hut.

"Plague take the frantic fool!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Allow me to follow the silly wretch," said Perault, and he hurried after the Obi, whom, after a smart chase, he made up to, and caught hold of the fancied charmed dress.

"I am innocent! I am innocent!" shrieked the Obi, falling at the feet of Perault.

"Fool! arise: who talks of guilt?" said Perault. "Answer me this: when did'st thou hear from Woonah?"

The Obi fell prostrate, and exclaimed, "Spare me—I will tell all!"

"Look up," said Perault; "behold one of thy tribe! By the mark on thy brow I know thee. Behold! I bear the same. Rise, thou art safe!"

Trembling and fearful, the Obi arose, and with timid looks gazed on the mark on the brow of Perault.

"Be satisfied," said Perault; "but, mark me! thou art surrounded by danger here. Hie to thy dwelling: give me the clue to find thee."

"In the deep shade of the forest, about three miles from this, stands a lone hut. It is in that direction," and he pointed westward. "There Obi dwells, lonely and unprotected."

"I will meet thee there at midnight. Place a torch in thy window to guide my footsteps through the swamp. Alone I will come. I wish thy advice, good Obi, in a matter interesting to all our poor negro race. 'Tis against our hated oppressors. To-night I will meet thee. Away!" So saying, he turned, leaving the Obi to wend through the forest.

Perault had not proceeded far on his return to the plantation, till he observed the Colonel and Mr. Joolay approaching. With a deep muttered curse, he turned from the path, and perceiving a small gate which led into the garden, pushed it open and entered. Here the sound of female voices caused him to pause, when, observing Miss Bellgrove and Letia on the footpath, he again turned, and ascended an artificial mound, around which a winding footpath led to the summit. The mound was covered with the rarest and most brilliant shrubs and flowers, and even the eye of the discontented conspirator wandered with delight over the fairy scene. At length he reached the summit, and gazed with rapture on the glorious landscape, which lay stretched like a map before him. At a short distance from him stood the mansion-house, embowered amid orange and citron trees, from the dark green leaves of which, the golden fruit burst forth, and glittered in the morning ray, while clumps of myrtle and roses diversified the lovely scene; farther on lay the negro huts, surrounded by their beautiful gardens; while the orange, mulberry, pomegranate, and fig trees, united with the spreading pride-of-India in forming a grateful and a pleasing shade: here the high cocoa and the palm-tree, threw forth their crested heads, towering proudly over the other trees. Again his eye rested on the clearings, in which the negroes were scattered in small groups, hoeing the soil; where the bright green leaves of the cotton shrub, diversified with its lovely flowers, looked like a sweet garden. Wandering from these, his eye rested on the broad expanse of the noble Wandoo, its banks spread with rice-grounds, from which the green crop was waving; and, in the back-ground, lay the boundless dark forest and its dreary wilds. Various and conflicting feelings arose within the bosom of Perault, as he looked on the fair scene before him. Shouts of laughter from the negroes, mingling with their gay songs, came on his ear; while the richest perfumes arose from earth's rarest flowers, and floated richly on the luxuriant balmy gale.

"Here, at least," said he, "my unhappy race have met with peace. 'Tis a pity that a spot so fair as this should be polluted by the breath of slavery. When the volcano bursts o'er nature's brightest scenes, does it feel for the lovely vine

yard it destroys? No: when the burning lava rolls on its fiery course, earth's gayest gardens and its proudest palaces, are wrapped remorselessly within its blazing, wild embrace. I will yet lead those bands to happier lands, and fairer scenes than this; and they will soon forget this spot, over which the angel of destruction now hovers."

CHAPTER IX.

At the entrance to the garden, Letia and Matilda met Waldenberg and Joolay.

"Ha! my beauties," cried Joolay, "there you are. Letia, my charming little laughing gipsy, I'm glad to see you. Your father told me last night you were almost dead; don't wonder at it; fearful work yon!" and Joolay shook his head, and looked as grave as an over-laden donkey.

There was a vast contrast in the rough salutation of the overseer, and the polished address of the Colonel. Nowhere is there deeper homage paid to the fair sex than in Carolina; and Colonel Waldenberg threw into his manners all the deep devotion of the friend and the admirer. To both, his looks and language were apparently dictated by the feelings of refined delicacy; and it was only in the soul-telling glance, and the more softened expression of the countenance, as he turned his eyes on Matilda, that one could read the emotions of his heart.

Conversing on the events of the foregoing day, they rambled onward; when the sound of lamentation arose on their ears, and a young negro girl was seen sitting beneath a pomegranate tree, weeping very bitterly.

"Sally," said Miss Bellgrove, "why do you weep thus?"

"Oh! ma'am," sobbed the girl; "I been insulted, ma'am!"

"I'll take a bet," said Joolay, "that some of these young wags of yours, Colonel, have been making love to that wench."

"You tell falsehood, Massa Joolay," said the girl, rising indignantly. "I tink more ob myself, dan listen to the young buccra genelem. Oh! Missee, he Haman insult I." And she again fell a-crying.

"Haman," said Matilda; "he is a sad rogue! What new mischief has he been about now?"

"He make song on me, ma'am; and make all de niggers laugh at me. I shall cry myshef to death, so I shall!" And she gave evident tokens of her suicidal intention, by roaring most grievously.

"He is always making songs on somebody," said Matilda. "You know, Sally, he makes them even on me; but you should not cry so—laugh at him; and when he finds he can't vex you, he will compose no more songs on you."

"I can't laugh, ma'am," sobbed the girl, "when he cause—my Joe and Jim go fight about me—and all de rest—stan' by and laugh at 'em."

"Why, Sally," replied Matilda, "you keep these two poor fellows continually fighting; you should marry one of them, and then you would live quietly and happily."

"Oh no, Missee!" said the girl, with an indignant toss of her head; "nigger girl may hab two sweetheart as well as white lady. And if Joe and Jim go fight for me, I know some white genelem do de same for white lady, and fight far worser."

Matilda's face flushed with shame and displeasure; and Colonel Waldenberg felt the blood tingling in his cheeks, at the impertinent remark of the negress; while Joolay, with a loud roar of laughter, bellowed,—"Capital! capital! keh, keh, keh! Colonel, that's a hit at you and Maitland fighting a duel about a certain lady. Oh, Lord! the idea of you two being compared to two niggers! ha, ha, ha! two niggers fighting a duel! keh, keh, keh!"

"Mr. Joolay," said Waldenberg, with tones most bland, while his eyes were sparkling with fury, "there are ladies here, whom common sense—I talk not to *you* of good breeding—might teach you to respect."

"Phoo! my dear Colonel, it's all a joke. None of your honey and arsenic words to me: mixing sweets with poison won't do. Miss Bellgrove, I'm a most unlucky dog; when I get merry I'm just like the donkey dancing amongst the eggs—always sure to do some damage; so just forgive and forget, my darlings!"

"Oh, Missee!" cried Sally, starting up, "dere is dat imperant wagabone, Haman, come here; do gib him good scold."

"I'm not very good at that work," said Matilda, while she smiled at the earnestness of the girl. "But here is Mr. Joolay; and we'll hand Haman over to him."

"Is that the nigger that made me run after him yesterday?" said Joolay, "and then sung a blasted nigger song about me, because I couldn't catch him? If it is the same Haman, I'll serve him out in style: by the hookey, I'll do to him as old Queen Esther's husband, Ahasuerus, did to Haman of old."

"Nay, nay," said Matilda; "Haman is a good and faithful negro: he is a natural improvisatore; and his songs and satires keep us always in humour. The negroes dread his satirical songs more than they would do your whip. Here he comes, and a stranger with him."

"A stranger!" cried Joolay; "blow me if it isn't a rigglar nigger dandy!"

"Bless me!" exclaimed Letia, "who is that?"

"That is Lieutenant Galliard's valet, negro Tom; a negro dandy of the first water," answered Colonel Waldenberg, smiling; "but he seems wonderfully zealous, and excited in his language and gestures; don't let us interrupt them;" and the Colonel, along with the party, walked into another path. Tom's loud tongue, however, was going as if it had been swung in the middle; and the conversation of the two negroes was distinctly heard.

"I tell you wot it is, my good friend, Massa Haman," said Tom, "you is a most complete genises."

"Genesis?" inquired Haman; "wot you call dat?"

"Lor! how ignoram you is," responded Tom.

"Genisse, my dear Sar, is de French language for —dam clever fellow!"

"Is he?" said Haman. "'Pon soul, I tink you is flatter me!"

"De language ob de heart, Sar, is not de flattery," said Tom, "as Massa Shakimpear say."

"Shakimpear?" inquired Haman; "who nigger he is?"

"Gor Ormighty!" exclaimed Tom; "you no know Massa Shakimpear? I no know wheder him was buccra or nigger; but him make play. See him often. Him dead now. Him was die at New York ob yellow fever!"

"Poor debil!" ejaculated Haman.

Tom's sketch of the life of Shakspere fairly upset the gravity of the company who overheard it; and the ladies had given way to the most uncontrolled laughter when the cause of their mirth, arm in arm with Haman, suddenly confronted them. His appearance was nowise calculated to allay their merriment; and even Joolay joined in the loud laughter, as he examined the negro's dress, and exclaimed, "Dash me, if ever I saw a nigger maccaroni before! Keh, keh, keh!" And he chuckled long and loudly. And Tom was a buck —a leading dandy, of the first water, and a flash-swell of the negro world, of the city of Carlville; and the dress with which he had adorned his elegant person (for Tom thought himself the most fashionable and handsome negro on earth) displayed the refined taste of this sable Adonis. His unmentionables were white, and fitted tight to his shape, displaying his cucumber legs and bullet calves to great advantage; while a pair of buff boots, with huge white tassels dangling in front, completed his nether sheathing. Next came a flaming red vest, from the open bosom of which a plaited shirt-frill, of most formidable width, obtruded like a *chevaux de frize*. Next came a bright red high stock, sticking tightly under the chin, elevating his face to the skies, as if he scorned to look on the earth, and was watching the firmament; then, on a level with the eyes, arose the shirt-collar, from each side of which appeared the countenance, looking like a singed sheep's head; then came a very light-coloured blue coat, exceedingly short in the waist, and excessively long in the tails, which tails dwindled away to the sharpness of a boatswain's marlinespike. On his woolly pate a small hat was most jauntily fixed to one side, and over the shoulders of the coat appeared a flashy red ribbon, which sustained a quizzing-glass of huge dimensions. To complete the effect, Tom carried in his hand a dashing, purple stick, ornamented with a huge brass head, from which was suspended a red worsted cord and tassel. Tom, on approaching the parties, raised his hat, with refined elegance, between his finger and thumb, and, bowing and scraping, as if his back-bone went on a spring, gently murmured, "Your slave, ladies! Genelem, your sarvant!"

"Well, Tom," said Colonel Waldenberg, "what has become of your master?"

"Massa is follow my example, Sar," responded Tom; "him is spend him time to de best advantage."

Haman had stood grinning at Joolay, who was muttering some hard oaths between his teeth at the negro. Matilda, being apprehensive of an outbreak from Joolay, addressed Haman very gravely.

"I am sorry to hear that you have been insulting poor Sally. I will not suffer this; so, Haman, you must take care in future."

"Lor! Missee," said Haman, "I no insult Sally. Dat gal keep de whole plantation in uproar wid her sweetheart. When white genelem quarrel about dere sweetheart, dey go get pistol, and shoot one anoder decene like; but when nigger quarrel about dere sweetheart, Goley! dey break 'em hoes ober one anoder heads, and put de plantation to expense. Now, dat no do; so Sally must behave heshef. Sally hab bow-leg Jim, and knock-knee Joe, for sweetheart, and dey fight like de berry debil about she: so I compose song on 'em. You like for yearee de song, Missee? Stop I tune my bango!" Without any farther prelude, Haman struck his fingers on a little African drum which he carried, and sung with great glee:—

Our wench Sally
  She hab two beau,
Dere's bow-legged Jim
  And knock-knee Joe.
To win dis gal
  To dere embrace,
Poor Jim and Joe
  Would try a race.
Jim couldn't run,
  For tread him toe!
De skin rub off
  De knees of Joe!
Oh! Sally look sad,
  And cry at de disgrace,
Dat neider Jim nor Joe
  Were made to run race.

The ludicrous grimaces, and uncouth contortions of the features, with which Haman sung his song, would have convulsed any one with laughter; but Tom's laughter surpassed all bounds, while his cry of "Debelish good!" at the conclusion, made the ladies look very grave, and put Joolay into a rage.

"I say, you nigger dandy," said the overseer, "where was you catched?"

"Me, Massa? I neber was catch,—I neber run away," answered Tom.

"Indeed, it's a pity for your master! Where did you get your breeding?" inquired the overseer.

"Oh! Sar, I citizen ob Carlville. I born and bred in de city. Always move in de first society," and Tom drew up his shirt collar a little bit higher.

"Indeed," said Joolay—"I thought you had belonged to some grog shop, seeing you had the bottom of a dram-glass in your bosom."

"Lor, Massa, you is surely blind!" exclaimed Tom, as he glanced at a large crystal ornament, stuck at one side of his shirt-frill; "dat is breast-pin, Massa. He is genooine diamond, Sar; him was present from king in Africa to ancestor ob mine."

"To hang at his lovely flat nose, I suppose," said the overseer. "I wish I had the drilling of you for a week; I'd teach you more than ever you saw in the city."

"I hab great many fashional acquaintance dere," said Tom. "Can't leave 'em."

"Indeed," said Joolay. "I'd like to introduce

you to my horse-whip. You'd be in *close terms of intimacy*, I assure you."

"I cut such connexion, Sar!" rejoined Tom, most indignantly.

"The connexion would *cut you*, I'll be bound!" cried the overseer.

Zada, accompanied by her brother, now approached them, and the eyes of the girl beamed with delight as she looked at her mistress.

"Well, Zada, love!" said Matilda; "how did you leave Muma Katey?"

"She is getting better," answered Zada, "and overjoyed,—as, indeed, we all are,—at your recovery."

"And you, my brave Zama," said Matilda; "have you recovered from your fatigue?"

Zama started. His eye wandered restlessly over the features of the lady; but, afraid to trust to his tongue, he bowed lowly to her, sighed, and turned away. While Tom, raising his quizzing glass to his eye, stood admiring Zada, who stared at him as if he had been a wild beast newly caught.

"Ha!" said Joolay, "here comes Captain Waldenberg and Lieutenant Galliard. Massa nigger Dandy Tom, you'd better sneak off, I guess."

Young Waldenberg and Galliard now joined them; and Galliard was chagrined and enraged on beholding the grotesque appearance of his valet. Calming his passion, he paid his devoirs to the ladies; then, turning to Tom, said, "I have some business for you, Tom—follow me."

Tom raised his hat from his woolly head, grinned, and bowed to the ladies, and followed his master. After walking a short distance, so as to be out of hearing of the company, Galliard turned suddenly round,—his face was glowing with anger.

"You infernal black mountebank," he exclaimed; "am I ever to be annoyed with your cursed folly? Who equipped you in that ridiculous garb? Confound you, Sir, you look more like a ring-tailed monkey than a human being!"

"Ring-tail monkey!!" exclaimed Tom, in alarm, as he receded a pace or two, and anxiously drew his hand down his back. "Oh no, Massa, you joke. I no got no tail!"

"Where did you get that mountebank dress?" said Galliard angrily.

"Lor! Massa," rejoined the negro, "dis dress be de werry height ob de fashion. He all for you respecability, Massa, dat I was dress so gonteel."

"My respectability, you impudent dog!" exclaimed Galliard, as he snatched the stick from the negro's hands; but Tom, more mindful of his ornaments than his person, cried out,

"Take care, Massa. Lor Amighty! you break my cane!"

"Return instantly to the house," continued Galliard, "and put on your livery. If I catch you out of your livery dress again, I'll cane you while I can stand over you."

"You is wery kind, Massa," growled Tom, with a rueful look; "but I is suffer enough already."

"Begone," said Galliard, throwing him a dollar, "and obey my orders."

"Wid werry great pleasure and moch joy," said Tom, as he picked up the coin, bowed, and walked off.

Galliard looked after him, and laughed to see the alacrity with which Tom walked along.

"I cannot find it in my heart to use him ill," said Galliard; "though he often deserves it. Had I not been accustomed to him from my earliest infancy, I would sell the rascal, to get rid of his plaguy conceit and impudence."

Turning, he again joined the ladies and their party.

"Come away, Mr. Galliard," cried Joolay; "I'm just proposing a turn round the plantation. The Colonel and Miss Bellgrove are for a private confabulation, Miss Norrisville has seized hold of Zada, and Captain Waldenberg is quite sulky at going alone—so come along, my boy; you'll bear him and me company. You are two young stout fellows; so let an old man like me hook in between you." So saying, he seized hold of the two young officers by the arms, and dragged them along with him.

"You are in a hurry, gentlemen," cried Matilda. "Recollect you must all appear at the dinner-table."

"No danger of forgetting that," cried Joolay; "I'm the very one, I guess, to remind 'em of it. Come with me, Zama, and leave your sister and Miss Norrisville together."

"With your permission, Sir, I will watch at the landing-place for Mr. Bellgrove," said Zama, bowing.

"Quite right, my noble fellow," answered Joolay. "Dash me!" he continued, as Zama went away, "I would not part with that nigger for his weight in gold."

CHAPTER X.

"And now, Zada, that I have got time to speak to you," said Letia, "I must know what has been the cause of cousin Matilda's long illness. After I received your letter I could not rest till I saw her."

"You must know, then," answered Zada, "that last season in the city was uncommonly gay, and my young lady took the lead in all parties of pleasure. Colonel Waldenberg was her constant attendant, and she latterly accepted the offer of his hand. While preparations were making for the marriage, young Maitland arrived from Havannah, where he had resided for some time, and, being a very intimate friend of my lady's, renewed his acquaintance with her."

"But I do not recollect of hearing of Maitland before," said Letia.

"You have doubtless heard of old Tenda, the wealthiest merchant in town?" said Zada.

"The old miser?" answered Letia; "I have often heard of him."

"Old Tenda had an only daughter named Laura," continued Zada, "who, being her father's reputed heiress, was surrounded by many suitors; her affections, however, were placed on a young man, named Maitland, who acted as her father's head clerk. Young and foolish, they, in an evil hour for themselves, were privately married. It could not be long concealed; and old Tenda was

transported with fury at the discovery. He drove his unhappy daughter from the house, and dismissed her young husband from his employment,—at the same time holding out threats of vengeance against any merchant who dared to employ the young man. Maitland was thus driven to ruin and beggary; and his young and delicate wife, almost broken-hearted, found a sad change in her lot. Ah! Miss Letia, there are many fond hearts who think that this earth is all joy and rapture; and when led astray by love's magic power, fancy life's path strewed with roses. Viewed with the eyes of fond affection, what a world of pleasure this appears! Love's overruling power can make the desert bloom like the fairest garden; but, oh! when the chilling blast of adversity sweeps o'er the heart, the gay hopes, the fairy visions, all vanish; and stern reality shows that this earth is only a place of pain and suffering."

"Fy, fy, Zada," said Letia; "can you not fancy, that when two fond hearts meet they become all in all to each other?—sharing in each other's joys, lightening each other's sorrows. What is the world to them, when they are all the world to each other? Peace, hope, happiness, find their abode within those loving hearts, and heaven itself spreads its lasting sunshine within such bosoms. Life like this, my good Zada, is but a foretaste of Paradise: cheered by each other through life's pilgrimage, their own pure hearts their safest guide, love and joy continually surround them; and when the journey ends, those loving hearts are blended for ever in the realms of the blessed."

"I could *fancy* such," said Zada; "but, alas! such only exists in *fancy*. Hearts such as you describe, must be formed of more than mortal mould, and are totally unfitted for a world of sorrow like this. So it fared with Maitland and his young bride: they had looked upon the world as a place formed only for love and joy; they found it one of misery and oppression. Filled with pity at the sad fate of the young pair, some kind friends exerted themselves on their behalf; but all they could do was to obtain a situation of trust for Maitland in Cuba. Accompanied by his wife and a faithful female domestic, Maitland sailed to Havannah, and shortly after their arrival Laura gave birth to a son."

"I suppose," said Letia, "that this son is now Major Maitland."

"The same," said Zada. "Shortly after the birth of young Maitland, the yellow fever broke out in the island, and among the first of its victims was his father. Poor Laura! it was with difficulty she was dragged from the dead body of her husband: the shock was too heavy for her already broken spirits. A few hours after her husband's death she was a lifeless corpse; and within one grave the unhappy pair were laid to lasting rest."

"And what became of their son?" inquired Lara.

"Immediately after the death of the parents, the infant was taken charge of by the domestic they had taken with them. With difficulty she obtained a little money, and took her passage to Carlville with the child. On her return she waited on old Tenda, vainly thinking that, as the unhappy cause of his hatred was gone, he would have compassion on the helpless offspring of his daughter. She told her sad tale to the flinty-hearted wretch, who coldly answered, 'I reared my daughter like a princess: she had her marble palaces, and their gilded halls to dwell in,—she had a thousand obsequious slaves, crouching at her every beck,—she had unbounded wealth at her command,—and, more than all, she had a fond and doating parent's love to rely upon. She stooped from her state—she spurned her father's love—fled from his protecting care, and threw herself into the arms of a beggar! What could she expect? If ruin, beggary, and destitution followed, who brought them on her? It was herself—not I. *I* would have made *her* the first in the land: *she* brought *herself* to nothing. And who was the object of her choice? A man whom I had taken to my confidence, and who was depending on me for his daily bread. I was his friend, his benefactor. I nourished the viper till it stung me. He robbed me of all my heart held dear—repaid my kindness with black ingratitude. What could *she* expect at my hand?—what could *he* look for? And do you think that this child, the offspring of such ingrates, will receive from my hand more than its parents did? Woman! if so, you are mistaken.' He rose, and would have left the place; but the faithful woman, nothing daunted, placed the infant at his feet, and answered—

"'If that poor child's parents wronged you, you have punished them to the death. Vengeance should not extend beyond the grave. There lies the infant, stretching out its little arms to *you*, its sole protector. Behold in it the features of your own once lovely and beloved daughter,—a daughter whom your cruelty hurried to an early tomb.'

"'Silence! woman,' cried Tenda. 'Begone! and take the brat with you.'

"'Never,' she answered, 'shall my hand remove the poor infant from those who are bound to protect it.'

"'Take up the child, or I will toss it from the window!' cried Tenda, in a fury.

"'Yes!' said she, 'and kill it as you killed its parents.' She turned, and was leaving his presence, when, in a furious rage, he stooped and rudely snatched up the infant. Its lovely, soft eye met the enraged glance of Tenda: his heart thrilled, and his passion seemed calming, as he stood rooted to the spot, gazing on the babe, who, sweetly smiling, stretched out its little hands to him, and, throwing its little arms around his neck, nestled its cheek on his bosom. Tenda was overpowered. With a convulsive sob he pressed the infant to his breast; and tears, such as Tenda had not for many a year shed, fell fast from his eyes upon the fair head of his infant grandson."

"And so," said Letia, as she wiped the tears from her own eyes, "this was Maitland's first introduction to his hateful grandfather. The old wretch! was he kind to the poor child?"

"He was," answered Zada; "and the boy grew up, and became the idol of all who knew him. His life, however, was one of mingled joy and grief, and his spirits were sadly crushed by his grand-

father. At times the old man would fancy, that in the looks and gestures of the boy he again beheld his beloved and unhappy Laura; and in those hours the old man's fondness knew no limits. If the boy smiled on another but him, the old man got churlish, and upbraided him, alleging that he had all his mother's ingratitude. If the proud spirit of the boy was aroused by these insults, and he dared to reply, then the old man discovered in the fiery glance, and the bold words of the boy, the looks and language of his unhappy father, and with curses would drive him from his presence. At length the old man resolved on sending young Maitland to England for his education; and at that time Mr. Bellgrove invited the youth to spend some time at Myrtle-grove previous to his leaving America. He came; and a number of young friends were likewise invited to enliven the time. We were then mere children, but I recollect as well what happened then as the events of yesterday. Young Waldenberg was one of the party—Colonel Waldenberg I mean, for his younger brother, Captain Waldenberg, lived with an uncle in the State of Georgia, from whence he has but recently returned. Nothing could be more opposite than the characters of Waldenberg and Maitland; the former was the ringleader in all mischievous frolics; the latter, sensitive, mild, and gentle, shy of mixing among the youthful party around him. Maitland spent his time in lonely rambles through the forest, and along the banks of the Wandoo. The whole plantation was often thrown into alarm by his absence at nightfall; and, after diligent search, young Maitland would be found seated beneath a fig-tree or spreading pride-of-India, listening to the tales of African warfare from the lips of some aged negro. One incident I recollect well: A number of the boys had gone out to shoot. They had not gone far from the mansion-house when a shot was heard, which was instantly followed by a lamentable cry. On reaching the spot, we found Waldenberg binding up Maitland's arm, from whence the blood was freely flowing. It appeared that Waldenberg, hearing a fluttering amongst some myrtles, levelled his fowling-piece; and Maitland, perceiving a pair of lovely turtle-doves in the bush, rushed between them and the gun. The gun went off, and part of the shot struck Maitland in the arm, while the rest killed one of the poor doves. Careless of the wound, and with eyes streaming with tears, the gentle boy lifted the dead dove, and strove to bring it to life in his bosom.

"'I had watched them so long,' he sobbed, 'and the poor things seemed so fond of each other, always sitting on the same myrtle branch, partaking the food from each other's bills, and so soft and beautiful were their fond, plaintive cries! I would rather have lost my life than injured them. It is of no use to cherish it,' he said, as he drew the dead dove from his bosom. 'Poor thing! it is quite dead.'

"The surviving bird was fluttering around the bush with melancholy notes, calling on its mate, till, perceiving the dead bird in the hand of the boy, it flew fearlessly towards him, and, alighting on his hand, gently pressed its bill to that of the dead one, and with faint cooings seemed anxious to wile it away. We were all affected at the sight. Every effort to drive the survivor away was answered with its plaintive, fond cry, as it clung to its dead partner.

"Weeping bitterly, Maitland carried both the birds to the mansion-house, and tried all that he could to separate the living from the dead; finding this impossible, he placed them together, and in a few hours afterwards the bereaved one was seen walking anxiously around the other; then it paused, and, stretching its wings over it, fell.—Poor thing! It gave one faint cry, and dropped dead by the side of its partner. Young Maitland exclaimed, 'They reminded me of my poor parents;' and he wept as if his heart would have broken.

While he remained on the plantation, he was adored by the whole of the negroes; every one of their histories he knew, all their little griefs were freely confided in him, and his heart and purse were alike open to every call of humanity. At length he was recalled by his grandfather, and many a bitter tear was shed at his departure. The negroes mourned it as a general loss, and old and young poured their blessings on him. But if it was a sad parting with us, it was still worse when old Tenda came to bid him farewell. Even at parting the old man found fault. He accompanied the boy to the vessel in which he was to sail, and chided him for the alacrity with which he ascended the side of the ship, alleging it was ingratitude, and displaying an anxiety to get away from him. When the moment came to part, and Maitland threw himself into the arms of his grandfather, the old man folded him closely to his heart, and wept like a child. With difficulty they removed him; but after leaving the vessel he remained upon the wharf, wringing his hands, and exclaiming, 'He's gone. I'll never again behold him. So like Laura, too. Why did I part with him?' There he stood, wrapped in bitter grief, till the ship crossed the Bar and her masts disappeared in the distance. He returned to his halls again; they seemed deserted and dreary. He glanced his eyes around his apartment; they rested on a portrait of his ill-fated daughter, taken when she was a happy child; he turned from it, and glanced towards a portrait of his grandson,—the striking resemblance of the two portraits to each other completely overpowered him. He sunk into a seat and remained for some time overwhelmed with grief; then starting up, commanded his slaves instantly to fit out the swiftest sailing packet-boat, and pursue the ship—promising a thousand dollars to any one who brought back his grandson. They obeyed—the boat sailed. All that night the old man slept not. Next day, he paced up and down the beach; in vain did his servants entreat of him to take rest and food. Night came on—the boat returned. Vain effort!—the ship was too swift for them.

"From that hour Tenda became a changed being—avaricious, grasping, greedy, and oppressive! The city became filled with stories of Tenda the Miser. He heeded them not. Years rolled on, and the glad tidings came that young Maitland was

returning. Old Tenda was almost mad with joy. He was seen hurrying through the streets. His sole cry was, 'He is coming back!—he is coming back!'

"At length the vessel which bore young Maitland entered the bay. The old man grew almost frantic when he beheld the signals of the vessel flying. From the highest verandah of his house, he looked upon that splendid expanse of water, with its lovely scattered islands. A boat was seen launched.

"'I see him!' cried Tenda, starting up. 'Fly, slaves—welcome him!—welcome him like a prince returning to his territory!'

"He sunk back into the arms of his attendants, overpowered with excess of joy. Hasty steps were soon heard. The loud and joyous cries of a host of slaves announced the approach of their much-loved young master. The entrance to the verandah was thrown open, and Maitland, springing forward, caught the old man in his arms. Tenda gave a feeble cry as he sunk on the bosom of his grandson. He raised his head, and looking fondly on the face of the youth, murmured, 'Image of my murdered Laura!' drooped his head upon the shoulder of the young man.——Alas! the excitation of his feelings had proved fatal to the old man; and in that fond embrace he sunk a lifeless corpse!

"The death of his grandfather was a severe shock to the feelings of Maitland, who loved the old man sincerely; nor could the possession of his immense wealth blunt his grief. Immediately after his grandfather's funeral, Maitland arranged his affairs; and finding himself the sole heir to old Tenda's estate, sailed to Havannah, where he erected a splendid monument over the grave of his parents; thus paying them the only tribute of filial affection that was left in his power.

"On his return to Carlville, his society was much sought after; and, among others, he renewed his friendship with Miss Bellgrove. There was little change in his generous heart. Accomplished as he was, he seemed still the same generous and affectionate youth, who had risked his own life to save that of a poor turtle-dove, and who had wept tears of unavailing sorrow over it.

"Every attention and honour which could be paid to him was shown. The young Cadets elected him one of their body, and the public voice soon named him Major of the Brigade. Many a mother thrust her daughter in his way; but Maitland seemed cold and distant to them: he sought a heart to match his own. Mild, sensitive, and gentle, he soon found there were very few such. The outward glare of accomplishments pleased him not; he sought something deeper—the refined mind, the intellectual soul."

"Surely my cousin did not act the coquette with him?" said Letia.

"Heaven forbid she should be so heartless a character," exclaimed Zada; "she esteemed him as a true and sincere friend. But mark the result. One night at the assembly, Major Maitland was paying the most marked attention to my lady, when Colonel Waldenberg entered. He advanced towards Miss Bellgrove, and seemed violently agitated. He paused, and turning to his servant, Perault, addressed a few words to him. Perault bowed, and left him. He then advanced, and without taking any notice of Major Maitland, bowed haughtily to Miss Bellgrove, and made a few sneering remarks on the company. My lady felt annoyed, and replied very coldly, and immediately after rose to dance with Major Maitland. The Colonel suddenly left the room; and, in a few minutes afterwards, Perault entered, and requested a private conversation with the Major. They retired, and immediately thereafter the company were alarmed by the report of pistols; and a cry arose, that Major Maitland had been assassinated. Miss Bellgrove was carried home in a state of insensibility; and next morning it was reported that Maitland had died of wounds received in a duel with the Colonel, who had fled. Doubts were thrown out as to the fairness of the duel; and the Colonel was openly branded as a murderer. Unable to look upon her friends, my lady retired to Myrtlegrove, and prohibited all intercourse with the city. She became completely changed, sad, and heart-broken; and being desirous that some friend should be near her, I wrote to you, without her knowledge, pressing you to come. What has occurred since, you know as well as I do. But, see," exclaimed Zada, as she pressed Letia's arm—"see, here comes Colonel Waldenberg's favourite slave, Perault, of whom I spoke."

"He is a noble-looking negro," said Letia, as she gazed on the conspirator as he approached. "He is splendidly attired, too," she added.

"Yes, Miss Letia," said Zada; "but the gaudy skin conceals the poisonous snake."

With folded arms, and wrapt in deep thought—his eyes bent steadfastly on the ground—Perault approached them. He raised his eyes, and perceiving Letia and Zada, started, and seemed confused. Instantly recovering himself, he advanced, and, with a low salaam, said—"Your servant, lady." Letia bent her head, acknowledging his courtesy, when Perault, looking at Zada, said—"You have a lovely abode here. It is a fitting paradise for an angel like your lady." And he bowed again to Letia.

"This is my lady's cousin—Miss Norrisville," said Zada.

"Indeed," said Perault, "there is a strong resemblance, then. I took the lady for Miss Bellgrove, the mistress of this heavenly spot." So saying, he bowed low and passed them.

"He is very polite," said Letia.

Zada smiled as she answered—"Flattery always sounds agreeable. Satan himself gained Eve by flattery: and Perault is a villain. I like him not."

CHAPTER XI.

Whackie was discussing the merits of a cold roasted fowl, with some sweet-potato bread, and sassifrass beer, when an order to attend Mr. Joolay caused him most reluctantly to suspend his operations.

On entering the overseer's apartment, Whackie

beheld Joolay enveloped in a cloud of smoke, puffing away at a cigar, with a brandy bottle before him.

"Whackie," said Joolay, looking at him, "I think you are an honest, good fellow."

"Werry much so, Massa," answered Whackie, chiming in with the encomiums on his own character.

"So, as your master will not be here till this evening, I mean to retain you near my person," added Joolay.

Whackie gave the overseer a rueful and bewildered look, as he inquired—"Wat you gone ado wid I, Massa Joolay?"

"Make you my own servant," answered the overseer, with an air of importance. Whackie looked as if he would have declined the honour intended for him.

"You see, Whackie, we are going to dine with the young ladies to-day," continued Joolay.

"Tankee, Massa," grinned Whackie.

"And," said the overseer, "there will be a band of these young whelps of Cadets dining with us, and they'll be telling some tarnation cracks about their shooting, and so on; now, you are a favourite with them—"

"Much oblige," grinned Whackie.

"So," added Joolay, "I must tell some things too, for the credit of our own plantation; and, if I say you saw it—never mind what it is—swear that it 's a fact."

"Yes, Massa—fac', Massa!" was the answer of the apt scholar.

"Now, Whackie, here's a glass of brandy for you," added Joolay.

Whackie gave a broad grin, showing his teeth from ear to ear, like white keys on a black hurdy-gurdy, as he took the glass, swallowed its contents, and, with a long gasp for breath, handed it back to Joolay.

"Is that good?" inquired the overseer.

"Capal! werry nice!" answered the negro, smacking his lips.

"And now, Whackie," said Joolay, in a languishing tone, "how do I look to-day?"

Whackie fidgetted about, and scratched his head, as if loath to answer.

"Come," said Joolay, "don't be afraid; speak out. How do I look—eh?"

"Dam ugly, Massa!" was the earnest response of the unsophisticated negro.

"Out, you baboon!" cried Joolay, starting up in a fury.

"Beg pardon, Massa!" cried Whackie, stooping to avoid the kick aimed at him; "you looka bootiful—neber see you look betta in all a life."

"Guessed so myself," said Joolay, as he resumed his seat, highly pleased with the somewhat ambiguous flattery of his servant.

"Now, Whackie, go and get the loan of a livery coat, and come back and help to rig me out."

Whackie bowed and departed.

The second dinner-bell had rung, and Joolay, followed by Whackie in his borrowed plumes, bustled into the dining-room. On entering the room, Whackie uttered a very audible "Lor', Massa—how grand!" The guests were all seated; and at the back of every third chair stood handsome negroes, gorgeously apparelled, holding long fans of brilliant feathers, which they waved gently from side to side, to prevent the insects, which buzzed around, from annoying the company, and which, at the same time, gave a delicious coolness to the air. The table groaned beneath the display of massy plate. The walls of the apartment were painted so as to seem a beautiful garden, and the ceiling to resemble the sky. Glancing his restless eyes along the brilliant draperies of the apartment, the overseer at length looked towards the head of the table, where sat the fair hostess. A murmur of admiration burst from his lips as he beheld the change in her appearance. Her eyes were sparkling with joy; and the peachy bloom on her cheek, gave to her features a more than earthly beauty.

"Ah! Mr. Joolay," said she, "you are late—be seated." Colonel Waldenberg motioned him to a seat beside himself. "Come, Mr. Joolay," said he, "you must support me at this end of the table." Joolay bowed, and stepped forward to the chair, when his eye encountered the rich Mameluke dress of PERAULT. The overseer started. "I have seen that dress before, surely?" he muttered. He gazed on the features of Perault most earnestly; but the calm dignified look, and the full dark keen eye of the negro, as he returned the stern scrutiny, puzzled and bewildered the overseer.

"The sight of that fellow makes my head ache!" said Joolay. "Blow me, if I don't think it was he who——" Here Joolay filled up the sentence by rubbing his cranium—took another fixed look at Perault, and then sat down.

"You seem to admire my servant, Mr. Joolay," said the Colonel; "have you seen him before?"

"Is that your nigger?" said Joolay, as he pointed to Perault. "I say, Blackie, did you ever see me before—eh?" and Joolay put on a tremendous look.

"We have not met that I am aware of, Sir," said Perault, with a somewhat contemptuous smile; "and your face is one that cannot easily be forgotten."

"Is it?" said Joolay, bitterly. "It's better than your ——— black mug, any how!" The overseer was on the point of bursting into a fury; but Captain Waldenberg perceiving the storm arising, dexterously diverted Joolay's attention to something else; when the door was thrown open, and Haman, with a stentorian voice, sung out—"Here be a stranger, Genelum."

"Bid him enter, and welcome," answered Matilda.

A tall gaunt personage, with a pale meagre face, and attired in a suit of rusty black, entered; and making a stiff and awkward bow, stood at the door, as if amazed at the display before him, hesitating whether to advance or retire. "I am afraid," he said, "that I am intruding on the company: I am a stranger."

"The stranger is ever welcome to the halls of the Planters," answered Matilda. "Be seated, Sir, and consider yourself at home. Haman, attend the gentleman." R. K. R.

(To be continued.)

HOWITT'S RURAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE OF GERMANY.

(*Concluded from page 46 of our January No.*)

As a work of information, the superiority of Mr. Howitt's picture of the Germans consists, almost wholly, in those sketches which a protracted and intimate social intercourse with the people whom he describes, enables him to make. He has not only travelled in their country, but been domesticated among them *en famille*. He has, moreover, transferred the love of rural life, and the fondness of old customs and usages, which distinguished him at home, to the land of his temporary sojourn; and this imparts gusto to his homeliest pictures. The state of literature, and the literary tastes of the Germans, naturally excited the curiosity and interest of Mr. Howitt. From a late statist we learn, that ten millions of volumes of one sort and another, issue every year from the prolific press of Germany; and yet, with this immense shoal, the Germans, according to Mr. Howitt, are not a literary people. It is alleged that they know little of the great living poets of Britain, and nothing of our long list of female writers. But Mr. Howitt may have drawn his conclusions from narrow premises, and have been unfortunate in his acquaintanceship among the ladies. It would be quite possible to plunge into many a circle of affluent and respectable people in the metropolis of England, in which there were no tokens whatever of literature, beyond, perhaps, a number of Boz, chiefly admired for the illustrations. Ten millions of volumes, allowing many of them to be schoolbooks, and trash, does suppose a considerable body of readers, among whom there must be many women. But if the German ladies may not be the *intellectual* companions of their husbands and brothers, it is allowed that they are kind and affectionate domestic companions, and most notable housewives—though there may be too much of that last good thing; and they are satisfied without expensive pleasures, huge parties, splendid dresses and equipages, and all the wasteful and unsatisfying dissipations of a more luxurious society. We quite agree with Mr. Howitt in an opinion in which, indeed, all modern travellers are at one; namely, that the simple and unexpensive manner in which the Germans, and all continental nations, entertain their friends, and pass their social evenings, might be introduced with infinite advantage into England.

A simple cup of tea at six o'clock, music, perhaps a dance, and then a simple supper of sandwiches, slices of sausage, a potato or other salad, a cake ornamented in various ways, but generally a sponge, a chocolate, or a fruit cake, a snow tart, with a few bottles of cheap wine,—these form the staple refreshments of those social evenings, which break up about ten or eleven o'clock.

The young people on these occasions amuse themselves also with a vast variety of games which in England would be thought to be adapted rather to children than grown-up people, but which, however, occasion plenty of mirth, and indicate a state of society much more homely and ready to be pleased than ours. Among these stand eminent in favour "Die blinde Kuh," the blind cow; another name for Blind-man's buff. They have various other games of forfeits. They write romances; each person furnishing a sentence without knowing what is written before him, so as to produce the most ludicrous medley. They put down the names of their acquaintances, each adding, without knowing to what name it is attached, a character, a circumstance, and what the world thinks of it; which, when read aloud and in connexion, produces, through the oddest combinations, great merriment. They write questions and answers on separate strips of paper, which being hustled together and then read, the answers falling to the questions as it may happen, are generally very amusing. They have various card-plays of the same nature, chief amongst which stands Black Peter, which consists in a pack of cards being equally divided amongst the company, and those which are of equal numbers being thrown out. He who is first out becomes the holder of a burnt cork, with which he makes a streak on the face of him or her who is found at last with Black Peter or the Knave of Clubs. The dislike of receiving this mark, especially by the ladies, and the different whims of making mustachios, whiskers, strokes down the nose, and so on, by the inflictor, produces all the fun. They have a game also with flour, equally popular. The young people sit round a small table, on which a basinful of flour, tolerably hard pressed, is turned out on a plate, and on its top is laid a ring. Each person cuts a slice from the flour with a knife, and he or she at whose cut the centre flour falls, has to take the ring out of it with his or her mouth. This generally gives a very mealy visage and much laughter.

Happy are the people where whole companies can amuse themselves with such simple usages. The worst custom, however, of German social life, is that in evening parties of dividing the married from the unmarried, and often the men from the women. This is a custom now much gone out in the higher circles, but still very prevalent in all general society. You enter a house, the young and unmarried of your party are shown into one room, you are conducted into another; the ladies get round one table, the gentlemen round another. The women talk of the gossip of the day; knit and talk of their knitting, of their servants; and the gentlemen of politics, or the like. Nothing is so admirably contrived as this old-fashioned practice to destroy all the advantages and pleasures of social intercourse.

This old-fashioned usage, originating in contempt of the sex, and the implied idea of its inferiority, prevails more or less over all the north of Europe. We find it eloquently reprobated by the brilliant author of the Letters from the Baltic, as the uniform custom of the Province of Esthonia. But it must give way; and in this particular instance it may hold, that one useful social reform, instead of progressing upward, must descend from the higher classes. The well-educated English, who, next to the French—if not, indeed, before them—best understand the charm of the mixed society of men and women, naturally detest the rude custom which drives the men into smoking knots, and the women into either lively gossiping or languid knitting circles. The German young ladies have an institution equivalent to that to which the American fair give the imposing name of *Dorcas Societies*—institutions which are sometimes found highly favourable to gossiping, if that be not indeed their main business, though, in a secondary way, they may be of some small social advantage. In Germany, too,

There are tea, coffee, or chocolate parties, where only ladies are admitted; or where, as in the second, only

young unmarried ladies are admitted. Here the young ladies boast that, freed from the restraint of men's presence, they can laugh and chatter to their hearts' content. In their meetings the women can talk on womanly affairs; if they are fond of books, can have one read aloud to them; can discuss matters of domestic arrangement, and so on. But we have heard it whispered, out of school, that those meetings are the least in the world dull, and that the grand topic of discourse is the badness of servants.

Of German servants we may here say a word. The genuine German maid-servant is one of the most healthy, homely, hard-working creatures under the sun. Like her fellows who work in fields, barns, and woods, she is as strong as a pony, and by no means particular as to what she has to do. She wears no cap or bonnet at home or abroad. Has a face and arms as stout and red as any that our farm girls can boast; and scours and sweeps, and drudges on, like a creature that has no will but to work, and eat, and sleep. She goes to market with bare head, and in a large cloak. She turns out on a Saturday afternoon, with all the rest of her tribe, with bucket and besom into the street, and then, about three or four o'clock, makes a perilous time of it in the city. Before every door, water is flowing, and besoms are flirting the dirty puddle about. Each extends her labours not only to the pavement, if there be one, but to the middle of the street; so that they are, in fact, the city scavengers. German housewives complain dreadfully of their maids; but the maids themselves certainly lead hard and most laborious lives, such as our servants would not do. They address you with a sort of family familiarity which would be thought strange in England, but yet without anything like insolence, and are much more willing than English ones. You are not afraid, as you are in England, and especially in the neighbourhood of London, that, at any order to do their work properly, they will turn and say, "If I can't give satisfaction, I beg you to suit yourself with another." The worst of them is, that their German mistresses are accustomed to be so much with them, and give them immediate orders for the doing of almost everything, that they have seldom any idea of doing anything but what they are then and there told. They seem to act rather than to think, and to follow orders rather than to exercise foresight; so that, with English mistresses, they are continually letting out fires, leaving things uncooked, and committing similar negligences, totally because they live under the direction of their German mistresses, with no occasion to exercise their heads at all, but merely their hands.

On the other hand, German servants have customs and privileges that would astonish both servants and mistresses in England. They have their public balls, and their invitations to the tradesmen's balls. These they expect to attend just as much as they expect to have their daily food. At least twice in the winter is stipulated for. They have carriages sent to fetch them and bring them back, and go off as smart as their masters and mistresses would. The girls have their ball books, wherein to enter their engagements for the dance, just as well as any of their young ladies, and in short, for these evenings are as much ladies as the best of them. At the burgher balls, the maid-servants will often dance with some of the most respectable young tradesmen, and of course feel no little proud of it. An English housemaid whom we brought to Germany with us being about to return again to England, we were surprised to find that the nurse-maid had made her a parting present of a ball-book, the said housemaid never having learned a step in her life, and never being likely to require her ball-book when in England.

The conduct of servants, as well as everything else in Germany, is kept strictly under the surveillance of the police. Each servant is furnished with a character book, which contains all legal regulations respecting servants, and the engagements between them and their employers, being quite a little code of menial service. In this book, when a servant leaves his or her place, the master or mistress writes his or her character. This book is then laid up at the police-office, and before a servant can procure a fresh place this book must be fetched, and the character written in by the party whom the servant is leaving, and the book with all its characters must be taken to the party with whom the servant wishes to engage. Thus a powerful check is kept on the conduct of servants, and it is not easy for a bad one to get employ, or to avoid the sharp notice of the police-officers.

Amongst the domestic festivals, the chief besides those noticed, as Christmas-eve, New-year's eve, &c., are birthdays and Verlobungen, or betrothals. Betrothals in Germany are much more marked and ceremonious things than in England, and in former years were much more so. When money matters had to be settled, dowries, and so on, these were all settled at this time. Now, much of the formality is done away, and it is a pleasant family festival to which the friends are invited. Here the fact of the betrothal is announced by the father, rings are exchanged by the lovers, each containing the name of the party presenting it. The friends congratulate, and drink the health and prosperity of the betrothed. Betrothal cards are sent out to the whole circle of acquaintance, and in many places the betrothal is formally announced in the newspapers. We have before noticed the ceremonious distance at which the young of both sexes keep in public, not even walking arm-in-arm on any occasion.

The betrothed pair may not be married for years—nay, for many years, after the ceremony takes place which sets them apart from all others, and destines them to be one. Mr. Howitt finds them a little too loving for general society. They stand together, they sit together, they talk together, they sometimes kiss and coo a little on the sly, and totally forget Sandy Rodger's exhortation, "Behave yoursel' before folk:" though we cannot help thinking that this tabooed condition has its advantages; and that betrothal is among the very best forms of "the prudential check;" keeping the heart pure, hope alive, and the affections warm. If, as has been said by a sage, "courtship is the happiest period of life," these protracted courtships—courtships without anxiety, have much to recommend them. Instead of seeing the lovely girls of England pining and passing into old maidenhood, consumed with "a green and yellow melancholy," one might be brought to tolerate the too lively demonstrations of the betrothed fair of Germany; though they seem to have been at times too much for the sufferance of Mr. Howitt. If custom schools our young ladies to the suppression of every natural emotion, and to high and even heroic endurance, it is yet to be questioned whether they are really the better, as they are certainly not the happier for their enforced stoicism.

The conduct of the girls would often surprise our English damsels, who are taught to keep their loving and cooing at home, and to go out for the general amusement. One girl, the daughter of our landlady, used to amuse us by carrying this folly to the most extraordinary height. When invited to our parties, she would station herself in the room opposite to the door, and thereon fixing her eye in anticipation of the lover's arrival, you might speak to her a hundred times, but would obtain no other reply than—"Was!" "Wie!" or "O ja!" or "O nein!" Whether the beloved youth was absent or present, she had neither ears, eyes, nose, nor mouth for anybody, or anything else. If he were not present, and the company were requested to be seated, she reserved a chair for her swain, and warned every one away from it, even the master of the house. This must seem very extraordinary to English eyes, but used to attract very little notice here.

Birth-days are joyful days. A party of friends is invited to celebrate the birth-day. The dining-room is adorned with garlands, and a splendid garland, sometimes in the shape of a lyre, is hung at the head of the room. Presents are made to the person whose day it is. These are generally laid on the breakfast-table by the person's plate, and form an agreeable surprise on entering the room. Garlands of beautiful flowers, in spring, often wholly of violets and their green leaves, are sent in by friends. These garlands you will often see hanging in houses as grateful memorials of the affections of friends; yes, even in palaces, as grateful memorials of the affection of the people. They who have visited the palace of San Souci, at Potsdam, will recollect seeing some very beautiful ones there, which had been sent in on the birth-days of the king and queen by the neighbouring people. . . . . Perhaps even a still more affecting tribute of this kind is yet to be seen in the house of an old schoolmaster near Hanua, where the walls are almost covered with the garlands which have been presented by his scholars through a course of no less than *fifty years*. On the supper table is sometimes found a cake in the centre, with as many wax-lights burning round it on the dish as are the years of the person celebrated. This has a very beautiful effect. At the dinner, or supper, which is more generally the meal, the health of the party is drank with clinking of glasses and much *jubilance*.

But the general family festivals in Germany are the Silberne and Galdene Hochzeit, or silver and golden marriage; that is, the twenty-fifth and the fiftieth anniversary of married life. These are kept with great festivity, much in the manner of birth-days; and in the instances where the latter is arrived at, the whole circle of acquaintance is anxious to be there, as an occasion which, to the aged pair, can never possibly come again. It is a sort of anticipatory farewell.

A pleasing feature in German social life is the language of flowers. This, which is quite extinct with us, is with them as real and poetical as in the East. They have written and printed this language, and it is carefully used or avoided in all presents of nosegays in the little bouquets presented in dancing cotillions; and it extends itself even to colours, some of which, to us lively and pleasing, are to them expressive of violent or hostile qualities. Red and yellow are expressive of pride and state. Thus the flowers and ribbons introduced into all their nosegays, and the bushes which they hang out on all occasions of festivity, days of national or other joy or triumph, have all their precise, and to them very significant, language,—as the tree adorned with flowers and ribbons, set up on the roof on the covering in of a new house; the garlands which they suspend on the little crosses on the graves, and the garlands of the bride, and the funeral. Garland-making is a distinct trade; and you see these expressive and poetical ornaments borne through the streets in all directions, by the makers, to the houses where they are ordered. By following one of these to the place of destination, you could, without asking a question, perfectly satisfy yourself that there a marriage, a birth-day, or a funeral, was about to be solemnized; and in the latter case, whether the deceased were a man, or woman, or child, whether married or not.

Having dwelt at such length upon the domestic life and social customs of the Germans, as they are delineated in our agreeable and instructive guide, we have little space left for his characteristic sketches of the capitals and the University towns, or the fashionable watering-places, nor even for the remarkable scenery of the country, which was examined during a leisurely family tour. Instead, therefore, of matters which have been discussed by numerous Travellers, we reserve our space for what is not to be found elsewhere, and is ever interesting—namely, descriptions of eminent living men. At Stuttgard the tourists visited the studio of Danecker, but the *artist* it was no longer unmingled pleasure to see; and criticism on Art does not strike us as Mr. Howitt's forte, though his perceptions of the beautiful cannot be false. Danecker, since deceased, was then in extreme old age; very feeble but not imbecile. The next specimen is more truly German; for the aged sculptor, Danecker, might have been of any country—

The next visit in Stuttgard which gave us the most pleasure, was to Gustav Schwab, one of the most hearty and popular of the living writers of Germany. Gustav Schwab is a Protestant clergyman, and a perfect specimen of "Der gute Swaben." He has written poetry, history, and much miscellaneous literature, all characterized by great talent and kind-heartedness. He seems particularly to delight in whatever does honour to his beautiful native state Würtemberg. He has described in graphic colours the interesting region of the Swabian Alps. He was the friend of Hauff, the young and popular romance writer, who was cut off too soon for his own full fame and the public enjoyment. We found Herr Schwab inhabitating a large old-fashioned parsonage, and just returned from delivering his forenoon sermon. He received us in the heartiest manner; and, in truth, you saw at the first glance more conspicuously his native good cordial-heartedness, than his poetical character. He is about the middle height, broad built, with a reddish face, very round brown eyes, and a deal of rough, short, straight grey hair. He entered from a side door, with a profound bow and a wondering air; but when we made our explanations, he welcomed us in the warmest manner, and in a few moments we were talking of Hauff, of Lichstenstein, of Swabia, of poetry, as if we had been acquainted for years. He took us into his study; a large old room full of books, and ornamented with a bust of Hauff and a portrait of the poet Uhland. He introduced us to his daughter, and to his wife; the latter, to all appearance, a genuine German housekeeper. He appeared delighted to learn that I had translated, in "The Student Life of Germany," one or two of his Student songs, in particular his "Bursche's Departure." He told this to his wife with great animation, saying to us, as he pointed to her, "There is the Liebchen of the song!"

The old-fashioned university town of Tübingen is not only a good specimen of the true German town of the olden time, but the residence of Uhland, which gives it a double claim to the attention of a literary visiter—

It is sweetly seated by the Neckar, in an opening in a range of hills that stand in the level country; has steep streets, an old castle, an old University, (a new and splendid one is now building,) old houses, an old-world-looking set of long-haired students; an old inn, with old looking-glasses set aloft on the walls for giants to look into them, but quite out of the reach of ordinary men; and an old table d'hôte, where some of the oldest-fashioned and blacksmith-looking people were assembled that we ever saw, all of whom we were assured were noble, with some young men, also noble, part of them being modern and fantastic, and part antediluvian. But in this town, which has educated numbers of the most celebrated men in Germany, and has stood many a siege and storm in the stormy times of the nation, lives Uhland, one of the oldest and one of the finest lyrical poets of his country. Like his town and townsmen, Uhland has somewhat of an old-world look. He has never travelled much from home; has a nervous manner, and that the more remarkable in a man who, as a member of the Würtemberg parliament, has distinguished himself as a bold speaker and maintainer of the most liberal principles. In consequence of his very liberal political creed, he has now withdrawn both from the chamber and from his professorship in the University; and possessing a competent fortune, devotes his life to life's happiest, and one of its most honourable pursuits, that of poetry. It has been said of him, by a witty

townsman, that he is a genuine nightingale; to be heard and not seen. But this is a little too severe. Though somewhat plain in person, and fidgety in manner, these are things which are speedily forgotten in the enthusiasm of intellectual conversation. He lives in a house on the hill-side overlooking the Neckar bridge, as you go out towards Ulm. Above lie his pleasant garden and vineyard, and hence he has a full view of the distant Swabian Alps, shutting in with their varied outlines one of the most rich, beautiful, and animated landscapes in that pleasant Swabian land. His wife, a bright-looking cheerful lady, came in from the garden with her work-basket, in which was an English edition of Milton's Paradise Lost, which she had been reading. She appeared well used to society, and very well read and intelligent. They have no children, but have adopted a very pretty sharp boy as their foster son. Uhland, indeed, appears to lead a happy and independent life here. Happy in his amiable and sensible wife, who highly admires his genius, and in the midst of his native scenes, to which, like all Swabians, he is much attached, and enjoying throughout Germany a high and firm reputation.

Uhland has rarely attempted any poems of much length. His forte lies in lyrical harmony, and felicity of expressing the poetry of human life and of the national taste. Simplicity, elegance, and imaginative essence, eminently characterize his productions. In simplicity he often reminds you of Wordsworth in his small poems, as his "Lucy Grey," his "Ruth," his "We are Seven," &c.; but unlike Wordsworth, he is never metaphysical. . . . . Uhland's "Der Wirthin Töchterlein,"—the Landlady's Daughter,—is a perfect specimen of truest pathos in the extremest simplicity. It is set to music as purely simple, and is sung and played with enthusiasm all over Germany.

The ramble onward by dorf and *Schloss* is varied and charming; yet we must resist its fascinations in all save this one instance. The travellers had passed the night at a primitive German *dorf*, and been roused at five o'clock by the watchmen chanting Luther's Morning Hymn from the church-tower, ere they took their way to Ulm;—

A lovely morning it was, and a lovely country we were in. Pleasant hills, covered with the most attractive woods, through which we walked at leisure; fields with far-off views; people busy in their corn; free airs blowing over us, and as we reached an open eminence what a startling surprise awaited us. It was the Alps! Filling the whole horizon to the south, they stretched themselves into the blue ether, and glittered and flashed their eternal snows in the morning sun like the very hills of heaven. The sight was so sudden, so totally unexpected, so overpowering in its beauty and silent sublimity, that after an exclamation of astonishment we stood rooted to the spot in indescribable emotion. There needed no inquiry to learn what they were, though we had no idea that such a pleasure awaited us before we reached Munich—the magnificent features of that glorious mountain region were not for a moment to be mistaken. The feeling they inspired was too peculiar and exciting to be ever again effaced. . . . . At this moment we could not be less than sixty English miles from the nearest point of this great mountain range, and more than twice that distance from some of the chief peaks which were visible.

Some parts of the territory of Catholic Germany are as much distinguished by misery and beggary as the States of his Holiness the Pope. Crosses and shrines of the rudest sort, and troops of impotent beggars, importunate and loathsome, form an unpleasing contrast with the luxury of the capitals. But these are a far way off. Parts of the kingdom of Bavaria are in a very prosperous condition; while its capital is a very treasure-house of modern Art, created by the taste and munificent patronage of the King. Those who consider the encouragement of the Fine Arts as at best but the secondary duty of rulers in a country where much remains to be done of the solid or utilitarian kind, will not be able fully to participate in Mr. Howitt's extravagant admiration of the King of Bavaria and his magical creations. Among these the Tourist seems to have been in some danger of losing himself; so we are content to fall in with him again, after the excitements of Munich are over. Besides, that city has been often, of late, handled as a favourite text by amateurs and critics in Art, so that one is tantalized by hearing a great deal about pictures, statues, and churches, and seeing nothing—seeing being proverbially believing. We, indeed, see the costumes of the women of the lower classes in neat woodcuts. They are pretty but theatrical, and cannot be of any great antiquity.

In leaving Munich for Vienna the Tourists obtained this passing glimpse of the homely royalties of Germany—

At a post station, about ten English miles from Munich, we met the Elector of Hesse-Cassel returning from Bad-Gastein. In two or three plain sort of travelling carriages were the Elector, the Electress, and their suite. The Elector is a stout-built old man, with a very active manner, and very white hair, eyebrows, and whiskers. He came out of the carriage, and clapped himself down on a wooden bench at the house-end; but as this did not seem quite to satisfy him, as being too much in the sun, he retreated again to the carriage, and two of his servants speedily brought from the inn a tall glass of sugar-water, with its tall wooden spoon, for the Electress, a large, jolly dame, and for him bread and cheese and Bavarian beer. With a truly ploughman's appetite, and in ploughman style, he cut a good hunch of bread, clapped it into the palm of his left hand, and a corresponding piece of cheese, which he took between the thumb and forefinger of the same hand, and with a large pocket-knife began to play away at these homely viands with the keenness of a hunter, or of a Cossack after a day's pursuit of the enemy. He drank off the deckel-glass of beer, a sort of glass tankard holding more than a pint, and despatched one of the men for a second. In less than ten minutes he had given unquestionable evidence of his appetite for bread and cheese and beer being as sharp as his appetite for play. The bread and cheese had vanished; the two tankards of beer after it; he wiped his moustachios, the whips cracked, and away went the carriages, the Elector having laid a tolerable foundation for his dinner at Munich.

At Vienna, or rather in its neighbourhood, perseverance, or some other useful quality in a professional sight-seer obtained for Mr. Howitt admittance into the wild-boar park of the Emperor at Hüttelsdorf. How he made his way within this tabooed, or sacred enclosure, we shall not tell; but the spectacle is so rare and racy, and carries one so far back into rural antiquity, that we select his description of the swine herds in preference to the more imposing shows of the capital—

The young man, a keeper, seemed a good-natured fellow. He took us up the park to a certain hollow, where various wild swine were to be seen under the trees around. This seemed to be the extent to which he deemed himself commissioned to go, but a couple of gulden put into his hand, extended his commission at once; the fears of Imperial edicts, and even of dinner waiting, a great event in daily life in all countries, seemed to vanish. We marched on; glade after glade of the old forest opened before us; he not only was ready to advance as far as we pleased, but assured us that in a few days would be a hunt, and that if we would come, he would take care to admit us. The sight, in fact, was worthy of the trouble we had taken. Numbers of wild swine, of all ages and sizes, from the grisly old boar to

the sow with her troop of sucking pigs, were encountered on all sides. Here some grim old fellow, black as jet, or of a sun-burnt and savage grey, lay basking in the deep grass, and at our approach started up with a tremendous guff, and bolted into the woods. Others were seen lying at their length under the broad trees; others running with cocked tails, and at a most nimble rate. The sows with their young ones appeared the most savage and impatient of our presence. Others were so tame as to come at the whistle of the keeper, and scores ran voraciously as he shook one of the wild cornel trees which grew plentifully in the forest. These trees, unknown in England, are as large as apple trees, and in autumn are covered with fruit of a coral red, as large as cherries, but oblong. They make a beautiful show; and the fruit, of a fine sub-acid flavour, is used for dessert. The wild swine are prodigiously fond of this fruit, and as the trees were shook, and it pattered to the ground, they came running on all sides, and stood in the neighbouring thickets eager for our departure, when they rushed forward and ravenously devoured it.

There is not much political discussion in any part of Mr. Howitt's work; and the cursory remarks which do occur breathe no obstreperous Liberalism. It is not, however, in Vienna that the tender mercies of the "paternal government" of Austria are the most visible; and in the present condition of the people of England we are not surprised that a traveller should be disposed to overlook every abstract question, and dwell upon the general wellbeing, the signs of comfort and contentment visible among the working classes of the country where he sojourns. "The ideas," says our author, in summing up his view of Austria, "which we cherish at home, that Austria is a gloomy and severe despotism; that you cannot move without a spy or policeman at your elbow, disappear here [in Vienna] entirely.

In no city do you see so little palpable evidence of surveillance and police as in this. You are, after delivering your passport, as free and unshackled in your motions as in London; and if you do not go out of your way to assail the government, the government will not interfere with you. The whole of this is, however, the result of a sagacious and worldly-wise political system. Everything is planned and calculated to divert the thoughts of the people from political matters. For this purpose public and social pleasures are promoted. If poverty cannot wholly be prevented, for the state has a large debt, and pauperism in 1836 was stated to be in proportion of about four persons in the hundred, yet distress is alleviated; and in no country do you see less symptoms of it. The grand principle of despotic government is, indeed, and must be, to maintain its people in comfort: without which no government could long be popular. Austria, therefore, educates, and was amongst the first nations of Europe to educate its people, so far as is necessary to the conduct of human affairs. The administration of justice is cheap. Law, unlike what it is with us, is within the reach of every man's purse; if not, the poorest man can seek justice from the highest quarters. Even the Emperor devotes one day every week to the personal hearing of any complaints that individuals, however humble, desire to lay before him. What would be thought of such a paternal practice in our own monarchs! Thus, even despotism has its sunny side. If a people can be content to leave the management of political affairs entirely in the hands of the government, and to eat, drink, and be merry, going through the world in great bodily comfort, Austria is an evidence that they may do this in the highest degree. Compared with the frightful and wholesale distress of our own country, Austria is a paradise. Nowhere in the world can such frightful masses of misery be found as in our manufacturing districts; and well may the Austrian ask us, what good does our liberty of speech do those who purchase it at such a cost!

One could easily find something to say in reply to this; but this is not the place; and we have a pleasanter immediate duty in accompanying the tourists on a charming steam voyage on the Elbe, from Prague to Dresden; a navigation that was then just opened; and which, no disparagement to the Rhine or the Danube, affords one of the most delightful and interesting voyages to be met with on any of the German rivers, stretching, as it does, through the very heart of the Saxon Switzerland—

The early part of the scenery was by no means romantic, but it was very agreeable. Rich banks, a broad and finely flowing river, a country of cheerful hill and dale around; here and there a distant town, or castle; and at every village on the banks, thousands of the peasantry collected to see the wonder of the passing steamer. It was Sunday, too, and thus all the population in their best clothes seemed collected on the banks of the Elbe. Anon, however, near Aussig, the scenery began to assume a striking character. High rocks hemmed in the river; mountains crowned with forests, and bold and lofty precipices, surrounded us; and the views both up and down the river became beautiful in no ordinary degree. Between the banks and the feet of the rocks hung the most delicious slopes with vineyards, villages scattered here and there, and people out, as if enjoying greatly their own charming scenery. Behind these the rocks rose in lofty precipices, bold, splintered, with ever changing variety of form, and with openings between them into the heart of the mountains of the most dark and yet inviting description. Above hung thick woods, often of pine; and wherever the eye turned, it was met by scenes of wildness, bold beauty, and an Arcadian sweetness and cheerfulness that were most delightful. Here you passed a lofty castle; there, the isolated rocks called the Jungfernsprung, or Maiden's Leap; and numerous traditions are related to you of these places by the passengers.

Dresden does not tempt us; of its galleries we have all heard enough; so these somewhat hackneyed themes, and a mysterious eulogium on Madame Schroeder Devrient, we pass, to come at *Retsch*, the well-known imaginative illustrator of Goëthe and Shakspere, who, in the summer season, lives in his vineyard, a few miles from the city—

A pleasant drive down the valley brought us into this region of vineyards, which in the bright colours of autumn did not want for picturesque effect. In the midst of these we found the very simple cottage of the artist. His wife and niece compose all his family, and he can muse on his Fancies at will. His house was furnished, as German houses often are, somewhat barely, and with no trace of picture or print on the walls; but a piano and heaps of music told of the art of which his wife is passionately fond. While noticing these things, a very broad and stout-built man, of middle stature, and with a great quantity of grey hair, stood before us. By portraits which we had seen of him, and which are like and yet unlike, we immediately recognised him. Though polite, yet there was a coldness about his manner, which seemed plainly to say who are these who come to interrupt me out of mere curiosity, for they are quite strange to me. When, however, he understood that Mrs. Howitt was the English poetess in whom he had expressed so much interest, a mist seemed to pass from his eyes; he stretched out his arms, grasped her hand in both his, and shook it with a heartiness that must have been felt for some minutes after. He then gave one of his hands to our daughter, another to myself, with equally vigorous demonstrations of pleasure, and set about to display to us everything that he thought could gratify us. Through various narrow passages, and up various stairs of his rustic abode, he conducted us to his own little study, where he showed to us from the window his vineyard

running up the hill, pulled from a shelf a copy of Mrs. Howitt's "Seven Temptations," and sat down to a little table, where he told us he had sketched most of the outlines of Faust and Shakspere. He exhibited to us drawings and paintings in profusion, till his niece appeared with a tray bearing splendid wine and grapes from his own vineyard; a perfect little picture in itself, for in the pretty and amiable-looking niece we could see the prototype of a good many of his young damsels in his sketches. He then drew forth from under a heap of drawings the Album of his wife, a book which, from Mrs. Jameson's interesting description, we had a great desire to see. This is unquestionably the most valuable and beautiful album in the world. It is filled with the most perfect creations of his fancy, whether sportive or solemn, as they have accumulated through years. . . . .

We had gone so far with the Herr Professor, as he is there called, into the fairyland, or rather heaven of poetry, that we were startled to find the day going fast over. As we had turned over these charmed leaves, the artist sate by and read to us his written description of the various sketches, ever and anon breaking away into half moralizing, half sentimental and poetical observations, quite in the spirit of his fancies. We were extremely sorry that the arrangements for our further journey did not allow us once more to return to this simple and happy retreat of the Muses of Poetry and Painting. With true country cordiality, himself, his wife, and lovely niece, accompanied us to our carriage, and as we whirled away through the ocean of vines, the good-hearted man stood and waved his cap to us, till the last turn shut out from view him and his house.

One of the most interesting visits which Mr. Howitt made in Germany, was to Herrnhut, the original settlement in Saxony, nay the very cradle of the Moravians. The account of the rise of this philanthropic and amiable sect, whose history and missionary enterprises, possess, for young minds, all the charm of romance, occupies a good many pages of the volume, as the Moravians are naturally enough admired to enthusiasm by William Howitt, were it only from early association. He traversed their little original town with warm and lively interest. The neat town of Herrnhut contains only about 1100 inhabitants.

In a spacious square stand the little inn, the Meeting-house, the Single Brethrens' House, and other buildings belonging to the community. The Single Sisters' House stands also near, facing the lower end or rather front of the church. Many private families live in their own separate houses. All is extremely neat, clean, and profoundly quiet. Few people are at any time seen going to and fro; and such a thing as a child playing in the street is not to be seen. In respect to education, they are very strict in their notions; and children, like John Wesley, are probably "taught to fear the rod, and cry softly." At all events they are not allowed to play in the street; and you hear so little of them playing anywhere, that you would be quite inclined, did you not meet some under the care of nurses in walks and gardens, to believe there were none; or, as has actually been the case here once, only one child born in the year! A profound silence hovers over the whole place; and it is amazing that so many active persons should go forth to all parts of the world from a centre which seems the very centre of the realms of sleep. They call it themselves Life in Stillness. The whole manner and bearing of the people are those of such as have nothing to do with the passions and agitations of this world, but are living entirely in preparation for another. A worthy old officer, Major von Aderkas, whom we found here, said smiling: "I have had a stormy and troubled existence, and longed for a quiet haven, and thank God I have found it, and enjoy it from my soul; and here I shall end my days with thankfulness. But many come here who at first are struck with the repose of the place, and thinking nothing would be so agreeable as to spend their lives here, they try it, and generally think a month long enough. No, Herrnhut is not the place for those who have not weaned themselves thoroughly from the world, nor have arrived, through troubles and treacheries, at an abiding weariness of it."

To the Herrnhuters themselves, their daily labour, their religious and social meetings, their prayer and singing hours, and the discharge of their duties to the communities, are enjoyments sufficient. Every now and then they have, too, meetings for the reading of the news from their different missionary stations all over the world; and these must be times of great excitement. We went through the brethren and the sister house, and were much pleased with the quiet and neatness of everything. Three or four persons form a little company, have one sitting-room where they can also work; and each company has its overseer for the maintenance of order. The men, most of them, work out in the village; the women in the house, sewing, knitting and doing other women's work; and there is a room where all the articles made are exposed for sale. The Sisters' House is large and very clean, and has a nice garden. We saw many young girls at various employments, and were told that it required diligent labour for one of them to earn three Prussian dollars, about nine shillings, weekly. It was interesting to see in both houses persons who had been into distant and very different parts of the world, into the hottest and the coldest regions, in the missionary cause; and the children of missionaries who had been born amongst the Caffres or the Esquimaux. Each community had its common dining-room, where they all dined; but at three different tables, each at a different rate of charge, so as to accommodate all persons. Poverty amongst them is no disgrace, except as the result of indolence or imprudence. Each community had also its prayer-room and assembling-room. Music is much cultivated amongst them; and we observed in every room appropriated to public or private worship an organ or piano, and in every sitting-room that we entered was a violin, a guitar, or flute. It was amusing to see the sleeping-room of the women, which, like the dining-room, was for general use, and stocked with a whole host of little German beds, each for one person. The women in their little white muslin caps had a certain resemblance to Friends, but were distinguished into married and unmarried by the ribbons which tied their caps being of different colours. The young girls had deep red; the unmarried women, pink; the married women, blue; and the widows, white or grey. In the Brethren's House is a very excellent collection of stuffed birds and other objects of natural history, which missionaries from different countries have enriched. Their church very much resembles a Friends' meeting.

On no part of the work have we lingered with more pleasure, than the picture of the present condition of the birth-place of this primitive and philanthropic sect, who may be described as poetical Quakers, as the beau-ideal of Sectarians.

Berlin, the Hartz country, the ascent of the Brocken, and even Weimar and Jena, we must hurry past, pausing, however, in reverence, over one sacred spot of earth at Weimar. In the vault of the new cemetery there, lie the remains of Schiller and Goëthe, with those of their patrons and friends the Duke and Duchess of Weimar. Mr. Howitt tells that the sexton

Appeared proud of being the keeper of the remains of the two great poetical lights of Germany. "Many," said he, "have seen their place of rest, *but I laid them there.*" He had assisted to remove the body of Schiller from the Stadtkirche where it was first interred, to this vault, when it was prepared for the Grand Duke.

The coffins of the illustrious poets had been recently covered with garlands of evergreens. At the proper place, at Carlarhue, we neglected to commemorate the heart-homage which the Tourists paid

at the grave of Stilling, which was to them one of the most interesting spots of the whole city. If less distinguished by splendour of genius than his illustrious friends, his example, and the beautiful lessons shown forth by his character and life, entitle Stilling to equal love and reverence. The German life is not more truly and vividly portrayed in the fictions of Goëthe, than in the simple and tender autobiography of this primitive professor.*

A view of the present state of Literature, Education, and Religion in Germany, concludes the work. One young poet, Freligath, is highly spoken of; we hear of no new writer of prose imaginative works. The far greater part of the daily supply for every-day readers is, at present, obtained from England, France, and America, in good translations; though the translators seem not particular about what works they select; nor will they, while what is provided serves the day. On the subject of education a great deal is conveyed in the remark, that the Germans are thoroughly taught in their schools, though somehow the less systematically-trained English, contrive to scramble up more knowledge. The English mechanic has fewer well organized schools; but he has his library, his newspapers, his periodical works, his cheap yet handsome editions of the standard works of his country; while the state-educated German peasants are still reading only the Catholic legends or chap-books of three centuries ago. The state of religion, in Germany, according to Mr. Howitt's opinion,—and, though a religious man, he is no bigot,—is far from being satisfactory. He takes the same view of our commercial relations with that country, which is forced upon every thinking man. "We had only to consent to feed our hungry manufacturers with their corn and cattle, and they offered in return their sixty millions [including the Austrian Italian States,] of backs to clothe, besides the importation of various of our articles of colonial produce. By the grossest political stupidity we have shut out their corn, and starved our millions of spinners. We have excited a system of counteraction; for Germany has closed itself to us, and become a rival manufacturing country. Every town of our manufacturing districts stands at this moment a frightful spectacle, upbraiding us, in the attitude of Chartism and the language of despair, with our irremediable folly."

Let not those readers who seek only for information, in an agreeable form, and entertainment, take alarm at this passage. There is but a slender admixture of politics or grave discussion of any kind in the work; though the little given is of the right sort.

In taking leave of this work, which, whether we look to the actual amount of valuable original information, relating to a people with whom we have many close ties and common sympathies, or its execution, may be regarded as the most abiding or standard work that its author has yet produced, it is a duty to the literary labourer, as to the public for whom he toils, to commemorate the care and pains in every minor as well as essential point, which Mr. Howitt has bestowed, to render his book worthy of the favour to which we consider it eminently entitled. It is no flimsy, hastily got-up catch-penny affair, to be floated off under a press of sail and a popular name, and then to sink into the oblivion, which from the first, if thus constructed, it would have merited. It is calculated to please the eye as well as to satisfy the understanding; and we cannot doubt but that its success will correspond with its intrinsic merit, and external attractions.

* See Tait's Magazine for May 1835.

AFFGHANISTAN.

O TRAMPLE to dust the inglorious banner,
That once proudly waved o'er the ranks of the free;
It is foul with the ensigns of blackest dishonour,
O bury its folds in the depths of the sea.

Shall henceforth the rose round the neck of the raven,
The thistle around the pale crescent be twined!
The shamrock be worn by the tyrant and craven!
Dishonour with glory and fame be combined!

Is freedom no more than a name—than a shadow?
Let the life-blood of heroes and martyrs declare,
That stained the rich blossom of mountain and meadow,
When the sword of the despot was shivered in air.

Shall the sons of the clime, where the cairn on the mountain
Hath guarded for ages the rest of the free,
Sell their hearts' dearest blood as a life-streaming fountain,
To feed the dark poison of Slavery's tree!

O breathe not the thought, that when Liberty's chalice
The Affghan is eagerly longing to sip,
The hero-descendants of Hampden and Wallace
Should haste the bright nectar to dash from his lip:

Should plough the vast ocean, and breast the steep highland,
Where the genii of tempest for ages have moaned;
Should lavish the wealth and the hearts of our island
To aid the dark hopes of a tyrant dethroned.

Yes! Victory's sunburst may flash on the standard
Ye bear to the front of Affghanistan's war;
But disaster and death, with your treasury squandered,
For the honour of England were better by far.

But revenge is the war-word—the old English Lion
For glory insulted must drink of the tide
That pours from the heart of Affghanistan dying,
Lest cowards should mock at the fall of his pride.

The revenge of a felon! whose brow has been branded
With the fire of omnipotent justice for crime,
For defiance of rights, which your fathers commanded
To respect in each country, each colour, and clime.

Let the wretches who wedded the stainless old banner
To craven injustice, be wedded for aye
To darkest remembrance of freedom's dishonour,
Of England's disgrace, and her glory's decay.

CYRUS.

JUDGE THOMSON—A LOVE STORY.

In the spare corner of some newspaper there appeared, a good many years back, a copy of verses of some mark, in which the nameless writer, himself in the heyday of youth and passion, moralizes with tenderness on the common lot, and expresses wonder whether the serene or indifferent old men, whom he saw far advanced on the downward path of life, had ever possessed as warm a heart as his, or been agitated by feelings akin to those which filled his own breast. Following out this train of musing, he comes to the conclusion—

> Yes! each has had his dream of joy,
> His own unequalled, pure romance,
> Commencing when the blooming boy
> First thrilled to lovely woman's glance.

These fugitive lines were forcibly brought to recollection on perusing the subjoined Letters; to which it is our duty to prefix a short explanatory preface.

With all the caution, prudence, and keenness of acquisition, which is said to distinguish our countrymen—be it the acquisition of knowledge, or of pounds shillings and pence, dollars, rupees, or pistoles, there is often lurking at the bottom of the heart of the genuine Scotsman, a fund of latent romance, which will sometimes break strongly out where it is the least suspected to exist. Sir Walter Scott, both in the strength and the weakness of his character, was an eminent exemplar of this peculiarity of the national character; of this double nature, or racy mixture of the shrewd and prudential, with the enthusiastic. Like the hero of our true tale, Scott seems to have cherished, to the latest moments of his life, the memory of an unfortunate early attachment; though most unlike that excellent person in almost every feature of character, in which one good man can differ from another. It was our intention, at first, to tell this "True Tale of a true love" in the form of a narrative; but upon second thoughts we shall give the original letters. One letter from Judge Thomson to the long-beloved it would be sacrilege to touch; though it were only to correct the ungrammatical *thee*, so characteristic of the engrafted Quaker.

LETTER I.

From A. D., Manchester, to H. W., Esq., Banker, Ludlow.

Manchester, 29*th Sept.*, 1842.

My dear Sir,—I am pretty sure you will be gratified with the perusal of what follows.

You know the town of Kirkcudbright, with its old castle, its quay, and its tall jail tower? Well, some sixty years ago and more, a group of playful children might be seen daily wending their way to and from Kirkcudbright school, their homes being two or three miles distant from the town. Two of the group, a boy and a girl, about the same age, were generally seen hand in hand, seemingly more attached to each other than the rest. The girl's name was *Mary Sharpe*, the daughter of Adam Sharpe, a small farmer on the Selkirk estate; and her companion's name was *William Thomson*, the son of a neighbouring ploughman or cottar.

More than twenty years passed away, and a man, still in the prime of life, visited Kirkcudbright, after many years' sojourn in the West Indies.* He had gone to push his fortune, and had not been unsuccessful. Though his face was bronzed by a tropical sun, his heart still beat warmly at the recollection of old scenes and old friendships. He was *William Thomson*, the cottar's son; and he inquired anxiously for Mary Sharpe, the companion of his childhood. He found her in Liverpool, the wife of Captain Cunningham, the master of a foreign ship, with two or three children playing around her knee.

Forty more years rolled away. An aged and infirm female called upon my friend, Mr. John Rae, ship-owner in Liverpool, and formerly one of the magistrates of Kirkcudbright. She was decently dressed, and had evidently seen better days, but had latterly tasted the bitter cup of poverty in her declining years. She told her tale, and found ready sympathy from Mr. Rae. She was *Mary Sharpe*,† now Widow Cunningham, and the inmate of an alms-house. Mr. Rae, in the kindness of his heart, administered to her pressing wants, and promised to exert himself in her behalf. He immediately addressed a letter to the Earl of Selkirk, on whose estate her family had been tenants for some generations, and four of whose uncles and aunts had been nursed by her (Mary Sharpe's) mother. His Lordship, however, did not reply. Mr. Rae wrote to others connected with the widow's family with no better success. On communicating the disappointment of his hopes to the aged widow, Mr. Rae inquired of her if she could think of any other friend to whom he could make another appeal on her behalf. She said there was only one person, an old schoolfellow, who, she was sure, would befriend her, if he was still alive, and had it in his power. "What is his name, and where is he to be found?" inquired Mr. Rae.—"His name is William Thomson; he sailed for America forty years ago, where, I believe, he settled; but I have never heard of or from him since."—"This is a wide address, and, I fear, a hopeless chance," said Mr. Rae; but he is not easily baffled when good to a deserving and suffering fellow-creature is the object. He knew something of a worthy and benevolent Gallovidian citizen of New York, a Mr. Johnston;‡ and he at once penned a letter, detailing all the circumstances of Widow Cunningham, the Mary Sharpe of other years, addressed it "William Thomson," and despatched it, under cover, to Mr. Johnston of New York. Mr. Johnston knew a Judge Thomson of Broome County, who, he thought, answered the description given by Mr.

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* See Mr. Thomson's letter subjoined, where he details the circumstances of his voyage out to Jamaica, &c.

† The following are a few particulars of Mary Sharpe's intervening history:—Her parents being poor, she went to service in the house of an aunt of the third Lord Selkirk, where she remained some years; and being a handsome girl, she had several admirers; and amongst the rest, Mr. Lennox, afterwards of New York, and the father of the Mr. Lennox who purchased Dalscairth, near Dumfries, some years ago. She removed to Liverpool, and was soon afterwards married to Mr. Cunningham, Master and Supercargo of a large ship. He died 35 or 36 years ago at Surinam, leaving his widow with four young children, their only provision being the industry of the widow. She, however, contrived to bring up her family in respectability; and when they were all able to do for themselves, she once more went to service at Stobo Castle, near Peebles, the seat of Sir James Montgomery, whose Lady was Lord Selkirk's aunt. Three of her children having died, and age and infirmity coming upon her, she some years ago took shelter in the alms-house at Liverpool.

‡ It is singular, that this Mr. Johnston, to whom Mr. Rae addressed his letter, should happen to be the only surviving acquaintance which Judge Thomson had in New York.

Rae. He forwarded the letter to him, *and he was the man!* Read his letter, of which I enclose a copy.

I may tell you that Judge Thomson is now dead;* but the widow Cunningham still lives. He left her £600 by his will: which will render her comfortable in her old age; and probably leave a handsome sum to her daughter, (an unmarried woman) who has, for several years, attended her mother in the most dutiful and affectionate manner. * * * * *

I am, &c. A. D.

LETTER II.

From Judge Thomson to Mr. Rae.

Binghamton, *Broome County, State of New York, Aug.* 23, 1841.

John Rae, Esq.

Dear Sir,—Your favour of the 19th ult. reached me on the 9th instant. I have to return you my sincere thanks for the *Herald* newspaper; though the intelligence conveyed of the result of your elections grieved me exceedingly. Our late elections have also resulted in the overthrow of the liberal, or democratic cause. This I regret; as the progress of Liberalism, in the two freest countries on earth, must be arrested in its onward course—at least, for some time. The monied power seems, for a while, to be in the ascendant; and I doubt whether there ever will be sufficient virtue in the masses to effectually contend with it. I perceive, in your country, that whenever a few beneficial reforms have been adopted, the popular claims (as it were) run riot, and call for Chartism, Socialism, and every *ism* that is impracticable in a well-regulated community. All that the masses can reasonably demand is, that there be no impediment or bar to their rising in the world: such as that a private soldier may fight his way to the office of General; a sailor, who enters before the mast may be, by his courage and conduct, promoted to the rank of Admiral; and that public offices be impartially bestowed on the most capable and honest. I perceive that the constituencies of Ireland, Scotland, and the English boroughs are sound,—that Toryism being triumphant is owing to the landed aristocracy of England—alas! no longer Merry England. Enough of politics. I am truly happy to hear that my dear and early friend, Mrs. Cunningham, is well. The explanation you gave of the institution where she resided was perfectly satisfactory. I should like to know the name of the benevolent founder. I hope your business will permit you to see Mrs. Cunningham frequently. Say everything kind to her for me. In November, our mutual friend, John Johnston, forwarded you a draft for her use, (say £20 sterling.) You will oblige by sending occasionally a Galloway newspaper. After an absence of sixty years, it does not appear that much change has taken place in the landed property in the stewartry, or in Wigtonshire. You are desirous to know my native place. My father was from Dalry, my mother from Borgue. Fortune brought them together about the middle of the last century, as servants, at the house of Mr. M'Millan of Barwhinnock, in the parish of Twynholm. They were married there, and went to live, as cottars, with Mr. —— of ——, who, I have often heard my mother say, was one of the cruellest and profanest of men. My parents soon left Lochfergus and went into Borgue, in the same humble capacity. There I was born on the 17th of July, 1765. After being some years at the parish school there, I was put to board at an uncle's, who farmed Castlecrave in the parish of Berwick,† and walked three miles daily, in the summer, to Mr. Gordon's school in Kirkcudbright. In the winter, I boarded at the house of Hugh Johnston in the Milburn. I recollect a family of your name there, that were wrights. During several summers I passed the house of Adam Sharpe, Mary's father; and his children, of which Mary was the eldest, also went to Mr. Gordon's school. We generally went and returned together, and formed an attachment founded on the most innocent love and youthful friendship; and had I been the heir of the fairest estate in Galloway, Mary would have had the offer of my hand: but, alas! poverty was an insuperable bar, and we were but children of about fourteen years of age. Mary's parents were both from Borgue, and there was only a few months' difference in our ages. I cannot consent to my friendly feelings to my schoolmate being made public. The good old bookseller is not to let the left hand know what the right hand doth. My means of liberality were all disposed of previous to my knowledge of Mrs. C.'s situation. I wish she would get her daughter to write a letter for her to me. I have, if my executors are honest—which I hope they are—secured to Mary £600, which will support her in comfort, and something be left to reward her daughter. My schoolmates that I recollect, were James Mitchel, son of the ancient Dr. Mitchel; Alexander Gordon, son of our schoolmaster; Thomas Bean, James Bean, James Liddesdale, David M'Lellan; James, John, and Robert Clarke, sons of Dr. Clarke. William Johnston, and his brother John, went to Mr. Monnoch's school. My health is such, that I have little prospect of surviving the coming winter. Should it be so, I cannot complain: my days of pilgrimage have already surpassed the ordinary age allotted to man. My ancestry are truly plebeian, and my poor father, out of twenty years' penurious economy, laid up what paid for a steerage passage for me in a Glasgow ship to Jamaica, where I landed in May, 1783, a poor lad, unbefriended and penniless. I lived there fifteen years, and left in August, 1798. I was one of twenty-four young men who were my fellow-passengers in the Glasgow ship; and have been for the last forty-two years the only survivor, and the only one of them that had saved any property worth notice. I have been two weeks writing this letter. Should you not again hear from me, you will hear of me from your friend John Johnston, who is very wealthy, and as respectable as any man can be. Since the death of my ancient friend Robert Lenox, he is the only one left to me in the city of New-York. I am exhausted, and must finish. Most truly your friend.

(Signed) Wm. Thomson.

Binghamton, *Broome County, New York,* 16 *October*, 1841.

Mr. John Rae.

Dear Sir,—By a letter from our mutual friend, John Johnston, Esq., he informs me that on the 29th ultimo he has remitted to you, on my account, for the use of my dear friend, Mrs. Mary Cunningham, a set of exchange for £21, 2s. 2d. sterling, which I doubt not will come to hand safe, and be duly honoured. This sum I hope, together with the other little perquisites she at present enjoys, will place her in tolerably comfortable circumstances. Be so kind as to present to her my sincere love and regard; and [say] that she may depend on the like sum annually, during my life. I have also by will left her £600 sterling, payable in two years from my decease, the interest annually. But, my dear Sir, it would probably be best that little should be made public on this subject, as it might lead to the curtailment of her present comfortable location. She owes much to you. I hope you see her often. I am desirous to receive a letter from her; her daughter can act as amanuensis. I have to thank you for a Dumfries and Galloway newspaper occasionally. Galloway, both shire and stewartry, acted

* He died (as appears from the Dumfries papers of 17th March, 1842,) on 30th January, 1842. He had previously remitted the first year's annuity to Mrs. Cunningham, in addition to the previous remittance of £10.

† Probably *Berwick* is here a clerical error, and *Kerrick* must be the parish meant by Judge Thomson.—*E. T. M.*

well at the last election,—Broughton nobly. We have a strong war feeling here. I hope the good sense of Britain and the United States will perceive the advantage of peace. War between those states would disturb and retard the civilisation of the whole human race. The human passions are yet far from being chastened by the mild precepts of our holy religion.—Yours sincerely. (Signed) Wm. Thomson.

P. S. My health has been very poor for a year past.—W. T.

Mr. John Rae, 10, *Charlotte Place, Liverpool.*

LETTER III.

From Judge Thomson to Mary Sharpe, Mrs. Cunningham.

Binghamton, *Broome County, State of New York,* 28*th Feb.*, 1841.

Mrs. Mary Cunningham,—My earliest and most beloved friend, Mr. Rae's letter of the 20th November, 1840, did not reach me until the 2d February, 1841. In two days after it came to hand I remitted to my friend, John Johnston, Esq., of the city of New York, £10 sterling, for thy immediate relief, which he writes to me he has done. I was truly happy to learn that thee was still numbered with the living; but I was much distressed to think how much thy feelings must have been wounded by the humiliations thee has been compelled to submit to. Thee did me justice in believing that, if I knew thy distress, I would be willing to assist thee; and I cannot express how much I am indebted to thee for the present call. But, my dear Mary, why was thy situation not made known to me twenty years ago? How happy it would have made me to have averted from the woman I have ever loved above all others, the distress and mortifications she has undergone. It wounds my feelings extremely to think that thee has become the pensioner of an alms-house. It must not continue so. Would £25 annually enable thee to remove into thine own rented house, and support thee in anything like comfort? That sum I can spare, without curtailing the comforts of my family. My circumstances for the last forty years have been easy, but never very rich. I give thee my history. A few months after I parted with thee in Liverpool, I married into a Quaker family in the State of New York, and commenced farming my own freehold. In six or eight years, perceiving that there was no probability of my having a family of children, I disposed of my property near to New York, located myself in the State of Pennsylvania, where, for thirty years, I employed myself in superintending my farm, (a large one,) and in discharging the duties of a Magistrate and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in Susquehanna County. I had no desire to be very rich, and the bent of my own mind rather disposed me to literary pursuits, which now afford my principal enjoyment. Some years since I sent to Galloway for my sister, her husband, and her three daughters, their husbands, and their fifteen grandchildren, all of whom are now settled on three valuable farms, with stock and everything they can reasonably want. If they are industrious and prudent, they and their descendants are placed where, if poverty reaches them, it will be their own fault. My sister deceased a few weeks since, aged 80 years. In 1836, my wife deceased. She confided to my protection an aged maiden her sister, who had lived with us 35 years; also her niece, a girl of 12 years, which she had adopted. I married the old maiden, and domestic matters were conducted without change. Becoming infirm, I sold my farm, and now reside near Binghamton, 170 miles from New York city. While I live thee shall have £25 annually, in December, which Mr. Johnston will remit; and I have made a codicil to my will, by which thee will receive £600. Should my life, however, be spared for a few years, I will remit that sum to thee myself. If the interest of £600, say £30, would support thee in comfort, the principal sum, or a part of it, would put it in thy power to reward thy dutiful child, who has foregone opportunities, no doubt, of bettering her condition, in order to wait on and comfort her aged parent. When I last saw thee, thee had three children, a son in Scotland, and two daughters with thee; one about three years old, I think, named Mary, and the other a babe in the cradle. How many of thy children grew up? What year did Captain Cunningham die? I think thee said he was then in Martinique. If your hand has become unsteady, get some one to write me for thee, and give me a history of all thy troubles. Are thy brother and sisters yet alive? The Scottish aristocracy are a heartless race. It is a disgrace to the Selkirk family that Mary Sharpe ever knew want. I am now in my seventy-sixth year, and I well remember there was but a few months' difference in our ages. I hope, my dear Mary, that thee will believe me to write in sincerity and truth when I say, that thee has conferred on me an obligation, that I can never repay, by calling upon me in thy distress. Had I known whereabouts thee was to be found, the call would not have been waited for. Had I known thy situation twenty years ago, how much humiliation would have been spared thee. On receipt of this give me a long letter in return; and write to me every three months. Address, William Thomson, Esq., Binghamton, Broome county, State of New York. Put thy letter in a packet, or steam-ship bag, a day or two before the set time of sailing, and I will receive it in about three weeks. Farewell, my dear Mary; and believe me to be, at this moment, as sincerely thy friend as when we were footing up the Barhill together, on our way from school. With sentiments of love and affection unchanged, I remain, thine ever,

William Thomson.

One is at a loss whether most to admire, the faith of Mary Sharpe in her old schoolfellow, of whom she had not heard for forty years, or the unswerving truth of that ancient friend. What a singular combination of tender enthusiasm and matter-of-fact duty and prudence, does this worthy man's epistle display! Marrying the "aged maiden" bequeathed to him, is indeed somewhat repulsive to our insular ideas; but it is thus that, by the law of the land, things are regulated in the New World. We conclude by hoping that Judge Thomson may be the citizen of the State of New York, who lately left an annual sum to be given as a prize for the best Essay on the advantages of Free trade, and direct taxation. Indeed, his politics seem as sound and enlightened, as his heart must have been warm, faithful, and devoted.

GABRIEL GARBAGE; OR,
LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF A LITERARY CAD.

EDITED BY BON GAULTIER.

[*Avis au Lecteur.*—This Work was sent to us in three volumes: but by omitting a series of sketches descriptive of visits to my uncle, and various low pot-houses, voyages to Ramsgate, and Eel Pie Island, and papers rejected by the lowest Magazines, we have condensed it into the following chapters. Even these, we fear, run out to too great a length; but they present some phases of literary life, which have at all events the merit of novelty. It is distinctly to be understood, that this work has no connexion with one bearing a title somewhat similar, professing to record the literary experiences of another literary cad.—BON GAULTIER.]

CHAPTER I.

Birth, Parentage, and Education.—*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

Most people have heard of the boy, who, when asked who his father was, replied, "I never had a father: mother got me at a raffle." I was not that boy, although some of my literary rivals have, with characteristic malignity, asserted that I was. No—I had a father; and I may say, without fear of contradiction, that I had a mother also—at *least* I cannot otherwise account for my appearance in society. When I first began to reflect upon the how and why of my existence, and to feel an interest in the family history, I found that my father—my utmost endeavours have been unable to trace the family pedigree higher—was a native of the classic village of Whommlebree in Morayshire. Although a gentleman of unquestionable respectability, he did not think it beneath him to lend his personal services, for the customary amount of wages, in reducing blocks of whinstone to that fragmentary state which fits them for being employed in the formation of thoroughfares constructed upon the principle of the great Macadam. In this he felt there was no disgrace. Cincinnatus, according to Livy, planted his own cabbages; and President Harrison, we all know, pitted his own potatoes, and baked his own pumpkin pies. My father's mind had a strong bent towards the physical sciences; and, in the pursuit of his favourite propensity, his evenings were generally spent in a retired glen in the distillation of a chemical fluid, which has attained a more than European celebrity, under the name of smuggled whisky. He was not, however, long permitted to beguile the silent hours of night with the Egeria of the small-still. The myrmidons of a despotic government rudely broke in upon his philosophical retreat; and in disgust he left his native village for the metropolis of the west, where he found a sphere for his activity in the humble but useful avocation of a street porter.

My mother, excellent matron! was of an active turn of mind. The monotony of an existence without employment preyed upon her spirits; and some cheerful occupation was recommended by her medical advisers, to keep her from sinking into hypochondria. Accordingly she invested her paternal fortune in the purchase of a mangle, and she kept it with untiring zeal. From that hour she was ready to undertake mangling to any extent "by the hour or piece." She measured her labour by the amount of currency which it brought to her exchequer, and she was happy. Her profession necessarily drew around her a large circle of female acquaintance, in whose society I had opportunities of studying the character of the gentler sex such as are rarely enjoyed. The unreserved frankness with which they told to each other the secrets of the different families who had availed themselves of their talents, and the charming vivacity with which they attacked one other's reputation, gave me an insight, at a very early age, into human life, which has been of the greatest benefit to my future career.

I was an only child—the centre of my mother's affection. On me she lavished her little income,—freely enabling me to receive the benefits of a day-school in the Gallowgate, where reading, writing, and arithmetic, were taught for three shillings a-quarter, by an under graduate of one of the Universities. I soon began to give symptoms of a literary turn. A choice collection of penny histories enriched my library; and these graver studies were relieved by several fathoms of popular songs, which my mother's liberality enabled me to purchase at the rate of a yard and a half for a halfpenny.

My father died when I was a mere child. My recollections of him are extremely shadowy. We saw very little of him. It was always late when he came home, and I remember distinctly that he never walked like anybody else; but, in place of going straight forward, traversed the street, or room, as the case might be, with a rolling and irregular motion, which I could never adequately explain. His words were generally incoherent, and thickly guttural, and his manner stupidly ferocious. A disappointed man, he sighed, with an unquenchable longing, for the dew of his own mountains. His fine genius was crushed by the legislative interference of which I have already spoken; and he died, in the vigour of life, a victim to despair and lowland whisky. This event occasioned no change upon my mother's demeanour, except that it afforded her a theme of exquisite pathos among the young virgins who frequented her establishment, and justified the dash of gin with which, from thenceforth, she invariably seasoned her souchong.

I had grown to be a youth of fifteen or sixteen, before my literary abilities developed themselves with any remarkable force. Like Burns, I owed my inspiration to a pair of black eyes; and I take this early opportunity of silencing the calumny which has ascribed my literary efforts to frequent quaffings of the Hippocrene of beer. My passion was unsuccessful; but its struggles snapped the chords that bound the pinions of my genius. I felt what

it was to be a poet; and, knowing that all great poets must "learn in suffering what they teach in song," I submitted calmly to my fate. The object of my attachment was a young girl from the island of Rum, the laundress to a family in the neighbourhood, who patronised the establishment of my respected parent. For weeks and weeks my passion smouldered in my breast. By day, I raved of her to myself; and all night long frantically embraced the pillow, in visions of my charmer. At last I could restrain myself no longer. I declared myself to her—dreadful hour! But I shall tell the result in a little poem, which my friends have often said,—in this agreeing entirely with myself,—bears no small resemblance to some of the most graceful productions of the Bard of Rydal—

THE CATASTROPHE.

Some thirst for fame, and some for gold,
But Love, within its silken fold,
  Can every heart entangle;
My father early toiled and late,
And in the crowded Gallowgate
  My mother kept a mangle.

Upon her parlour floor it stood,
A huge machine of beechen wood,
  And it did never cease
To roll along on rounded pin,
And smoothed the linen laid within,
  Or by the hour or piece.

Around its pillars vast each night
Was gathered a circle bright
  Of maidens fair as day;
Sweet Bessy Brown, and Jess Mackay,
And Annie Gray, with roguish eye,
  That lives across the way.

But none that did that mangle turn
Were half so fair as Ailsie Burn.
  How strangely beat my heart,
As forward in her toil she bent,
And up her gown of gingham went,
  And showed her ancle smart!

One night I met her in the street,
Her shoes, for once, were on her feet,
  Her basket on her arm;
She to my mother's would repair,
To get her linen mangled there,
  And keep her fingers warm.

I stopped her—asked her how she did;
Proposed, if she would not forbid,
  With her to walk along;
And told her, heedless of the rain,
Of all my passion, all my pain,
  And pitched it very strong.

She heard me; not a word she said,
But, as she walked, held down her head—
  I felt that she was mine!
O happy youth! I cried, and sank
Upon a clothes-heap, steaming, dank,
  Just newly off the line.

I lay like one of sense forlorn;
The mangle, that from night till morn
  Did ever creak and turn,
Was creaking now—I heard it not—
I was too happy in the thought
  Of my dear Ailsie Burn.

But woe is me; for when I rose
From off that heap of humid clothes,
  She made me loudly wail;
And in my ears her laughter dinn'd—
Oh, death! I found that she had pinn'd
  A dish-clout to my tail!

How I survived the horror of this discovery I know not. The scornful laugh of that large circle of feminine grace, of which I have spoken, still rings in my ears. Scoffed, jeered at, my young affections made a jest, I should have died, but that I felt some consolation in being able to record the incident in such graceful stanzas. I felt how much my case was akin to that of Byron and Miss Chaworth; and the thought reconciled me, in some measure, to my discomfiture. From that moment I resolved to become a literary man. Little did Ailsie Burn imagine, as she pinned that dish-clout to my coat tail, that, in the victim of her wanton sport, the world should one day admire the author of the "*Lives Of The Old Clothesmen.*"

Four years passed over,—a dreary blank. How they were spent I shall not here disclose. The acorn, lapped in moss, is unconscious of its winter sleep, until the genial warmth of spring awakens it into that life, which a future day shall see matured into the stately tree. Rest ye then in peace, days of my youth, not altogether forgotten by me! Carrick, of the Royal Hôtel, George Square, you once retained a Boots. Four years he ate of your bread, and drank of your cup, and was to you as the most intractable of Bootses. Would you recognise him now in the idol of the literary circles of B——, radiant with the smiles of prosperity, and glorified with a suit of Doudney's best?

CHAPTER II.

The Author arrives in London, and makes the Acquaintance of a Troubadour. Is introduced to Mr. Catnach. Young England. He is launched upon the Sea of Literature.

It would be tedious, were I to recount minutely all the disappointments I encountered in the outset of my literary career. Colburn slammed the door in my face; Bentley was obdurate as steel; and Saunders & Otley, interesting twins, declined my services at any price. Publishers are, at all times, an illiberal class of persons; and I perfectly agree with my friend Tom Campbell's remark, that the one praiseworthy act of Napoleon's life was his execution of a bookseller. At this particular crisis the London Trade were even more perverse than usual. Whether an uninterrupted course of prosperity had made them wanton and flatulent, I know not; but such they decidedly were. Twelve publishers of note rejected my offers in succession: but I have since been avenged.

In these futile efforts for honourable independence a week elapsed; and at the end of that period I found myself literally penniless. Singularly enough, even then no thought of despondency crossed my mind. I knew, to the weight of a carat, the value of the jewel I bore within me—I knew and appreciated the priceless treasure of a manly, intelligent, and cultivated mind. All the world might fail me, but *that* could not. However I wanted breakfast.

Pacing slowly along towards an earth-fruiterer's (I mean a baked-potatoe) stall, situated in the neighbourhood of St. Clement's Danes, the proprietrix of which was a countrywoman of my own, upon whom I meant to urge a claim for temporary refreshment, I was somewhat struck by the ap-

pearance of a young man who exercised the profession of an itinerary Troubadour. In one hand he carried a bundle of printed ballads, while the other, elaborately curved, so as to form a kind of manual speaking-trumpet, was applied to his mouth for the purpose of strengthening the effect of the following literary announcement:—

"Here you have a true and pertikilar ack-ount of the bloodi, brutal, and barbarious murder committed by John Jugg, upon the person of Mary Waddilove, at Islington; with the last speech and dying confession of the criminel,—and a ballad upon the same. All for the low charge of one halfpenny."

A small crowd of admirers collected round him. He ceased his recitative, and sung,—

"Ye Christian people, great and small,
Attend unto my song,
And you shall hear what did befall
Last week at Islington.

"A butcher bold was John the Jugg,
And much he did delight
To see sweet Mary Waddilove
As she went by each night.

(A ballad, marm? Thank ye, marm.)

"He said to her, 'Sweet maid,' said he,
'Behold me at your feet.'
But Mary Waddilove, ah, me!
Disliked the smell of meat.

"She said, 'Get out, you nasty man,
You smells uncommon strong!'
John Jugg he swore a horrid oath,
And kept it, too, ere long.

"One night the devil did appear,
And said to him, 'John Jugg,
Young Mary's wery fond of beer—
Put pison in the mug!'"

Thus far had the ballad-singer chanted, and already the pence came showering in. A brilliant thought struck me. I had still a sixpence left, and stepping up with an air of affability to the minstrel, I requested the honour of his company to discuss a pot of half-and-half in an adjoining public-house. He gave me a knowing wink.

"Vy," said he, with elegant vivacity, "I doesn't think as 'ow you'd make much by hocusing me, so I ha'n't no werry great objections. Howsomd'ever, let's go in separate, my young 'un'; cos, you see, I'm rayther pertikilar about the company I keeps."

I humoured his scruples, and gave way. A few moments afterwards we were deep in conversation over a quart of England's generous fluid.

Whatever may be my failings, from which I cannot, any more than the greatest sons of humanity, claim exemption, the betrayal of confidence was never laid to my charge. During the half hour we spent together, Jim the Screamer—for such was the *sobriquet* or *nomen juris* of my new acquaintance—communicated to me, from his large stores of useful knowledge, some valuable literary information, which had the greatest effect in determining my literary career. He proved to me, by the most perfect demonstration, that the highway to fame and riches did not lie, as the public are too prone to believe, through the wareroom of the wealthy publisher,—that popular applause was to be won in a wider arena,—that reviews and magazines were neither more nor less than fetters artfully forged to keep down the aspiring wing of genius,—and that in the free, open atmosphere of the streets alone, was the battle of reputation to be won. Nor was this the only benefit I received from the ingenuous Screamer. His eagle-glance at once detected what I truly was,—a neophyte, a young, confiding disciple, eager to embrace the true faith, but ignorant of the fountain-head to which it behoved me to repair. The Screamer saw this, and pitied me. He felt that I needed a master, and urged me, without delay, to cast myself at the feet of the great Gamaliel of song—our immortal master, the illustrious Catnach!

I obeyed. Following the directions vouchsafed to me by the friendly Screamer, I threaded the mazy labyrinth of The Seven Dials, and in Greek Street paused before the door where Catnach held his home. With what force did the admirable epigram of my old Glaswegian friend, Sinclair Manson, the great French lexicographer, occur to me at that moment—

"Seven Grecian cities fought for Homer's fame,
Seven London Dials do our Catnach claim."

"Up four pair o' stairs,—fust door on the right hand," replied a descending pot-boy, with a camel-load of pewter at his back, in answer to my tremulous inquiry. The cold sweat stood upon my brow, as I wound up the narrow defile; for I was conscious that every step brought me nearer the presence of the great oracle of song,—

——— a quo, ceu fonte perenni
Vatum Pieriis ora rigantur aquis.

"Vell, young 'un, vot's the kick?" were the first words that greeted my ears, as I stumbled into a low-roofed apartment, about twelve feet square, in which two gentlemen were seated. There was beer upon the table, and pipes. A strong odour of tobacco, contending with the rich flavour of onions, pervaded the room. There were also pens and ink, and several sheets of foolscap, with which one of the gentlemen seemed busily engaged. The other, who was an elderly bald-headed man, with a brilliant saffron complexion, was engaged, at my entrance, in correcting what seemed the proof of a Dying Speech.

"Am I to understand that this is Mr. Catnach's apartment?"

"An unkimmon good guess that o' your'n, Sawney," said the elderly gentleman; "and vot if it be?"

"I am a poet, Sir, and I come to offer my services."

"A poet!" repeated the eccentric Catnach, bursting into an explosion of laughter. "Do you hear *that*, Young England? Here's a chap from Scratchland, come to take the shine out on you all."

Young England regarded me with a steadfast scowl. "I do not fear him," he said; "we still have our Smifzer and our Stubbins."

"And we our Howie, our Miller, and our Glass," replied I, with considerable dignity.

"Stop that ere jaw!" cried Catnach, authoritatively. "You, Young England, finish that job you're at in five minutes time, or blow me if I

table down a rap. You, Sawney, take a drop o' beer in the meantime, to set the stream of varse a-flowin', and then to work. But first, your name, and who sent you here?"

I told him of my meeting with the Screamer.

"He's a good 'un, is Jim," said Catnach, musingly—"a werry good 'un, and vorth his grub any day. There ain't a better in the doleful line 'tween this and Vitechapel. I adwises you, young man, to make a friend on the Screamer. He's wot I calls a practical charakter, and hunderstands the public taste to an 'air. My eyes! wot a lot o' browns he did make out of 'Nix my dolly,' to be sure! a small fortin, qvite!"

"Did the author pocket much by the transaction?" I asked carelessly.

"Wot's that to you?" said Mr. Catnach. "Ve never splits in the trade. Hainsvorth's a reglar trump, straight up, right down, and no mistake, and I never grudges the tin for a good hartickel. Vell, Young England, are you done yet? Time's up."

"I think this will do for the catastrophe," said the poet, rising, and handing a sheet of foolscap to the modern Mæcenas.

"Vy, if it's only bloody enough, it's sure to tell," said Mr. Catnach; and he read as follows:—

Then he loaded both his pistols, and he went into the lane,
Quoth he, "My jolly banker, you'll ne'er go back again;
For, blow me, if I do not put this bullet through your wig,—
Now, dash my buttons, Bill, I hear the rattle of the gig."

It was the gig, and no mistake, and the piebald trotting horse;
The banker he was in it, and the banker's wife of course.
They were taking it quite easy, when at the horse's head
Stood Slouching Bill, and on the step stood noble Nimming Ned.

"Fork out the shiners," Ned exclaimed, "I knows they're in your purse,
Or you shall quickly go to grass," and he swore a horrid curse.
The banker took his blunderbuss and snapped it at his head,
But the powder it was wet, and so he didn't do for Ned.

Then Ned he shot the banker dead, and the banker's wife also,
And Bill and Ned they spent the tin as fast as it would go.
But Providence beheld them, though no human eye did see,
And very shortly afterwards they hung at Tyburn tree.
Sing whack fal de riddle, fal de ray!

"I've seen you do better, Young England," said Mr. Catnach. "I've seen you do vorse. This ain't spicy enough for the city, that's clear, but it may go off decentish at Wapping. So here's Wapping's wages,—seven and sixpence. But, mark my vords, Young England, you'll run dry werry soon. There ain't enough o' blood about your ballads. I never knowed a poet as lasted above the year who didn't sprinkle his lines with more blood and brains than you do. Now, Sawney, for a taste of your kevolity!"

I submitted to Mr. Catnach's inspection several of my juvenile productions, all which he tossed aside with contempt.

"That ain't the sort o' thing at all! Vy that 'ere's sentiment, and sentiment von't sell. Look here," and he handed me a copy of the Dubman's Gazette; "read that ere desperate burglary, and see if you can't cooper it up into wigorous varse. There's paper. I'm a-going hout on purfessional dooty, and shall be back in an hour; never allows more for a ballad. So look sharp."

I sate down eagerly to work, and although the raw-head-and-bloody-bones style of composition was both new and difficult, I succeeded beyond expectation. I knew that upon this trial my hopes of Mr. Catnach's future patronage depended; and accordingly I put my whole soul and shoulder to the wheel. After the first stanza or two, I became intensely interested in the subject, threw threefold fire into my verses, described the repeated blows of the bludgeon in a gush of almost fiendish melody, and bespattered each ensanguined strophe with a mixture of brains and blood. Long before my patron returned, I had completed the task, and I now placed it in his hands with a feeling of conscious triumph.

Catnach read it with delight. "That's the right stuff, Sawney!" cried he, pouring out a glass of blue ruin for my own peculiar use. "No snivelling or sentiment there! It's worth any two of Young England's trumpery, and not a long chalk off Hainsvorth hisself! I'll have it printed off this very night, and start the Screamer through St. Giles' with it. There's ten bob for you; and I'll give you as much for every bang-up thing of the kind you can vork off. Only mind this—no sentiment, or I've done with you for ever."

Behold, then, at last, the door of fortune opened. Inexpressibly gratified, I squeezed the hand of the benevolent Catnach; pocketed the remuneration, and went home to dream of new literary triumphs.

CHAPTER III.

The Author meets two eminent Literary Characters.

I was sitting, one night, in the public room of The Three Bells, musing over my third pot of heavy, and inventing materials for a work I had then in hand—*The Lives of Illustrious Literary Characters*,—when my attention was arrested by the entrance of two gentlemen of very singular appearance. They entered with a rollicking, roystering, air, that satisfied me they must have been partaking of a fluid more potent, at least, if not more real, than "the nectar which sparkled for Helen;" and throwing themselves down upon the benches of the next box, planted their feet upon the table before them, and began to beat a tatoo thereupon with their heels, keeping time as they whistled, in charming unison, a favourite air from Bellini's Puritani.

"What shall it be?" said the taller of the strangers; "stingo, or half-and-half?"

"Neither, say I," replied his friend. "A glass of right Nantz for me. Brandy and water, warm with. That is the true Helicon. I have a chapter to finish for old —— to-night; and a hot tumbler will put me all right."

A chapter for old ——? Some eminent literary gentleman, no doubt. I pricked up my ears.

"Driz my kemesa!" said the other, dashing his fist upon the table; "I never can write but upon the raw thing. It stirs the blood in a man's heart; and I can cut a throat, or pitch a brace of swell coves down a well, after a sneaker of gin, as pleasantly as I can sliver a salad in July!"

Another literary character! I began to scrutinise them closely. The last speaker was stout and well-formed, with an inclination to corpulence, fostered, to all appearance, by the repeated application of stimulants to the system. His face was florid, and his features well rounded off; but the circumstance of one of his eyes being in deep mourning, added to a bandit-like exuberance of whisker, gave a general air of ferocity to his appearance. His neckcloth was twisted in such a manner, as strongly to resemble a rope of unusual thickness, and terminated, in front, in a noose of an extremely significant character. In his shirt was a double breastpin, of very fanciful construction, being, in fact, a miniature gallows, the rope of which formed the chain that connected the tree *itself* with the mosaic malefactor, which formed the minor limb of this graceful personal ornament. His vest, again, was held together by buttons that were linked to one another by small fac-similes of fetters, of the most elaborate workmanship.

His friend was remarkable for nothing but his long hair, and a considerable profusion of mosaic jewellery, relieved against an azure satin stock and waistcoat. His features had all the interesting paleness of active intellect and dissipation, and his accent was marked by the attic graces of Cockaigne.

"I say, Villiam," said the latter gentleman, after his friend and himself had been provided with their favourite fluids, and pipes, "I say, Villiam, han't you got no spare idears, as you could help a feller to? I'm reg'larly used up. The machinery's vorn out, and the clock vont strike."

"Idears! vy, Chawls, I'd give any money, not exceeding two bob and a tizzy, for an idear, I vould. But it's no use makin' handsome offers. They can't be had at any price."

I immediately thought of offering my services, but I refrained.

"Steal, Chawls, my boy—prig, fake away! That's the sort of thing ven your own stock runs out. By the bye, talking of that, I turned off a song for my 'Jerry Abershaw' this morning. Like to hear it?" His friend assented. "No objections, Sir, to my airing my voice a little?"

This was addressed to me. "Certainly not," I replied.

"Vell, you'll chorus me, gentlemen, in course."

We bowed assent; and, clearing his throat, he began—

KETCH ENDS ALL.

Bing avast, bing avast, my kinchin mort, so fast,
  Bing avast, quoth young Jerry Snitch, Sir;
My bit of blood for me, and the common all so free,
  And midnight black as pitch, Sir,
For a grazier stout and bold, with his pockets full of gold,
  Is a prize that is not so dusty;
And with my little pill of lead 'tis I can still
  His murmurs, if he's crusty,
    With a driz kemesa—fake away!

You may like, quoth old Mob, the heath; but a fob,
  With a ticker and onions gay, Sir—
O that is my delight, on a dark and squally night,
  Ven the gemmen is a-leaving the play, Sir.
With my forks all so fly, in their pockets I ply,
  And none of them so deep is, but I know
Its depth to a hair, and votever may be there,
  Be it fogle, or fawny, or rhino,
    With my driz kemesa, fake away!

Holloh, quoth smashing Joe, there's a game that I know,
  That is worth both your games twice over,
A put up job so crank, at a counting-house or bank,
  Is the thing that will put a man in clover.
My crowbar, and my glim, and my skeletons so trim,
  They're passports to till and to strong-box;
And the cove that stops my vay vill uncommon qvickly say,
  That he finds he has got into the wrong box,
    With my driz kemesa, fake away!

The common all so free, quoth Sneaking Jeremy,
  Is good for the health and the wind, Sir;
And 'tis sweet to fake the cly of a kiddy on the sly,
  And summut therein to find, Sir;
And the werry best of men might be proud to crack a ken,—
  But, vot of that, my pals,—pass the beer, oh,
'Tis very plain that ve all on Tyburn tree
  Vun day must dance a Bolero,
    With my driz kemesa, fake away!

"Brayvo!" exclaimed the singer's friend, "you take the conceit out of Paul Bedford himself."

"Kim, kim, Chawls, don't be trying to fawny my famms that way. You can't dimber damber me," and he flourished his fingers playfully in front of his nose. "But ain't there wot the critics call a fine tone of morality running through that song?"

"Certainly. The conclusion is highly philosophical. Let a man follow what branch of Conveyancing he will, it matters not. The paths of glory lead but to the—"

"Hexactly! it's a sad truth. But the genius of the crow-bar and dark-lanthorn shall yet have its honours. Romance—romance shall hallow the legends of Hounslow and Newgate!" and the speaker emptied his tumbler in the fervour of his enthusiasm. A fresh supply was ordered in.

"I've been a-thinking as 'ow," said his friend, after a pause,—"as 'ow it won't do for two of us to be going any longer on the same beat."

"Quite my sentiments," replied the other. "We mustn't cut each other's throats."

"No, no,—we've enough to do cutting other people's. I'm thinking of going into the sentimental line."

"Babble of green fields, eh?"

"Something that way. Talk a deal about pleasant sunshine, smiling meadows, and gushing streams, and sprinkle the page plentifully with green leaves. That's always cool and refreshing."

"As soda water after a night at the Finish!"

"Precisely. I think that a great deal may be made of little children and flowers. They have great capabilities,—great capabilities, and will tell amazingly after the excitement of the burglaries, and assassinations that have been so plentiful of late. I'll tell you a plan I have."

But I cannot divulge the design of which I was then an involuntary auditor,—not so much from any delicacy upon that score, as because I mean to appropriate it to my own purposes. "Steal,

prig, fake away!" The hint was excellent, though hardly new—to *me* at least.

What more passed on that particular evening, or how I lost sight of the literary strangers, I am unable to say. In the morning I found myself reposing under the table, a position which I am totally unable to account for. The amplitude of my dinner will certainly not explain it. I never met them again; but, I have no doubt, in my own mind, whatever others may think, that they were two very well-known popular authors, and very great men.

CHAPTER IV.

Success of the Author in the higher Branches of his Profession—Becomes a leading public character—Is retained by Mr. Warren—Marries, and publishes various popular Works—Hereditary motto of his family.

A little experience soon convinced me that a good deal more could be done in London by a fearless genius like myself, besides ministering to the literary wants of the admirers of Mr. Catnach. I became connected with several of the unstamped papers; and as I never gave way to foolish scruples about the accuracy of my facts, I was at all times ready to supply their columns with abundance of racy material. In the dull season, and during the recess of Parliament, I could cook up a murder of the most atrocious description, with minute and harrowing details, to meet the order of an hour: and there was not the slightest chance of detection, as I always chose the far west of Ireland for my *locale*. A fire that consumed half a city, somewhere in the Austrian dominions, cost me less trouble than the lighting of my cigar. Earthquakes at Lisbon or Comrie succeeded each other with alarming rapidity; and I remember that an original article of mine, announcing a general insurrection of the tribes who border on the Danube, produced a sensible effect upon the transactions of the money market. Nor were my exploits confined entirely to the continent. At home I made visionary way into the privacy of the most distinguished circles. Neither Lord Melbourne nor the boy Jones were more familiar with the interior of Buckingham Palace than myself; and at the Privy Council I had a constant and unchallenged seat. The morning prints were but too glad to purchase my information; and I prospered in the world to a corresponding degree.

Still I did not neglect my older friends. Catnach still received a weekly tribute from my muse, (only I had somewhat raised its price;) and I still courted the society of the courteous Screamer in the nearest public-house, whenever accident threw him in my way. This last stroke of policy resulted to my material advantage. One day the grateful youth informed me that Mr. Warren, of the great Blacking establishment, had beckoned him into his shop, and requested to know the name of the individual of whose poetical talents the Screamer was the daily herald. Jim, having first ascertained that nothing beyond half-a-crown and a couple of pots of beer could be extorted in return for the information, communicated my name and address; and to this circumstance I owed my introduction to the man, who certainly is entitled to rank foremost among the modern patrons of literature. His regular poet had just died from a fit of *delirium tremens*; my productions were too well-known to render a sample necessary, and accordingly I was at once crowned with the vacant bays, and retained at a liberal fixed salary. I confess that I was somewhat gratified at being relieved from the monotony of my former labours. It was by no means easy to invent new horrors every day for the expectant flock of Mr. Catnach, and real ones were of rare occurrence. I felt, too, that my relish for the classics became perceptibly blunted by dwelling perpetually over scenes of blood; and accordingly I turned with satisfaction to the more varied field which was now laid open to my steps. In proportion as my style became more figurative and classic, I rose in the estimation of the polished readers of Mr. Warren, and the sale of countless thousands of bottles was sure to follow the appearance of my *chefs d'œuvre*. Perhaps I may be allowed here to insert one of my sonnets, which I believe made no inconsiderable sensation at the time.

OTHELLO REDIVIVUS.

Sweet Desdemona, old Brabantio's child,
The gentle lady wedded to the Moor,
Gave not her heart away, young men, be sure,
For idle Fancy's call or passion wild.
'Twas not his form that her young love beguiled,
Nor yet the dangers that he did endure.
No! but his swart complexion was the lure,—
And the white teeth that glistened when he smiled.
Would ye then know how lady's love is won,
How best their fond affections to command?—
Lose not a moment, then, but straightway run
To WARREN'S BLACKING OFFICE, 30, STRAND,
Anoint your face with that resplendent bloom,
And maids will love you till the crack of doom.

Perhaps the following canzonet, conceived in a more lively vein, may interest the reader. It will be observed that the style is very much the same with that adopted by Shakspere and other writers of the Elizabethan era.

WHO BEATS NATURE?

Canst thou wash the Ethiop white?
Vain, oh vain, the rash endeavour—
Empty seas upon him, quite,
And he's blacker still than ever!
Swarthy is the African—
Swarthy in his face and feature:
'Tis a useless task for man
To efface the work of Nature.

Make the European black?
Is thy intellect so barren?
None can do it!—"Paddy Whack!
I'm the man for that!" quoth Warren.
Fetched a bottle—stripped him stark—
And with Blacking overlaid him—
Coals were never half so dark
As the hue that Warren made him.

About this time I became acquainted with Mrs. Bantam, the widow of a most respectable and opulent poulterer in Cheapside. She was—*is*, I may say—a magnificent woman, with large, dark, lustrous eyes, sometimes melting like those of the gazelle, sometimes glowing like an animated cinder. I met her first at the house of my distinguished friend, Tipsley, well-known as a leading contributor to some of the popular periodicals. Her two children had just died of the pip, which af-

fecting event I celebrated in a little poem, which the Countess of Blessington was kind enough to insert in a late volume of the Keepsake. This little effort of the muse touched the widow's heart. The progress of our courtship was short, but prosperous. No sooner had she abandoned her weeds, than I led her to the hymeneal altar. After that interesting ceremony—but I draw a curtain over the scenes of connubial bliss.

Shortly, afterwards, I removed with my bride to a commodious mansion in a fashionable street, and, whilst there, gathered the materials from which I have been fortunately enabled to enrich myself and the literature of my native country with "*The Lives of The Old Clothes Men.*"

The success of the work was complete, and at once placed me in an honourable position among the *literati* of the day. I was immediately applied to by several publishers, to undertake a series of other works in all departments of Literature and Science, which I am now compiling with my usual dexterity.

Thus, kind reader, I have gone over the principal events of my literary career. To those who shall follow after me, some such memorial is due; for I wish that one and all should learn and understand the full value of the motto which is emblazoned upon the shield of the Garbages,—"Bucca triumphans," which may be rendered for the edification of the vulgar thus,

To him who seeks to write or strives to speak,
The first best gift is this—Unbounded Cheek.

A ROYAL REVERY; (WITH INTERRUPTIONS.)

"No flattery, boy! an honest man can't live by't:
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole and soften fools withal."

OTWAY.

I.

Twice five centuries, stern and old,
Have hallow'd this regal ring of gold;
In proud puissance 't'as nobly braved
The world enwroth, and was ne'er enslaved;
Ne'er was it wrested, never would yield
To a hostile grasp in the battle-field:—
  But what darkens down the vale?
Fair maidens and matrons cry and weep,
Gray reverend sires forsake their sleep,
And are wringing hands, with hearts that swell,
To hear and to utter that word—Farewell!
—For that soldier there? Can such as he
Create and share such deep agony?
  Hark! hark! we can hear his tale.—
    "Good bye, sweet wife and children dear;
      If I should fall in field or fort,
    Your wants who'll tend?—who'll dry each tear?—
      The Crown demanding my support!"
    "No, husband dear."—"No, partner, no:
      Oh, cruel Rule! Why must I die
    That Crown should shine? Good bye! Good bye!"
      "Nay, father! father! do not go."—
  Wherefore thus do subjects rail?
Baron and serf are by duty bound
To yield their lives for this glorious round:
It ever was so, must so remain,—
Tears like theirs are right royal rain,—
For some must suffer, and some must faint,
That the king may feel no slave's restraint,
And perish the caitiff who will not bleed
For that ancient crown in the hour of need!
          For e'er and ever,
          With nought to sever
The ship o' th' State from this golden helm,
          We will hurl the boast
          On every coast:
Intact is the crown of old England's realm!

II.

Rich with the spoil of a thousand lands,
Gathered by armies of conqu'ring hands,
Our throne—superb as the morning sheen
When breaking the mountain-peaks between—
Feels no strange footstep, knows no dismay,
For it change defies, and mocks decay:—
  But what is gathering there?—
Men withered to scare-crows gaunt and thin;
Spectres of children; a horrid din
Of chattering jaws; the fiendish cry
Despair sends echoing through the sky:—
What lazar-land or barbarous Thule
Overwhelms the happy land We rule?
  Hark! hark! one tells of the care.—
    "We starve:—yet of our native soil
      Some spot is ours to yield us bread;
    With hands to earn, denied the toil,
      Idle, oppressed, and famished,
    Moulder we piece-meal longer?—Nay!
      Nature's first law our want renews,
    Who has must share, who holds must lose;
      Right, grappling Might, sweeps thrones away."
  'Sdeath! and so far do they dare?
Whence spring these murmurs? Make We the woe?—
Sacred for ages from foreign foe
Our throne hath been; what Power comes now
To dash the diadem from our brow?
—Beware! we hold death in fee to sweep
Town, hill, plain, valley, and mountain steep;
At our command armed warriors rise,
And Havoc shrieks along the skies!
          Humble and loyal
          To true blood-royal,
Are Our anchor-flukes—the realm's renown;
          And long may flourish
          Dear thoughts that nourish
The Right Divine of the monarch's crown!

J. A. O.

THE NURSERY AND POPULAR RHYMES AND TALES OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.*

The works enumerated below are made up of things which must be ever welcome and delightful, were it but for the memory of the time when the child drank them in from lips of love, or listened to them on its nurse's knee, in the tender dawn of its budding faculties,—ever welcome to the heart while warmth or freshness remains within it. Nay, more, we are persuaded that the very rudest of these jingles, tales, and rhymes, possess a strong imagination-nourishing power; and that in infancy and early childhood a sprinkling of ancient nursery lore is worth whole cart-loads of the wise saws and modern instances which are now as duly and carefully concocted, by experienced litterateurs, into instructive tales for the *spelling* public, as are works of entertainment for the *reading* public. The adult is cunning. He seizes all the light amusing books for himself; and leaves the didactic, dull, and utilitarian to the juveniles. Yet distant be the day when "Useful Knowledge," which is making Scythian inroads into all the primrose paths of fancy, shall seriously invade the nursery; and not content with expelling fairies, brownies, ghosts and goblins, Nixies, Pixies, Jack o' Lanterns, and Water Kelpies, also put to rout Jack the Giant Queller, Little Red Riding Hood, and Tom Thumb; not sparing even Cock Robin, or the Wee Croodlin Doo. There appears some danger of such a catastrophe in these improved days, when all the sciences are taught to all ages in wondrous tiny manuals; and when Lady Lovechild and Tommy Goodchild regularly put forth Lilliputian Codes of Minor Morals, in place of the dear old chap-books of tale, romance, marvel, and ballad-story, which—

Nourish'd imagination in our youth.

Upon anything like these no modern English or American writer longer ventures; and the Americans in particular deal by wholesale in juvenile literature, composed upon the principle of cramming the memory and starving the imagination.

Without an early and ample initiation into the wild, fanciful, and romantic lore of the old nursery, we will venture to affirm that there has never been a great poet. It were not too much to affirm that there never can be one. What command over the shadowy hosts of the middle-age mythology is displayed by Shakspere, whose dramas are also richly studded with snatches of popular old songs, tales, and rhymes! Milton, Dryden, Gray, Collins, Chatterton, Akenside, Goldsmith, Burns, Scott, Southey, Leyden, Hogg, the great and the small who deserve the name of poet, display the same love for the wild tales, and fire-side rhymes and stories, which form the traditional lore of their respective countries. Some of the greatest of these men have acknowledged in this the first source of their inspiration, and their deep obligations to the kind grandam or ancient nurse, who—

Told their wondering boyhood legends store;—

or chanted the rueful ballad; ever and anon bursting into the merry nonsensical jingle, which charmed her more infantile auditors. Now, alas! no respectable nurse, albeit of "the North Countrie," will conclude a story of ghost, or fay, or enchantment, without the precautionary admonition, "But now bairns, ye ken this is a' havers about the *Red-Etin* and Jock and the Bean. There's nae ghaists nor fairies, giants nor water-kelpies, now-a-days, when the Gospel is so rife in the land, and the schoolmaster abroad,—sae ye maunna tell your mamma I telled ye ony o' that daftlike nonsense ye plague me for, when ye should be sleeping, or else learning your phrenology, and your geology, and astronomy carritches." Nurse's pupils, if good for anything, are not likely to need her sage admonitions; nor to hold each strange tale the less "devoutly true," for her warnings. Children are never sceptical till they are beginning to be corrupted.

For the above reasons, and others equally conclusive, we conceive the rising generation and its friends much indebted to those gentlemen who have directed their time and talents to the conservation of our nursery and popular rhymes and tales; which, especially in the present rapid change of manners, and amidst the great aggregates of population in modern cities, are in imminent danger of being lost. But we owe them gratitude on other grounds. Besides the over-wise dull books written for children, it has become a fashion of late, in compliance with a vicious and debased public taste, to travesty the most exquisite and precious gems of our early popular literature, and the sweetest and tenderest morsels of our nursery lore. The talents of clever artists have been employed in embellishing these cold-blooded mockeries with ludicrous caricatures; as if starving the infant imagination and narrowing the heart were the set purpose with one class, and the depravation of the moral sensibilities of childhood the object of another. If, with Scott, we would not give "one tear shed over Little Red Riding Hood for all the benefit to be derived from a hundred histories of Jemmy Goodchild,"—what shall we think of the child who could enjoy a mocking parody of, for instance, *The Babes in the Wood*, with its caricature cuts, save that it was likely to grow up with a cold and mean disposition, without one generous impulse or ennobling feeling; that "the child would be father to the man," and probably come to, and well deserve, the gallows.——In proportion, therefore, to the detestation which we feel for the irreverent attempts of the sneerers to debase and ridicule the nursery and popular traditional literature,

* I. "The Popular Rhymes and Fire-side Stories and Amusements of Scotland." By Robert Chambers. Edinburgh: Chambers.

II. "The Nursery Rhymes of England." Collected and Edited by James Orchard Halliwell. London: John Russell Smith.

III. "Green's Little Songs for Little People."

do we esteem every earnest attempt that is made to preserve, purify, and diffuse its venerable relics among children. This each of the works before us is calculated to do in no mean degree; though we naturally, if not also nationally, give the preference to Mr. R. Chambers' cheap and unpretending book. This gentleman originally turned his attention to this subject because he loved it; and he has long had opportunities of studying it, and of increasing his stores from good sources. His work first appeared in 1826, and since then no opportunity of adding to and improving it has been lost. It has thus become a volume for the literary antiquary, as well as a manual for the nursery and ingle-neuk. Mr. Halliwell has either been greatly indebted to the contemporary work of Chambers, or, as is as probable, there is a very remarkable coincidence between the tales, rhymes, games, and frolics of the children of England and those of Scotland. They are, indeed, often identical, or merely *variorum* editions. The affinity of both to the German popular tales and rhymes is as remarkable; though it does not lie in the way of the present collectors to trace the rhymes and stories they give to their first source; or to determine which may claim the honour of being the original. Whether Whittington's cat was really an Asiatic puss; or the Frog-wooer a German, and not a Scottish prince; whether, in reality, Jack, commonly called the Giant-Killer, and Master Thomas Thumb, "actually landed in England from the same warships which brought over Hengist and Horsa, and Ebba the Saxon," they leave, with a hundred other moot points, to the learned antiquary, never once adverting to such topics. John Leyden imagined that many of the Scottish popular stories must have been common to the Norman-French, from whom both the English and Scotch may have derived them. The Normans, again, brought them from Scandinavia. But the cold north was assuredly not the sole birth-place, or cradle, of these fanciful fables and legends. The origin and history of Tom Thumb alone, alias *Tom a Lyn*, alias *Tamlane*, alias *Dunnerling*, *Thumbling*, *Tommel-finger*, &c. &c., would fill volumes ere it could be determined whether we should, with the learned Hearne, accept him as king Edgar's page; or, with Southey, trace his origin to the mysteries of Indian mythology, which are conjectured to have an especial connexion with his adventure with the cow. The inmates of the nursery have enough to interest them in the bold adventures and daring pranks of the tiny hero of large ambitions, without troubling themselves about his genealogy; and neither do the latest caterers for the Nursery, Messrs. Chambers and Halliwell, concern themselves with such profound affairs.

Mr. Chambers remarks, that his collection will enable inquirers in France, Holland, and Germany, to ascertain the identity of our tales and rhymes with theirs, and Mr. Halliwell is entitled to make the same assumption. We cannot say that either of these gentlemen have, in every instance, nicely balanced the relative value of the pieces they have selected. Mr. Chambers' large collection of rhymes on places, will, probably, have very little interest out of Scotland; while his nursery rhymes, and the rhymes connected with natural objects, old usages, and superstitions, must, we think, strongly interest and delight the whole Teutonic family. If not in every instance literally the common property of all its tribes, they are in spirit, and often in form, close of kin, or a common stock.

Between many of the popular rhymes of England and Scotland, there is not merely coincidence, but absolute identity—the only differences being the dialect, and slight verbal modifications. The editions of Mr. Chambers seem to us, in general, the best—*principes*; though among the endless *oral* readings there are some which we consider better than his. As, for example, the well-remembered vituperation of truants from school, which sticks to our memory, as:—

Truan, truan trettibus,
Where shall I get you?
Round about the nettle-bus
Playing shoogie-shew.

In the same column with this, occurs other rhymes, of which there are different and better *oral* editions. Thus—

The mune shines bright,
And the stars gie a licht,
Ye'll see to kiss a bonny lass
At ten o'clock at night,

is more generally and better rendered—

Ye canna kiss a bonny lass—

darkness being ever favourable to love-stealths. Of an elegant poetical riddle which Mr. Halliwell gives, but which he does not seem to know means a star, he entirely misses the point, from not knowing what is referred to:—

I had a little sister, they called her Peep, Peep,
She waded the waters deep, deep, deep;
She climb'd the mountains high, high, high,
Poor little creature, she wanted an eye!

Mr. Chambers has the true version, which is—

And, poor litfle creature, *she has but one eye!*

Some of the Scotch rhyming riddles, by the way, are rather poetical, as this of *mist*:—

Banks fou', braes fou',
Gather ye a' the day ye'll no gather your neives fou'.

And of high *wind*:—

Arthur o' Bower has broken his bands,
And he's come roarin' ower the lands;
The king of Scots and a' his power,
Canna turn Arthur o' Bower.

There are several rhymes, both Scottish and English, formed upon this one,—which, by the way, as probably refers to a river in flood causing inundation, as to a high wind.

But the most poetical of the Scotch rhymes are the lullabies, and those meant to knit the affections of children to birds and beautiful insects. The robin is the sacred bird of the north of Europe; and the wren, from its minute and beautiful form, and alert and lively motions, is not less a favourite. Among the birds which it is considered unlucky to molest, are—

The laverock and the lintie,
The robin and the wren;
And if ye harry their nest,
Ye'll never thrive agen.

Mr. Chambers supposes that the stone-chat is exempted from the pains and penalties of *harrying*, in consequence of the rhyming malediction put into its bill, on those who molest its nest or young: but we fear that he is mistaken; and that the stone-chat, with the yellow-hammer, is still considered quite as fair game as a pyot or a crow. By the way, his rhyme on the yellow-hammer is not the best edition, which, if we remember aright, in describing the mysterious nature of the bird, goes thus:—

Half a paddock, half a taed,
Half a yellow yorlin,
Sucks a drap o' the diel's blude,
Every May mornin'.

The lady-bird—as often prosaically called by the children of England the *lady-cow*—is a universal favourite in every country, probably from the extreme beauty of its colours, which makes this chaffer more resemble the brilliant insects of tropical countries than the slaty and russety tribes of northern latitudes. The children in Scotland throw up the lady-bird, singing—

Lady, Lady Landers,
Flee away to Flanders.

In Jamieson's Dictionary, *variorum* versions of many of our popular rhymes are to be found; and these Mr. Chambers has, in general, adopted as the best.

In addressing the lady-bird, the children of Yorkshire sing

Lady-cow, lady-cow, fly thy way home,
Thy house is on fire, and thy children all gone,
All but one, that ligs under a stone;
Fly thee home, lady-cow, ere it be gone.

These rhymes are certainly borrowed from those addressed by the German children to the *Marien-Würmchen;* of one of which there is an elegant translation in the dear *Gammer Grethel* of Mr. Taylor,—most dear to the inmates of the Nursery;—and another in Howitt's Domestic Life of the Germans. In the Scotch and English editions this song is sadly curtailed of its fair proportions; so, for the sake of the little folks, and auld langsyne, we shall copy out Mr. Taylor's translation—which is peculiarly sweet.

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! pretty one! stay:
Come sit on my finger, so happy and gay;
With me shall no mischief betide thee;
No harm would I do thee, no foeman is near:
I only would gaze on thy beauties so dear,
Those beautiful winglets beside thee.

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home,
Thy house is a-fire, thy children will roam;
List! list! to their cry and bewailing:
The pitiless spider is weaving their doom,
Then, Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home,
Hark! hark! to thy children's bewailing.

Fly back again, back again, Lady-bird dear!
Thy neighbours will merrily welcome thee here,
With them shall no peril betide thee;
They'll love thee, and guard thee from danger or care,
And all for a peep at thy winglets so fair,
Those beautiful winglets beside thee.

The Frog-Prince, of which Mr. Chambers has given us a good edition, under the title of *The Wadle o' the World's End*, is identical with the German tale, The Frog-Prince, given by the learned Brothers Grimm, and by the ingenious Mr. Taylor, in the aforesaid Gammer Grethel. Dr. John Leyden, in the notes to his edition of *The Complaynt of Scotland*, mentions this tale, which, in *The Complaynt*, is entitled, *The Wolf of the World's End*. From his own recollection of the story, probably first heard in childhood in his native village of Denholm, he relates—

I have heard fragments of songs repeated, in which the 'Well of the Warldis End' is mentioned, and denominated 'the well Absalom,' and 'the *cauld well* sae weary.' According to the popular tale, a lady is sent by her stepmother to draw water from the well of the world's end. She arrives at the well, after encountering many dangers; but soon perceives that her adventures have not reached a conclusion. A frog emerges from the well, and before it suffers her to draw water, obliges her to betroth herself to the monster, under the penalty of being torn to pieces. The lady returns safe; but at midnight the frog-lover appears at the door, and demands entrance, according to promise, to the great consternation of the lady and her nurse.

'Open the door, my hinnie, my heart,
Open the door, mine ain wee thing;
And mind the words that you and I spak
Down in the meadow, at the well-spring.'

The frog is admitted, and addresses her—

'Take me up on your knee, my dearie,
Take me up on your knee, my dearie;
And mind the words that you and I spak
At the cauld well sae weary.'

The frog is finally disenchanted, and appears as a prince, in his original form."

In the German tale of the Grimms, the enchanted Prince sings—

"Open the door, my Princess dear;
Open the door to thy true-love here;
And mind the words that you and I said,
By the fountain cool in the greenwood shade."

The result of the adventure is the same as in the Scottish story. The Germans have another pretty tale of this kind, called, by Mr. Taylor, "Cherry the Frog-Bride." Three Princes, brothers, are each in love with Cherry, whom the spite of an old woman, who was a fairy, turns into a frog. The youngest, and the successful lover, in the course of his adventures, comes to *The Bridge at the World's End*, and the poor frog enables him to accomplish the many impossible tasks imposed on him,—is finally disenchanted, found to be a prodigy of beauty, and married to him. In the Scotch tale of *Whippety Stourie* there is an almost exact coincidence with the German story of Rumpel-Stilts-Ken. As the German edition is the more elegant of the two, we shall give it as a specimen, leaving our readers to contrast it with the indigenous *Whippety Stourie*, as found in Mr. Chambers—

RUMPEL-STILTS-KEN.

By the side of a wood, in a country a long way off, ran a fine stream of water; and upon the stream there stood a mill. The miller's house was close by, and the miller, you must know, had a very beautiful daughter. She was, moreover, very shrewd and clever; and the miller was so proud of her, that he one day told the king of the land, who used to come and hunt in the wood, that his daughter could spin gold out of straw. Now this king was very fond of money; and when he heard the miller's boast, his greediness was raised, and he sent for the girl to be brought before him. Then he led her to a chamber in his palace where there was a great heap of straw; and gave her a spinning-wheel, and said, "All this must be spun into gold before morning, as you love your life." It was in vain that the poor maiden said that it was only a silly boast of her father, for that she could do no such thing as spin straw into gold; the chamber door was locked, and she was left alone.

She sat down in one corner of the room, and began to bewail her hard fate; when on a sudden the door opened, and a droll-looking little man hobbled in, and said, "Good morrow to you, my good lass, what are you weeping for?" "Alas!" said she, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I know not how." "What will you give me," said the hobgoblin, "to do it for you?" "My necklace," replied the maiden. He took her at her word, and sat himself down to the wheel, and whistled and sang,

"Round about, round about,
Lo and behold!
Reel away, reel away,
Straw into gold!"

And round about the wheel went merrily; the work was quickly done, and the straw was all spun into gold.

When the king came and saw this, he was greatly astonished and pleased; but his heart grew still more greedy of gain, and he shut up the poor miller's daughter again with a fresh task. Then she knew not what to do, and sat down once more to weep; but the dwarf soon opened the door, and said, "What will you give me to do your task?" "The ring on my finger," said she. So her little friend took the ring, and began to work at the wheel again, and whistled and sang,

"Round about, round about,
Lo and behold!
Reel away, reel away,
Straw into gold!"

till long before morning all was done again.

The king was greatly delighted to see all this glittering treasure; but still he had not enough; so he took the miller's daughter to a yet larger heap, and said, "All this must be spun to-night; and if it is, you shall be my queen." As soon as she was alone the dwarf came in, and said, "What will you give me to spin gold for you this third time?" "I have nothing left," said she. "Then say you will give me," said the little man, "the first little child that you may have, when you are queen." "That may never be," thought the miller's daughter: and as she knew no other way to get her task done, she said she would do what he asked. Round went the wheel again to the old song, and the mannikin once more spun the heap into gold. The king came in the morning, and, finding all he wanted, was forced to keep his word; so he married the miller's daughter, and she really became queen.

At the birth of her first little child she was very glad, and forgot the dwarf, and what she had said. But one day he came into her room, where she was sitting playing with her baby, and put her in mind of it. Then she grieved sorely at her misfortune, and said she would give him all the wealth of the kingdom if he would let her off, but in vain; till at last her tears softened him, and he said, "I will give you three days' grace, and if during that time you tell me my name, you shall keep your child."

Now the queen lay awake all night, thinking of all the odd names that she had ever heard; and she sent messengers all over the land to find up new ones. The next day the little man came, and she began with TIMOTHY, ICHABOD, BENJAMIN, JEREMIAH, and all the names she could remember; but to all and each of them he said, "Madam! that is not my name."

The second day she began with all the comical names she could hear of, BANDY-LEGS, HUNCH-BACK, CROOK-SHANKS, and so on; but the little gentleman still said to every one of them, "Madam! that is not my name."

The third day one of the messengers came back, and said, "I travelled two days without hearing of any other names; but yesterday, as I was climbing a high hill, among the trees of the forest where the fox and the hare bid each other good night, I saw a little hut; and before the hut burnt a fire; and round about the fire a funny little dwarf was dancing upon one leg and singing,

"'Merrily the feast I'll make,
To-day I'll brew, to-morrow bake;
Merrily I'll dance and sing,
For next day will a stranger bring.
Little does my lady dream
Rumpel-stilts-ken is my name!'"

When the queen heard this she jumped for joy, and as soon as her little friend came, she sat down upon her throne, and called all her court round to enjoy the fun; and the nurse stood by her side with the baby in her arms, as if it was quite ready to be given up. Then the little man began to chuckle at the thoughts of having the poor child, to take home with him to his hut in the woods; and he cried out, "Now, lady, what is my name?" "Is it JOHN?" asked she. "No Madam!" "Is it TOM?" "No Madam!" "Is it JEMMY?" "It is not." "Can your name be RUMPEL-STILTS-KEN?" said the lady, slily. "Some witch told you that! some witch told you that!" cried the little man, and dashed his right foot in a rage so deep into the floor, that he was forced to lay hold of it with both hands to pull it out.

Then he made the best of his way off, while the nurse laughed, and the baby crowed; and all the court jeered at him, for having had so much trouble for nothing; and said, "We wish you a very good morning, and a merry feast, MR. RUMPEL-STILTS-KEN!"

One takes more interest in the Scotch *Whippety Stourie*, since Sir Walter Scott fancied in Miss Edgeworth, when he first saw her, the semblance of that most alert and benevolent fairy dame. The Irish have a mutilated version of this tale.

We are disappointed at Mr. Chambers giving us no Scottish version of Cinderella, as we are certain there is one extant; for we can still remember the warning of the fairy bird, when the enamoured prince carried off the wrong sister.

Clippit fit, and nippit fit,
Behind the young Prince rides,
While bonny fit, and little fit,
Beneath the caudron hides.

In the metrical story of Catskin, Mr. Halliwell gives something between the German tale of that name, and the genuine Cinderella, which, as a Nursery romance, is known over nearly all Europe. Under the name of *Ashen-Puttel* it is found in the collection of the brothers Grimm. It is known among the Welsh, the Poles, the Danes, the Servians, and, in short, to every nation; and the celebrated Neapolitan Collection of Nursery Tales, the "Pentamerone," a production of the sixteenth century, has the *Cennertola*. The genuine Scottish oral edition would be desirable, and, we daresay, may still be easily recovered. Like the memory of a dream, we can recall a fireside tale of the lowland districts of Perthshire and Stirlingshire, of which the heroine, by name *Kate Ill-Prats*,* was an exact counterpart of the great Thomas Thumb, with a dash of Jack the Giant-Killer; though her prodigies were all performed by strategy, and the aid of that enchanted bird-counsellor who plays so important a part in such tales. The monstrous giant or ogre against whom Kate was pitted, among other tyrannical hests, commands her to bring him a riddle full of water from some enchanted well, probably that at the *World's End;* and she is in despair, until the bird sings—

Stuff wi' fog [moss] and clem wi' clay,
And then ye'll carry the water away.

The gaint was, we recollect, exceeding *waukrife;* and he had, besides, as an alarum-clock, a coverlet to his bed, studded with bells; so that Kate Ill-Prats found it impossible to cut off his head, or steal the keys of the castle—we forget which—until she one day ingeniously stuffed the bells with boiled bread and milk.

* Ill-Prats—mischievous, clever tricks.

There is also, as we can remember, a Scottish oral edition of the nearly universal "Beauty and the Beast," with its fine moral, and true philosophy. The Fairies, no longer known in the English Nursery, and beginning to be forgotten at Scottish rural firesides, still act a conspicuous part in the fanciful popular tales of Germany. Witches are happily everywhere banished, or nearly so, though a few monkish or witch charms are remembered, and sometimes repeated in sport. The following rhyme, to make the butter come if the process of churning is tardy, is still familiar in England. It must be repeated three times :—

Come, butter, come,
Come, butter, come!
Peter stands at the gate
Waiting for a butter cake.
Come, butter, come!

The Shetlanders, among other charms, have one to cure the ringworm; and in Scotland it is still quite customary for children, before taking a mounting leap, to say,—

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Haud the horse till I loup on;

though they may not be aware of the significance of the rhyme, which is taken from a charm known in many parts of England :—

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Guard the bed that I lie on!
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head;
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away.

The late Sir Humphrey Davy, when a boy, was taught to repeat the subjoined rhyme, as a charm against the cramp :—

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, ease us, I beg,
The Devil has tied a knot on my leg;
Crosses three + + + we make to ease us:
Two for the robbers, and one for Christ Jesus.

Some of the rhymes which Mr. Chambers has set down as puerile, or as stark nonsense-verses, are, in fact, old charms; which, by the way, does not quite prove their sense.

Though we allow all the lullabies, and a few songs adapted to young children, to the exclusive use of the Nursery, there is not much propriety in inserting every snatch of ballad or song, historical, comic, and even amatory, and not over delicate, which lively nurse-maids may have introduced into their sanctuaries. In this style we find, in Mr. Halliwell's book, corrupted or mutilated versons of Old King Cole, When good King Arthur ruled the land, The Jew's Daughter, and in a more objectionable style, There was a Little Man, and he wooed a Little Maid, and even songs from farces of no great antiquity, and without merit of any sort. Some of these things are the *catches* of grown people; others mere vulgarities, as this—and the list might easily be extended :—

Says Moses to Aaron,
That fellow's a-swearing;
Says Aaron to Moses,
He's drunk I supposes.

Aaron said unto Moses,
Let's sit down and fuddle our noses.

Now, this kind of stable-yard rigmarole or ribaldry has no legitimate claim of naturalisation in a well-regulated nursery.

Some of the songs which Mr. Chambers has given, if they do not properly belong to the Nursery, are, at least, beautiful, and not otherwise exceptionable. Among the snatches of song which he has given, as a child's, is "Cock up your Beaver," which is, if we recollect aright, one of Grisell Baillie's songs for mature age. Apropos to another of these songs—Sir Walter Scott, when the exciting news burst upon Europe that Buonaparte had miraculously escaped from Elba, and was marching on to Paris in great force, began a letter to a friend with this snatch of song which Mr. Chambers gives as a Jacobite rhyme :—

Some say the deil's dead, the deil's dead, the deil's dead;
Some say the deil's dead, and buried in Kirkaldy;
Some say he's risen again, risen again, risen again,
Some say he's risen again, and danced the Highland laddie.

Mr. Halliwell has a few good political and satirical rhymes, though they be not very appropriate to the Nursery. Nay, Mr. Halliwell occasionally treats his readers to a matrimonial satire as a Nursery song.——The Reformers and Puritans had their revenge for the satires of the Cavaliers and Jacobites in the game of the Confessional; which is played by shadows on the wall. Of the words which accompanied the playful skirmish of the shadowy fingers, Mr. Halliwell gives us two versions. This is the Oxfordshire one, and the briefest :—

Father, O father, I'm come to confess.
Well, my daughter, well!
Last night I call'd the cat a beast.
Shocking, my daughter, shocking!
What penance? my father, what penance?
What penance! my daughter, what penance!
What penance shall I do?
Kiss me.

We finish with the penance of the Kentish version :—

Kiss me three times.
Oh! but I can't!
Oh! but you must!
Oh! but I can't, &c., *ad lib.*
Well, what must be must,
So kiss, kiss, kiss, and away.

The lullabies of the English Nursery are very inferior in poetical spirit to a few of those of Scotland; though the entire class of the *Bye, Baby Bunton; Hush a by, Baby; Hey, my Kitten*, &c., &c., are much the same in both countries. Mr. Chambers' collection is, however, peculiarly rich in sweet Scottish lullabies. There is also one beautiful little song, described as a north-country song, in Mr. Halliwell's collection, which deserves its place, though we had it lately in Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places :—

Says t' auld man tit oak tree,
Young and lusty was I when I kenn'd thee;
I was young and lusty, I was fair and clear,
Young and lusty was I mony a lang year;
But sair fail'd am I, sair fail'd now,
Sair fail'd am I sen I kenn'd thou.

Among the finest of the lullabies given by Mr. Chambers, is the following, taken from Johnson's *Musical Museum*, and which, both from internal and other evidence, is not unlikely to have been either written or, more probably, improved by Burns :—

O can ye sew cushions,
  Can ye sew sheets,
Can ye sing, Ba-loo-loo,
  When the bairnie greets?
And hee and ba, birdie,
  And hee and ba, lamb;
And hee and ba, birdie,
  My bonnie lamb!
Hee O, wee O,
  What wad I do wi' you?
Black is the life
  That I lead wi' you.
Ower mony o' you,
  Little for to gie you;
Hee O, wee O,
  What wad I do wi' you?

There is no question of the authorship of the following rhyme, which was sent by the poet, when filled with melancholy forebodings as to the fate of his orphan children, to his friend Mrs. Dunlop:—

Oh that I had ne'er been married,
  I wad never had nae care;
Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
  And they cry, Crowdie! ever mair.
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
  Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye crowdie mickle mair,
  Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

The equestrian and manipulative sports of the Scottish Nursery, when the performers are still mere infants, and their steed either papa's foot or the nurse's knee, are not only lively and amusing, but, in their accompaniments of song and music, not a little poetical. We find the following specimen in Chambers' work, which, in this department, is both copious and select:—

The old-fashioned Scottish nurses were rich in expedients for amusing infants. No sooner had the first faint dawn of the understanding appeared, than the faithful attendant was ready to engage it with some practical drollery, so as to keep it in good humour, and exercise the tender faculties. One of the first whimsicalities practised was to take the two feet of the infant, and make them go quickly up and down and over each other, saying the following appropriate verses:—

This is Willie Walker, and that's Tam Sim,
He ca'd him to a feast, and he ca'd him;
And he sticket him wi' the spit, and he sticket him,
And he ower him, and he ower him.
And he ower him, and he ower him, &c.
  Till day brak.

Or the following—

"Feetikin, feetikin,
  When will ye gang?"
"When the nichts turn short
  And the days turn lang,
I'll toddle and gang, toddle and gang," &c.

Arms as well as legs were sometimes taken into these little jocularities; and then the following verses were used:—

The doggies gaed to the mill,
  This way and that way;
They took a lick out o' this wife's pock,
And a lick out o' that wife's pock,
And a loup in the lead, and a drink of the dam,
And gaed hame walloping, walloping, walloping, &c.

Imitations of mechanical operations were—and are, frequent in the Nursery; the child to be amused being himself either a principal character or an actor in the drama. One operation is the nurse shoeing the child as a horse, repeating, while the sole of the little foot is quickly patted—

"John Smith, fallow fine,
Can you shoe this horse o' mine?"
"Yes, sir, and that I can,
As weel as ony man!
There's a nail upon the tae,
To gar the powny speel the brae;
There's a nail upon the heel,
To gar the powny pace weel;
There's a nail and there's a brod,
There's a horsie weel shod,
  Weel shod, weel shod," &c.

The English editions of this are not so minute in details, though the sport is the same. One brisk equestrian rhyme is interpolated by Mr. Chambers with the adult satirical song of *Supple Sandy*; which seems no improvement. In fact, Mr. Chambers has clashed three distinct Nursery riding-songs as one, and clapped *Supple Sandy* in the midst of them. But they are each excellent.

Chick! my naggie,
Chick! my naggie,
How many miles to Aberdaigy?
Eight and eight, and other eight,
Try to win there wi' candle-light.

I had a little pony,
  They ca'd it Dapple Grey;
I lent it to a lady,
  To ride a mile away.
She whipt it, she lash'd it,
  She ca'd it ower the brae;
I winna lend my pony mair,
  Though a' the ladies pray.

The catty rade to Passelet,
To Passelet, to Passelet;
The catty rade to Passelet,
  Upon a harrow tine, O.
'Twas on a weety Wednesday,
Wednesday, Wednesday;
'Twas on a weety Wednesday,
  I miss'd it aye sin syne, O.

In the following case, it will be observed that the fun consists in a commencement with slow and graceful riding, degenerating into the gallop of a huckster's donkey:—

This is the way the ladies ride,
  Jimp and sma', jimp and sma'!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
  Trotting a', trotting a'!
This is the way the cadgers ride,
  Creels and a'! creels and a'!! creels and a'!!!

The following explains its own theatrical character:

I got a little manikin, I set him on my thoomikin;
I saddled him, I bridled him, and sent him to the tooniken;
I coffed a pair o' garters, to tie his little hosiken;
I coffed a pocket-napkin to dight his little nosiken;
I sent him to the garden, to fetch a pund o' sage,
And fand him in the kitchen-neuk, kissin' little Madge!

The following very sweet lullaby is new to us, and is given by Mr. Chambers as from the West of Scotland:—

Ba, wee birdie, birdie,
  Ba, wee birdie, croon;
The ewes are awa' to the siller parks,
  The kye's amang the broom;
The wee bits o' yowes to the heathery knowes,
  They 'll no be back till noon;
If they dinna get something ere they gang out,
  Their wee pipes will be toom.

My Cock, Lily-cock, is a genuine Nursery song and recitative, which never fails to delight the infant hearers from the lively imitations of the pets and domestic animals with which they are first

familiar. As an incitement to juvenile readers to acquire this piece, we shall copy out the first and the last stanza; which stanza, by the accumulative process, which children love so much in their games and rhymes, imitates the cries of the whole of the animals described :—

I had a wee cock, and I lov'd it well,
I fed my cock on yonder hill;
My cock, lily-cock, lily-cock, coo;
Every one loves their cock, why should not I love my cock too?

. . . . . .

I had a wee pig, and I loved it well,
I fed my pig on yonder hill;
My pig, squeakie, squeakie,
My cat, cheetie, cheetie,
My dog, bouffie, bouffie,
My sheep, maie, maie,
My duck, wheetie, wheetie,
My hen, chuckie, chuckie,
My cock, lily-cock, lily-cock, coo;
Every one loves their cock, why should not I love my cock too?

In both collections we find versions of the curious ancient ditty, *The Hunting of the Wren*, which describes an old custom still, it would appear, observed by children, on St. Stephen's day, in the Isle of Man, and also in some parts of Ireland. On that day the Manx children procure a wren, which they tie to a branch of holly decorated with ribbons, and carry through their villages, singing the appropriate song. In Sir Henry Ellis's edition of Brande's Popular Antiquities, this custom is traced to a very remote period. The Druids represented the Wren as the king of all birds; and the first Christian missionaries, taking offence at the superstitious reverence shown to it, incited their early converts, the peasants, to hunt it upon Christmas day, and St. Stephen's day; when it was the custom to carry about the poor little bird, hung to two hoops, crossing each other at right angles, in a rustic procession. The wren is now, however, a favourite bird; and some gentler spirit than these first missionaries has thrown sanctity around it in the well-known rhyme—

The Robin and the Wren
Are God's cock and hen.

Were it not that high, learned authority is against us, we should imagine *The Hunting of the Wren* a pasquinade, on some *much-ado-about-nothing* royal or noble hunting-match; and we should certainly set down *Little Bo-peep, who lost her sheep*, for a ridicule of the maudlin pastoral; were it not that a learned antiquary has lately discovered such deep mysteries in that silly lay. The edition of the famous *Hunting of the Wren*, given by Mr. Chambers, is from Herd's Collection; and we cannot help thinking it a more pointed one than the traditional song which is given as genuine from the Isle of Man by Mr. Halliwell. Of Robin Redbreast's Testament there are two different editions in the works before us. That given by Mr. Chambers, from Herd's Collection, would seem to be an enlargement or paraphrase of the original Nursery ditty, made by a true poet, who must, moreover, have been a client of the House of Hamilton. It is exceedingly beautiful; and so, indeed, is the English song of Robin's sorrows through the coquettish and jilting Jenny Wren. We cannot resist Robin's Testament, omitting, however, some of his complimentary bequests to his noble patrons. Robin is a true patriotic Scotsman, as well as a devoted follower. He is also a dignified, though an affectionate lover or husband, until his tenderness is abused by a jilt :—

"Gude day now, bonnie Robin,
How lang have you been here?"
"Oh, I have been bird about this bush
This mair than twenty year!"

CHORUS.

Teetle ell ell, teetle ell ell,
Teetle ell ell, teetle ell ell;
Tee tee tee tee tee tee tee,
Tee tee tee tee, teetle eldie.

"But now I am the sickest bird
That ever sat on brier;
And I wad make my testament,
Goodman, if ye wad hear.

Gar tak this bonnie neb o' mine,
That picks upon the corn;
And gie't to the Duke o' Hamilton,
To be a hunting-horn.

. . . . . .

"Gar tak this guid right leg o' mine,
And mend the brig o' Tay;
It will be a post and pillar gude,
It will neither bow nor gae.

And tak this other leg o' mine,
And mend the brig o' Weir;
It will be a post and pillar gude,
It 'll neither bow nor steer.

. . . . . .

"And tak these bonnie feathers o' mine,
The feathers o' my breast;
And gie to ony bonny lad
That 'll bring to me a priest."

Now in there came my lady Wren,
With mony a sigh and groan;
"Oh, what care I for a' the lads,
If my wee lad be gone!"

Then Robin turn'd him round about,
E'en like a little king;
"Go, pack ye out at my chamber-door,
Ye little cutty quean."

Robin made his testament
Upon a coll of hay,
And by cam a greedy gled
And snapt him a' away.

Those lines—

Then Robin turned him round about,
E'en like a little king,—

are ineffable in their Lilliputian manliness and majesty. The love-passages of the English feathered pair are much less pathetic.

Jenny Wren fell sick
Upon a merry time;
In came Robin Red-breast,
And brought her sops and wine.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine;
Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.

Jenny, she got well,
And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly,
She lov'd him not a bit.

Robin, being angry,
Hopped on a twig,
Saying, Out upon you,
Fy upon you, bold fac'd jig!

Herd's Collection has the Scottish version, from which the above seems to be taken, beginning—

The wren she lies in Care's bed,

Children, could they comprehend the mystery, might be surprised to learn the high descent and antiquity of some of their idle games. The House that Jack Built, and the Old Wife that desired the *kid* to keep her house till she went to the fair to buy a bonny bunch of berries with the penny which she had found when sweeping her house, are instances of this. The original of this game, or dramatic Tale, has been traced by a learned German to a national Hebrew fable, written in the Chaldee language, and of great antiquity. In the original, the *kid*, which is one of the clean animals, is said to denote the Jews; the *cat* the Assyrians; the *dog* is symbolical of the Babylonians, the *staff* of the Persians, the *fire* of the Greeks; and so forth through all the enemies and persecutors of the Jewish nation. If the fable had been modern, we might have expected the Poles, the Spaniards, and the Russians to have figured in it. The Turks and the Saracens have a place, and also the Crusaders. There is no doubt either as to the antiquity or authenticity of this Hebrew Fable, which, however, answers its Nursery purposes not a whit the worse for its double meaning; and never fails, especially in its rapid enumerative catastrophe of "cat, cat, kill mouse, mouse winna cut rope, rope winna hang smith, smith winna fell ox," &c., &c., to give unbounded delight to a juvenile audience. Accumulative rhymes appear to tickle and charm the ears of all children. Of these Mr. Chambers has nearly exhausted the Nursery store; and Mr. Halliwell also gives a few. From Devonshire he inserts the first stanza of a song, entitled, The Beggars of Chidley Fair, of which we can remember a good version, consisting of many stanzas, once familiarly known in the South of Scotland under the name of the Beggars of Coldingham Fair.

The first time that I gaed to Coudingham fair,
I fell in with a jolly beggar;
The beggar's name O it was Harry,
And he had a wife and they called her Mary.
O Mary and Harry, and Harry and Mary,
And Janet and John,
That 's the beggars one by one;
But now I will gi'e you them pair by pair,
All the brave beggars of Coudingham fair.

The next time that I went to Coudingham fair,
There I met with another beggar;
The beggar's name O it was Willie,
And he had a wife and they called her Lillie.
And Harry and Mary, and Willie and Lillie,
And Janet and John,
That 's the beggars one by one;
Now I will gi'e you them pair by pair,
All the brave beggars of Coudingham fair.

The next time that I gaed to Coudingham fair,
I fell in with another beggar;
The beggar's name O it was Wilkin,
And he had a wife and they called her Gilkin.
And Harry and Mary, and Willie and Lillie,
And Wilkin and Gilkin, and Janet and John,
That 's the beggars one by one;
Now I will gi'e you them pair by pair,
All the brave beggars of Coudingham fair.

So on the song proceeds, to a lively tune, until an immense number of odd names are strung together in loose rhymes. Young children appear as much delighted by these sounds, as are youths and maidens with those smooth and musical couplets, which fall so sweetly on a well-tuned ear, though any meaning may, as children say, be far to seek and ill to find.

Mr. Chambers' work is rich in the games of the Scottish children, many of which are evidently framed upon old masques, carols, and those rude dramas which delighted our ancestors, from the *guizards* of the Farmer's Ha' to the masquers of the courtly circle. The games of little girls, in particular, are exceedingly pretty, both from their dramatic and operatic character; but especially from the beauty, and innocence, and downright earnestness, of the juvenile actors. These operatic performances always take place in the open air, and, of course, only in fine weather—the long sunny evenings of the northern summer. We are sorry that we cannot even advert to them.

There is one fire-side game which Mr. Chambers has overlooked. *Curcuddie*, or, according to Jamieson, *Curcuddoch*, denotes a play among children, in which they sit on their hams, [*Scottice*, hunkers,] and hop round in a circular form. In fact, they perform a kind of dance in this singular posture, which requires great agility and skill in balancing. He who, with arms a-kimbo, can keep longest up, of course beats his compeers. The dancer, or *louper*, at the same time, sings something like the following lines, for we do not pretend to accuracy of memory:—

Will ye gang to the lea, Curcuddie,
And join your plack wi' me, Curcuddie;
I lookit about, and I saw naebody,
And linkit awa my lane, Curcuddie.

Mr. Halliwell gives the rhyming games of England; but if ever the English children possessed the same sort of fanciful dramatic entertainments, they seem to have fallen into entire oblivion. Mr. Halliwell has, however, been very successful in scraping together an immense number of the purely nonsensical jingles that are to be found in every nursery, fresh as picked up from the street; such as,—

Jim Crow's sister
Bought a little dolly,
And dressed it and nursed it,
And called it pretty Polly.

The difficulty in the case of collectors for the inmates of the Nursery, as for other great public bodies, is "Where to draw the line." Mr. Halliwell has drawn no line at all, nor taken any rule, save to have none of the nonsense of the present century; while under the title, *Popular* and Nursery Rhymes, Mr. Chambers has assumed a license which covers his free borrowings from every good source. He has, therefore, given us nothing that is not well worthy of preservation, which is more than we dare affirm of his fellow-labourer. We should not object to the song of Old King Cole, or Aikin Drum, for instance, nor yet to the bald English version of the Gudewife of Auchtermuchty, though the former are as appropriate to the convivial circle as to the Nursery, and the latter *Morality* far above the infantile understanding; but we do object to so many of those purely nonsensical jingles which have not even musical sound to recommend them. Besides, the versions are often corrupt: the sage who

has been "The Man of Thessaly" from all nursery generations, is here "The Man of Newington;" and, as a nursery tale, we have a corrupt version of the song or catch of,

> There was an old woman had three sons,
> Geoffrey, James, and John,

Sometimes the same rhyme is repeated in another part of the book, with little or no variation, and frequent mistakes are committed from apparent ignorance of the northern dialects. In short, Mr. Halliwell has opened, and poured forth a poetical *inger's pock*, or beggar's wallet, upon the Nursery, without much regard to the congruity, or wholesomeness of its contents.

Though we have already gone, as some may conceive, too far with so trivial a subject as Nursery Rhymes, and Fireside and Nursery tales, the theme is, in reality, left unexhausted, not only by this random notice, but by the ingenious writers to whose labours we chiefly refer. Both works we consider worthy of the attention of the popular antiquary; and the latter part, especially of Mr. Chambers' cheap book, deserves a place in every Nursery, for the instruction and edification of the maids in the important art of talking lively nonsense, and of *accompanying* infant exercises with music, as well as the higher uses of feeding the young fancy with its most natural and nutritious food.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY READING, IN KNIGHT'S "LONDON," AN IRONICAL PASSAGE ON THE FUNERAL OF SHERIDAN.

[Of this son of genius a celebrated pen has written—"In one week he achieved, perhaps, the highest triumph ever gained by intellectual effort: the Palace was entranced with his wit,—the World was enchanted by his humour,—the Senate was enraptured by his eloquence:" and yet most destitute did he die.]

THY tears should flow, O, Genius, for thy son;
The sought—th' admired—the flattered—the undone!
See how his flashes through the Commons blazed:
Think how his wit at Carlton Court amazed:
Now gaze on his irrevocable doom,
—His last sigh breathed "within the inn's worst room;"
'Tis his, the common lot to undergo
With more than common shame and common wo.

And now survey poor Yorick's funeral scene,
The ending pageant of Life's "fitful dream."
His obsequies observed by "troops of friends,"
In Westminster's old fane the drama ends:
'Midst mummied kings the Wit *may* now repose
While modern Cæsars grace poor "Sherry's" close.

There, ending life neglected and forlorn,
Here, o'er his bier see royal princes mourn:
There, suff'rance hardly bars the imprisoning writ,
Here, coronets would bail and crowns acquit:
There, left to die, by faithless friends forgot,
Here, immortality his envied lot:
There, duns would seize—would crush the broken heart:
Here, kings no more with Sheridan shall part.

O, could thy palsied hand once more have moved
In that vocation which it erst had loved,
What mirth this solemn farce had then provoked,—
How with thy neighb'ring shades thou wouldst have joked;
The vaulted roof had echoed laughter wild
At thy recital, O, thou ill-starred child!
The lengthened aisles had caught the boist'rous sound,
And "Poet's Corner" chuckled it around:
If not the jeer, one execrating groan
Had issued from each hoar sepulchral stone,
Contrasting man's harsh cruelty to man
With all the funeral pomp of Sheridan.

C.

CATALOGUE OF THE POETRY OF 1842.

THERE is a burthen of which, as far as is now possible, we must relieve our consciences. The memorable year, 1842—the beautiful season which, even in the usually surly and dark December, in passing for ever from us,

> "Died like a dolphin,"

has been unusually fertile in verse, deserving the name of poetry; much of which will be long held in remembrance by those contemporaries who welcomed and enjoyed it, and some of which will *live*. Wordsworth's new volume, the collected poems of Mr. Tennyson, and the Remains of poor Robert Nicoll, have already been brought at some length under the notice of our readers; and also Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, not the least remarkable production of 1842. But all the while, save in the most cursory manner, we have not been able to draw the attention of our readers to Bulwer's achievements, in what to him is almost a new field of generous enterprise; nor yet to the attempts of several hopeful aspirants less known to fame, but manfully pressing on to the goal. Among the poems of 1842 which we consider worthy of especial distinction, we would specify the *Salamandrine*, by Mr. Charles Mackay, (already known by his fine poem, *The Hope of the World*,) as a highly creditable performance; and Mr. Edmund Peel's *Christian Pilgrim*, which if not of the highest order, nor indeed of any order of original poetry, is a piece of graceful and impressive metrical composition.

Sir E. L. Bulwer is, in every view of the matter, entitled to precedence in our catalogue. The volume of his poems, now, we believe, in a second or third edition, takes its title of *Eva, a True Story*, from one of the longest, though not of the best poems in it. The distinguishing character of the collection, apart from the proofs it bears of the author's compass of mind, intellectual flexibility, and matured *artistic* skill, is a deeper tone, and a more reflective heart than had, until a very recent period, been perceptible in his brilliant fictions. Of the fire and passion of the *born* bard few traces may be seen, and the pervading spirit is more closely allied to Wordsworth than to Byron; though there is no palpable imitation of any school, or of any master. As the volume has lain upon our table for months, and been taken up from time to time, it has grown and won upon us; and this, we imagine, will be its general effect. It

has none of the glare and dash, none of the theatrical effect of the Bulwer prose fictions. Beautiful, and often profound and subtle thoughts, are expressed with chastenedy and sometimes severe, or almost bald simplicity; and even those subjects which are in themselves comparatively small and trivial, display enlarged and mellowed powers, and the avoidance, if not disdain, of the trickery and mechanical resources of the dexterous versifier. For the volume is claimed, that whatever be its merits or demerits, it comprises in itself the ripest, and least imperfect forms yet vouchsafed to its author of "those fancies which make the calm philosophers, the restless only—Authors!"——This key given, our duty will be discharged by enumerating the principal pieces of the collection, and pointing out some of the smaller ones which have become favourites with ourselves. *Eva, a True Story of Light and Darkness*, is the beautiful story related by Mr. Combe in his American Travels, which we pointed out, at the time, as something which poets must write upon; as, indeed, a fine poem in the humblest prose. The story was of an idiot boy, or one with faculties eclipsed, who, by the gentle ministrations of a young girl, was awakened to reason: almost the classic fable of Cymon, but with further-reaching consequences; for the boy's gracious guardian-spirit became a mental sufferer in her turn. This touching story is the foundation of *Eva*, which displays both pathos and graceful fancy. Another long poem, *The Ill-omened Marriage*, is a domestic novel in verse; a good deal in the style of Crabbe, but without his harshness. But the collection consists of pieces in an endless diversity of styles, and contains a golden treasury of those wise and deep-rooted thoughts which have come with ripened experience of life, and been patiently brooded over in the secret heart during its better years:—those years in which a mind of original vigour has worked itself clear of the crudities of rank and luxuriant youth, and come forth purified and spiritualized, yet with deepened human affections. Many light and graceful fancies, and also mere, but elegant trifles, are clothed in the appropriate garb of flowing and musical verse. The finest of these aërial things is the legend of *The Fairy Bride*, which is one more exquisite edition of the old tale,—not without its deep philosophy—of the knight who retains a fairy mistress, of a beauty surpassing mortal, and the dispenser of all rich and gracious gifts, upon the one condition of obedience to one command; or of controlling his own spirit and passions. We take but one stanza of the pathetic close of this poem:—

> Oh, not for vulgar homage made,
> The holier beauty formed for one;
> It asks no wreath the arm can win;
> Its lists—its world—the heart within;
> All love most sacred haunts the shade—
> The star shrinks from the sun!

In a poem entitled the *Souls of Books*—and the *Power* of books is identical—we find this noble burst:—

> Ye ever-living and imperial Souls,
> Who rule us from the page in which ye breathe,
> All that divide us from the clod ye gave!—
> Law—Order—Love—Intelligence—the sense
> Of Beauty—Music and the Minstrel's wreath!—
> What were our wanderings if without your goals?
> As air and light, the glory ye dispense,
> Becomes our being—who of us can tell
> What he had been, had Cadmus never taught
> To man the magic that embalms the thought—
> Had Plato never spoken from his cell,
> Or his high harp blind Homer never strung?—
> Kinder all earth hath grown since genial Shakspeare sung!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> We call some books immoral! *Do they live?*
> If so, believe me, TIME hath made them pure.
> In Books, the veriest wicked rest in peace—
> God wills that nothing evil should endure;
> The grosser parts fly off and leave the whole,
> As the dust leaves the disembodied soul!
> Come from thy niche, Lucretius! Thou didst give
> Man the black creed of Nothing in the tomb!
> Well, when we read thee, does the dogma taint?
> No; with a listless eye we pass it o'er,
> And linger only on the hues that paint
> The Poet's spirit lovelier than his lore.

The poems, we said, are in many or all styles, save the bitter and satirical, though in their spirit there is harmony. *The Consolations of Sleep* might have been written by Shelley; while the *Love Letter*, and other pieces, remind one of the sparkling graces and prettiness of Moore. Sometimes, in a simple narrative, we stumble upon such thoughts as the following:—

> Not Tadmor, in its lone repose,
> Its wrecks to wondering eye reveals
> More sad, amidst the waste, than those
> One broken human heart conceals.

Or as this, where the dying Mazarin totters into his gallery to steal a last look at those treasures and master-pieces of Art, which, in the pride of wealth, he had collected—

> An old and dying man amidst the ever-living Art;
> God's truth! it were a sight to stir some pining painter's heart;
> It were a sight to lift the soul of Genius from the Hour,
> *To see the Life of Genius smile upon the Death of Power.*

A single line in the same poem places before us the true relation in which Patronage has hitherto, in general, stood to Art—

> What misers are we to the toil! what spendthrifts to the name!

The lives of too many men of genius are but painful illustrations of this remark.

That we may have a single complete specimen, we copy out *The Pope and the Beggar*, as an example, if not of the poetry, then of the philosophy of Bulwer:—

THE POPE AND THE BEGGAR.

The Desires the chains, the Deeds the wings.

> I saw a Soul beside the clay it wore,
> When reign'd that clay the Hierarch-Sire of Rome;
> A hundred priests stood, ranged the bier before,
> Within St. Peter's dome;
>
> And all was incense, solemn dirge, and prayer—
> And still the Soul stood sullen by the clay:
> "O Soul, why to thy heavenlier native air
> Dost thou not soar away!"
>
> And the Soul answered, with a ghastly frown,
> "In what life loved, death finds its weal or woe;
> Slave to the clay's DESIRES, they drag me down
> To the clay's rot below!"
>
> It spoke, and where Rome's Purple Ones reposed,
> They lower'd the corpse; and downwards from the sun
> Both Soul and Body sank—and Darkness closed
> Over that twofold one!
>
> Without the church, unburied on the ground,
> There lay, in rags, a Beggar newly dead;
> Above the dust, no holy priest was found,
> No pious prayer was said!
>
> But round the corpse unnumbered lovely things
> Hovering, unseen by the proud passers by,
> Form'd, upward, upward, upward, with bright wings,
> A ladder to the sky!

"And what are ye, O Beautiful?" "We are,"
Answered the choral cherubim, "His Deeds!"
Then his Soul, sparkling sudden as a star,
Flashed from its mortal weeds;

And, lightly passing, tier on tier, along
The gradual pinions, vanish'd like a smile!
Just then, swept by the solemn-visaged throng
From the Apostle's pile—

"Knew ye this beggar?" "Knew! a wretch, who died
Under the curse of our good Pope, now gone!"
"Loved ye that Pope?" "He was our Church's pride,
And Rome's most holy Son!"

Then did I muse:—Such are men's judgments;—blind
In scorn or love! In what unguessed-of things,
Desires, or deeds—do rags and purple find
The fetters or the wings!

Mr. Edmund Peel, the author of the *Christian Pilgrim*, has felt Byron, but followed, as the better guide, La Martine. It would seem that an actual *pilgrimage* has been made by him to the memorable regions described—to the Holy Land. The Christian Pilgrim is, if not a religious poem in the strict acceptance of the word, a descriptive poem of religious tendency; and the lofty theme, with the author's profound feeling of the grandeur of the Hebrew poetry, has imparted both strength and fire to some of his strains. As a brief specimen, we give the following stanza from the musings of the Pilgrim in the Vale of Jehosaphat:—

Can these bones live?—the bare! the bleached! the dry!
Lord God! thou knowest!—list! a rustling sound!
The bones are moving, breathed on from high!
Are clothed with flesh! are rising from the ground,
A mighty host! The rocks, graves, caves resound!
Raised from the dust, the Resurrection sing,
In whom ye live, and evermore abound!
Bathe, dew of Hermon, bathe, the heart of Spring!
And thou, Lebonah, forth thy balmy treasures bring!

Thy flocks, Nebaioth!—thine, dark Kedar, bring!
Midian and Tema! charge with spices sweet,
And gums—an aromatic offering—
Your kneeling camels!—ye, whose wandering feet
Go forth, the Arabian caravan to meet
Of Indian, bearing frankincense and myrrh—
To balm the winds that waft the merchant-fleet—
And spikenard, shedding, when the breezes stir,
Delicious odour round the enchanted passenger.

The following is—Morning under the Cedars of Lebanon:—

The sun is on the Cedars! through the dim
Arches in splendour streaming!—voices greet
The radiant vision with a warbled hymn,
Not inharmonious, round the green retreat
Circling, of Piety the chosen seat.
Here, in the fulness of the summer-tide,
From hill and dale, the pastoral people met
To view, dark-heaving o'er the mountain's side,
The venerable grove, of Lebanon the pride.

Through each cathedral aisle, in olden time,
Rolled, in a volume of accordant air,
The voice oracular of bard sublime,
Intent the homage and the hymn to share
Of Nature, pouring out the hymn in prayer;
And even now, in these degenerate days,
Do young and old, and rich and poor, repair
To this most ancient temple, here to raise
An altar to the Lord of penitence and praise.

The landscape, rich in memorials, which in panoramic view is seen from this spot, is finely described; but, having shown the scope of the poem, and the structure of its metre, we must pass to a piece of very different character.

The *Salamandrine*—not the most felicitous of titles by the way—belongs to what is called "pure poetry," the imaginative and supernatural; soaring to regions beyond this dull diurnal sphere, and ranging among beings formed of purer elements than our mortal, sinful clay, yet languishing to share the hopes and affections of humanity. If the poem does not captivate all hearts by its passion and tenderness, it will enchant every well attuned ear by its wild and varied melody, and rich musical cadences. Mr. Charles Mackay claims unbounded freedom for his rhymes and rhythm, and he has turned the assumed license to excellent account in the structure of his story, and the undulating flow of his verse.

That story is soon told. Sir Gilbert, a young warrior of Germany, sleeping on the battle-field, has a singular poetic vision, in which a brother and sister—twin-spirits of the Fire—moralize over the lot of mortals; the gentle Amethysta bewailing the sufferings of guilty mankind, and the folly which, by violence and strife, shortens their brief span of life on earth. Her less gentle brother sees, on the contrary, much to envy in the human lot, since man, with all his attendant miseries, is the heir of Immortality; while the purer children of the Fire, though they enjoy a very long and blest existence, are doomed to annihilation at last, save for a contingency to which Amethysta thus adverts—save that

"From a human heart we win
A love devoid of guile and sin;
A love for ever kind and pure—
A love to suffer and endure;
Unalterably firm and great
Amid the angry storms of Fate;
For ever young, for ever new,
For ever passionate and true.
This gained—all woe is past—all joy begun;
Heaven is our hope—Eternity is won."

With a love thus firm and pure, Amethysta, in the guise of a beautiful rustic maiden, imagines that she has inspired Sir Gilbert, and thus fondly hopes, through her own loving heart, and his fidelity and truth, to be raised to a twice-blest Immortality. The course of their early true-love is very sweetly described. When their passion is at the height, comes the hour of parting, and Sir Gilbert's love soon fails of the test.

The wishes of his noble sire, and the ambition of his own earthly heart are to be accomplished at whatever sacrifice of faith and truth. Yet love for a season maintained a struggle in his breast, though sordid desires proved conquerors. For,—

Was he born so base a churl,
That he should wed a peasant girl?
Oh, no! he was a baron bold.

Sir Gilbert sinks lower and lower, and widens the gulph that now yawns between him and the beautiful spirit,—who, most innocent of self-seekers! only through his love aspired to immortality:—

And yet he loved her passing well,
And it might cheer him,—who could tell,
To leave his high-born wife a while,
And bask in Amethysta's smile,
With none the wiser for his wooing,
And a trusting heart's undoing.

On the other side is Amethysta, tender and trustful as true-love, languishing in her mountain solitude for the reappearance of her plighted lover; warned by her stern brother-spirit, who better knew "what these mortals are," but trusting still.

The pining of the patient maiden, sick of the sadness of hope deferred, is very sweetly painted, and still—

He came not.— Still, at fall of night
She burned her solitary light,
By love enkindled,—love attended;
And still her brother chid her care.

. . . . . .

Thus pass away the weary weeks,
And dim her eyes, and pale her cheeks;
Thus pass they heavily on, but still
Her love-light sparkles on the hill,
True as the Evening Star itself
It shines upon her wall,
When due towards the darkening east
The lengthened shadows fall.

No more she gathers early flowers,
No more in Morning's dewy hours
Trims with nice hand her trellissed bowers;
No more she spreads the usual crumbs
For her blithe robin when he comes,
Wild to the world, but tame to her.
Their honest watch-dog sues in vain
Her customary smile to gain;
In vain her fondling kittens purr,
And the dust gathers on her lute.

. . . . . .

Next come the splendid nuptials of the faithless knight; all is over! and the Canto entitled *Hope and Fear* finds this impressive close:—

One day! one night! yet what a change they bring!
High in the clouds, the same sweet birds may sing:
The same green leaves may rustle in the air,
And the same flowers unfold their blossoms fair:
Still nature smile, unchanged in all her plan,
But, oh, what change may blight the soul of man!
The sun may rise as brightly as before,
But many a heart can hail its beams no more:
'Tis but one turn of earth's incessant ball,
Yet in that space what myriad hopes may fall!
What love depart! what friendship melt away!
Ay—virtue's self may wane to her decay,
Torn from her throne, heart-placed, in one eventful day!

Canto V., the *Bridal Feast*, is the most striking and brilliant in the poem, and though the opening and closing scenes of the story are more pathetic and more delicately touched, it is from this that we select our specimen:—

'Tis past—the mystic rites are done—
Gilbert and Rosaline are one;
And little heed has Gilbert given
To the fond heart that he has riven.
Aye she may pine, and moan, and weep,
And feed on thoughts that banish sleep—
He'll come and visit her full soon,
When he has passed his honey-moon,—
And he will give her jewels rare,
And golden bands to bind her hair,
And gems that women love to wear,
And make her rich as she is fair:
His bribes shall make her heart forget,
And she shall smile and love him yet.

But now he cannot think
Of another than his bride,
And beautiful is she,
As she walketh by his side;—
And his father goes about
With a smile upon his face,
To bless the happy day
That has dawned upon his race;
And his mother, richly clad,
Sitteth proudly in the hall,
To welcome in the guests
To the gallant festival!

In Minden's old abodes
Shall be revelry to-night;—
From the high and fretted roof
Hang a hundred lustres bright,
That pervade the very walls
With a sun-surpassing light.

Pour, pour the sparkling wine
In the goblets like a tide,
That a thousand guests may drink
To the welfare of the bride!
Then fill them up again
In a bumper full and fair,
Then drain them every one
To the bridegroom and the heir:
May their nights be full of joy,
And their days devoid of care!

But, hark!—what voice is that!
Is't of the air or earth!
That rises suddenly
Amid the festal mirth!—
Above them and about
The echo seems to swell;—
And it saith, "Oh, farewell, love!
O happiness, farewell!
For never, never more
In Minden shall ye dwell!
Misery!"

The guests they think it strange,
But nothing can they see,—
And blooming cheeks grow pale
At that wild melody.
And hark! it swells again!
In a plaintive strain:—
"Misery! misery!"
It sounds now here, now there,—
Then melts into the air,—
"Misery!"———

What is the matter with the fire!
The sparks come rushing out,—
The writhing flames burn pale and blue,
And twist themselves about—
And now they sink—now rise again—
And mount the chimney tall,
Casting a light
Of lurid white
On the rich emblazoned wall.

What is the matter with the lamps
That hang from the ceiling high!—
For the flames grow dim, and wan, and pale
And sink as they would die.—
And now they brighten merrily,
And a livid radiance throw
On the fear-pale faces of the guests
That watch them from below:
The lustres shake as they would fall,
And form strange shadows on the wall:—
There seems a spell upon them all.

And still they heard the voice
Amid the silence swell,
Singing, "Oh, farewell, love!
O happiness, farewell!
For never, never more,
In Minden shall ye dwell!
Misery! Misery!"

And as it died away,
A gentler voice began
A more melodious song
Than e'er was heard by man;
But sad, and faint, and slow,
The solemn accents fell:—
"Farewell to happiness!
To love and joy farewell!
For never, never more,
Shall either as before,
Around my pathway shine
To cheer this heart of mine,—
Misery!"

. . . . . .

There was a rushing sound of winds,—
The doors flew open all,—
And lo! a lady, mild and bright,
With rustling robes of silvery white,
Came gliding through the hall,

A golden zone enclosed her waist;
She wore a ruby on her breast;
And round her brow a chaplet fair,
Made all of diamonds, bright and rare,
Of which the least conspicuous gem
Was worth a monarch's diadem;
And a halo followed as she went,—
Most beautiful, most innocent!

She seemed, like Melancholy's self,
A living sorrow as she passed:
Her face was pale, her step was slow,
Her modest eyes were downwards cast;
But who she was, and whence she came,
And what her lineage or her name,
Not one of all the guests could tell,—
But Gilbert sighed, and knew her well.

'Twas Amethysta's gentle face,
Her look serene, her form of grace;
And much he marvelled to behold
Her diamond crest, her zone of gold,
And her step of queenly dignity;—
No cottage maiden could she be
But a peerless dame of high degree.

There was deep silence in the hall;
You might have heard a feather fall,
For the guests were wonder-stricken all,
As the lady, like a monarch proud,
Glided majestic through the crowd,
And never raised her eyes so sweet
Until she came to Gilbert's seat;
And then she stopped,—the bride meanwhile,
Trembling and pale with doubts and fears,—
And full upon the bridegroom turned
Her face, all wet with gushing tears,
And gazed with sad and earnest look!—
The mild reproach he could not brook,
But turned his guilty eyes away—
Afraid to move—ashamed to stay.

She laid her hand upon his arm,
And bowed her gentle head,
And moved her lips as if she spoke,
But never a word she said;
Or, if she did, the bride was near,
And not a whisper could she hear.
But Gilbert started at her touch
And pressed his burning brow,
Then rose and met her mournful glance,
Resolved to bear it now;—
For her image, though he shut his eyes,
Before his vision stole,—
And, oh,—that mild reproachful glance,—
It looked into his soul!

But before the guests had time to rise
The lady passed away,
But how she went, and when she went,
Was nobody could say.
And the holy man who married the bride,
He knelt him down to pray,—
"From sprites and phantoms, heavenly Lord,
Deliver us alway!"

And whither went the bridegroom forth?—
They saw him at the door,
And caught a glimpse of the lady's robe
A step or two before.

. . . . . .

The flames gave out no noxious heat,
The fire was harmless at their feet;
But in Sir Gilbert's heart and brain
There was a hot consuming pain.
Oft had he heard of phantoms dire
That lived and flourished in the fire,
And took all shapes of mortal beauty,
To lure the soul from Christian duty:—
Could she be one? Nay, Gilbert, nay!
She never led thy faith astray;
But worshipped God with reverent knee,
And had no fault but love of thee!

Within this forest glade they stood
In silence and in solitude:
She put her gentle hand on his,
And looked into his face, forlorn;—
Ah, more than looks of bitter wrath—
Ah, more than words of cruel scorn—
That look so sad, so mild, so fair,
Went to his heart and rankled there!

"Listen!" said she, in mournful tone,
"And learn my secret, ere we part:
I've brought thee to the wilds alone,
That I may show thee all my heart:
Behold a maid of heavenly birth,
Formed of the eternal Fires that shine
To light and warm this world of thine;
And not as thou of grovelling earth,
But of an essence more divine.

But the reader already knows the secret; and we shall not tell of the *Doom;* of the terrible trials and the penance in Expiation; the final triumph of love, and the begun immortality of the faithful maiden, and her repentant and restored lover. The *Doom* is the most powerful canto of the poem, but a short specimen would perhaps repel, and its awful development requires the language of poetry; so we shall cull our remaining samples from the simple and beautiful, and leave the passion and the agony untouched. In the following gay scene, Sir Gilbert, who has not yet met the lovely maiden of his vision on the battle-field, is returning to the home of his fathers.

The woods and fields are green again,
It is the month of May,
The swallow on the cottage eaves
Has built her nest of clay,
And the rooks upon the castle tower
Caw merrily all the day.

The spring has followed the winter weary,
And peace came after a ruthless war;
The land rejoices,
And childrens' voices
Welcome their fathers from afar.
There are smiles of love on many a cheek,—
Many a fond wife sobs for gladness,—
And sheds more tears in excess of joy
Than ever she shed in all her sadness.

The wars are over,—the peasants rejoice,—
Youths and maidens sit under the tree,
Or dance together
In sunny weather,
While the elder people flock to see.
The rustic pipe makes music simple,
To guide the fall of their twirling feet.—
And young veins tingle,
As love-looks mingle,
And youth and passion their vows repeat.

And Gilbert journeys to his home:
Many a laurel he hath won,—
And he hopes to reach his father's halls
Ere the rising of the sun.
The evening air is mild and cool,
The round May-moon is at her full,
And Gilbert, as he rides along,
Hums the chorus of a song;
And now he walks his chestnut steed,
And now he gallops at full speed,—
And then he stops for better view
Of the green hills or waters blue,
Or the broad path he must pursue.

All day there was a gentle breeze—
It shook no blossom from the trees,
So lightly did it pass;
But now it blows a freshening gale:—
Hark! how it murmurs in the grass,
And moans among the oak-tree tops,
And the loose willows of the copse:—
And lo! upon the western sky
The clouds are gathering fast and high.

Then follows the thunder-storm, the disasters of the knight, and his rescue from deadly peril by the lovely Salamandrine, in the guise of a country maiden.

One word before parting. Mr. Mackay reproaches the age as "preëminently practical," calling it "a hard, stiff, cast-iron age," and such like severe and ugly names. Is his own poem not a proof of directly the reverse? and it surely is a growth of this hard age. May not the silent worship be maintained, the sacred fire cherished in many a secret corner, and under many a rugged surface? That there is less of the maudlin affectation of admiring poetry than there was in the Della Cruscan age,—which had its own uses, but which has happily passed,—we readily admit; and even in name of the age plead guilty to an awkward shame where the true feeling ought to be frankness and unmingled pride and glory; in even smaller poetical achievements than those the one year of 1842 has brought to light.

We have but little space in which to conclude our catalogue.

The *Edwin the Fair*, of the author of Philip van Artevelde, would require more time and pains even to expound its purpose than we have to give. As a whole, this Historical drama is less carefully elaborated than Mr. Henry Taylor's earlier dramatic poem; but, it contains equally just conceptions of character; and many noble scenes. Yet it must be felt unequal, and the personages far too numerous for a drama that is only to be read. The central figure,—the dominant spirit,—is *Dunstan*, the very personification of the priesthood, in its lust of power and resoluteness of purpose, and as possessed by an ambition which, setting its foot on the necks of kings, would crush humanity itself in its road to its objects; but which a haughty and domineering pride does not one whit restrain from the employment of the most paltry frauds that may serve its purposes. The following scene is among the level passages of the drama. Leolf, a nobleman attached to the king's party, thus welcomes to court his friend Athulf, but tells that he would liefer give him welcome to a cot than to a priest-ridden court like Edwin's.

Athulf. What ails the Court?

Leolf. Its old disorder; complex and compounded
Of many ills in even shares partaken.
Ambition's fever, envy's jaundiced eye,
Detraction that exulcerates, aguish fear,
Suspicion's wasting pale insomnolence,
With hatred's canker.

Athulf. To which add, no doubt,
Monks for physicians.

Leolf. There you touch a theme
For large and leisurely discourse. At present
I will but say, the boldest of bold hearts
Is hither come in season.

Athulf. Say you so?
Come cowl and crosier! With a cap of steel
And battle-axe in hand, we will not fly.
But softly for a season! In what current
Runs the blood-royal? Are we where we were?

Leolf. O'er the Queen-Mother's mean and meagre soul
Hath monkery triumphed; taking for allies
Her past misdeeds and ever-present fears.
Upon the Princess too I see it steal,
And stain her pleasant purity of spirit.

Athulf. But still the King is stanch?

Leolf. Young, young and warm;
Prompt in defiance, too precipitate;
For we must have him crowned, ere it be safe
To cross them. But the passion which in youth
Drives fast downhill, means that the impulse gained
Should speed us up the hill that's opposite.
How found you the mid-counties?

Athulf. Oh! Monk-ridden,
Raving of Dunstan.

Leolf. 'Tis a raving time:
Mad monks, mad peasants; Dunstan is not sane,
And madness that doth least declare itself
Endangers most, and ever most infects
The unsound many. See where stands that man,
And where this people: then compute the peril
To one and all. When force and cunning meet
Upon the confine of one cloudy mind,
When ignorance and knowledge halve the mass,
When night and day stand at an equinox,
Then storms are rife. Yet, once the King were crowned,
We could face Dunstan; which he knows too well,
And still by one thin pretext or another
Defers the coronation, and his will
The Primate follows.

The strangely mingled, and powerful elements of Dunstan's character, are developed as much in soliloquy and self-communion, as in action, though he is the soul of the entire movement; but it would take much more space than we can afford, to give even a faint indication of the author's conception of this incarnation of some of the worst attributes of an energetic, arrogant, dehumanized zealot, half-mad with spiritual pride, and the lust of power.

There is this similarity between the Historical Saxon Drama of Mr. Henry Taylor, and the Lays of Ancient Rome of Mr. Macaulay, that both endeavour to revivify the Past. There is in the Drama closer verisimilitude, whether in the personations, or in the expression and costume, of the Past; but in the Lays much more to please modern readers; which we cannot help thinking the wiser achievement.

Among the volumes of verse remaining on our list, are *Hoel the Hostage*, a poem of merit, the *Sepulchre of Lazarus*, and other poems by Sarah H. Moulton; *Gerald*, a dramatic poem by J. Westland Marston, a work of some mark and likelihood; *Britain*, a poem, by an ultra-loyal James Green; *Miscellaneous Poems and Essays*, by Robert Bigsby, a formidable-looking handsome volume, containing many pleasing and elegant copies of verses; and *Intimidation, a Political Satire*, by Cato the Censor, a terse, well-rhymed and well-timed performance; though grosser personality and coarseness of invective might have better served the poet's purpose, in an age addicted to strong stimulants. As a specimen, which, though not a favourable one, yet tends to edification, we select the following dignified admonition.

There was a time when Freedom view'd with pride
O'C———l fighting stanchly by her side;
A time when all your energies were strain'd
To nobler purpose; then your cause you gain'd.
With right and reason for your guides, you freed
From abject bonds your persecuted creed;
And having brought about that grand effect,
There had you stopp'd, you had retain'd respect;
But when misled by vanity and pride,
You swerv'd from duty's simpler path aside,
And launch'd yourself on Agitation's stream,
For projects even you must useless deem;
When thus descending from your "high estate,"
You merg'd the patriot in the advocate,
And lengthen'd out your cause to grasp the fees,
By striving for impossibilities;
(Although I charge you not as many do,
With having only sordid ends in view,

For while you really sought your country's good,
Just claims had you upon her gratitude;)
When thus you sacrificed the glorious name,
You might have handed down to future fame,
To gratify a petty love of power,
And please the small ambition of the hour;
Content to flash a baleful meteor-gleam,
You lost your place in honest men's esteem.
But still unnoticed I had pass'd you by,
Nor placed you here before the public eye,
If Freedom's cause you had not thus betray'd,
By seeking dark Intimidation's aid.
Gods! can we wonder that untutor'd men
Transgress the boundaries of virtue, when
Their betters in a worldly sense pursue
Each base design before the public view;
Their boasted education foully bent,
To further ev'ry villanous intent;
And law, perverted from her proper course,
Steps forth and lends her sanction to their force.
Are high-born men alone to gratify
Their vicious passions with impunity,
And trample down, by dint of lawless might,
Truth, Virtue, Freedom, all that's just and right!
No! not while I, all humble though I be,
Deriving strength alone from honesty,
With Heaven's approving aid, can wield my pen
Against th' oppression of my fellow men.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN.

Gracious God! we blame thee not,
For our cheerless, hapless lot:
Man, our brother, has forgot
God and his law.

King of kings! the just, the good!
For thy subjects there is food,
But our brother's selfish mood
Thwarts wisdom's plan.

Father! Earth was made by thee
To change her blessings lovingly;
Our brother laughs at thy decree,
We pine and die.

Who! who gave our brother might!
We! we gave; but not the right
With wrong and poverty to smite,
That he might play.

Comrade, by the gloomy past,—
By the darkness round us cast,
This, this must not, cannot last,
Give us your hand.

We will no more tamely brook
Saucy word and haughty look;
God himself shall pride rebuke,
Give us your hand.

By the field, the flood, the sky,—
By the hope that cannot die,
We shall not our motto fly,
"Justice to all!"

Bloodless weapons in our hand,
We shall war, a peaceful band,
Till rejoicing fill the land,
Bread, bread, bread, bread!

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Age of Great Cities. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. 1 vol. post octavo. London: Jackson & Walford.

The title of this work may, at first, mislead. It is not a critical, antiquarian treatise on the age of Babylon or Carthage, Palmyra or Thebes, but a popularly-written volume, tracing the progress of civilized society from the earliest times through its more distinguishing epochs, until now that the world has reached the *age of great cities;* great centres of the civilisation, of which cities are considered the main promoters. A brief introduction gives a view of the conflict between feudalism and growing civilisation; and of the social characteristics of the great cities of ancient times. This but prepares the way for what is of infinitely more importance—the tendencies of modern society, and those mighty agencies that have produced, and are producing, an ever-progressive improvement. Among the more important of these agencies, are—the influence of women in modern society, the Reformation, the printing-press, and the spirit generated in all great civic communities. In discussing the causes of the growth of great cities, and their relations to art, science, popular intelligence, education, relig on, and public spirit, there are numerous minute divisions and sub-divisions; and, throughout, the author gives a decided, if not sometimes an over-weening preference to urbane over rural communities. The facts of history help to bear him out—from the annals of Rome to the doings of the Manchester League.

We could select many specimens of this able and elegant work, displaying to greater advantage the author's attainments in learning, and of more direct applicability, in our own country and age; but we choose the following passage from its cheerful and satisfactory character. The author is showing that the greatest triumphs of modern civilisation will possess durability; and he rests his argument upon the following grounds:—

We may say with certainty, for example, in regard to all the more important of our acquisitions, not only that they are gains, but that they are gains which society will never lose. This is the case with all the natural discoveries just enumerated. They can never cease to exist; they can never cease to produce their general effect upon society. Such is the space covered by modern civilisation, and such are the novel facilities serving to give it perpetuity and increase in every quarter of the globe, that the fall of a nation, of an empire, or even of a continent, could not endanger its existence, or its diffusive power.

The Anglo-American people are spreading themselves rapidly from the pole to the equator, and from the Atlantic in the eastward to the Pacific in the westward. During a period dating earlier than the commencement of the great American war, and reaching to our own time, the people of those regions have doubled in every twenty-two years. Many circumstances adverse to such increase arose during that interval, but they had no power to impede its course; nor is it probable that it will suffer impediment until the population from the Hudson to the Floridas shall be found to equal, or very nearly to equal, the whole population of Europe.

From that large and hopeful portion of the earth, the mind naturally passes to the European settlements in the West Indies, in Africa, in the East, and, above all, to that new land of promise—the Europe probably of

the other hemisphere in the ages to come—South Australia.

It is plain from these facts, that modern civilisation—and that civilisation connected in an eminent degree with the blood, and language, and institutions of Great Britain—will have no necessary dependence in the coming time upon the fate of Britain, or even of Europe. The great relations of the human family are now such, and must always continue to be such, that whatever is known in the old world, will find its home in the new. Nor can any ingredient of knowledge have its place in one hemisphere, without becoming the property of the other. It is not too much, therefore, to affirm, that the Governor of the world has placed it in circumstances which give to it the best security against the return of barbarism—the return of a second middle age.

But it may be said, that admitting it as certain that civilisation will not fail to survive on a large scale somewhere, society in Europe may become subject to many and melancholy changes. This is not denied. The great nations of Europe may cease to be great. Power may pass from the greater to the less. The land may continue, but the people may degenerate, and the high civilisation of one country may have little influence on the low civilisation of another, though the separation between them may seem to be nothing more than the course of a river, or a chain of mountains. We see enough of the possible in this form in the recent history of Greece and Italy. But our great danger in this respect, if we suppose it to exist, must consist in the degree of our exposure to barbarian conquest, or to military despotism. In the former case, our civilisation would be prostrated by the hand of violence, in the latter it would droop and perish under other influences. But concerning both these forms of calamity, we may say, that if they have their place among the possible of the future, they certainly do not belong to the probable.

With regard to barbarian invasion, our only fear must have respect to Russia. But there are no people in Europe so distinct from the rest, in race, character, and institutions, as the people of Russia; and there is no power, accordingly, against which the states of Europe generally might be so readily expected to make common cause as against Russia, should her hordes begin to descend upon us in the character of aggressors. Even Russia, however, is rapidly ceasing to have her place among the barbarous. She has, at present, ample space for the increase of her children, and can know nothing of inconvenience in that form during many ages to come. In the meantime, it is much more probable that Russia will be subdued by the arts of the south, than that the south will be subdued by the arms of Russia. In addition to which, the affinities of Russia are much more likely to give an eastward than a westward or southward direction to her forces. Should it be otherwise, the comparative numbers of the civilized and the barbarous, and the existing apparatus of civilized warfare, would seem to have separated for ever between barbarism and conquest on the soil of Europe. It is our happiness to know that no state may now become ascendant as opposed to civilized man, without being itself in a good degree civilized.

Concerning our danger in the shape of military despotism—a despotism similar to that of the Roman empire, the geography of Europe happily presents the most formidable obstacles in the way of the man or the power that should become intent on such an object. The diversified apportionments into which the hand of providence has broken up the surface of Europe, by means of its seas, and rivers, and mountains, bespeak it as destined to be the dwelling-place of a number of separate and independent states. Its diversities in regard to mineral treasure, soil, and climate, point to the same beneficent design. Nothing is likely to constitute the people of these various languages, institutes, and characters, so far one, as to cause them to partake simultaneously and alike in any strong tendency, either toward good or toward evil. It is true, this isolation may not seem to promise well in regard to the unity necessary in order to meet the pressure of a common enemy. But it is better to find a separate life pervading each of the parts, than death pervading the whole. In general, it is from its separateness and independence that each state derives that development and power which ensure the intelligence that will lead to combination whenever it is needed, and the capacity which must render such combination irresistible. . . . . On the whole, the momentum which is now in action on the side of a progressive course of things, is much stronger than anything that can be brought against it during a long time to come. The great tendency of modern society is toward the formation of great cities; and in addition to the conclusions to this effect which we deduce from such facts as have been dwelt upon in this chapter, the Christian can appeal to the predictions of Holy Writ, which speak of the ultimate prevalence of all the arts of peace, in alliance with the knowledge, feeling, and happiness of true religion—"In his days shall the righteous flourish, and they of the city like grass of the earth."

Our next extract is recommended to us from embodying an opinion which we incurred considerable censure for avowing, some years back, when, in many quarters, it was supposed impossible for any really liberal man to doubt of the sovereign efficacy of the Prussian system of state education, or of its fitness for the people of Great Britain:—

The question now arises—do we see so much good in the results of the Prussian system of education, as to render it expedient that we should, for the sake of that good, incur the hazard of recognising those principles of government on which that system is manifestly founded? We answer, that we do not find in those results any such good as would warrant our making such an experiment, and that upon few subjects is there greater delusion prevalent than in regard to the effects which a system of that nature is adapted to produce. An intelligent traveller, who has been at much pains to ascertain the real state of society in Prussia, has not hesitated to state that, "in true moral social education, the Prussian people, from the nature of their government and social economy, necessarily stand lower than the lowest of our own unlettered population. The social value or importance of the Prussian arrangements for diffusing national scholastic education has been evidently overrated; for now that the whole system has been in the fullest operation in society upon a whole generation, we see morals and religion in a more unsatisfactory state in this very country than in almost any other in the north of Europe: we see nowhere a people in a more abject political and civil condition, or with less free agency in their social economy. A national education, which gives a nation neither religion, nor morality, nor civil liberty, nor political liberty, is an education not worth having. If to reason, judge, and act, as an independent free agent, in the religious, moral, and social relations of man to his Creator and to his fellow-men, be that exercise of the mental powers which alone deserves the name of education, then is the Prussian subject a mere drum-boy in education, in the cultivation and use of all that regards the moral and intellectual endowments of the man, compared to one of the unlettered populace of a free country. The dormant state of the public mind on all affairs of public interest; the acquiescence in the total want of political influence or existence; the intellectual dependence on the government or its functionaries, in all affairs of the community; the abject submission to the want of freedom or free agency in thoughts, words, or acts; the religious thraldom of the people to forms which they despise; the want of the influence of the religious and social principle in society—all justify the conclusion that the moral, religious, and social condition of the people was never looked at or estimated by those writers who have been so enthusiastic in their praises of the national education of Prussia. The French writers took up the song from the band of Prussian pensioned literati of Berlin, and the English from the French writers; and so the song has gone round Europe, without any one taking the trouble to inquire what this educational [illegible]

tem was producing; whether it had elevated, as it should have done, if genuine, the moral, religious, and social position and character of the Prussian people, as members of civilized society, having religious, moral, civil, and political rights and duties to enjoy and to perform."

The progress of Catholicism is at present alarming many sober-minded persons, and filling them with the most dismal apprehensions for the future. Upon this question, as upon the apprehended decay or annihilation of modern civilisation, Dr. Vaughan administers timely comfort, and even assurance, based on the stable foundation of experience and reason. He at once admits that there is a great revival of zeal within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church, but proceeds—

The increase of Catholicism is a matter which is sure not to come without observation. In countries where Catholics are the great majority, any increase of zeal to make proselytes, must become the more conspicuous as being that of the greater number; while the disposition toward pomp and display, on the part of the Catholic, must tend to give more notoriety to the achievements of such zeal in that connexion, than in connexion with Protestantism. It must be a very general, and a very powerful effort indeed, on the part of the million and a half of Protestants in France, which should be found to attract as much of public attention, as would be secured by a much feebler movement as affecting the proportion of the remaining thirty millions who profess themselves Catholics. The increased energy displayed by Catholicism in Great Britain, we regard as feeble, compared with that which has been evinced by Protestantism during the last half century,—the converts occasionally made to Catholicism being of little weight, as opposed to the multitudes who have been raised during that interval from a state of mere formalism, or of gross irreligion, to the profession of a Protestantism based upon instruction and allied with devout feeling.

Still, the great fact remains—the church of Rome, which during the eighteenth century was constantly declining, not only continues to exist, but, notwithstanding all that was done by the wars of the French revolution to deprive her of her wealth, to break down her machinery, and to threaten the extinction even of her spiritual power, she possesses at this moment a stronger hold on the sympathies and homage of Catholic Europe, than she could boast when vested in all her wonted splendour a century since. We see her doing much everywhere toward regaining, in her adversity, the influence which she lost in her prosperity. The comparative power of Catholicism at the present time, may be in part explained, by the fact, that the revolutionary outbreak from which it suffered so greatly, was one hostile to Christianity in every form. Protestantism, accordingly, has suffered from it fully as much as Catholicism. Both these systems, moreover, had deteriorated greatly, before the sweep of the memorable desolation adverted to passed over them; and when the storm at length subsided, as amidst the last faint cries of the wounded and the dying at Waterloo, the mind of Europe was in no condition to resume attention to subjects of this nature speedily. Since that day a quarter of a century has now intervened, and, during this space, the men whose social and mental habits had been moulded and fixed by the long military age which preceded, have almost disappeared, and their place is, at present, pretty well supplied by a generation whose attention has been occupied mainly with questions of diplomacy and domestic policy, and with such matters as popular education, scientific improvement, and intellectual culture in its higher forms. With this change has come a new disposition, and a new power to prosecute investigations in respect to religion; and the result now is, a marked revival of religious feeling in Europe—but a revival of this feeling, with a tendency, in many quarters, not so much to connect itself with the purer form of Christianity which is traced in modern history to the age of Luther, as with the more ideal and superstitious system against which Luther raised his solemn protest.

One thing is certain—the Catholicism which is diffused in an age like the present, must be a widely different system from the Catholicism which has been prevalent in most of the ages preceding. The church of Rome has always known how to adapt her policy to every social variety and change in the past, and she will not be less expert in this respect in relation to the present and the future. It has always been her manner to appear in sackcloth, or in gorgeous attire, as the occasion might demand. Notwithstanding all her pretension to the infallible and the immutable, even her theory of power has risen or fallen according to the times and the seasons. In all things, she has known how to be more superstitious, or less so, as the people could be expected to bear it. Inflexible on a few points, she has reserved to herself a wide range of things, in regard to which large concession might be made without any sacrifice of dignity or safety. . . . . The heresy of Luther has been the regenerator of the religion of the pontiffs; and it may well be matter of congratulation among Protestants, that the effect of their labours should be scarcely more memorable as seen in the church which they have constituted, than as seen in the change which they have induced within the pale of the church against which they have protested. Protestantism has not succeeded in putting an end to Popery, but it has succeeded in extruding from it not a little of its ancient nature: and the glory of Protestantism in the ages to come will be, that it will defeat its antagonist directly or indirectly, either directly, by forcing it from the field, or indirectly, by compelling it to become less and less the system it has been. Its policy has generally been, to perpetuate ignorance wherever that might be done, but to place itself in alliance with civilisation and progress, to almost any extent, when that may seem to be demanded by the spirit of the times. Proud as it may be, its province, in the great path of human improvement, has been to follow, and not to lead. But all movement in that direction is a good, however faulty the motive from which it may proceed.

Dr. Vaughan has omitted one of the favourable tendencies of *the age of great cities*—namely, that, instead of confining themselves, in their writings to the metaphysics of theology, or to abstruse or controversial discussions on points in which general society feels little or no interest, clergymen, where they understand the spirit of their age, and wish to influence and improve it, compose works like *The Modern Pulpit*, or like this more discursive popular essay on *the Age of Great Cities*.

A Popular History of British India, Commercial Intercourse with China, and the Insular Possessions of England in the Eastern Seas. By W. Cooke Taylor, LL.D. One Volume. Pp. 508. Madden & Co.

This compilation is avowedly written merely to supply a want, which, in the present state of public affairs and interests, must be generally felt. There are, indeed, numerous histories of India; but Dr. Taylor concludes that such a Manual of the History of that vast country, with which Britain is so closely connected, as the present, will still be found useful. He expresses no opinions of his own on any subject whatever, but limits himself to the simple narration of facts. He has availed himself freely of the labours of his precursors; and produced a compilation which will fully answer the desired purposes, as it places before the reader a comprehensive yet succinct view of India, ancient and modern. The History of India concludes with the brilliant and satisfactory close of the Affghan war. A supplemental section of the work will, at the present moment, form to many readers the most important part of its whole contents; and this—the *History of British Intercourse with China*—though it

appears at the end of the volume, may, with perfect propriety, be read first. The first authentic accounts of trade with the Chinese are given in the voyages of two Arabian travellers, who visited China in the ninth century. The Celestial Empire had long an exclusive trade in silks; but when the silk-worm was, in the time of the Emperor Justinian, introduced into Europe by two Persian monks, who smuggled the eggs of the silk-worm to Constantinople in a hollow cane, and taught the Byzantines how to rear the insects and manufacture silk, the trade spread so fast in the south of Europe, that commerce with China totally ceased, and was not revived for several centuries. The Arab traders were permitted to go into Kanfu, "the chief port" of China, and conjectured to be the modern Canton. The Arab travellers state—

"When merchants enter China by sea, the Chinese seize on their cargo, and convey it to warehouses; and so put a stop to their business for six months, till the last merchantman arrives. Then they take thirty per cent. upon each commodity, and return the rest to the merchant. If the emperor wants any particular thing, his officers have a right to take it preferably to any other person whatsoever; and, paying for it to the utmost penny it is valued at, they despatch his business immediately, and without injustice."

They speak of some great revolution, which affected the trade considerably. An officer named Bai-chu, not of royal extraction, joined to his banner vagabonds and abandoned wretches, and marched against Kanfu. "This city," our travellers say, "is one of the most celebrated in China, and was, at that time, the port for all the Arabian merchants; situated at some distance from the sea, so that the water is fresh. This rebel at last became master of the city, and put all the inhabitants to the sword, A. D. 877. There perished on this occasion 120,000 Mohammedans, Jews, Christians, and Parsees, who were there on account of traffic. The mulberry trees were cut down, and the silk trade began to stagnate. The whole empire was thrown into a state of anarchy. There arose many unjust dealings with the merchants who traded thither; which, having gathered the force of a precedent, there was no grievance, no treatment so bad, but they exercised it upon the foreign Arabs and the masters of ships. They extorted from the merchants what was not due; they seized upon their effects, and behaved towards them contrary to all established law.

By this account the Chinese of the ninth century were not very unlike those of the nineteenth. Those ancient travellers, however,

"Praise the uprightness and impartiality of the learned Chinese judges, who devoted their whole lives to the study of the law. They are greatly taken with the ingenuity of the Chinese in all arts and sciences. Whilst they consider the nation as the only wise one on earth, they speak in terms of abhorrence of their idols and vices. It is their opinion, that 'the emperor reserves to himself the revenues which arise from the salt mines, and from a certain herb, which they drink with hot water, and of which great quantities are sold in all the cities to the amount of great sums; they call it sah, and it is a shrub more bushy than the pomegranate tree, and of a more pleasing smell, but it has a kind of bitterness with it. Their way is to boil the water, which they pour upon this leaf, and this drink cures all sorts of diseases. Whatever sums are lodged in the treasury, arise from the poll-tax, the duties upon salt, and upon this leaf.' They speak with the utmost contempt of the vices so prevalent to this day in China. 'There are schools in every town for teaching the poor and their children to write and read: the masters are paid at the public charge. The Chinese have no sciences, and their religion and most of their laws are derived from the Indians; nay, they are of opinion that the Indians taught them the worship of idols, and consider them a very religious nation. The Chinese are more handsome than the Indians. They wear long garments and girdles in form of belts, dress in silk summer and winter; and the women curl their jet hair,' which the travellers greatly admire."

Imperfect as this narrative is, it shows that the Saracens, with their characteristic enterprise, had opened a commercial intercourse with Northern China, and it was probably from them that the Italian republics learned the value of the Chinese trade in the age of the Crusades.

From the travels of Marco Polo, a noble Venetian merchant, who, in the thirteenth century, accompanied an ambassador on a mission to Kublai Khan, who was then about completing the conquest of China, we have the next authentic account of that empire. The long residence of the brothers Polo at the court of the conqueror enabled them, after their return, to tell Europe a great deal about this remote country of Cathay, of which so many fabulous accounts were current. There was, however, little or no intercourse between Europe and China, until the discovery of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope, which led to the maritime enterprises of the Portuguese in that quarter. Though frequently annoyed by the caprice and jealousy of the Chinese government, the Portuguese for many years enjoyed the China trade exclusively, until the Dutch and English entered into competition with them. In the age of Elizabeth, so memorable in British naval annals, an attempt was made to open a trade with China; but the ships were wrecked, and it was not until the reign of Charles I. that a small English squadron appeared in the Canton river, and, after considerable opposition, an English factory was established.

The trade was, however, conducted under great disadvantages; the local authorities at Canton treated the merchants and supercargoes with contemptuous insult; the duties paid on merchandize were changed according to the avarice or caprice of the Chinese governor, and every possible impediment was offered to the extension of commerce.

Other great difficulties frequently arose, from the nature of the cargoes which were sent from England. The company was very anxious to export as many British manufactures, and especially woollens, as were saleable. Yet the consumption in China was comparatively small, and many of the goods found no purchasers.

Such was the state of things at the commencement of the trade; and the fact ought to be borne in mind at present. The trade has been liable to continual interruption, often arising from the most frivolous causes; and serious affrays frequently occurred; yet as the consumption of tea was steadily increasing at home, in China the demand for our woollens and cutlery, &c., increased correspondingly. Matters were in this condition when Macartney's embassy was undertaken, an account of which we select as a specimen of the manner in which Dr. Taylor has executed his task.

Besides the heavy exactions, which were constantly renewed, a serious affair occurred, on account of the firing of a salute, whereby a Chinese was killed, in 1784. The supercargo of the ship was decoyed into the power of the Chinese, and marched into the city of Canton under a very strong military guard. The avenues leading to the quay were all barricadoed, and filled with soldiers. The linguists and merchants fled, the hongs were deserted, and the communications between Canton and Whampoa suspended by order of the hoppo. The surrender of the gunner, who was strangled, eventually procured the liberation of the supercargo.

In order to put an end to these annoyances, it was resolved to send a solemn embassy to the court of Pekin, for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty with the emperor. Lord Macartney was chosen as envoy, and

Sir George Staunton was joined with him, as he was well acquainted with the forms of Chinese diplomacy.

An excellent assortment of presents, and a friendly letter from the British government, accompanied this mission, which sailed from Portsmouth in 1792, and arrived in July, 1793, at the Pih-ho. The mandarins, perceiving that the vessels could not cross the bar, thought that they must be very heavily laden with presents intended for his imperial majesty. Provisions were supplied plentifully, and the ambassador treated with the greatest respect. Two mandarins of the highest rank came to congratulate them upon their arrival, and behaved with such civility that they prepossessed the ambassador very much in favour of the Chinese. Whilst himself and his retinue embarked for Pekin, the ships received orders to proceed to Japan, there to endeavour to establish a free trade. Amidst an immense crowd of people, they passed up the river till they arrived at Tung-choo-foo. To their great astonishment, the English were accused of having supported the Tibet rebels; this circumstance made an unfavourable impression, though the ambassador endeavoured to contradict it as a palpable untruth. Though this may be said to have been a splendid embassy, they were, nevertheless, degraded by having written upon the flags, "Tribute-bearers." When arrived at Pekin, where lodgings were assigned them between Hae-teën and Yuen-ming-yuen, they were required to perform their prostrations at the audience. This was entirely against their inclination and orders. But, to remove this difficulty, the ambassadors proposed that a high officer of state should perform the same ceremonies of homage before the picture of his British majesty, which he was required to do. However, the legate who had charge of the embassy showed himself an enemy to Europeans, and endeavoured to thwart all their objects. As the emperor was at Jé-ho (Zhehol) in Tartary, they were obliged to repair thither. They passed the Great Wall, and arrived at the place of their destination, a place composed of miserable hovels, beside the dwellings of the mandarins. The subject of the requisite prostrations was again taken up with all due warmth; but the emperor was condescending enough to yield to the request of Lord Macartney, who promised to perform the same genuflexion as he did in an audience to his own sovereign.

On the day of audience, the ambassadors were ushered into the gardens of Jĕ-ho. Tents had here been pitched: the imperial one had nothing magnificent, but was distinguished from all the others by its yellow colour. The imperial family, as well as mandarins of the first rank, had all collected. Shortly after day-light, the sound of musical instruments announced the approach of the emperor. He was seated in an open chair, borne by sixteen men, and seen emerging from a grove in the background. Clad in plain dark silk, with a velvet bonnet and a pearl in front of it, he wore no other distinguishing mark of his high rank. As soon as the monarch was seated upon his throne, the master of the ceremonies led the ambassador towards the steps. The latter approached, bent his knee, and handed in a casket set with diamonds, the letter addressed to his imperial majesty by the King of England. The emperor assured him of the satisfaction he felt at the testimony which his Britannic majesty gave him of his esteem and good will in sending him an embassy, with a letter and rare presents; that he on his part entertained sentiments of the same kind towards the sovereign of Great Britain, and hoped that harmony would always be maintained between their respective subjects. He then presented to the ambassador a stone sceptre, whilst he graciously received the private presents of the principal personages of the embassy. He was perfectly good-humoured, and especially pleased with the son of Sir G. Staunton, who talked a little Chinese, and received as a token of imperial favour, a yellow plain tobacco-pouch, with the figure of the five-clawed dragon embroidered upon it. Afterwards, the ambassadors from Birmah and little Bukharia, were introduced, and performed the nine prostrations. A sumptuous banquet was then served up, and after their departure, they had presents sent to them, consisting of silks, porcelain and teas. Upon an application made to the prime minister, respecting a merchant ship which had accompanied the ambassador's frigate, they received the most flattering answer, and every request was fully granted them. Having accompanied the embassy, the ship was to pay no duty. After their return to Pekin, it was intimated to them that his majesty, on his way to Yuen-ming-yuen, would be delighted if the ambassador came to meet him on the road. When the emperor observed him, he stopped short, and graciously addressed him. He was carried in a chair, and followed by a clumsy cart, which could not be distinguished from other vehicles, if it had not been for the yellow cloth over it. On his arrival at Yuen-ming-yuen, he viewed with great delight the various presents which the ambassador had brought with him. A model of the "Royal Sovereign," a ship of war of a hundred and ten guns, attracted much of his notice.

In consequence of this embassy, his imperial majesty called together a council to deliberate what answer ought to be given to the letter. A hoppo from Canton, who had lost his rank, and the imperial legate, strongly opposed any offer of friendly terms. The result of this conference was, that the ambassador was given to understand that, as the winter approached, he ought to think about his departure. At an interview with the minister of state, to which he was invited in the palace, he found the emperor's answer contained in a large roll covered with yellow silk, and placed in a chair of state. From thence it was sent into the ambassador's hôtel, accompanied by several presents. News which arrived from Canton, stating the probability of a rupture between England and the French republic, hastened the departure of the ambassador. He had been very anxious to obtain some privileges for the British trade, but the prime minister was as anxious to evade all conversation upon business. The splendid embassy was only viewed as a congratulatory mission, and treated as such.

No practical result followed from this expensive embassy; the relations between the English and Chinese in Canton, continued to be vexatious and unsatisfactory; and the disputes occasionally became so violent that the trade was suspended, or the English ships detained.

The East India Company's supercargoes at Canton were, about the year 1815, so much annoyed by the caprice, and jealous and irritating policy of the Chinese officials at Canton; and so much affronted and mortified by the vain-glorious style assumed in Chinese speeches and documents—which ought rather to be laughed at as idle rodomontade than seriously resented—that on the representations of the Company, the embassy of Lord Amherst was undertaken. It failed even more signally than that of Lord Macartney. Lord Amherst, from some feeling of indignity, which many have pronounced absurd under the circumstances, refused to perform the nonsensical ceremony of the *Ko-tow*, which he considered degrading to himself personally and to the sovereign or country which he represented; and he was, accordingly, not even admitted to an audience of the Emperor. The subsequent squabbles which have from time to time alarmed the British people for their beloved tea-pots, and the British-India merchants for their valuable traffic, are still fresh in the memory of the public. The rash or gallant enterprise of Captain Maxwell, and the whole of the transactions in which figured Lord Napier, Captain Elliott, and the too-famous Commissioner Lin, are clearly detailed in the volume.

The future relations between Britain and China, and the immediate prospects of commerce in that country, form no part of Dr. Taylor's plan. This is a subject upon which it is, indeed, very difficult to speak; nor does the experience of many centuries warrant the hope that misunderstandings may not speedily again arise to interrupt the regular course of commerce; though the Ce-

lestials are, for the moment, well cowed. It will be our own fault if they shall ever again arise from British commercial aggression, and contempt of those laws by which every government is entitled to regulate and administer its internal affairs. In our lively indignation at the fickleness, boasting, and deceit of the Chinese, the fundamental principles of international justice have oftener than once been in danger of being entirely overlooked. As recent events in China and India are of the greatest interest, the readers of Dr. Taylor's History will be gratified by a complete and even minute account of our latest Eastern wars; those just happily terminated by thrice-welcome peace. In all future editions of the work he promises to bring down the history of our Indian Empire to the latest period.

The Autobiography of Heinrich Stilling, late Aulic Counsellor to the Grand Duke of Baden. Translated from the German, by S. Jackson. Second edition. John Wright & Co., Aldine Chambers.

We are glad to meet with a cheap, double-columned edition of this charming work, which, on its first appearance, excited our warm admiration. The early part of the Memoirs especially, affords the most engaging view of the inner life of the Germans of humble rank that it is possible to meet with. The character of Stilling is of itself a profitable moral study. The descendant of poor but worthy peasants, the son of a tailor, and bred himself to his father's craft,—to which he afterwards united the avocation of a country schoolmaster—the self-educated youth gradually rose, without art or effort, making his way upward by sheer merit and talent, until he became the Professor of Political Economy in several of the German Universities, and finally settled at Carlsrhue, an Aulic Counsellor to the reigning Prince. Stilling was the early friend of Goëthe; and though the simple and humble student of Strasburg, whose only wealth lay in the Bank of Faith, was in many respects the antipodes of that brilliant and distinguished person, a warm friendship subsisted between them through life. Stilling, who had studied medicine, became, towards the latter part of his life, famous over all Germany and Switzerland for his skill as an oculist, which, to many people, when combined with the singular character of the man, appeared little less than supernatural. We can promise our readers both delight and improvement from the study of this primitive man's life.

I. The Commissioner, or De Lunatico Inquirendo. Octavo, pp. 440, with twenty-eight Illustrations on Steel by Phiz.

II. Jack Hinton the Guardsman. Octavo, with a Portrait of the author, Mr Charles Lever, and numerous Illustrations on Wood and Steel by Phiz. Dublin: Curry.

This brace of goodly volumes, coming forth neck and neck, are all but overpowering in their joint and unceasing demands upon the jocund hilarity, the wreathed smiles, and side-shaking *guffaws* of a public never more in need of applying the recipe "Laugh and be fat" than now. With the gallant Guardsman and his friends we had cultivated a previous piece-meal acquaintance. Right pleasant has it been while it lasted; with the farther charm of leaving no melancholy regrets behind it. Mr. Lever is preëminently a writer for the day and the hour; a right pleasant companion in a post-chaise or steamer; nor would it be reasonable to demand of him what he never bargained to give; what indeed, he may have a shrewd guess, would spoil his market. His pictures of that phase of social life in which he plies his mirthful vocation, are, like the illustrations of his stories, drawn with a free and bold pencil; clever, effective, and, above all, excellently adapted to the end in view—the amusement of the hour that flies.

With the Chevalier De Lunatico we had no previous acquaintance. His adventures appear to have been constructed upon the author's idea of the Thieves' Literature; or, in other words, of what is at present the favourite reading of the many-headed monster; elevated, however, by his keeping in view the old masters of the broadly comic fiction, Smollett and Fielding. The work is none of the superficial concerns of the one tome divided into three kind. It is, on the contrary, equal to at least six circulating library volumes thrown into one. We have not, on this account, got above half through it. To the *cuts*, however, we are already able, at a glance, to bear high testimony. They are admirable; not one here and there, but all of them.

Scientific Wanderings, or Results of Observation and Experiment; being an attempt to illustrate the Elements of Physics, &c., &c. By the Rev. R. Fraser.

Another addition to the numerous treatises on Natural Philosophy; rendered attractive to young persons from being thrown into the form of a story, somewhat on the plan of the popular work, "Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest."

An Efficient Remedy for the Distress of Nations. By John Gray, Author of "The Social System." 8vo. Pp. 224. Adam & Charles Black.

Here, again, stands forward the philanthropic Mr. Gray, nothing daunted by the ill success of his former attempts, and urging the irrefragable plea—

Hear me for my cause!

We have all been sufficiently chastened by the hand of adversity to be brought into the condition of patient listeners to any proposal of "an efficient remedy for public distress;" so that we may very safely leave Mr. Gray's panacea to the dispassionate investigation of more competent tribunals than ours.

Outline of the Laws of Thought. London: Pickering.

This Treatise on Logic is brief and clear, comprehensive and original, and sticks closely to the point.

Western Australia; containing a Statement of the Condition and Prospects of that Colony: with a map, &c., &c.

This is a compilation for the use of settlers, though much of it is mere surplusage. If emigrants to the Great South Land should not know where they are going, it is certainly not for want of books of counsel and direction. We must not, however, forget the adage, "Too many cooks spoil the broth." Western Australia appears to have struggled through the worst diseases incident to the infancy of colonies; and though not yet in vigorous health, it may be pronounced in a safe and rather promising condition.

Impressions, Thoughts, and Sketches, during Two Years in France and Switzerland. By the author of "The Gladiator," &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

We cannot conjecture how this work has come forth in the humble and unpretending form in which it appears; which is that of a cheap stitched reprint, in double columns, and on very ordinary paper; and certain we are that we have often seen very inferior matter ushered into the world on wire-wove, hot-pressed, with elegant typography and all a publisher's "appliances and means."

The work purports to be the correspondence of a young (and she is an accomplished) lady, who goes abroad in the independent, self-relying kind of way in which many English girls are now often sent from home to Paris, to see the world and finish their education. She lives in different boarding-schools and boarding-houses, and keeps a journal of her proceedings, noting all that is passing around her which is considered worthy of record. Her journal, or series of letters, displays a well-cultivated mind, and justness of thought and sentiment; and gives, moreover, considerable insight into the domestic habits of middle-class society in Paris. We can assure our readers, that more solid information and rational entertainment, more care and thought, may be found in this homely stitched-up anonymous volume, than in many splendidly printed books of Travels coming out with fashionable names.

NEW POEMS.

Scarcely have we closed accounts with the Poetry of 1842, before the Poetry of 1843 comes crowding upon us. And first,—

Day Dreams. By Charles Knox, Author of "Hardness," "The Rittermeister's Budget," "Softness," &c., &c.

If a good countenance be to a man a universal letter of recommendation, it is not less true that to a book, beautiful typography, fine paper, elegant illustrations, and rich bindings, are not less recommendatory. All these are found gracing Captain Knox's *Day Dreams*. These are, however, but the setting. Of the gems themselves it is not easy to speak so decidedly. The collection, no doubt, contains many copies of fair verses; but, on the whole, we consider the author more successful as a prose fictionist than a poet. Yet Captain Knox is not one of the mob of gentlemen who write [verse] with ease—fatal ease! He writes with care, and pains, and effort; and he has himself found great pleasure in those self-imposed labours; which will, we make no doubt, communicate pleasure to many. What more would he or the critics have?

If any theme is calculated to call forth all the powers of a poet of the cast of the author of Day Dreams, it must be Byron. From the verses to Byron we therefore select our specimen of this varied volume; varied, because Day Dreams necessarily comprehend all manner of fanciful, and of lovely and tender things.

BYRON.

A shadow pass'd before me, in whose spirit,
That gleamed from out his aspect, I could see
The soul that conquers immortality;
A sparkle of the fire that none inherit
From their vain line of human ancestry,
But wrest from heaven; that mankind may learn
That man is not a merely creeping thing—
A soulless reptile, earthly, grovelling,
And daring scarce his mole-like head to turn
Towards the eternal fountain, from which spring
Knowledge and happiness; this Man was one,
The intellectual champion of his race,
Who show'd it might be worthy its high place
And lordship o'er the earth; yet all alone
He stood among his kind, for none he found
Whose soul was set apart to mate with him;
And he was obstinate, and would not bend
His spirit, with his fellow-men to blend;
And so his heart was withered, and he bound
Himself as in a mantle, in a dim
And shadowy cloud of dark imaginings;
Embodied yearnings of a mind that sought
That which it found not, till his fancy wrought
Itself a separate world, in which he passed
His years in self-tormenting, till the springs,
That the soul moved to stir the body, snapped,
And broke in sunder, too o'erstrained to last,
And then his clay with other clay was wrapped.
. . . . . .
While lives the language of his land, his name
Is graven on the records of its fame—
But graven with the hand of misery;
For he—this gifted child of poesy,
This painter of the passions of mankind,
The mighty bard that deem'd to ride the storm,
To sing of nature in her every form,
To fathom the dark depths of human mind,
All tasks essaying, yet for all tasks able,
Was, more than all his fellows—miserable.
Joyless his childhood was, his youth of pining,
Serpents and thorns were in his bays entwining;
His fame with stains of deadly hue defiled,
A blasted bridal, and a stranger child;
Another's banner o'er his father's hall;
Friends that wept ever; foes that sought his fall;
His days of restlessness, his nights of gloom,
A withered life, and an untimely tomb.
Such is the lot that waits the noblest mind,
That parteth from his kind in cold disunion,
And feeleth not that God on high design'd
That man should live with man in kind communion.

Marriage. A Poem, in four Cantos. By Dr. Henry Edwards.

This is a poem addressed by its author to his Bride-elect; and, of course, should be candied enough. Ladies will admire it; especially if their ideas of poetic excellence are not too high. The poet gives those who are betrothed among his readers some useful, if homely and rather plain-spoken, advice, as to how they should deport themselves under all the varying circumstances of married life.

The Hall of Vision; a View of Principles. A Poem, in three Books. By William Leask. Second edition.

A poem of some merit, of the school of Pollok. Several minor pieces are subjoined to the Hall of Vision; nearly all of them of a serious cast.

Dionysius, the Areopagite; with other Poems. By Ann Hawkshaw.

The Areopagite is a more sustained effort than lady-poetesses are in the habit of making. It shows power of thought as well as facility in versification.

Genoveva. A Poem. By Richard Chenevix Trench.

The title of this poem will explain that it is a metrical version of the beautiful and pathetic German legend of Genoveva; that pure feminine incarnation of the tenderest love, meekness, fidelity, and patient endurance. The incidents of the original tale are closely adhered to,

and the poem is hence, in its pathetic simplicity, much more effective than if composed in a more ambitious, ornamented, and diffuse style.

SERIAL WORKS.

KNIGHT'S PICTORIAL SHAKSPERE, PART LI.—SHAKSPERE IN GERMANY—INDEXES, &c. &c.—This Part closes the Supplemental Volume, and, as we presume, also closes the work—"the last scene of all." Its subject-matter is the German critics and eulogists of Shakspere; of two of whom, Goëthe and Tieck, characteristic portraits are given. It will be with a certain emotion of regret that many must now transfer their finished work from the table to the book-shelves; long there to maintain the honoured station to which the learning and taste of the Editor, and, more than all, his unbounded enthusiasm, love, and reverence for our great dramatist, so eminently entitle his *magnum opus*.

JESSIE PHILLIPS; A TALE OF THE NEW POOR-LAW, PART I. By Mrs. Trollope; with illustrations by Leech. London: Colburn.—Mrs. Trollope believes that there is something vicious in principle, or radically bad, in the new Poor-Law, without, however, being the defender of the abuses of the old system. She thinks it harsh and cruel in operation, and calculated to deteriorate the moral feelings, and to destroy the self-respect of its unfortunate objects. The fundamental mistake was passing this stringent law, conferring on a distant and unsympathizing body, arbitrary, and nearly irresponsible power, without simultaneously, or rather previously, unfettering industry; freeing the working classes from the burthen of an excessive, grinding, and most unequal taxation; and, above all, removing every impost, direct or indirect, from their food—from the prime necessaries of life. Had the new Poor-Law been better considered than its operation shows it to have been, this objection would still remain in equal force. Our legislators "put the cart before the horse;" so that it is not wonderful that smooth and satisfactory progress has not been made. These are our views; Mrs. Trollope has her own of the Poor-Law; and she thinks fit to illustrate them popularly, in a life-like story. We not only give her credit for sincerity of purpose, but for the ability, as well as the inclination, to do good, by graphic exposures of the practical working of the system, if she be careful to steer clear of exaggeration and caricature, to keep down her Toryism, and pursue her avowed object in an earnest and single spirit. In the opening number, there are some well-painted scenes, which, however, bear only remotely on the condition of paupers. The dialogue between a coarse and selfish member of the Poor-Law Board, Mr. Huttonworth, and Mrs. Greenhill, a worthy and most respectable aged widow, reduced to indigence, solely by disinterested efforts to assist her children, is, of course, a gross caricature; though we cannot forget Cowper's remark—"There is no tyrant like an English churchwarden"—the churchwardens being managers of the poor in his time. Were such brutality possible, as that which is ascribed to the button-maker, then we should rejoice to see the widow's son, like a true-hearted Englishman, give the member of the Board a sound thrashing, if the meek-spirited woman did not herself pluck off her old shoe, and slam his ears well. There is, however, a spice of truth in the general reasoning of this button-maker, turned country gentleman—though it does not, in the least, apply to the case in hand. Mrs. Greenhill was pleading for help for her blameless daughter-in-law and innocent grandchildren—

"I am come here," said she, "to ask food for a destitute woman who is just going to lie in, whose husband is in prison, and who has five children to support."—"Shame! shame! shame!" cried the indignant Mr. Huttonworth, and he addressed a clergyman who also sat at the Board. "Now, just observe, Sir,—but do for one moment observe,—the difference between those creatures who have the audacity to claim a maintenance as their right, and the people of *our* class who have got the misfortune of being obliged to pay it. Just, I say, observe the difference. There's my daughter, with a fortune down of £15,000: that girl, Sir, has been engaged to be married nearly a twelvemonth, and there they are waiting—she and the excellent young man that is engaged to her—till he get a living that has been promised by his uncle, Sir William Wise. That's what I call an example, Mr. Wilcox. *We* are expected to be prudent, and provident, and thoughtful, and careful, and all the rest of it; while these creatures that burden the earth with themselves and their filthy rags, must go and marry, forsooth; and then send politely to tell us they have five babies, and another coming; and will be much obliged if we will provide breakfast, dinner, and supper, lodging, furniture, firing, and clothing, for their dear, excellent papa and mamma, because they don't happen to have a single penny of their own."

We hope that Mrs. Trollope, as her work proceeds, will study to conciliate instead of exasperating; for we are pretty sure she will not flinch.

LE KEUX'S MEMORIALS OF CAMBRIDGE. No. XXXVIII.—This number concludes the work, which consists of a series of views, very neatly executed, of the colleges, halls, churches, and other public buildings of the town and university of Cambridge. The letter-press, consisting of historical notices, &c., is by Thomas Wright, Esq. of Trinity College, and the Rev. H. Longueville, late Fellow of Magdalene College. The work must have great attraction for all Cantabs, and generally for English "gentlemen and scholars."

CUMMING'S FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS. Part XIX. With a View of the singular bird's-nest Protestant Church at Bobi.—This work has now reached the worst period of the persecution, in the earlier part of the reign of Henry VIII., when Calais was still under the English sway. We are amused by one anecdote:—A black-friar came to Calais, selling Pope's pardons at a groat a-piece. A suspected heretic, named William Button, applied to the pardoner to have the souls of his father, and other friends, delivered out of purgatory, if the power of the Holy Father reached so far. "There is no doubt of his power," said the friar.—"Why then," quoth Button, "doth he not, of charity, deliver all souls thereout?" For this bold speech Button was taken before the Commissary, who chafed at the heretic. Nothing daunted, Button remarked, "If your Holy Father, the Pope, may deliver souls out of purgatory, and will not, of charity, deliver them, I would to God the King could make me Pope, and I would surely deliver all out *without* money."

CHAMBERS' CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Part I.—This promises to be a useful and elegant compilation; and it is, though a very cheap, a really handsome, well-looking, embellished book. With the talents and industry of Mr. Robert Chambers employed in turning good matter to good account, and the accumulated stores to be found in Warton, Hallam, Campbell, and the host of good writers in this department, an excellent popular view or body of English polite literature must be the result. Part I. reaches from the origin of the language

to the era of Latimer, who is in himself an embodied image of the manners of his own age, and of that more primitive one which immediately preceded it.

The London and Edinburgh Monthly Medical Journal for 1842. Edited by John Rose Cormack, M.D.—This annual volume is strictly professional. It contains a great mass of information, both in the form of original communications and in the reviews of new medical works. We do not pretend to pronounce any opinion whatever on a work so entirely beyond our province; but from the imposing list of the names of contributors, some of them already distinguished ornaments of the medical profession, and others clever and active young practitioners, zealous in the prosecution of science, it is but reasonable to augur favourably of this Journal.

The Cambridge University Register for 1843. By William Atkinson Warwick. Pp. 180, with Portrait of Professor Whewell. Cambridge: Warwick & Co. London: Hatchard.—This volume is designed to be a companion to the Cambridge Almanac, and to appear annually. It is made up of the various miscellaneous information and lists, &c., &c., likely to be useful and interesting to the student, and to every one connected with the University, or interested in its affairs.

New Zealand Portfolio. No. VI.

Thornton's History of India. Part III. Vol. IV.

Martin Doyle's Cyclopedia of Practical Husbandry. Part IX.

Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland. Part XX.—The letter-press of this part is of more than usual interest. Mr. N. P. Willis is either bestirring himself, or is inspired since he got into Munster.

An Essay on Punctuation, with Incidental Remarks on Composition. By F. Francillon, Solicitor. Whittaker & Co.

The Scottish Ecclesiastical Register and National Almanac for 1843.

PAMPHLETS.

Friendly Counsels to Female Servants. By the Rev. Andrew Thomson, of Broughton Place Chapel, Edinburgh.—A sensible and really *friendly* address to a large and most important and valuable class of the community; and one moreover in the improvement of which all the others are very deeply interested.

An Explanation of Gravity; or the Great Power causing Gravitation, Form, and Motion.

The Unemployed, and the Proposed New Poor-Law. A letter from a Renfrewshire heritor to the holders of real property in that county, and in other manufacturing districts of Scotland.—This pamphlet, though one of the first symptoms of that serious alarm among the Scottish heritors, which may soon be general, contains some views and observations worthy of attention.

A Defence of the Rights of the Working Classes. By William Sharman Crawfurd, Esq., M.P. for Rochdale.—A clear and able statement, laid down in distinct sections, in which the entire subject is deliberately discussed, the objections answered, and judgment pronounced in favour of the concession of those rights, which, in the abstract, no one longer denies to any sane man of the age of twenty-one. Among other objections which Mr. Crawfurd refutes, is that founded upon the late conduct of the more violent Chartists. He is not surprised that they should be distrustful and suspicious; and no one can wonder that they should have been misled for a season, but that their good sense remains so very long under eclipse. In repudiating the aid of, and indeed all coöperation with the middle-class Complete or Universal Suffragists, and clinging, without rhyme or reason, to the mere symbol of the *six points*, they are like a man who, invited to a substantial feast of roast-beef and plum-pudding, takes huff, and refuses to go, because the card does not also specify salt, mustard, and horse-radish; forgetting that he has power to call for these and any other condiments he chooses the moment that he is once fairly at table with the beef and pudding before him. No intelligent man among the working classes can doubt of the sincerity and friendliness of Mr. Sharman Crawfurd, or of his steadfastness to the cause of free representation; and therefore we trust that his address will do much good among the working-men, both directly, and as a counteracting force to the ill influences of their misleaders. It might also tend to mitigate the alarms of those of the higher orders, who see in universal suffrage only universal anarchy and plunder, would they but deign to read the tract.

A Shilling's Worth of Sense.—A good, and neat little book of select and choice sentences and maxims of conduct.

Cultivation of Popular Flowers. The *Geranium*, with a coloured specimen.

Vindication of the Complete Suffrage Union; being a lecture lately delivered in Manchester by Dr. Henry Edwards.

Printed by William Tait, 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1843.

SURFACEISM; OR, THE MANŒUVRES OF THE WORLD AND ITS WIFE.

A TALE IN TWO PARTS.

BY MRS. GORE.

PART I.

When the first of modern novelists commenced the best of modern novels with the words, "'Tis Sixty Years Since," the mind of the reader was carried back at once to a stirring and romantic epoch of civil war; and the kilted legions of the stormy '45, arose like shadows before his eyes. But time has shuffled on. The Author of Waverley has become unsubstantial as the visions of his creation. Even his especial public of readers is giving way to a younger generation; and in beginning the following story, with the same popular phrase, we specificate a very different moment from the arduous struggles of the Pretender;—a moment of inferior historical interest; but not the less auspicious to the development of domestic complications as essential to the task of the novelist as the clash of political intrigues, and the waste of human life arising from that troubled source.

About sixty years ago, the gallant vessel of the British Empire was "righting itself" after one of those revolutionary breezes so often recurring among us, and so rarely amounting to a storm.—As the invalid constantly subjected to the superintendence of the physician, is often the longest liver,—a kingdom at frequent issue with its authorities, forestalls the growth of such political abuses as create the crisis of a revolution;—and the riots of '80, and disturbances of a dozen other epochs of the last century, probably preserved us from such disastrous convulsions of popular frenzy as have imprinted an indelible stain on the history of France.

It does not follow that our moral atmosphere was the clearer for the absence of such a crisis. A kingdom in a state of warfare, whether with itself or its neighbours, is in a state of fever. But plethora is a clinical condition almost equally dangerous; and it may be observed that the corruptions of society never attain a more baneful flagrancy, than after a prolonged peace.

The early portion of the reign of George III. was, however, an era of exemplary morality. The domestic life of the young king afforded a model to his subjects; nay, so closely were the sovereigns of the realm surrounded by their extensive family, that this limited horizon appeared to shut out from their view all other objects. The state of Europe, nay, the state of England itself, seemed to escape the notice of George III., while engrossed by the interests of the school-room and the nursery; and Wilkes and Junius roared forth unheeded those eloquent appeals which were fated to be drowned in the clatter of pap-spoons, and the whining of the accidence.

As the arid nature of certain soils suffices to dwarf and wither even the finest saplings implanted therein, the atmosphere of a court seems to possess the power of contracting and distorting even the face of Virtue; and thus, not content with the perfection of her own domestic excellence, Queen Charlotte affected a sort of pedantry of morality, and exercised a cold and unforbearing scrutiny into the private life of the aristocracy, which, like all excesses, led to injurious results. Those who, for very venial transgressions, political or social, found themselves coldly looked on by the king and queen, and, by that coldness, exposed to the insolence of the servile courtier tribe,—asserted their independence by setting up a rival banner. The court was abandoned by many who did not choose to be subjected to this tyranny of moral inquisition; and it was by these means that a brilliant circle of malcontents was collected to welcome and encourage the Prince of Wales, the moment his boyish frailties rendered him an object of reprobation to his strait-laced parents. A memorable lesson is afforded, by the way, to the righteous overmuch of this world, in the fact that the mother who, in her old age, exhibited such unconscientious sanction to the vices of the potential Prince Regent, had begun by the most bitter severity towards the follies of the boy of eighteen. As is not uncommon, the prude who had strained at a gnat, ended by swallowing a camel.

Among those who, after being received with a frowning brow at St. James's, and pointedly excluded from a fête at Frogmore, chose to fall back on her own resources as wife of a Peer of England in the enjoyment of independence and thirty thousand a-year, was the Countess of Taunton. Having nothing to desire from the Court, unless an occasional invitation to some royal ball, the moment

she found this distinction pointedly withheld, Lady Taunton hastened to take what, to the eyes of the world, appeared the initiative of offence; and laughingly announced her secession from the Goody-Two-Shoes Court of one whom she thenceforward designated, in her own thoughtless and brilliant circle, as "Mrs. Margery Meanwell."

The fault for which Lord and Lady Taunton were excluded from the graces of Windsor Castle, was a political offence of a trivial nature, occurring in the course of a county election, and reported to the queen by the wife of the Lord-Lieutenant, who happened to be one of the starchest and most exemplary of her Ladies of the Bedchamber. So idle an incident ought never to have reached her majesty's ear; or if forced by officious gossip on her notice, should not have lingered a second in her memory; and the overweening royal displeasure with which it was visited, served not only to provoke the Earl of Taunton into factious Parliamentary opposition, but to create in the *salon* of the Countess a dangerous species of tribunal, where all that was said or done, or left unsaid and undone at St. James's, was subjected to unflinching condemnation. The liberty of the subject, and the liberty of tongue of the subject, were never more fearlessly asserted, than in the coterie at Taunton House.

Seldom does a court, even the most blameless, rise superior to such criticism. The absolute Napoleon trembled more at the gossip of the Faubourg St. Germain, than before the cannons of united Europe: and the godless and lawless Regent of France was often seen to shed tears at the bitternesses uttered against him by the dowagers of Versailles. It is probable that the biting bon-mots launched from the ruby lips of Lady Taunton, occasioned more pain in the little circle at Frogmore, than the frown of her Majesty from the throne had originally inflicted on the volatile Countess.

But while the giddy trifler thus presumed to dally with the majesty of the throne, she not only lost ground in public estimation, but deserved to lose it. Unrestrained by submission to the authority of the Court, the influence of which over her mind was clearly proved by the importance she ascribed to its displeasure, she assumed an unbecoming tone of recklessness and defiance. It has been said, with truth, that people who defy public opinion, are more apt to fall below, than rise superior to its level; and the woman who satirized with such ready wit, the intolerant spirit, and petty domesticity of Queen Charlotte, accordingly exhibited a spirit of toleration far too universal, and was recognised by the world as the least conjugal and maternal of wives and mothers. Not that she was faithless to her husband, or severe to her children. But, selfishly indifferent to both, her only study was to make her life pass pleasantly away; to find pretexts for spending eight months of the year in town,—either Paris or London;—and diversify the remaining four in the country, with more music, gambling, and private theatricals, than had astonished the venerable walls of Taunton Castle, from the time of their besiegement in the wars of the Two Roses.

At the rumour of these lapses of propriety, the Court screwed up its lips, and rejoiced like a prudish spinster over the indiscretions of a rival. But there was no pretext for imposing penance. Lord Taunton, an indolent, dull, unobservant man, had no will or opinions save those of his wife; who imposed them upon him by making them pass, even to himself, as his own. He was thankful to his wife for making his house so agreeable, and his life so easy; and enjoying himself fifty times more as the centre of that brilliant circle, than as one of the outermost chorus-singers of the perpetual God save the King, of Windsor, blessed his stars and his Countess for having convinced him that he was the friend of Wilkes and Liberty, and indifferent to Georges and garters, or any other aristocratic perquisite at the disposal of the Lord's Anointed.

It will readily be understood that the banner of opposition brandished by Lady Taunton would have flaunted in vain, had not the daring arm by which it was upheld been that of a woman, young, and pretty, and witty. Lady Taunton exhibited the head of a clever man on shoulders of alabaster; and by a still stranger incongruity, the boldness of her character was combined with a graceful and feminine deportment. Whatever the audacity of her conduct, her manners never exceeded the boundary of the strictest propriety; and even while uttering bon-mots that occasionally startled the ears of her auditors, she retained the modest countenance of a nun. This species of hypocrisy was the more injurious, that women, and even men, who would have receded from her circle had her demeanour been daring as her principles, were deluded into a belief that the high-bred and plausible Lady Taunton, though sailing in the North of royal favour, was as exemplary in *her* way and career, as the less sparkling votaries of the throne.

Meanwhile, not a circle in London to be compared with that of Taunton House! Every witticism in vogue was to be traced back to its fountain-head. Artists, men of science, men of letters, though receiving but crabbed courtesy from royal patronage, were *there* made to feel themselves at home. In Lady Taunton's brilliant *salon* there was always something new and original going on; some great man sitting for his picture to some great artist,—some pretty woman subjected to a piquant sketch;—some folly of the day, to the pencil of the caricaturist. Nicknames were bestowed *there*, which the luckless victim was sure to retain for life; epigrams and by-words manufactured, which went the round of the three kingdoms. Impromptus (*faits à loisir*) accomplished their second birth at the bidding of Lady Taunton's smile; and the wily lady found little difficulty in convincing the credulous Earl, that political hints let fall by himself in the course of their soirées, had inspired some of the finest speeches of Sheridan and Burke.

Now, albeit great lords and ladies pretend to despise literature and depreciate the arts, by designating authors and artists as "lions,"—"odd people,"—or "strange geniuses,"—they are sure to crowd, with double zest, to any house they fre-

quent, as an unfailing resource against their own mental collapse of dulness and ennui; and the finest of the fine world, accordingly canvassed eagerly for admittance into a circle whose ease, freedom, and brilliancy, were said to rival the *laisser-aller* of Parisian life. The most fashionable young men of the day were proud to frequent the house of the celebrated Lady Taunton. The stupid began to fancy themselves clever, after such close contact with the celebrities of the day; and as a few Bristol stones will pass unsuspected amid a sufficient display of diamonds, the small wits of the aristocracy contrived to pass for brilliants, while emitting their feeble rays in company with the master-spirits of the day.

Thus placed in good humour with themselves, they grew in charity with others, and returned again and again, and with an anxious desire to please, to a circle which no cloud was ever permitted to overcast, and which was gay, motley, and sparkling as the garb of Harlequin.

By the time this society had been ten years in existence, it had substantiated itself by the creation of a class of men and women suitable to its purposes. It was what we conventionally call "a set,"—a name, by the way, seldom bestowed upon any praiseworthy, or meritorious order of persons. The Taunton "set," accordingly consisted, almost exclusively, of pleasure-lovers, disposed to amuse themselves, no matter at the cost of whom or what; and ambitious people, desirous to distinguish themselves, with the same recklessness of principle, elbowing or jesting their way through life, in utter irresponsibility to God or man.

It is a mighty pleasant thing to a harassed statesman, weary author, exhausted artist, or bored lordling, to know that, evening after evening, a well-furnished, well-lighted house is open to him, where he will hear things more pleasantly said than elsewhere,—where a succession of grotesque glasses will be unostentatiously placed in the magic lantern of life,—a Lancastrian school of amusement, where every one contributes, without effort, to the entertainment of his neighbours.

To expect a man emerging from scenes so exciting, to stop short, and inquire of himself, whether, in the indulgence of such pastimes, "virtue has gone out of him," were to tax with too great an exaction, the vigour of modern morality; and the deterioration arising from the influence of the "Taunton set," was consequently so progressive and inostensible, that the modest artist graduated into a *roué*,—the man of fashion into an infidel,—and the pains-taking patriot into a political adventurer,—while supposing themselves to be mere loungers in a *bureau d'esprit*.

Among the most popular frequenters of the circle, was a young man named Sidney Hammond, (he signed himself "S. Sidney Hammond," and his enemies persisted in asserting, that the mute S. of his style and title, implied a "Samuel," which he thought proper to drop, as unromantic,) a young man who, in the Taunton set, was called a young man of fortune, and in every other, a very rising young man,—that is, he was generally considered a rising young man, because the Taunton set paid him the deference they considered due only to young men of fortune.

The real fortune of Sidney Hammond, (like himself, we will drop the initiatory S.,) consisted in that sunken rock of the sea of active life, ten thousand pounds; enough to inspire the pretension to leisure, yet insufficient to maintain it. He was the son of an official man of expensive habits, who chose to keep up certain appearances in the world; and as part of them, and with no speculative views, had educated his son at Eton and Oxford. Sidney Hammond was, accordingly, an early adept in the wisdom of the schools, *i. e.* the public schools. The same system of morals which had induced the father to establish his popularity in society, by keeping a French cook instead of laying by fortunes for his children, determined the son to keep a showy phaeton, an accomplished valet, and a place in an opera-box, instead of husbanding his means, with the hope of ultimately husbanding a wife. Hard and polished as all hard substances are apt to become by friction, he had been, at fifteen, too much a man of the world, to have much thought, at five-and-twenty, of the world to come. Sidney Hammond was consequently pronounced, in the Taunton set, to be a charming fellow,—a most gentlemanly young man,—though, had his associates been either married or monied men, it was very questionable whether they would have trusted him, to any extent, with the custody of their purse or their wife.

One of his associates, however, was, even on these points, manifestly unscrupulous. Of Taunton House, Sidney Hammond possessed *les grandes et les petites entrées;* and it was the remark of every one newly admitted into the set, that go there at what hour you would,—morning, noon, or night,—you were sure to run your head against Hammond.

"The fact is," Lord Taunton would observe, (in reply to one or two old and intimate friends, who assumed the privilege of ancient friendship, and tried to make mischief, by insinuating hints concerning the frequency of his visits,) "I cannot do without Hammond. Hammond saves me worlds of trouble,—brings me the news of the clubs, and skims the morning papers for me. When there is anything worth reading in the periodicals, it is doubled down for me by Hammond. When those cursed foreigners bring me letters of introduction, Hammond, who speaks French like a Parisian, takes them off my hands. If there is anything new at the theatres, (Lady Taunton detests the play,) Hammond is good enough to accompany me; and, above all, if I have a fit of the gout, I am sure of my picquet every evening, for Hammond is the most friendly and attentive fellow in the world."

Such was the view of the case imposed upon Lord Taunton by his wife, and by Lord Taunton submitted to the approval of the world.

The world, with its usual candour, laughed in its sleeve at his blindness; the blindness of the world being by far the greater of the two, in deciding that the attentions devoted by the young, handsome, and agreeable Sidney Hammond to Taunton House, were exclusively in honour of the

Countess. For Lady Taunton, though no longer the reckless beauty of twenty-five who had drawn down upon herself the displeasure of royalty, was still a very attractive woman; and those who witnessed the persevering assiduities of Hammond; his attendance in private and public, his zeal in fetching her ladyship's shawl, and calling her ladyship's carriage,—and above all, his preference of a morning in her boudoir, or evening in her quiet circle, to the most brilliant *dejeuner* or crowded ball-room elsewhere, could scarcely doubt that this apparent devotion was the result of one of those *liaisons* which Italy sanctions openly—France tacitly—and England hypocritically,—by uttering loud disclaimers, and pretending disbelief.

But, alas! the London world was thoroughly deceived—including, among the dupes, the Countess herself. Lady Taunton was thoroughly persuaded that nothing but profound respect for her well-known irreproachability of conduct and principles (well-known, indeed—for she was never weary of proclaiming the magnitude of her virtue!) had restrained the feelings of her young admirer within becoming bounds;—and one of the arts on which she prided herself, was the tact with which she had restricted him to such general terms of gallantry, as enabled her to retain him as the confidential friend of the family. As regarded her feelings, she was as incapable of any warmer emotion towards *him* as towards any human being; and, in spite of the coquetry which delighted in seeing one so popular attached like a slave to her car of triumph, she would have deeply regretted any avowal of preference necessitating his dismissal from the house.

Convinced, however, that the man who gave up his whole time to her caprices, was in the depths of his soul passionately devoted to her,—when surveying her beautiful person in the glass, often did she murmur to herself, with an air of compassionate superiority, "*Poor* Sidney—poor Hammond!"

"He could scarcely give me a greater proof of his devotion," thought the vain Countess, "than the patience with which, for my sake, he sacrifices so much of his time to accompany Lord Taunton to plays and auctions, picture-galleries and popular preachers. I can fully appreciate poor Hammond's martyrdom, while enduring what *I* find it out of my power to support. But what will not love enable a man to go through!—*Poor* Sidney!—*Poor* Hammond!"

Yet all this time, the martyrdom endured by "poor Sidney," as an attendant in her ladyship's boudoir, in copying silly verses into gorgeous albums, in listening hour after hour to the bon-mot which she repeated in succession to half-a-hundred morning visiters—in hearing the news of the day lisped into absurdity by the lips of namby-pamby lords and ladies of fashion—in seeing the sacred ark of politics defiled by the touch of Lady Taunton's meretricious hand, sparkling with rings and redolent of essences,—was fifty times greater than the ennui he sometimes experienced while lounging in silence by the side of the Earl—a quiet inoffensive man, who neither wounded th vanity of his companions, nor harassed them by the susceptibilities of his own.

For this *preux chevalier*, this supposed adorer of Lady Taunton, was essentially a man of the day,—a child of the century;—cold-blooded, selfish, designing;—and the real object of his devotion at Taunton House was the advancement of his own interests in life! It was there alone he found himself in contact with those whom he regarded as auspicious arbiters of his destiny!

"At *my* age, were I to exert what little interest I possess, to obtain an appointment,"—argued Sidney with himself, on the death of his father,—"what should I obtain? Some villanous clerkship, which would at once depreciate my position in society, and lead to nothing. But if I wait till I have made myself a name, and am recognised as a man of talent, they will be ashamed to offer me anything undeserving my acceptance. Once embarked in public life, *vogue la galère!*—the rest depends upon myself. But by the time I accomplish the age and reputation indispensable to my projects, the whole face of political life will have altered. The party of the Prince will then be predominant; and being fortunately uncompromised, it is as easy to attach myself to the worship of the rising sun as of any other. At Taunton House, I meet the leading members of the liberal party, who have at present leisure to take cognizance of a man professing their principles, and exhibiting abilities calculated to do them service. To the Tauntons, therefore, will I attach myself;—work my way perseveringly towards my object—undeterred and unseduced by those attractions which shake the consistency of other young men. By extending my connexions in the political world, I may, in time, work my way into Parliament. There are occasions when a sudden vacancy serves to put in requisition the services of any trustworthy and zealous adherent nearest at hand. No place on earth, therefore, where it will be more useful to me to make myself advantageously known, than Taunton House."

Such were the views and principles of the rising young man, who, at twelve years old, had been sent by his father to a public school to increase his connexions.

Few species of society are more agreeable than an established circle like that of Taunton House, where a specific set of remarkable persons assembles, week after week, and year after year, rather to meet each other, than for the sake of their host. The *habitués* of such a house concede to each other's peculiarities, understand each other's habits and interests, and a general spirit of fusion produces an even surface peculiarly susceptible of polish.

At the close of five years, Sidney Hammond had made to himself, at Taunton House, friendships and acquaintanceships of the most promising nature. Tolerated, in the first instance, in the set, as a gentlemanly lad, hopelessly in love with the brilliant Countess, he contrived, by degrees, to recommend himself to the better opinion of those whose esteem was likely to do him service. An admirable listener, he had a ready stage-laugh at the service of those who professed to be entertaining, and

an air of profound gravity and conviction for those who pretended to the didactic. It was part of his daily business to make himself better acquainted with the debate of the night before, than even those whose eloquence had taxed therein the patience of the reporters; and often was he enabled to set right an honourable member, or noble lord, on the particulars of his own speech. Under such circumstances, it needed only a session or two to convert him into "a smart young fellow," till, in the sequel, he was designated—among the baldheads and greyheads who came to drivel their political opinions, or vent their snarlings against the powers that were, beside the tea-table of the Countess of Taunton—as "a very rising young man."

Already the first step upon the ladder of ambition was accomplished. Sidney Hammond's rapid advance in the estimation of her set, passed unnoticed by the Countess, because he was interesting to her vanity, rather than to her affections. Had he really occupied the place imagined by the world, she would have been proud of his triumphs, and zealous for his success in life; but as "poor Sidney" constituted only a minor portion of the amusement of her day, she saw no further, than that he bored himself to talk politics to Lord Taunton's political associates, in order to blind them to the incongruity of so very young a man being a frequent intruder into their confabulations.

Constant, meanwhile, to his object, Hammond diverged neither to the right nor to the left; nor did he ever—by grasping at shadows, in attempting to extend his connexions in the great world—lose hold of the realities of Taunton House. There he met all whom it was essential to him to meet; and aware that the Countess was not a woman to be contented with a divided homage,—and that the perseverance of his devotion alone effaced, in the estimation of the heartless woman of the world, his deficiencies of birth, fortune, and fashion,—he neglected all other sources of advancement. In the Taunton set he must either "live, or have no life."

The matters involving his future political existence were now approaching to a crisis; for the unfortunate King's malady had declared itself—affording, like all other public disasters, grounds for venal speculation. A regency was imminent. The Taunton House set was looking forward to the inauguration of the chief of its party, and Sidney Hammond to the crowning of his hopes, by promotion to a place on his Royal Highness's footstool.

Yet, even the restless interest he could not but evince in the question, failed to open the vanity-blinded eyes of the Countess. It was with her usual smile of coquetish superiority that she murmured the name of "poor Sidney," while noticing with what eagerness he embraced a cause of no manner of moment to one of his obscure sphere, except as involving *her* interests and those of Lord Taunton.

"In his singlemindedness, poor fellow!" thought the vain-glorious *intrigante*, "he forgets, that when Lord Taunton forms part of the Cabinet, it will be impossible for *him* to retain the same familiar footing in our society,—that I shall no longer have half so much time to bestow upon him,—and that others of higher personal consequence will supersede him in his attendance! *Poor* Sidney!—*Poor* Hammond!—he will find out all this too late! However, there *must* have come a time when his intimacy here would be less acceptable; and far better that the break should arise from a cause so natural, and so little painful to his feelings, than from explanations humiliating to all."

Bootless philosophy!—the expectations of the Countess were destined to disappointment. She was not fated to triumph, in her turn, over the royal lady who had triumphed over herself. The hopes of the party were for the present blighted; and before the partisans of the Prince had half recovered the shock, the will of Providence frustrated their further views, by the perfect restoration of the afflicted King.

"How keenly does he feel for my disappointment!" was the secret reflection of Lady Taunton on the elongated face of her devoted friend; and scarcely a woman of her acquaintance but was of opinion, that the ambitious Countess must be almost compensated for the loss of the honours for which she had been supposed a postulant, by the untired and untirable attachment of the "distinguished young man," who scarcely stirred from her side,—the most faithful among the faithful adherents of Taunton House.

Though thwarted and vexed, the hopes of Sidney Hammond, meanwhile, were rather deferred than extinguished; nor did he relax in his line of policy, because the goal proved further off than he had anticipated. More than ever self-reliant, he had every reason to congratulate himself on his position in society. The undisguised partiality of Lady Taunton had done him no harm, even with many whose rigid code of morality might have been expected to place the attachment of a married woman in a less favourable light. But people seemed to make excuses, he thought, for a preference so natural. People seemed to feel that she could not do otherwise than love and admire the man who cumulated so many personal and mental distinctions. All he feared was her growing weakness in his favour. Nothing discomposed him more than the apprehension that she might be betrayed into some unbecoming exhibition of her passion before he had attained his object and secured his promotion. The promising young man who had fixed his hopes on public distinctions, dreaded an *esclandre* as much as the severest prude.

Though Hammond had never entertained an idea of following the law as a profession, (his fatal ten thousand pounds inspiring him with pretensions to a less thorny avenue to the temple of fame,) he had kept his terms, and still resided in the Temple; in the belief that this sort of professional pretension afforded him a more positive standing in the eyes of official men; and during the intervals of his visits to Taunton Castle, and one or two of the country houses of the intimates of its noble owner, it was his custom to retreat into this sober domicile, and repair, by a few months' assiduous study, the mental ravages produced by the enervating habits of a life of do-nothingness.

With the Countess, meanwhile, he kept up a regular correspondence; assiduously supplying to the Earl those anecdotes of London gossip which even the most stagnant moments of the metropolis are always able to furnish to the liveliest condition of the country; and to her ladyship, the pleasing excitement produced by highflown protestations, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

It was towards the close of one of these studious intervals; and Sidney Hammond, who had been spending a couple of dull months in the Temple, after the expiration of the shooting season and the Christmas holidays, was growing sufficiently weary of legs of mutton, and the society of men whose conversational powers emulated the solidity and inelegance of that substantial fare, to look forward with eager delight to the opening of the Temple of his divinity. He was indeed justifiable in his joy at the Tauntons' return to town. With such a French cook as theirs,—such a cellar,—and such a dining-room,—their claims to the sympathy of their friends were past dispute.

"Another dull week, and they will be here," mused "poor Sidney," as he took his way towards St. James's Street, to see what news was to be collected in the neighbourhood of Brookes'; and as it happened to be Saturday, he had the satisfaction of acquainting Sheridan and Burke, (whom he met lounging on the pavé in Pall Mall,) that he had heard from Taunton Castle, and that, on the 25th, their friends were to be in town. It was only through their common initiation into the Taunton set that he was entitled to address these men, whose very bow conveyed distinction.

Though incapable of emulating, Hammond could doubtless approach the lofty elevation of thought and feeling characterizing the master-spirits of a party whose more ostensible members were heartless and frivolous as himself. With the helpless wonder with which a child contemplates such a structure as St. Paul's, or a schoolboy the majesty of the Iliad, he regarded the statesmanlike and thoughtful policy of those more steadfast minds, to whom Power was precious as a means, rather than as an end; recognising, without desiring to ennoble, the inferiority of his own pretensions.—Their broadly-based and nobly-aspiring ambition stood before him like a mighty pyramid, in whose shadow provinces lie sheltered, grounded upon eternal foundations, and tapering to the sunshine of Heaven,—compared with the unstable and glittering Chinese pagoda typifying his own interested aspirings. Still, he knew that it was only by the strength of their vigour his fragility could be protected;—and was satisfied that he could not moor his skiff of vanity too closely under their majestic ramparts.

"How much more pleasantly have I shaped my course," mused Sidney Hammond, as he sat, skimming the morning papers the following day over his coffee and rolls, "than by harnessing myself to the drudgery of the law, like Varley and Wrangham, and others with whom I started in life; and who, from that day to this, have buried themselves in books and business, yet are *now* scarcely beginning to earn their own maintenance!—While I have been enjoying all that is most enjoyable in society, those fellows have renounced every pleasure or enjoyment of life; their reveries brightened, perhaps, by remote visions of the Bench or the Woolsack, and a tablet surrounded by splay-footed allegorical virtues in Westminster Abbey. But what then? Even should these professional prosperities be eventually attained, what do they afford to compensate the waste of ten or fifteen of the best years of life,—the only years worth living,—with all the senses in their bloom, and the pulses of existence throbbing with intensity of enjoyment? Thank Heaven, my modest competence secured me from the necessity of toiling for bread; and the moment a man works for the mere cake of life, he is privileged to choose his own pleasant time and place for the labour."

Had any better (or worse) genius whispered at that moment to Sidney Hammond that this modest competence might comprise the utmost extent of his worldly provision, and that, though a man at thirty is rich with five hundred a-year, a man of fifty is debarred by such a limitation of income from all the happier stabilities of life,—in the wantonness of his pride he would have scouted the idea that his individual merits could be so overlooked by the discernment of destiny. Courted by his betters, *quoted* by his betters, he had some grounds for his vain conviction that he had attained sufficient notoriety to be sure of a provision on the accession of his party to power. For it did not occur to him that, unsupported by family connexion, or Parliamentary influence, his claims were likely to be superseded by those of hundreds of intelligent young men attached by collateral threads to the party, each of whom exhibited more experience or aptitude for business than himself; and that the pleasant small-talker of a dinner-party, who writes piquant articles for reviews, and is tolerated by public men of higher calibre, simply as somewhat less silly than the lordlings of ton,—is at a prodigious distance from such a position as maintains its own ground amid the struggling and wrangling for place consequent on every change of the Administration.

Even the expected change, however, still remained prospective; and if he contented himself with the delay, it was because the interim was to be spent in the golden palace of his Armida.

But while indulging over the breakfast-table in his compassionate soliloquy touching the martyrdom of his friends Varley and Wrangham, he was interrupted by the arrival of a letter, emitting the well-known scent of *maréchale*, indicating as plainly as the post-mark, that it originated in the boudoir of Taunton Castle; and with his usual cold-blooded egotism, Sidney Hammond allowed it to remain unopened on the table-cloth, till, by a patent apparatus, he had succeeded in boiling to half a turn the two new-laid eggs, whose preparation was too important to be submitted to hands less experienced than his own;—then, having leisurely buttered his sippets of crisp dry toast, and, after the discussion of the last morsel, rinsed his mouth and wiped his hands, he proceeded to open his letter as

coolly as if, like the prints of butter before him, it had been carefully iced.

The utmost he anticipated from the epistle was a commission or two to execute for the Countess previous to her arrival in town: the chair-cushions of her opera-box to be covered with new chintz; her subscription to be renewed at Hookham's; or a hint of expedition with her new chariot for the birth-day, to be given to her coachmaker in Long Acre. For, during her ladyship's absence from town, "poor Sidney" was habitually employed to fetch and carry for the lady of his thoughts; Lady Taunton feeling intimately convinced, that to bear her errands from one bargain-shop to another was to her devoted admirer a task more acceptable, than to be signing despatches in Downing Street, or calling forth the cheers of the House of Commons!

On opening the letter in question, however, Hammond perceived, from its length and complexion, that it was no scribbled catalogue of commissions—no precis of orders to Hendrie to let the Hungary Water be better than the last; or of reprimands of the tardiness of Robert and Boulant. It was far more clearly and distinctly written than the thousand epistles which, in the course of the last half-dozen years, he had received from Lady Taunton. There was evidence of a well-selected sheet of paper, a new pen—nay, even of a rough copy, in the carefully calculated epistle which pretended, nevertheless, to flow from the heart of the writer to that of the reader; and which, if such were really the case, indicated, at least, that for any humanity of feeling evinced by either heart, they might as well have been manufactured out of Portland stone.

"Although I am satisfied, my dear Sidney," wrote Lady Taunton, "that your own tact and knowledge of the world must have already suggested to you all I am about to say, yet, lest your feelings should be tempted to overlook the admonitions of your graver moments, I feel it a duty to my family and myself to observe, that I fear a time is come exacting some modification of our intimacy.

"You are well aware how grateful I have ever felt towards you for your disinterested friendship for the Earl—a friendship which has induced you, indeed, to sacrifice many moments to the dulness of our domestic circle, which you might have passed elsewhere in a manner far more consonant with your age. But a period has arrived, when to persist in accepting these sacrifices, would be to expose our intimacy to a peril I dare not adventure. Since you quitted the castle, Harriet (who is to be presented immediately after Easter) has been emancipated from the school-room, and, for some weeks past, has made her appearance in our circle. I need not tell you that the first object in life of Lord Taunton and myself, is to see this dear girl satisfactorily established. With her fortune, connexion, and attractions, there is every reason she should make a brilliant alliance; and since, from the secluded life my daughter has led, her heart will naturally be more open to the influence of first impressions, than those of other girls of her age, I am doubly called upon to be careful that she shall receive only such as are likely to conduce to her permanent advantage in life.

"With these views, my dear Sidney, you will, I am sure, perceive that your continued intimacy in the family would be fraught with danger for us all. Lady Harriet could scarcely fail to give her confidence and affection to one so fascinating as yourself, whom she has been accustomed to regard as the bosom-friend of her parents; and for whom, I greatly fear, she might imbibe a partiality more than likely to disincline her young heart for the prudential marriage I have set my heart upon her making in the course of the season.

"Till Harriet shall be settled in life, therefore, I have to request, as a personal favour towards Lord Taunton and myself, that, without taking exception at any alteration you may perceive in our deportment, you will cease to frequent our house in the familiar manner hitherto so agreeable to us all. At some future moment, I trust we shall meet on our former footing; till when, with kindest regards from the Earl, believe me ever, my dear Sidney, sincerely yours,

"L. Taunton."

A sudden plunge on a winter's night into a freezing river, could not have produced a more disagreeable congelation in the frame of Sidney Hammond than the perusal of this heartless epistle! Lady Taunton pretending to exhibit the solicitudes of a mother! Lady Taunton indulging in maternal anxiety! He had scarcely patience with her hypocrisy! From first to last of their intimacy, though often the inmate of the Earl and Countess, at their country seats, as well as their daily visiter in town, he had not seen Lady Harriet Bertie half-a-dozen times,—so little had she been admitted to share the pleasures or society of her parents. Lady Taunton's children were in fact the creation of head-nurses and governesses. Knowing them to be watched over and cared for to the amount of nearly a thousand a-year, and with so many abject implements at her disposal, she felt herself exonerated from the vulgar routine of parental duties; and the lady Harriet, of whose interests she spoke in terms so tender, was in point of fact almost a stranger to her mother!

Sidney Hammond remembered having met her occasionally sauntering in company with the governess and the younger children, among the beautiful shrubberies of Taunton Castle. He had noticed her ingenuous countenance and exquisite complexion; the veined marble of her temples,—the delicate lineaments and diminutive head proverbially indicating nobility of origin. As she raised towards him her large grey eyes from beneath their fringe of jet black lashes, he had sometimes regretted that Greuge and Watteau had not possessed so fair a model for their delicate imaginings of shepherdesses arrayed like *marquises*, or *marquises* with the air of shepherdesses. But the idea of making himself acceptable to the pretty automaton, was as unlikely to enter his head, as to affect terms of gallantry towards a well-dressed wax-doll. Of this, Lady Taunton was as well aware as himself; and she must consequently have ulte-

rior views in dismissing him from her house on such a pretext.

Who was jealous of him? Certainly not the Earl! Who mistrusted his growing ascendancy over the mind of the brilliant Countess? Certainly not the Earl! Lord Taunton had, from the first, sanctioned the intimacy, and evinced perfect blindness or perfect indifference. Convinced that he was sacrificed to some unknown rival, Sidney Hammond began to experience, at the moment of his dismissal by the haughty woman to whom the world believed him all in all, and for the first time in his life, some disposition to attach importance to her preference. The result, however, of all his indignation and all his repinings, was the disagreeable consciousness that he was a lost man,—and, like the first lost man victimised by the frailty of the sex, banished for ever from his terrestrial paradise. No more Taunton House for him,—no more Taunton Castle;—no more smiles from the Prince, or bows from Grey, or nods from Sheridan and Fox! For he now knew enough of the ways and means of the Taunton set, to be aware that, a star once fallen from their sphere, its place knew it no longer; that a man was either one of them, or nothing.

All therefore that remained for him was to gather together the three hundred and fifty pounds per annum still remaining of his ten thousand pounds, retrench his expenses, resume his former familiarity with such men as Varley and Wrangham, and reattach himself, if possible, to the scattered hordes of Hammonds from whom his father had indulged in the vanity of distinguishing himself, and from whom he had shrunk with loathing in his artificial capacity of a man of fashion; for he possessed uncles in the city, and cousins in Bloomsbury and Marylebone, who might, under his present embarrassing circumstances, prove available.

But was this *all* the opening that remained? The morning was a cheerless one. A small, drizzly, silent March rain came down so unremittingly, as to appear a positive atmosphere, rather than an accidental visitation; and as "poor Sidney" reclined in his roomy arm-chair before the fire, in those often contemned chambers which, now that his prospects in life were closed, had grown suddenly too sumptuous and costly for his means,—he felt sadly out of sorts with the hollowness of the world,—and inclined to believe that all was over. He, the most heartless of mankind,—he, the very King or Crown-prince of the Surfaces, took refuge from his follies in reviling the selfishness of society and the egotism of mankind! In his irritation at finding himself a dupe, the tool of an artful woman, he was as angry as though *he* had not intended to convert *her* into the implement of his ambition;—as angry, in short, as if he had indulged in *real* feelings to be outraged!

With the genuine spirit of his class, however, his first object was to conceal from others the downfall he could not conceal from himself. Half the torture of misfortune to worldly people consists in the injury to their self-love; and the apprehension of becoming "poor Sidney" to the malicious world, inspired him with audacity that almost supplied the place of fortitude.

Instead, therefore, of allowing echo to answer "ALL!" in reply to the above inquiry concerning the sum total of his remaining prospects, he argued with himself, that though superannuated for professional exertion—though too late for law, physic, or divinity, army or navy—one of the most important avenues to social prosperity was still open: he might make an interested marriage! The fact of his decadence was yet a secret. He was still Sidney Hammond—still the rising young man; and, instead of economy and nepotism—instead of selling his phaeton and cultivating uncles in Bedford Square, he would look out for a rich wife! There was nothing degrading in such a proposition. Everywhere, but in England, marriage is a matter "dealt with by attorneyship;" and why should he be more delicate in his sentiments on such a point than the collected millions of the continent? Since there are heiresses in the world, it is written that they must be sought in marriage; and it were doing them an injury to suppose that, in the superfluity of their affluence, they are not disposed to make a disinterested match.

At the close of these cogitations, Sidney Hammond rose from his chair, and discovered, for the first time, that the looking-glass over his mantelpiece was cloudy and of inferior quality; so little was he satisfied with the review of his forces, previous to opening his new campaign. For, alas! the face reflected before him was no longer the fine, open, manly countenance, with which he had first entered the gates of Taunton House. He now discerned certain puckerings near the eyes, almost amounting to crow's feet; and, as well as the imperfect light of that heinously rainy day permitted him to ascertain, could almost have sworn that one or two silvery fibres had inserted themselves (perforce of nights spent at loo and pharaoh in the Taunton set) into the jetty whiskers forming an ebony frame to the fine oval of his face.

His task as a fortune-hunter would only be the more laborious! But the hope of silencing the sneers of society, and of rising superior to the consequences of Lady Taunton's ingratitude, already nerved his courage to encounter the labours of Hercules.

Before he made up his mind in what tone to reply to the insolent letter of the Countess, he passed carefully in review the eligibilities as a wife presented by the various women of fortune of his acquaintance. Society has always its rich widows and wealthy heiresses—each usually provided with some drawback, forming a bane almost past relief of the golden antidote, or *aurum potabile;* and both in and out of the Taunton set, Sidney Hammond collected for review a glittering phalanx, each more or less efficient for his purpose.

There was the young Baroness, Lady Chesterle-Street;—but *she* was too well versed in the mysteries of society, not to regard with mistrust his sudden alienation from the feet of the Countess of Taunton. There was Miss Madingley, with twenty thousand a-year;—but *she* had too many rich men-of-business about her, connected with the mercantile origin of her fortune, not to be fonder of investing her savings in the public funds, than in

the gratitude of the handsomest or most agreeable man in existence. There was the widow Penshurst, whose diamonds formed a sort of galaxy in the ground-tier at the opera; but *she* had already been the victim of an interested marriage. There was the Dowager Countess of Claridge,—but *her* avarice was more than proportionate to her prodigious jointure.

On second thoughts, Sidney Hammond determined to moderate his views on the score of property, and extend them as regarded personal attractions. No occasion, because he wished to marry well, to sacrifice himself to a monster! In such a case, Lady Taunton would still maintain her advantage over him. In such a case, he should as decidedly become "poor Sidney," and be sacrificed to the wits and caricaturists of the Taunton set, as by remaining a peevish, disappointed bachelor in his Temple chambers!

The final result of the cogitations of that rainy day, was a visit the day following to a certain Mr. Hardingston, resident in Harley Street;—a wealthy merchant, grey as Polonius but somewhat wiser, who, *like* Polonius, rejoiced in "one fair daughter whom he loved passing well." Having no maiden sister or *gouvernante* to look after the said fair and motherless daughter, Sidney Hammond could do no more than leave a card. For Louisa Hardingston received no morning visiters; and though, on his introduction to her at a ball at the house of an eminent banker some weeks before, he had been invited by the father to improve the acquaintance, there was something so little attractive to him, at that time, in the idea of a beautiful girl with fifty or sixty thousand pounds and as much more in prospect, who had never heard of the Taunton set, and was never likely to be heard of *in* the order of society which *he* presumed to call the world,—that he had refrained from profiting by the hint.

But now a change was come over the spirit of *his* dream, or rather, from a dream, he had progressed into realities; and right glad was the discomfited minion of Taunton House when, a few days after his pilgrimage to Ultima Marylebone, he received an invitation to dinner from the substantial city man he had hitherto treated so cavalierly.

One of the many symptoms that Hammond was in reality what we have described him, a child of the century, was the flexibility, or rather plasticity of his character.—Reed, to the very pith, he could not only bend to the storm, but accommodate himself to all possible variations of atmosphere; and before the world was cognizant of his ignominious exit from the Taunton set, he had made a triumphal entry into another, which might be described as its very antipodes.

At the house of John Hardingston, Esq., M.P., of Harley Street and Great St. Helen's, the discarded adventurer was welcomed as a man of fashion and fortune, deigning to stoop from his sphere, in favour of a house presided over by one of the handsomest girls in London; and on the day of his first dinner with his intended father-in-law, the rest of the party, consisting of two country baronets with their females, and two or three wealthy bankers with theirs, exchanged significant glances with Louisa, on noticing the attentions paid her by a personage whose name invaded, with such far from damnable iteration, the paragraphs of the *Morning Post*,—as dining with earls and frequenting the balls of duchesses. For this hum-drum circle, the highly polished manners of Sidney Hammond and the conversational tact acquired by talking only *with* and *for* the best society, possessed peculiar charm. Sidney Hammond was precisely a *héros de roman* for the horizon of Harley Street. A gay captain of the guards, they would have repudiated as frivolous,—a reckless lordling, as a *roué*;—but Sidney, who entered into political discussions with as capable an air as the gravest owl of them all,—Sidney, who could quote Fox, Sheridan, and Burke, inedited, and pure from the fountain-head, commanded general attention.

From none more than from poor Louisa.—Miss Hardingston was a girl of elegant mind and timid disposition, who, having lost her mother at an early age, was educated at one of those first-rate "establishments" where half-a-dozen damsels of family and fortune are received at the separate cost, which would maintain the whole half dozen elsewhere; and having, in this nursery of exclusiveism, contracted intimacies inspiring a taste for aristocratic distinction, it necessarily followed, that when required, at eighteen, to assume the head of her father's establishment, she was disagreeably startled to find herself placed far below the level of her former associates. It was no fault of her's that the tone of her father's city friends was less refined than she had been prepared to expect. Louisa had been required, for the last twelve years, to cultivate tastes and pretensions beyond her sphere; and during the first few months of her sojourn at home,—a home which her father's peremptory occupations in the city, eight hours of the day, rendered solitary enough for the promotion of serious reflection,—could not forbear regretting that she had been encouraged to indulge in social ambitions never likely to be realized.

Mr. Hardingston's intimates, on the other hand, were people too busily engrossed in the active business of life to take much heed of his daughter.—On finding her so grave, they concluded her to be shy; and on hearing the complaints of their wives and daughters that she was a fine lady, replied that she was young enough to mend, and would know better a few years hence.

So ingratiating a person as Sidney Hammond, was consequently a most agreeable accession to her society; and Louisa was delighted to converse with one familiar with most of her early friends, and habituated to their habits;—like herself, preferring Italian music to English glees; versed like herself in foreign literature, and devoted to the *dulce* rather than the *utile* of life. The new pretendant to her favour was too well accustomed to address himself to the foibles of those over whom he desired to obtain an ascendancy, not to make the most of the advantages he thus possessed. Nor was it alone to the weaknesses of Louisa's character that he laid siege. On perceiving Miss Hardingston's distaste for the joviality of the noisy city

beaux who resorted to her father's house, in deference to this sensitive gentleness Hammond affected in his new sphere an almost poetical refinement of delicacy and reserve. Instead of pressing his attentions upon the heiress, he pointedly marked his respectful deference by confining his assiduities to her father; and chose that she should form her estimate of his conversation invariably addressed to others, rather than to herself.

This species of manœuvre seldom fails of success with a young and timid girl. In the conviction that the fashionable Sidney Hammond did not consider her worthy his attention, Louisa became only the more ambitious of obtaining it. For the first time in her life, she *tried* to please; and great, indeed, was her joy and triumph on the first occasion of his devoting half an hour to her, to whom he had already determined to devote his future life.

To obtain admission into the society frequented by the Hardingstons was no difficult matter to one so well established in the world as Lady Taunton's *preux chevalier;* and it conferred additional distinction on Louisa's debût, that wherever she went, to whatever hum-drum balls, or homely parties, she was followed by one whose personal qualifications were estimated by all around her as of so high an order.

But that the ambitious mind and shallow heart of Hammond were thoroughly preëngrossed, he could not but have been touched by the graceful loveliness of the girl he was predetermined to victimize, and impressed by the solid merit of the circle to which he was thus accidentally introduced. Among the Parliamentary men belonging to Hardingston's society, there prevailed a tendency to practicalism, the origin of the sect of Utilitarians that has since sprung up, very different from the brilliant, but frothy, speculativeness of his former friends. The monied world into which he had fallen, as the antipodes of the fashionable world from which he was ejected, exhibited a less polished surface, but boasted a more solid substantiality. Both were given up to materialism; but the enjoyments of Taunton House seemed to depend on capricious sunshine from without; of Harley Street, upon inherent comfort. Among the Hardingston tribe he had to abjure French cookery and pharaoh,—for which capital wines and excellent whist were a satisfactory substitute; and if his evenings were now less enlivened by brilliant sallies, there was no pretension to wit, and, consequently, no risk of failure.

But unfortunately, though agreeably surprised in the tone of the society on which he had ingrafted himself, Sidney Hammond had drunk too deep of the cup of Circe to retain any pretension to pure and natural tastes. Amid these matter-of-fact people he languished for the brilliant artificiality of Taunton House; and while all other eyes were captivated by the youthful loveliness of Louisa Hardingston, he longed to re-fashion her appearance, and reform her timid simplicity, so as to render her "presentable" to those among whom he felt that, with such a wife, he might become acceptable as ever.

"As a married man," thought he, (after an evening spent with the graceful girl, in whose eyes he fancied he had detected an expression of repressed but decided preference,)—"as a man established in life by a prosperous marriage, Lord Taunton will be as well pleased as ever to take refuge in my company from the neglect of his wife and family. Even that woman,—even Lady Taunton,—when she finds I am not disposed to resent her treachery, and that she has no further pretext for impertinence in the danger of my society to her daughter, will be enchanted to welcome back the patient victim of her whims and caprices,—the only man, as she has often assured me, who thoroughly understands her; and who, I flatter myself, is not without his share in establishing the reputation of her lively coterie!"

Such were the honourable intentions of the accomplished gentleman, to dwell upon whose broken avowals of admiration, and expressive glances of tenderness, poor Louisa Hardingston devoted so many hours of her sleepless nights:—thanking Heaven for the good fortune which, amid the prosaic tenor of her life, had brought her acquainted with a man of such ingratiating manners, such honourable sentiments, and pursuits and habits so refined and so congenial with her own!

For how is inexperienced eighteen to be on its guard against the cruel speciousness of an apostle of modern SURFACEISM?

(*Part II. in our next Number.*)

THE CHASSEUR'S MATIN.

ROUSE ye to the hunters' shout,
Chamouni! Chamouni!
Morning puts night's lantern out,
Chamouni! Chamouni!
Anxious wife and children dear,
Safe return'd, your hunter's here;
Widow, here's your gallant son,
And maiden, here's the lovèd one:
Up! and rejoice ye,—away with your fear,
Chamouni! Chamouni! your hunters are here.

To dress the vine in safety go,
Chamouni! Chamouni!
The gaunt wolf's blood stains yonder snow,
Chamouni! Chamouni!
Rugged Blanc and Val de Aost,
We have climb'd and we have cross'd,
And from Alp and glacier's crown,
We have brought the Chamois down:
Up! and rejoice ye,—away with your fear,
Chamouni! Chamouni! your hunters are here.

Blessed be thy safe retreat,
Chamouni! Chamouni!
Free from slaves' and tyrants' feet,
Chamouni! Chamouni!
Never shall the mountain men
Stoop to dastard citizen,
Never shall our children see
The night-fall of our liberty:
Up! and rejoice ye,—away with your fear,
Chamouni! Chamouni! your hunters are here.

J. A. O.

GIEKIE'S ETCHINGS.*

The opinion seems to have been current, even among the well-educated of our southern friends, down to so late an era as Goldsmith, that no Scotsman could possibly possess either wit or humour. What was thought of the author of "Roderick Random" and "Humphrey Clinker" it is difficult to conjecture. He might be set down as one of those rare exceptions which prove a rule. And of the elder Scottish poets, whose works abound in rich and genuine humour, the English, from the dialect, knew little more than of their own Chaucer or Piers Plowman. The works of Burns, and of Scott and Galt, are certainly beginning to shake the opinion of Scottish gravity and dulness; and though brilliant wit may still be denied to the nation, some superficial vein of humour is now generally conceded to it. The genuine humour which has always distinguished the popular literature of Scotland, is however only beginning to be manifested in Art, which is itself still comparatively new in Scotland. A few of the artists of the past generation, and especially Allan in his illustrations of comic poetry, displayed, if not much fertility of invention, yet considerable appreciation of the humour and character fairly placed before them, and some power of expressing humorous ideas in a pictorial form. The monstrosities perpetrated by Kay, though they possess considerable merit as coarse local satires, it is not easy to regard seriously as works of Art; unless the symbolical rude scratchings of barbarous nations made upon rocks and caves in commemoration of memorable events, are to be classed with the historical paintings of a civilized people. Geikie is, therefore, to be considered as almost the first Scottish etcher who, with quick penetration of character, possessed a rich, quiet humour, held in strict subordination to the truth of nature, and never once allowed to diverge into caricature. He has been named the Scottish Hogarth; and it may be allowed that no native artist has hitherto established a better claim to that distinction. Yet his genius is more akin to the masters of the Dutch School than to that of the great moral and also imaginative painter of England.

The history of this artist, who died in the prime of life, a few years since, is, independently of his talents, both touching and instructive. When only two years of age, Geikie was seized with a severe fever, from which he recovered, but with the total obliteration of the sense of hearing. From this period he remained deaf and dumb. He was a native of Edinburgh; and had the happiness of being the child of worthy and pious, and we should imagine, intelligent parents. By unremitting care of his education, his father did all that was possible to mitigate the consequences of the great calamity which had befallen his son. At the Institution for the instruction of deaf mutes, he received the elements of a useful education, though his father had previously taught him to read. He was always fond of books; but his strongest childish inclination was to imitative art: and after having been well instructed in drawing, he was, at the age of fourteen, placed under the care of Mr. Graham, the first Master of the School of Design, which has done so much for Art in Scotland. That he was received among the students of that Academy, presupposes considerable proficiency in drawing. The gallery of the Institution had not, at that period, been enriched by the collection of casts from antique statues, busts, friezes, &c., &c., which it now exhibits; but Geikie found his subjects in nature, and profited so well by the instructions of an excellent master, and a sound system of tuition, that he soon acquired remarkable dexterity in the use of the crayon. His sense of hearing seems to have been absorbed in that of sight; the power concentrated in the eye, of which the ear was deprived.

From a Biographical Introduction to the Etchings, written in the kindest spirit, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, we learn that, while a student in the Institution, Geikie's perseverance was indefatigable; and that he was continually on the watch out of doors for characteristic subjects for his pencil;—so that all figures or groups which pleased his fancy were immediately transferred, with unerring accuracy, to his portfolio. So great was the rapidity and facility with which he used his crayon, that it was not uncommon for him to catch the contour of odd figures, or remarkable faces, together with their racy peculiarities, as he walked by the side of the originals in the streets. Some amusing anecdotes are related of his adventures in pursuit of odd subjects that tickled his fancy.

Independently of his finished works, his paintings, and etchings, Geikie's collection of these odd scrap figures, groups, and scenes, became immense. In landscape he did not excel; his colouring was very faulty; and to what are considered the higher departments of Art—the Historical or the *Ideal*, he never seems to have directed his attention; or, at all events, he did not succeed. This partial failure, and the natural bent of his genius, confirmed his vocation as an etcher; and this pursuit led to his highest excellencies in Art, and to the successful display of his varied resources. His broad humour, lively fancy, and insight into nature, especially as it is manifested in what is called *low life*, rank him as the George Cruikshank, if not the Hogarth, of the Scottish School. A critic of Geikie's works, who, though partial, does not want either taste or discrimination, having pronounced him the Hogarth of Scotland, says, with perfect truth:—"In his etchings you find the same attention to minutiæ—the same completeness in the keeping of the whole subject.... As a proof of this, let us look for a moment at his plate entitled, in good broad Doric, '*Haud your tae still, man*,' in which a worthy follower of the plough, tormented

* Etching's illustrative of Scottish Character, Scenery, and Manners, executed after his own Designs, by the late Walter Geikie, R. S. A. Quarto, with sixty-three plates. Edinburgh: John Stewart.

with that most intolerable of all petty plagues—corns—has delayed and delayed getting them extirpated until they have at last fairly overcome him by the sharpness and constancy of their attacks. In agony he has applied to the chiropedal skill of his better-half for relief; and she, ever ready to prove a help-meet, and moreover anxious to display her manual dexterity, has mounted the suffering limb on her lap, and peers into the *tae* through her spectacles with a mixture of self-complaisance, tenderness, and sturdy resolution to operate, which the artist has most felicitously exhibited. Her subject, too, though now falling into the sear, is evidently a strong man; one, moreover, who cares more for personal comfort than outward show; not a puny dandy, who has all his life suffered voluntary martyrdom in vain attempts to force his tortured extremities into a better shape than that originally given them; nevertheless he is bowed down with the poignancy of the petty pain. Was there ever a better representation of poor time-tried humanity in distress—with his one hand raised to soothe his throbbing temples, and the other placed instinctively on the suffering member, to show its lord's sympathy with its sorrows? How strong is the contrast with the deportment of the operator! No feelings of commiseration can possibly be given way to, until she has succeeded in extirpating the cause of suffering. Let her subject wince under the knife as he may, her labours must be ended before he is released; she knows the value of decision, and is determined to act on that knowledge now."

This is but one of Geikie's numerous and admirable etchings; many of which, besides their overflowing broad and rich humour, and perfect local truth, possess, like *the tae*, the moral charm of social kindliness, and are full of ideas of homely enjoyment. What an admirable picture and enviable person is Geikie's *Musical Souter!* There is much of quiet beauty in *Apples, five a ha'penny!* and of tender repose in *An auld Couple, and a grandchild reading.* All the subjects of these etchings are as distinctively Scottish as the pictures of Teniers are Dutch. Some of them embody noble street views in the Old Town of Edinburgh, antique architectural subjects which can henceforth have no existence, save in the etchings of Geikie. The principal plates are separately illustrated, and often with much graphic humour and felicity by the letter-press sketches of the literary friends and admirers of the deceased artist. Among the literary contributors to the completeness of the volume are Mr. Thomas Smibert, Mr. James Ballantine (the *Gaberlunzie,*) and Mr. David Vedder.

Cut off or limited in his intercourse with the external world, Geikie, whose religious feelings had been carefully cultivated, at a very early period of his life became a serious character; and it is not a little interesting to learn, as we do from one of his most intimate friends, that when a young man he established a religious meeting among the deaf and dumb—"and often," says our informant, "have we seen him, his soul fired, his eye beaming with the eloquence which his tongue could not utter—his whole energies wrapt in that noblest of all duties, the proclaiming of man's sin and a Saviour's love. His knowledge of Scripture was great, and his expositions of it particularly lucid; while the breathless attention of his mute audience showed the interest they all felt in his teaching."

Geikie, who had through life enjoyed good health, died rather suddenly of fever, at the age of forty-one. He had been, for several years, a Fellow of the Scottish Royal Academy of Painting. A few of his best paintings are in the gallery of the Earl of Hopeton. Many of his sketches were disposed of after his death; and some of the best of them are now in the possession of Sir James Gibson Craig and Mr. Bindon Blood. During his life, his success, so far as relates to *solid* reward, was far from being commensurate with his merits, though these were taken at the lowest estimate. But he lived in the confidence that his hour would come. Nor can we doubt, that his Works, in the complete and handsome form, in which they have now come before the public, will be warmly appreciated, especially in Scotland, and also by Scotsmen all over the world. They are admirable as mere works of Art; but, to the Scottish people, not less valuable as records of national character,—as living transcripts of Scottish scenes and manners.

INSCRIPTIVE SONNETS.

WRITTEN ON A FLY-LEAF OF HOWITT'S "BOOK OF THE SEASONS."

I go with you, dear friends, through branchy ways,
And sunniest nooks of pleasant English dales,
Where winning wild-flowers scent the fresh'ning gales;
To where the twining honeysuckle strays
Through rustic lattices. There childhood plays
Its merriest pranks; and hark! the birds are singing,
In love's sweet rivalry their notes up-flinging,
'Mongst oaks impervious to the sun's hot rays.
Thy rhyme smells of the country air: its tone,
Bird-caught, is odorous as summer flowers:
Thus, when the wearing care of life o'erpowers,
And tears unbidden flow—then am I prone,
Seeking the forest-shade, 'neath beechen tree,
To con dear Nature's book interpreted by thee!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

To poets all things minister!—a choir
Of seraphs singing 'neath a quiet sky,
With bated breath, some master-melody:
Or the mysterious Æolian lyre
At twilight quivering with its tremulous fire:
Or the pulsation of the tireless ocean
Moving at will with world-embracing motion:—
Poets an atmosphere like this respire.
Of such thou sang'st, great Coleridge!—a vision
Was in thy soul: hence when thy lyre was strung,
Forth from its spiritual chords was warmly flung
Music that rock'd the air with tone Elysian;
And thoughts of living beauty were embalm'd
In accents soft as those by which sick child is calm'd?

J. E. H.

PERAULT; OR, SLAVES AND THEIR MASTERS.

(*Continued from page 86 of our February No.*)

CHAPTER XII.

With a rueful look at Joolay, Haman came forward, and muttering to himself, "I shall place de two ugly buffas face a face," placed a chair for the stranger directly opposite to the overseer. Viands were abundantly placed before the stranger, who did ample justice to them. It seemed to be a contest between him and Joolay, who would devour most. Fish of all descriptions—from the delicious black fish to the huge drumfish—disappeared down their throats; wild turkey and venison vanished before their inroads, till Joolay paused for want of breath, and laid down his knife and fork.

"Stranger," said Joolay, "I'll be glad to take wine with you."

"*With* pleasure, Sir," mumbled the stranger.

"Whackie," said Joolay, "hand me that bottle."

Whackie laid hold of a small cruet with a red fluid in it; and the overseer, without paying attention to it, poured out the liquor into his glass—raised it, looked fixedly at the stranger, bobbed his head as if he was meaning to toss it off his shoulders into his opposite neighbour's face, who, in return, jerked his head down as if to avoid the blow, then each took a mouthful of the liquors, but with different effects. The stranger's being genuine wine, was drank with a look of pleasure; but Joolay suddenly placed the glass on the table, started half out of his chair, and applied both hands to the pit of his stomach, screwing his face into an expression of the most diabolical loathing, while the liquor squirted from each side of his mouth like a water-spout.

"Bless me, Mr. Joolay," exclaimed the Colonel, "what is wrong?"

"Oh, mercy!" groaned the overseer. "I'm poisoned—I'm poisoned. What is that you've given me, you black rascal?" said he, turning to Whackie; "that ain't wine, Sir!" Whackie gently raised the glass, looked earnestly at it, and, without any farther ceremony, bumpered off the liquor; but suddenly letting the glass fall, he rubbed his stomach strenuously with both hands, and drew up one of his legs, while he looked the very picture of loathing Horror blackballed.

"Kah! Massa," he sputtered; "dat no good for drink."

"Oh, you one stooped nigger!" exclaimed Haman; "wot you is do? Lora me! you hab gib you Massa de essence ob cayenne for wine—oh, you stooped goose!" And Haman grinned at the joke.

"It's an awkward mistake, Mr. Joolay," said the Colonel; "but pray preserve your temper."

"*Preserve!*" exclaimed he; "if you was in the same *pickle*, I'd like to know if you wouldn't *pepper* the rascal. Blow me—I feel as if I had a shovelful of hot coals down my throat!"

The Colonel laughed; and Joolay, turning angrily to Whackie, ordered him to bring another glass; and Whackie, walloping his tongue and drawing in his breath, to cool it, ruefully obeyed.

"Guess I've seen you before," said Joolay, addressing the stranger.

"Mayhap you have," the man answered. "I am a preacher, and am teaching the negroes."

"Ah, hem!" remarked Joolay; "a Missionary chap, eh?"

"I am an Independent preacher," answered the stranger.

"Well, now," said Joolay, "if *I* was *independent*, they might preach who liked for me."

"You are facetious, Sir," said the stranger.

"And plain, too," said Joolay. "We don't like some of you chaps putting nonsense into poor niggers' heads: we have had no preachers here since Old Shoes left us."

"Was he a good expounder," inquired the Missionary.

"Capital," said Joolay; "but he was like some others of his kind, totally without education for the profession he followed. However, the niggers liked him, and they'd steal anything, from a sweet potatoe up to an ox, for him."

"Did he encourage them in such a system?" inquired the Missionary.

"How could they pay him otherwise?" said Joolay. "He lost their favour though, by getting too fond of *rum*. One day, being in a rapturous fit at a camp meeting, he told the niggers he was a-going to heaven; and, amid the roaring and weeping of the negroes, he began to ascend a tall pine tree, bidding them all farewell. When he got to the top, a branch gave way, and he came back again in riglar style!"

"Was he killed?" inquired the stranger.

"No, no; he only got a rumbly-come-tumbly-fication of the limbs, and a clatterification of the ribs. Drunk folks, and little children, are always safe when they tumble," said Joolay.

"What said the negroes?" inquired the stranger.

"'Ah! you come back, Massa!' He told them a long story, about being struck down by Satan, in the shape of a turkey-buzzard. The niggers would not believe him; so they all left him."

"Had they no preacher after that?" inquired the stranger.

"Nobody but me," answered Joolay.

"You!" exclaimed the Missionary.

"Yes; and a powerful sarmon I gave 'em, I assure ye. I told 'em if they didn't work hard, and drop stealing the Indian corn and sweet 'taties, they'd go to a place where Old Nick kept ninety millions of cowskins going night and day for lazy niggers, and they'd be thrashed there constantly. Why, the poor blackies were horrified, and going into fits, and carried off like killed and wounded from a field of battle. It had a powerful effect,

Sir: you wouldn't see a better gang on any plantation for a month after."

The Missionary shook his head, and gravely answered, "This is working erroneously on poor ignorant minds. If these negroes were educated?"

"Educated!" roared Joolay. "No, Sir; education plays the deuce with niggers. We'd have 'em reading newspapers instead of tending cotton, and studying politics instead of hoeing 'taties. No, no; that won't do. Edicate niggers! that won't do."

"But if the Northern States should interfere?" said the Missionary.

Colonel Waldenberg now joined in the conversation, and haughtily said,—"Let the Northern States look to themselves. We will not suffer them to interfere with our internal regulations."

"But, Sir," said the Missionary, "if the Northern States should, through Congress, declare the negroes free —"

"Then," interrupted the Colonel, "we would end the Union, and declare the Southern States free, and independent of the Northern States."

"What if they should take up arms to enforce their decree?" inquired the Missionary.

"Then we would arm and repel them," exclaimed the Colonel. "The Northern States awe us? What care we for them!"

"I know," said the Missionary, "that you Southern planters despise the Northern States men too much; but surely it adds to your disdain, to behold yourselves surrounded from infancy with crouching slaves, while the citizens of the Northern States proclaim freedom to all."

"They be hanged!" said Joolay, "the darned yankee pedlers and shopkeepers! Show me any place where folks are so happy as in this very State. Look at the niggers; where will you see a happier race? No care, no sorrow."

"Still they are slaves," said the Missionary.

"And pray what is *Slavery?*" inquired Joolay. "A mere word: give it another name, and our country would be called a second Arcadia."

"But you sell them," said the Missionary; "you flog them; you separate husband and wife, mother and child."

"Look ye, Sir," said Joolay,—"you come here with queer notions about them poor niggers. You've seen labourers in the Northern States—free labourers?"

"Yes, Sir, I have;—not only in the Northern States, but in England also."

"Well, you've seen them *bought* in a public market?"

"A free man bought! How make ye that out?" inquired the Missionary.

"You would see them at times in the market-places, offering their services for sale," continued Joolay. "Well, some one *buys them* for a certain period at a certain price; the labourer goes with his master; he thinks he will be snug; he gets a wife; takes a house, buys furniture; works away —toils on like a slave. Well, he gets a family—perhaps a dozen of squalling brats; his limited wages can't support him and his wife and family. He toils harder, and throws himself into sickness; he can't work, and loses his situation. His rent is due, his taxes are unpaid. The baker, the butcher, and the grocer have all claims against him. So soon as they know that the poor man is out of employment, when he has no *master* to look to, they all come forward, and demand him to pay that which they know is out of his power to pay. 'Give me a little time,' says the poor fellow, 'till I get better, and get a new master; I'll pay you all.' No, that won't do. He is poor; that's a horrid crime: so they serve him the same as if he was a mad dog: every one must have a blow at him."

But it is superfluous to repeat the stale arguments of the overseer. It is enough that they are those which have been a thousand times refuted when employed by British colonists. The Missionary at last broke in. "But you compel them to work—you flog them."

"Work or starve, is a maxim in nature," answered Joolay. "A schoolboy is thrashed because he won't learn his lesson. If I see an ill-natured, stubborn nigger, who won't work, but idling away his time, and stealing all he can get, I threaten him: if he won't obey again, I give him a rap across the shins. If that man was free, he'd be a thief and a vagabond. Society would flog him at the cart-tail, and, perhaps, hang him."

"But you sell them," insisted the Missionary.

"What is the difference if I sell them, or they sell themselves? They are a set of poor devils in Africa—worst place for slavery that in the world. Folks are never happy there but when they are cutting throats. Compare our niggers to those in Africa! Phoo, humbug!"

"If your negroes were free, this country would be in a different state," said the Missionary.

"Ay, faith would it!" exclaimed Joolay; "swarming with thieves and idle blackguards. I'll settle that question in a minute. Whackie," said he, addressing the negro, "would you like to be free?"

"Me, massa?—no, massa," responded Whackie.

"Wouldn't you like to be free and work for yourself?" inquired the Missionary.

"No, Massa; I no like for workee," answered Whackie.

"Haman," said Joolay, "what would you do if you was free?"

"Me, Massa?" said Haman with a grin. "Oh, I go sleep all de day, and I go tief all de night!"

"What says he?" said the Missionary, scarcely crediting his own ears.

"Keh, keh, keh!" chuckled Joolay; "he says he'd sleep all day, and thieve all night! Negro liberty! keh, keh, keh!"

This is the very triumph of planters' logic.

The ladies having left the table, Colonel Waldenberg and a few of the officers soon followed, leaving Joolay at a fair drinking-bout with the other officers.

The wine was circulated freely, and Joolay began, in his favourite style, to narrate most marvellous matters, which, although too full of romance for any human mind to credit, he strenuously maintained were all positive facts. Captain Charles Waldenberg soon perceived Joolay's weak side, and began to draw him out by degrees.

"I understand, Mr. Joolay," said the wag, "that

your plantation at Bellgrove is in such a splendid state of cultivation that it will produce everything."

"Astonishing soil!" was the ready response. "No matter what you plant, its sure to grow,—hats, shoes, coats, anything—just plant 'em! By the hookey! they grow up; plant a *dead nigger and he'll grow alive again!* I lost a shoe one day when out shooting; about a month after that, I happened to be in the same direction, judge my astonishment! there was a tree grown up, and a capital crop of shoes upon it!—It's a fact I tell ye."

"Fac', massa," murmured Whackie, "see him heshef. Zama find a shoe, and fling on a tree."

"Tremendous gales, though," said the overseer; "play hell and tommy at times! Lord bless ye! one day I was sailing down the river, when a whirlwind carried off my wig, and nearly carried myself sky high. It blew the wig up to the clouds, where, I suppose, another sort of wind caught it and blew it home. I can't say whether it was the *instinct of the wig*, or what; but judge my astonishment! when I returned home, *there was my wig drying itself before the fire!*—It's a fact I tell ye."

"Fac', massa," said Whackie, "see him heshef. Zama catch a wig in a water, and carry him home for dry."

"Have you many strange birds on your plantation?" inquired Galliard.

"Wonderful, Sir," said the overseer. "You know there is a heavy penalty against shooting turkey-buzzards? Well, Sir, I was annoyed by one lately, so levelled my rifle at him. Judge my astonishment! when he roared out, 'No humbug, old Joolay! darn me, if you fire at me I'll inform against ye, and get ye fined!' I was amazed, Sir, and let him fly off!"

"Fac, Massa," said Whackie.

"Indeed, Whackie!" said Galliard. "Did *you* ever hear a buzzard speak?"

"No, Massa; neber yearee turkey-buzza peak all a life!"

A number of the young wags observing the peculiar contour of Joolay's phizog, took up a bet, *who would make the ugliest face* in the whole company. Amidst shouts of laughter the bet was accepted, and each in his turn endeavoured to distort his features into the most hideous deformity. No one seemed to relish the joke more than Whackie; but as it came to Joolay's turn, Whackie got extremely excited, and clapping the overseer on the shoulder, exclaimed in an eager tone—

"Massa Joolay, Massa Joolay, *no change you face*, no change *you face!* Goley, Massa! *you face beat 'em all as him is!*" The roar of laughter which followed this remark, put Joolay into a towering rage, and starting from his chair, he turned on Whackie; but the negro instantly perceiving the blunder he had committed, nimbly fled from the apartment. The young wags now interfered, and Joolay being restored to peace, allowed Whackie to reënter.

The Missionary had sat at the table with the others, and was giving much offence, by his ill-timed remarks on the system of slavery, till, tired with what was considered his impertinence, Galliard arose and addressed him—

"Sir, we have borne with your language till it has become tiresome. Look around you, and ask any one of the negroes who attend us, if he is unhappy; and I doubt not, but his answers would be in the negative. We have been brought up with, and accustomed to them from childhood; and therefore like them. It would be an act of cruelty on our parts, to drive them out from the homes where they have been born and bred. You, and such as you, however, would have us not only give them freedom, but also divide our lands and fortunes amongst them, and bid them to think, that in that empty sound, freedom, they are to be equal to angels in bliss. It is only when they would find the sad reality—when want and sickness, toil and sorrow, bore them down, that they would find that freedom is but an empty name, and curse those who had driven them to ask it."

The Missionary would have interrupted him; but looking up, he encountered the eye of Perault, who, with an angry gesture, beckoned on him to arise and follow him.

"I am glad we have met," said Perault, as he encountered the Missionary at the end of one of the garden walks.

"I heard you had arrived," said the Missionary. Your brethren in the city were most anxious to know the result of your negotiations with Christophe, and the free negroes of Hayti."

"All is arranged," answered Perault. "Christophe has already assigned the territory to us. Secrecy and despatch are all that are now necessary. Our race will hail thee as their friend, and say that there was at least one *White man* to lead them from this house of bondage."

"Yes!" exclaimed the Missionary, "as Moses led the Israelites from Egypt, so would I lead the oppressed negroes from this land. But, Perault, I have my own doubts as to whether we can escape with the secrecy you represent. My soul revolts against bloodshed."

"None will be shed, if it can be avoided," answered Perault. "We only require to fire the buildings, and seize the shipping during the alarm; the negroes from the plantations can enter the city under cloud of night, or join us in their canoes in the bay."

"But will the negroes on this estate join us?" inquired the Missionary.

"Preach thou the blessings of freedom; make them *discontented with their present lot;* tell them that they must effect their own freedom; talk to them of happier lands, where their liberties and wealth can be secured. Do this; and with the aid of those already in the plot, all will go right. I have this day discovered a powerful auxiliary to our cause."

"How?" inquired the Missionary.

"In the Obi, or magician of the woods," answered Perault.

"I will deal with no sorcerers," rejoined the Missionary.

"Bah!" replied Perault. "What would thy preaching in secret to the negroes of the city have done, had Gullah Jack not aided thee?"

"True; but his strength of mind gave him the

power, which by imposition he kept up," said the Missionary.

"It is to his plotting brain that we are indebted for the secrecy of this conspiracy," said Perault; "and, trust me, that, in the Obi of the woods, we will find another Gullah."

"Be it as you wish," said the Missionary. "But when does our purpose hold?"

"Without farther delay," answered Perault: "our plot is now ripe. Proceed thou from hut to hut. Able emissaries will aid thee. On thy talents Perault relies for success. See, some negroes are approaching. To thy work, my friend—away." The Missionary turned and left him, and Perault, clenching his teeth together, muttered,—"Proceed, O fool! to seal thine own doom! Pale-faced renegade, now work thy own destruction." He turned and proceeded to the house.

CHAPTER XIII.

The night was stormy, and the loud wind howled through the forest, as Perault, with stealthy steps, slipped past the Cadet outposts, and entered into the thickets. After toiling through the underwood for a considerable distance, he found himself on the verge of a deep swamp. "Confusion!" he muttered. "I have lost my way. I must skirt along this swamp, and run the risk of being bit by these black snakes which I hear rustling among the leaves. No matter," he continued, "I must grope my way." So saying, he tore a large branch from a tree, and striking it occasionally on the ground before him, proceeded on his journey. At length he reached the firmer soil, and with speedy steps hurried forward. A faint light glimmered occasionally in the distance; and, guided by it, Perault soon reached the hut of the Obi, and struck the door thrice.

"Enter, foe to the white man," cried a shrill voice from within the hut; and the light which had hitherto guided the wanderer's footsteps was suddenly extinguished.

Perault instantly threw open the door and entered. "Peace, and the blessing of heaven, be with you, Obi!" said he, as he groped his way into the hut.

"Ha—ha—ha!" shrieked the shrill voice; "a curse would sound better than a blessing, from thy unhallowed lips!"

"Silence, dotard!" exclaimed Perault, fiercely; "I come not here to listen to thy jargon."

"Thou comest to know what may be the result of thy ambitious schemes?" said the Obi.

"And if I did, what then?" said Perault, scornfully.

"I see," answered the Obi, "a gallows strung with strangled negroes, closer than ever African girl strung beads upon her necklace!"

As the Obi spoke, a lurid flame arose from the centre of the hut, spreading a sickly hue all around, and shone upon the figure of the aged African, attired in a female dress.

Perault eyed the Obi sternly, and said—"A gallows strung with strangled negroes!—Couldst thou behold Abou Abdallah, the murderer, amongst them?"

The African uttered a faint cry of horror and surprise, as he staggered back a few paces, and exclaimed, "Am I betrayed? Who spoke of Abou Abdallah?"

"One who knows thee, and the dark deed that drove thee hither," said Perault. "Thy master's cruelty nerved thy hand; thy insulted nature loudly called for vengeance: thou didst stab thy master to the heart, then fled into the woods; and, by assuming the garb of a negro woman, and practising on the superstitious fears of the fools around thee, thou hast hitherto baffled all pursuit. Is not this thy tale, old man?"

"Thou wouldst not betray me?" said the Obi, tremblingly.

"No," answered Perault. "Thou hast had *thy* vengeance, and justly too: thou must now aid me in obtaining *mine*."

"And who art thou," said the Obi, sullenly, "who thus tracks the tiger to his lair?"

Perault's form seemed to become dilated, as he proudly answered—"Perault, the son of Hassan, headman of Woonah!"

With a cry of joy, the old man cast himself at the feet of Perault, exclaiming, "Wah! Wah!—God is great!"

"Rise my kinsman," said Perault; "I have sought thee long and earnestly. Chance has thrown thee in my way; let us make the best use of our meeting."

The old African rose and gazed on Perault with a fond look. "I remember," said he, "that horrid night when the Felatahs stormed Woonah, and thy father and his gallant followers were seized by the foe; thou wert then an infant at thy mother's breast. She also was seized."

"Yes, Abdallah," said Perault, hastily interrupting him; "and all were sold by the conquerors to the White men as slaves! Of this I know nothing save from the lips of my mother and my unhappy father."

"Thy father, Perault? not from *his* lips surely. He was sold to a West Indian planter, and severed from thee and thy mother the instant the slave-ship arrived. He was never heard of again," said Obi.

"He was heard of," said Perault; "and fearfully heard of. Listen: I have been told of the horrors of the slave-ship which bore you to this land."

"Hush, hush!" said Abdallah, as he shrank back, shuddering. "Talk of anything but that. Oh! e'en now, the bare remembrance of it sickens my heart."

"And ought to goad thee on to vengeance," cried Perault. "My father, my mother, and myself, and I, then a poor helpless infant, alone survived of all my father's tribe: the bodies of the rest were tossed to feed the sharks. We arrived at Carlville, and were instantly driven to the slave-market, and set up for sale. A stranger bought my father; my mother, myself, and thou were purchased by old Waldenberg of Gladswood. Nay, tremble not, Abdallah; I honour thee for butchering him. My father and mother were torn asunder by force, and never met again. Old Waldenberg

was a harsh and a cruel master; his lady was mild, gentle, and tender-hearted. She heard the story of my mother's wrongs, and would have bought my father back; but the stranger to whom he had been sold had departed no one knew whither. Young Waldenberg, now *my master*—curses on the name!—was then a child of the same age as myself, and Mrs. Waldenberg appointed my mother to be his nurse,—thus Waldenberg and I were nourished at the same breast. A private tutor attended the family, and to please Mrs. Waldenberg I was placed under his care, along with her sons. My thirst for study was unbounded, and my young masters were soon outstripped by the poor black slave. The page of history was opened to me. The more I read, the more I wished to know. At length my young master was sent to college, and thither, as his servant, I accompanied him. There no restraint was placed upon my mind: supplied—liberally supplied, with money by young Waldenberg, I could purchase the means of information. It happened that at this time a son of Bellgrove's attended college with my master. This young man had a slave named Zama, to whom he was devotedly attached. Zama, like myself, was fond of study; and together we perused the classic page, and aided each other in our search for knowledge. At length the question arose in my mind,—to what end all my learning would, or could come? I was a *slave*, fettered and chained in body, while my soul seemed to hold creation too limited for its aspirings. At length my master quitted college, and with him I travelled to the sunny clime of Italy, and to gay and gaudy France. We then heard that old Waldenberg was murdered by one of his slaves."

"Hold, Perault!" cried Abdallah; "call it not murder,—it was a good deed. I bore with him till human nature could bear no longer. At length I encountered him alone in the forest: he upbraided me, called me idle,—a vagabond; and told me that on my return the whip should teach me how to spend my time. I answered him somewhat haughtily: he struck me on the mouth. Forgetful of myself, I returned the blow, and struck my tyrant to the earth. He arose; and, grappling with me, called loudly on his attendants. I knew what my fate should be should they come up; and, hurried on by vengeance, I drew the knife from my girdle and plunged it into his bosom. Thrice I struck the monster to the very heart! He fell. I dragged his dead body to a small thicket, and covered it with the bushes and withered leaves, and, wiping from my hands and dress the bloody tokens of my revenge, I returned to the fields and mixed amongst the labourers. The old man was soon missed. A search took place, and his favourite dog discovered the dead body where I had laid it. Flight alone remained, and I fled to the dark forests, to herd with beasts of prey. Chance directed my steps to this hut, where I found an aged negress whose fancied magic powers held the whole country in awe, and even the boldest hunter in the woods would tremble at her name. From her I received shelter and protection. After a short time she died, and, burying her body, I assumed her garb, and practised upon the superstitions of the negroes, who still believe, that in me they fear and reverence Obei Fetmah. Frequently I visited the plantation of Myrtlegrove, till, this morning, on entering the hut of Muma Katty, I heard the name of Waldenberg; and, horrified and trembling, I fled. But I have interrupted thee,—proceed with thy narrative."

"Let those who may, upbraid thee for the deed," answered Perault. "To me it is the best recommendation, that thy hand has been dyed with the white man's blood. But to my own matters. I returned to Gladswood in time to witness the death of my poor mother. It was a bitter scene, Abdallah! Even yet, the remembrance of it causes the tear to start unbidden from my eyes. She told me of her sad lot; and, with her dying breath, exhorted me to free my unhappy countrymen from bondage.

"A few days after this, I happened to be rambling through the city. A crowd in one of the streets attracted my attention. Pressing through it, I beheld an aged, white-haired negro in a dying state. To the rude question of 'who he belonged to?' he answered, feebly, that he was a *free negro*,—that he was unable to work, and for nearly three days had not tasted food. My heart bled for the poor old man; and raising him gently, I supported him to the house of a friend. Oh! Abdallah, judge my grief and horror, when in that poor, aged, dying man, I beheld my *father!*" Perault paused, and wringing his hands, paced hurriedly up and down the hut.

"Thy father!" exclaimed Abdallah. "Hassan of Woonah perishing in a strange land for want of food! Oh, blessed Prophet! was there no hand to aid him?"*

"Oh, Abdallah! had I a thousand lives, how gladly would I have laid them down to save him! Think—only think—that here, in a land *professing* itself a Christian land,—that for *three days* that aged, feeble, dying man, had not tasted food! In vain I strove to save him. Alas! every attention that my fond heart could dictate, was pain to him, and proved unavailing. He died—and in my arms yielded up his last sigh. Because he was a *negro*, he had been treated *like a dog*. He had been a *slave—worked, lashed, branded!* He had *done a generous act*, and for that act was *rewarded:*—mark the word, Abdallah,—REWARDED with his freedom! *Rewarded!* such a reward as hell itself would grant to suffering humanity! such a reward as fiends might stand by and laugh at! He was *liberated* because he *was old* and *feeble*, and could no longer serve his harsh employer. He was freed from bondage, and driven on the world helpless, unprotected,—in poverty and want, to *starve!*"

Here the rage of Perault arose to a fearful pitch. His eyes gleamed with supernatural fire, his figure seemed dilating, and the foam boiled from his mouth, as he paced to and fro, like an infuriated tiger.

* The reader need not be reminded that many of the African tribes, from their intercourse with the Arabians, hold the faith of Mahomet.

"Yet, Abdallah," he continued, "the sufferings of that old man only accelerated my deadly purpose. O'er the dead body of my unhappy father, I swore eternal hatred to the white oppressors, and vowed that I would never rest till I had effected the freedom of my unhappy negro brethren. Under the pretence of celebrating my father's funeral, I assembled a large body of the discontented negroes in the city. I told them of my father's fate, and pointed out many other instances of a similar nature. I asked if the same fate might not be ours, when we were old and feeble? I called upon them to strike for freedom, and to save themselves and their posterity from bondage. Their hearts responded to my wishes. In that hour we formed a secret combination; each pledged solemnly to spread the flames of discord, and to rally our negro brethren around the standard of liberty. The work went on in secret and in silence. Every hour fresh numbers were added to our cause. Arms and ammunition were purchased, and concealed in various quarters. A number of freed negroes, in our bands, joined the coasting vessels, in order to practise navigation; so that, when an insurrection broke out, there would be no lack of experienced sailors, to carry us from this hateful coast. A communication was opened with Christophe, the negro king of Hayti, in Saint Domingo; and a territory in that island was allotted to us. It latterly became necessary that I, the principal leader in the plot, should meet with King Christophe, to arrange our final plans. This was difficult to accomplish; but fortune favoured our cause. Major Maitland, a young officer in the Cadet Brigade, had recently returned from Cuba, and his mild and gentle manners made a deep impression on the negroes around; and one or two of his own slaves, who were in the plot, began to feel lukewarm in the cause. *They went amissing suddenly:* it was supposed they had fled." A grim, demoniacal sneer overspread the features of Perault, as he narrated this part of his career, which Abdallah soon construed to its proper meaning.

"They *fled*," he said. "Ah! Perault—but whither fled they?—from earth, and from its sorrows—freed by thy hand, perchance!"

"The sharks in the Ashley river can best tell the tale," said Perault, carelessly. "But the deed was necessary for our safety. Be this as it may. Thou hast heard of this outbreak of the Indians?"

"I have," answered the Obi. "But why have the Red Cherokees left their native wilds to rush to certain danger?"

"Some time ago," continued Perault, "a party of them encamped within ten miles of the city. On pretence of making their chiefs some presents, I went to their tents, and found means to wile these haughty savages into conversation. I lamented the loss of their hunting-grounds, and fishing-stations on the sea-coast; and finding they lent a ready ear, added, that were I a leader in their nation, I would not cut off the smaller villages of the white people, but assemble the whole warriors of the tribe, and destroy the inhabitants of the *larger cities*, which might be taken by surprise at night; and that being done, the smaller towns could readily be seized, and the whites massacred; and that thus the Indians might recover their power, and hold their native forests free. The subtile savages caught at the idea. I complained of the lot of the poor negroes, who I told them were once, like themselves, free, till the white man made them his slaves; hinted at the negroes aiding the Cherokees; and before I left the camp, arranged with them the attack on Carlville."

"Perault, Perault!" exclaimed the Obi, "beware, beware. Behold the Red Cherokee has been scattered before the power of the white man."

"Not so," answered Perault; "the Red Cherokees are now mustering fast around this spot. Ere long, their wild war-whoop shall arouse the forest echoes, and the boasted troops of Carlville sink before them."

"How effected ye the interview with King Christophe?" inquired the Obi.

"By a lucky stroke of policy, Abdallah," answered Perault, grimly smiling. "Colonel Waldenberg was on the eve of marriage with Miss Bellgrove, when Major Maitland stepped into her good graces. It was an easy matter to rouse Waldenberg to jealousy; and by vague reports, and well-timed innuendoes, I inspired him with a thirst for revenge. I watched my opportunity; and one night, at the Assembly, hinted I had heard a rumour of her breaking off intercourse with him, and marrying Maitland. He saw them both in close conversation. Filled with rage, he commanded me to bring his pistols: with joy I obeyed. It mattered little to me which fell, as I was well supplied with gold for flight. I returned with the pistols; and requesting a private conversation with Maitland, enticed him to the garden. There Waldenberg encountered him. Maitland at first positively refused to fire; till Waldenberg, threatening to brand him as a coward, roused him to anger. They fired, and Maitland fell, severely wounded. The cry of assassination arose, and notwithstanding Waldenberg's reluctance, I forced him to flight. I had engaged a schooner bound to Port-au-Prince: we arrived there; and Waldenberg being too ill to travel, I obtained permission to view part of the island. Leaving my master with Petion and his mulatto brood, I hastened on to Hayti, and had an interview with Christophe. It was attended with complete success. Ha, Abdallah! when I looked upon the sable visage of that king, and saw the weak supporters of his power, methought the crown of Hayti pressed *my* brows, and the sceptre was already in my grasp. Oh! godlike ambition, how I adore thee!"

"Would ambition induce thee to hurl Christophe, the king who befriends thy cause, from his throne?" said the Obi, with surprise.

"Why not?" said Perault. "He who has the soul to *dare* can *do*. Crowns and thrones are the game of daring minds: all fact, all history shows it. What! think ye that *I* would lead my warlike thousands through blood, through battle, and through well-won vengeance, to bid them crouch to any other power than mine? No, no, Abdallah. I will reign supreme—I will bear no

secondary part. But now, Abdallah, to my purpose. Thou knowest the Lady of Myrtlegrove?"

"I do," answered the Obi; "and kind has she been to the poor negro."

"She is on the eve of marriage with Waldenberg," said Perault.

The Obi started, and tremblingly said, "Then I am no longer safe."

"Thy safety depends upon thyself," said Perault. "Thou, by thy fancied magic powers, must have a powerful sway over the negroes on Myrtlegrove and the neighbouring plantations!"

"'Tis true," said the Obi; "my bidding is like the word of fate to them."

"Then thou must be their leader. The torch of discord is already laid in these plantations: thou must fan it into a flame. All is ready to lead our countrymen from this land of bondage to a land of light and liberty."

"Say how I can aid thee and thy cause," exclaimed the Obi. "Show me but the way, and I will follow it in the face of death!"

"*There* is a Christain fanatic to join thee in thy labours," said Perault; "one who, moved by fancied zeal, left off his trade of *shoemaker*, in New York, to preach a crusade against slavery. He was seized in Carlville, and tarred and feathered. I took advantage of his rage, and fired his mind with the hopes of vengeance. He has proved of powerful aid in stirring up the discontented negroes. Under the mask of religion, he gives vent but to his own feelings and thirst for vengeance. He will soon make the negroes in Myrtlegrove unhappy: follow thou thy calling in his steps."

"Trust not to the pale-faced Christian," said the Obi; "he will deceive and betray thee."

"He dare not," answered Perault; "his own life would pay the forfeit. As to his religion, it matters not to me whether *my* followers be followers of the Cross or of the Koran. When we pass a brook, we ask not that the stepping-stones be made of solid marble."

"Does this Christian follow thee to Hayti?" inquired the Obi.

"No," said Perault, fiercely; "nor one of his hateful brood. His fate is already sealed; let that content thee."

A loud roll of thunder shook the hut to its foundation, and the sheeted lightning gleamed broad and brightly through the crevices of the frail tenement. Perault and Abdallah started and listened for a few seconds attentively. A still and sullen silence followed, and not even a leaf of the surrounding forest was heard to stir. Then, piercing on the night's dull ear, arose the roar of the dreaded panther, and the wild and melancholy howl of the startled wolf, mingling with the shrill cry of the racoon, and the thrilling rattle of the rattlesnake. Again all sunk into silence; then the thunder rolled in horrific peals, and the heavens seemed one broad sheet of living fire clutching the earth in its blazing embrace.

"The Tornado has set in earlier than I expected," said Perault. "However, I must face it, and hie me homewards."

"Nay, Perault," said the Obi, "you cannot venture out to-night. Hark to the panthers' and the wolves' wild cry. You are alone and unarmed—you cannot brave them."

Perault laid his hand on the Obi's arm, and, grimly smiling, answered, "The wildest beast of prey that roams the forest, the subtlest snake that crawls, seem to have virtues in their nature, which man, frail man, doth sadly want. Believe me, my good Abdallah, that amongst the human race, you will meet with those in whose breast the bloody temper of the panther, the ravenous nature of the wolf, and the subtile poison of the snake, are all combined, without one portion of their better qualities."

"Most true," replied the Obi. "Yet, still, Perault, you must not venture forth to-night."

"Give me a hatchet," said Perault; "and let panther, wolf, or white man—worse than both, cross my path if they dare!"

"Rest thee till morning, Perault. Hark how the thunder rolls,—see how the vivid lightnings blaze," said the Obi.

"There is a melody in the rolling thunder," answered Perault, "which sounds like sweetest music in mine ear. There is a beauty in the lightning's blaze, when it seems scorching up the hateful earth, that my heart rejoices in. The thunder's roll, the lightning's blaze, seem kindred to my soul; therefore I fear them not."

"Then, if thou wilt persist, I will accompany thee to the verge of the forest," said the Obi.

"Not one step, my kinsman. I would not have thee expose thy grey hairs to this angry blast. Cherish thyself well, my good Abdallah, for the day of our vengeance which is at hand."

"Nay, stay but one moment," entreated the Obi. "Hark, the thunder rolls away in the distance. There comes the rain; all will soon be clear."

A loud rushing wind was heard throughout the forest: crashing, tearing, and uprooting the huge trees, it bore onward in its resistless course. Then came the rain, no stinted shower. It seemed as if ocean had usurped the place of heaven, and was pouring down on earth a second deluge.

"Rest but a few seconds," urged the Obi; "the rain will soon be over—all will be calm again."

"Then," said Perault, "I will remain."

He seated himself at the side of the Obi. "And now," said he, "tell me of the land of my birth—the sunny clime of my childhood: tell me of its palm-groves, and of its free-born tribes."

The Obi smiled and began a sketch of African life; but Perault suddenly arose and said, "Hark, the rain is over, I must be moving. When I am free, Abdallah, we shall talk of Africa."

The loud sound of the frogs and tree-toads joining in their nightly concert, chiming with the deep-mouthed croaking of the huge bull-frog, and the chirping of myriads of locusts, crickets, and lizards, the hum of the night-bettles, and drone of musquitoes, now arose, mixed with the hissing of the straggling snakes. All seemed awakening into new life. The stars arose bright and clear; not dimly glimmering as in our northern foggy clime, but each large, lustrous, and brilliant, like golden lamps blazing in the heavens; and the milky-way,

dazzling in light and beauty, glowed like a track of burnished gold laid in the realms of glory.

CHAPTER XIV.

"What think you of Zada, Miss Bellgrove's slave-girl?" exclaimed Captain Waldenberg, to Joolay, as they sauntered along the Wandoo.

"Prime wench! capital wench! famous wench!" exclaimed the overseer.

"She seems well educated, and possessed of good accomplishments," said the Captain.

"Yes, yes," said Joolay; "she had the whole benefit of the same teachers with her young lady. Her brother, Zama, too, a fine fellow, was educated with young master Charley, afore the Indgins grabbed hold of him. Zada's not so proud as Zama. Fine wench!—deuce of a pity she's black."

"Poor girl!" sighed the Captain; "what can all her education and accomplishments avail her? Perhaps married to some rude negro, whose only knowledge is how to handle a hoe. What a fate for such a sweet-natured being!"

"Ay," responded Joolay, as he shook his head; "that comes o' educating niggers. Blow me, if ever I saw it turn out good!"

"What regularity in her features!" continued the Captain: "what an elegant figure and gesture! and, when she speaks, her voice sounds like the breathings of a mellow flute!"

"Ay," said Joolay; "I like poor Zada very much. Deuce of a pity but she could be whitewashed! I'd give ten dollars myself for that purpose. Blow me, if it was possible, I'd take her myself!"

"I know not how it is," said the Captain; "but her silvery voice rings still in my ear. What a pity she is a slave!"

"If a body heard her speaking in the dark," observed Joolay, with a wise look, "they wouldn't know her from a white woman. She'd make a famous wife for a blind planter."

"I think she would make a good housekeeper," said the Captain. "And, when one lived comfortably on their own estate amongst negroes, why, she would make a most agreeable companion."

"You've hit it," said Joolay; "that's what makes Miss Bellgrove so fond of Zada. She's a managing wench; and, when she's in a merry mood, she makes one quite happy to hear her."

"Do you think her mistress would sell her?" inquired the Captain, eagerly.

"Sell Zada!" exclaimed Joolay, gaping with surprise. "No, faith no; she wouldn't take two thousand dollars for her."

"I'll give five thousand for her!" exclaimed the Captain.

Joolay turned and stared till his eyes seemed coming out of their apertures. "What the deuce are *you* wanting with Zada?" said he. "Ah, Captain, you're a sly dog!—keh, keh, keh!"

"You mistake my meaning, Mr. Joolay."

"Oh, not a bit, not a bit. I know how you gentlemen of the city act."

"As I live," said the Captain, "here she comes!"

"So she does," said the overseer. "You know there is an old proverb, Speak of the ——, you know it, eh?"

"Good morning, my pretty Zada," cried the Captain. "Whither wend you so early?"

"Hillo, my African Venus!" said Joolay; "gathering dew, eh?"

Zada curtsied lowly, and would have passed; but the Captain suddenly brought Joolay to the right about face, and stood at her side.

"Whither so fast, my pretty girl?" said he. "Mr. Joolay and I are just taking a walk."

"How is Charley this morning?" inquired the overseer. "Getting better, eh?"

"Yes, Sir," answered the timid girl. "He is better; he is now able to converse freely; and, this afternoon, will endeavour to meet my lady."

"And how is Major Maitland?" inquired the Captain.

"Much better, Sir. He is up to-day, and has got his arm in a sling. With a little assistance he could walk now."

"That's right," said Joolay. "Thanks to you and Ooknea, them chaps are getting fast round. Now, if a doctor chap had gotten them, he'd a bolussed and physicked them to death's door, and kept 'em a-bed for a month or two. Nothing like nature herself for working a cure."

"Are you going to see the old sick negress—Katty, I think, you call her?" said the Captain.

"I am, Sir," answered Zada.

"Then we'll go and see her, too. Take my arm, my girl," said the Captain.

"Zounds!" roared Joolay, "what are ye about? Taking me on a friendly visit to an old nigger wench, and going arm in arm with a young one! The puppy's mad, I guess."

Zada had drawn back, on the Captain offering her his arm, and stood with her eyes fixed on the ground, while the Captain felt his face glowing. With mortified feelings he turned to Joolay, and said, "There can be harm in offering aid to one so perfect as Zada."

"Flummery,—stuff! I think I see you meeting the rest of your brother-officers, with a young nigger wench under your wing. Keh, keh, keh! I think I see you! Ecod! you wouldn't hear the last of it for twelve months!"

Zada had glided rapidly onward; and the Captain, extricating his arm from Joolay, would have followed; but the overseer caught him round the waist, and held him as firm as if he had been in the arms of a brown bear. "I tell you, you are mad," said Joolay.

"Just one moment, Mr. Joolay," entreated the Captain. "I'll be back in a moment."

"Don't be foolish," urged the overseer. "Chase any other wench in the plantation, but don't harm that poor girl." So saying, he dragged him reluctantly away.

The Captain, finding remonstrances were vain, went peaceably with the overseer till they reached the house; then, pretending he was going to drink his company, got off. With speedy steps he hied towards Muma Kattey's hut; and, on coming in sight thereof, observed Zada quitting the garden

He advanced: but the girl, catching a glimpse of him, suddenly struck into another path, amongst the shrubbery. "So ho! my haughty girl," thought he, "you avoid me. I'll baulk you yet." He turned, and, hurrying through the myrtles, intercepted Zada in a narrow footpath.

"Well, my pretty girl," said he, as he fronted the abashed maiden; "you see we have met again."

"Allow me to pass, Sir," said she, as the Captain placed himself firmly in the narrow footpath.

"Don't be in a hurry, my sweet girl," said he; "I mean you no harm."

"I hope not, Sir," said she, looking at him with suspicion. "I never harmed you, and why should I dread any injury from you."

"My sweet girl!" said the Captain, "I could listen for ever to the melody of thy voice. Methinks, that in each balmy gale that fans the spreading myrtles, I hear the gentle music of thy tongue!"

The girl stepped back, and looked with indignation on him, as she answered—"Reserve such themes for ears that can listen to them; to my ears they sound as insults."

"Sorry would I be, dear Zada, to offend thee; and if my tongue but speaks the feelings of my heart, surely you cannot deem that rudeness."

"Such language, Sir, is not for me to listen to. You seem to forget that I am a negress and a slave."

"And if I can forget thou art a negress, I have the power, sweet girl, to buy thy freedom," said he, earnestly.

"Insult my feelings no longer with this ribaldry," said she. "Suffer me to pass, Sir, else I turn again."

"Nay, Zada, I mean no insult. I have been brought up from childhood amongst thy race; and my eyes are more accustomed to the African than the white complexion. Wonder not, then, that in meeting one so perfect as thyself, I should take an interest in thy fate, and wish to make thee happy."

"That lies not in your power," answered the girl. "And I am sorry that Captain Waldenberg's gallantry soars no higher, than in coining flattery for the ears of poor slave girls." She turned, and would have fled; but the Captain, springing forward, caught her in his arms.

"Unhand me, Sir!" exclaimed the girl, while her eyes flashed with anger.

"Listen to me, Zada," he entreated.

"Unhand me!" she again exclaimed. "I thought you more of a gentleman and a man of honour, than to insult a helpless negress."

"I am a Carolinian," answered he. "That name might guarantee thy safety, and quell thy foolish fears."

"I trust not to it," she answered, struggling to extricate herself from his embrace. "Unhand me, Sir. This is most unmanly conduct. Release your hold, or my cries will bring me speedy aid." She burst from his arms, and, with the speed of the frightened fawn, fled along the path.

Charles pursued her closely; and, just as he was gaining on her, she darted into a footpath leading through the forest—when, to his chagrin, he beheld Perault standing on the walk before him. The Captain paused; and with all the fiery, haughty temper of his countrymen when roused, demanded of Perault what he did there?

"Not to interfere with your sport, my young and honoured master," answered Perault. "Don't let me interrupt your chase—the game is yet in sight."

"Dog of a slave, what insolence is this?"

"*Slave* I am," answered Perault, bitterly; "dog I may be!"

"What mean you, Sirrah?"

"Simply that, as a dog, I may bring down the game for you!"

"Explain yourself, Sir."

"Pardon me, my honoured master, if I, your brother's humble slave, address you thus. I see how your mind, and, I dare say, your affections, lie. That girl, slave as she is, might grace an Eastern throne. Nay, blush not at my rude language to you. Master Charles, I wish you well; and I, although a poor negro, would wish to aid you in your utmost desires."

"And, pray, how would you aid me?" said Charles, with a sneer.

Perault fixed his eyes full on him, with a glance so deep, so penetrating, that it seemed to search the inmost recesses of his heart. "The young men of the city," he answered, "are at times caught by the graces of our negresses; and how often will you find that they continue in that attachment in opposition to the will of all their friends. Is it any wonder, then, that a young sensitive mind should be attracted by the superior graces of a young negress, who, to beauty and regularity of form and features, which might eclipse the boasted beauties of your land, unites a purity of mind, an elevation of soul, and an accomplished understanding, surpassing even the beauties of your polished city?"

"To whom do you allude," said Charles, scarcely trusting a look at Perault, so much did every word tell upon his heart. "If this negress be all you say, why not unite your fate to hers?"

"And rear children for the *Slave Market!*" added Perault. "No, no! Master Charles. Were all mankind of my mind, there would be less sin and misery in this world. That girl is not formed to become the wife of a poor despised slave. Zada must aim at something nobler."

"And, pray, what would you have her be?"

"Under the protection of one who could esteem her amiable qualities—one like thyself!"

"Plainly spoken! And what would I do with her?"

"Carry her to your plantation on the Santee. Keep her there!"

"And how am I to get her there?"

"Leave that to me. To be plain with you, Master Charles, your brother would be happy if this girl was away from Miss Bellgrove. She engrosses too much of her mistress' affections. Besides, Zada is continually praising Major Maitland, and on all occasions holds him up as a paragon."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Charles, somewhat thrown off his guard by the tone in which Perault conveyed his information. "Can Zada love Maitland?"

"I doubt it not," answered Perault; "and it were high time, for your brother's sake, she should be disposed of."

"But her mistress; what would she say?" said Charles, with an abstracted, hesitating look.

"When Miss Bellgrove is your brother's wife, she will think less of it," replied Perault. "A thousand dollars or two will settle the difference——"

"I will think of it," said Charles, turning away.

"You must think quickly, then," said the designing villain. "What if Zada should tell her mistress of your attempt on her to-day?"—Charles started, and turned fiercely on him.—"Should it come to your brother's ears—or get amongst your comrades?—Should it be noised abroad in the city that this saucy negro girl spurned you?—Nay, if Major Maitland hears of it, and asks the girl from Miss Bellgrove, she may yield her, to get rid of his importunities.—Twill be too good a theme for jesting, that the gay Captain Waldenberg was rejected and spurned at by a negress and a slave!"

Charles placed his hand upon his dagger, and angrily said, "Take care, Perault, that I don't stop *your* jesting!"

"Nay, Master Charles, I merely mentioned this to show the necessity of securing this girl for your own sake!"

"What would you have me do?" said Charles.

"Ask leave of absence from your brother instantly—retire to Santee; and I pledge my word, nay, by the bones of my mother, I swear!—an oath which negro never broke—I will place this haughty slave girl in your power within two days."

"Meet me this evening in my apartments; I will settle this with you," said Charles, as he walked away.

"And if *my plot* succeeds!" said Perault to himself, with a withering sneer.

"Why you look so sad now, Zama?" said Whackie to his friend, as they stood watching for Mr. Bellgrove's arrival. "You no speak to me now so kind as you use for do."

"You are mistaken," answered Zama, with a faint smile. "I still love you, Whackie."

"I no tink dat. Since Perault was come, you always wid him; and den I most always attend Massa Joolay. I quite tire ob look at him dam ogly face. I tink tree or two time for run away."

"Run away!" said Zama. "Where to?"

"Home again to de plantation," answered Whackie, "and leab Massa Joolay for take care ob heshef."

"But would you not like to run away from this country altogether?" inquired Zama.

"Me? No; where de debil I was run to?"

"If there was a lovelier and a better country than this, where the negroes were all free, would you not like to go there?"

"What I is do dere?"

"If you were to be happy there, would you not fight for liberty to get to it?"

"Fight! Who I fight wid?" inquired Whackie.

"With the white men," said Zama.

"Gor Amighty!" exclaimed Whackie, "me go fight wid Buccra? Oh Lor! Zama, you is go mad!"

Zama would have answered; but, looking up, he beheld his sister hurrying with speed through a glade, as if she were pursued. Fleeing rapidly towards her, he caught her, and the girl clung to him as she looked with terror backwards.

"What ails thee, Zada? Who pursues thee?" he inquired eagerly.

"A hot-headed fool," she answered. "But I am near thee, my brother, and am safe."

"Who dared to harm thee? You tremble and seem frightened."

"Never mind," said the panting girl; "let us proceed homewards."

"No negro dared to harm thee, Zada. If it was a white man, tell me; and, slave though I be, I shall let the villain feel a brother's vengeance."

"No, no, Zama; think no more of it; he was a fool, and more worthy of contempt than anger."

"You conceal his name, then?"

"To tell it thee would only lead thee into trouble. I have suffered no wrong, let that suffice thee. Nay, do not frown. 'Twill grieve me more to see thee angry with me."

"Angry with thee, Zada? No, I'll smile on thee, if that will banish grief."

She looked up fondly in his face and said, "You are ill, Zama; your hand feels feverish, and your sunken eyes bespeak the languor of disease."

"Why dost thou think so?" he said.

"My lady has observed it too; thy restless glance, thy broken sighs, show there is something weighing on thy mind. My lady thinks that there is something wrong."

"Thy lady! does she ever talk of me?"

"She does, and often. Why startest thou at the mention of her name? When thy master comes she means to ask him to transfer thee to her service. You start again; nay, now your eyes are lighted up with joy! She will exchange two favourite slaves for thee."

"Cease, Zada, cease! that has dispelled the charm. Slavery, thou hideous fiend! which ever way I turn my eyes, I view thee still. Barter me! Eternal Ruler of the universe! What crimes have our forefathers committed, that we their offspring should be treated thus? the brand of slavery stamped upon our brow, bartered from hand to hand like beasts of burden! It shall not long be so, he muttered fiercely. No, my Zada; we shall yet be free. To other climes I'll bear thee, where I can look upon thee with a brother's pride, and tell thee that this hand hath won thy freedom!" He clasped her in his arms.

"What Utopian dream is this, my brother?" said the girl, looking on him with fondness and surprise. "How canst thou achieve our freedom? Why quit this happy land, our birth-place, and the scene of youthful happy days? You smile. I knew you spoke in jest;" and the gentle negro girl bent her head upon his shoulder.

"Wouldst thou roam with me, my sister, to a land where slavery is unknown, and where thy brother's arm would gain thee rank and honour?"

"Where is that unknown region?" said the girl as she smiled in his face. 'Tis not on earth; for slavery binds her chains on all mankind, and with gigantic steps stalks through the world, cherished by all, though under different titles."

"What if thy mistress were to die?" said Zama.

"Then I would look for that land where slavery is indeed unknown, where bond and free are all alike—and to that Master, in whose holy eyes the humble negro and the haughty white alike may meet with favour."

"My noble-minded sister! the day may yet come, when thy sweet voice shall give praises to that Power by whose aid the negro wrought his freedom."

"No more of this, my brother. If you possessed the freedom that you covet, you would find it like the rainbow's flitting hues, ever pursued and ever farther from it. If want and penury assailed thee in a foreign land,—if sickness and disease should waste thy frame, and I stood by thy couch, watching o'er thee, unable as I am to aid thee,—we might sigh again for the land we had left, and the sunny banks of the Wandoo, where we had kind hearts to aid and cherish us."

The distant sound of music now fell upon their ears, and Whackie came running towards them.

"You hear dat, Zama?" he cried. "He Massa boat. Dere him is, ha, ha, ha! my own Massa—my good Massa—my bootiful Massa!" And the poor fellow ran over every term of endearment, as he danced with joy—when, shooting round the turn of the river, an elegant barge, manned by eight gaily-dressed rowers, darted along the broad waters, the merry rowers keeping time with their voices to the oars, as they chanted a negro boat-song. They sweeped towards the landing-place. Zama flew towards the beach, the boat touched the sand, and Mr. Bellgrove came on shore, and folded Zama in a fond embrace. "My own, my noble Zama, accept a father's thanks, a father's blessing, for the services rendered to his son." The unexpected fondness of the salutation struck the negro to the heart: with a faint cry, he covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears. "This, this," he thought, "is the man whom I have sworn to injure!"

Whackie advanced, ducking down his head, and clapping his hands in a delirium of joy, exclaiming, "My own good Massa!" And Mr. Bellgrove, catching him by both hands, shook them kindly as he said, "And you too, my honest, good Whackie, shall not go unrewarded for your gallant conduct."

"Oh! Lor!" exclaimed Whackie, with a shout of joy; "look at dat: my own Massa is shake my hand! Zama, you see dat?"

"And thou, my gentle girl," said Mr. Bellgrove, as he pressed Zada in his arms, "how can a father's heart thank thee for the kindness shown towards his long-lost son!"

"Ah, my dear master," said she, "you overrate the services of the humble negress."

"Thy purity of mind and gentleness of heart, sweet girl, might grace a nobler circle than the friends around thee," said Mr. Bellgrove.

"Let the esteem of those the poor slave loves be Zada's best reward," was the answer of the girl as she bent her eyes upon the ground.

"Come, Zada, lead me to my son—grief hath made sad inroads in my frame, and this most rapturous event hath shaken me more. Thy arm, my gentle Zada; Zama, thine." Leaning on the two he approached the mansion-house. At the entrance he was met by Matilda, Letia, Mr. Norrisville, and the rest. It was a silent but affecting meeting; and one would have thought, as Mr. Bellgrove embraced his friends, that he had come to follow the corpse of his son to the grave, instead of having him restored to his arms again. They entered the house, and Mr. Bellgrove earnestly entreated that they would lead him to his son, when Zada, with a smile, said, "Remain here for a little. He expected you ere now, and is prepared to meet you. Rest and kind attendance have greatly recruited his wasted strength; his wound was but slight, and he is fast recovering. He is up to-day, and I will tell him you are here." She glided from the apartment, and in a few minutes returned along with Ooknea, supporting young Bellgrove. With an exclamation of joy the youth tottered forward, and sunk upon his father's breast; broken exclamations of joy and tears of gladness were the only utterance their hearts would allow; and one by one his friends gathered around him, expressing their happiness at his restoration.

"There is one fond heart awanting yet to bid me welcome," said the youth, as he looked eagerly around. "Where is my adored mother? They told me she was happy; why is she not here?"

"She doubtless beholds thee my son, and shares in the bless we feel at thy restoration," said Mr. Bellgrove.

"Lead me to her then. Oh, my father, when chained to the Indian's fiery stake, and all their horrid tortures around me, the bitterest pang that wrung my heart was, that I should ne'er again behold her. When I fled from them, and set captivity and death at defiance, the fond hope of meeting *her* nerved my heart, and prompted me on my perilous attempt. You weep—you all look sad. My mother! surely there is nothing wrong with her?"

"Alas, my son!" said Mr. Bellgrove, "she is beyond all earthly sorrow now."

"No, no!" exclaimed the youth, as every nerve of his frame seemed relaxing, and he sunk on the ground. They raised him, and a wild burst of grief nearly overpowered him, when Mr. Bellgrove, anxious to divert his thoughts to another channel, said, "Compose yourself; see, your old friend and schoolmate, Zama, is eager to salute you." Zama rushed forward and cast himself at his feet. Charles stretched out his arms to him, when Zama, starting suddenly up, struck his forehead with his hands and darted from the room.

R. K. R.

(To be continued.)

LONG AGO!

A LYRICAL ELEGY.—WRITTEN ON REVISITING A SCENE OF INFANCY.

BY JOSEPH DOWNES, AUTHOR OF "THE MOUNTAIN DECAMERON."

I.

SCENE of my boyhood's hours of joy,
Thy *name* remains, familiar scene;
But changed, as *I* am from a boy,
Art thou from that old Westbourne Green,*
Whose trees and streams and flowers among,
I lingered when the sun was low,
The brook ran stilly—cuckoo sung,—
When I was innocent and young,
Long long ago!

II.

Though now the loud suburban crowd
O'er all its buried beauty pass,
To *me* th' *old* Green, as from a shroud,
Comes with its stillness and its grass,
Wild brook and cuckoo's lullaby;
But comes the *peace* they brought—that low
Mild sun, soft song, and golden sky!
Ah, no! to this dark heart and eye,
That sun hath set eternally,
Long long ago!

III.

Ah! sound of woe, that "Long Ago,"
What tragedies are in that word!
Joys we have known, no more to know,
Rising like ghosts as soon as heard!
By Memory's moonlight seen, we start
As their pale forms its "glimpses" show,—
Smiling despair!—in that waste part,—
That haunted solitude of heart,
Life's long ago.

IV.

As th' ice-bound brook, if to its nook
A beam steal from the sickly sun,
Renews its sound, yet sounds that brook
Like some strange subterranean one;
Its babble changed to murmurings lowly
Through ice and perished grass,—ev'n so,
Remember'd joys rise altered wholly,
Through th' ice of years, most melancholy,
Sorrowful ev'n remembered folly,
Of "long ago!"

V.

Why doth that writing, (with joy-bright
Eyes once devoured,) that faded scrawl,—
Now blast yon joyless husband's sight,
As God's handwriting on the wall
Belshazzar's? 'Tis Hope's epitaph,—
Its mere sight to his heart a blow!—
The dear, now dreadful, autograph
Of his home's angel, heart's own half,
Cold long ago!

VI.

Yet Time shall dull his nerves and lull
His pains, and, like a holy book,
Make those outpourings beautiful,
On which he cannot bear to look,—
Her youth's love-letters! long unread;
And as he journeys, sad and slow,
By life's low sun toward her bed,
They yet may soothe him—
Make bliss of woe.

VII.

Vain, vain lament for time mis-spent,
For pleasures fled, and passions flying!
All Earth is Man's vast monument—
All Life but a protracted dying!
Ev'n thou who, with heart blest or bleeding,
Dost on this lay a look bestow,
Hast progress'd nearer death in reading;
Like wave to broken wave succeeding,
Each race rolls o'er the race preceding,
In ceaseless flow.

VIII.

And as each wave 's a rolling grave,
Hiding rich wrecks and ruins vast,
So sleep the Great, the Good, the Brave,
In that great hazy sea, the Past;
As rivers all to Ocean tend,
While through Earth's hundred regions going,
Life's thoroughfares all still *descend;*
All in that black Pacific end,
Where all their fighting billows blend,
All life o'erflowing.

IX.

While bound for Rome to meet his doom,
Jugurtha shared his conqueror's car;
But, having reached his goal of gloom,
Their parted fates how different there,—
Triumphal arch, and earthy pit!
So, Death's the triumph,—Death's the arch,
The car where shortlived conquerors sit;
At Death's right hand, unknowing it,
They march,—but to an earthy pit,
A masqued dead march!

X.

Ev'n *he* of the stupendous throne,
That rose up from a sea of blood,
In earth's eclipse,—(that mountain one,
Which darkened nations while it stood,)
That thunder bearing *king of kings*,
Throneless in that red sea lies low,
He and his vast imaginings,
His slaughters and his slaughterings,
And willowed rock,—already things
Of long ago!

XI.

A child, whose hand on ocean's strand
Builds towers of shells it leaves awhile,
(Soon to roll back o'er buried sand,
And silly child and shelly pile)
Is man! such all the works of man,
Built on an ancient ocean's floor;
Earth's new-come guest, his stay's whole span
Secession of a tide—no more!
Which shall reoccupy that *shore*
He calls *his* world, as once, before
His race began.

XII.

On this old ball thrones rise and fall;—
Life's perished kingdoms swell the clod;
Ev'n the "Most Ancientest" of all
Beneath the throne itself of God,
Our old queen mother Nature's own,
Hath terrible invasion borne,
Time by slow siege invests that throne,
Slow crumbling like a sea-rock's stone,
By waters worn.

XIII.

Unseen, down-trod, within that clod,
Sleep grim the works of Time and Death,
A blank amidst the works of God!
Annihilated life and breath,

* Westbourne Green near Paddington: about forty years ago a retired rural spot frequented by gypsies; now a busy suburb of the West End of London.

Man's elder born of forms unknown!
To things of yesterday how grow
Earth's earliest ages oldest throne!
By Earth's sublimest* art is shown
A lost antiquity below,
That shames Antiquity, till no
Old Time remains beneath Heaven's throne;
Th' antiquity of heaven, Creation's own
Birth-day, sole "Long ago!"

* Geology surely claims this honour.

BORROW'S BIBLE IN SPAIN.

(*Concluded from page 84 of our February No.*)

From the preface of Mr. Borrow's singular narrative of his inroad into Spain, we learn that it was written at a solitary hamlet in a remote part of England. But the author is not a man likely long to remain in quietude or "cold obstroction," whatever shall be the next scene of his adventures. The gypsy propensity which lurks more or less in the nature of every man, save, perhaps, the arrant Cockney, and which breaks out in a thousand ways; in the boy who plays truant, or runs away to sea; in the man's fishing excursions; in boating, yachting, grouse-shooting, and all manner of hardy, adventurous, and wild rambles, must of itself impel our missionary forth; although his remarkable qualifications, physical and intellectual, did not point him out as a man whom nature has fitted to be one of the pioneers of the advanced guard, in those discoveries and enterprises which pave the way for spreading knowledge and civilisation. Labourers of this rare sort must ever be few in number; and they ought to be prized accordingly; nor suffered to remain unemployed, while in every quarter of the globe their services are urgently required. Into how many countries might not men like Borrow repair with advantage as travellers and missionaries? What might they not have to tell us on their return, from Arabia, from Tartary, from the central parts of Hindostan, but, above all these, from China; about which, in the present state of our political and commercial relations, so keen a desire for information exists; and which offers so wide and inviting a field for enlightened missionary enterprise.—According to the nearly uniform testimony of all travellers, it is never the people that present the most formidable obstacles to the European invaders of ignorance and superstition, but the priests and rulers, and all whose selfish interests are fancied to be opposed to the introduction of knowledge and truth. This holds as true of Spain, as of the inveterately-prejudiced regions of Asia, where caste and idolatrous superstition shackle the mind with fetters of triple brass. In proceeding with our eccentric traveller, we find many proofs of this fact in bigoted Spain, on which he remarks—

> It has long been the fashion to talk of the bigotry of the Spaniards, and their mean jealousy of foreigners. This is true to a certain extent; but it chiefly holds good with respect to the upper classes. If foreign valour or talent has never received its proper meed in Spain, the great body of Spaniards are certainly not in fault. I have heard Wellington calumniated in this proud scene of his triumphs, but never by the old soldiers of Aragon and the Asturias, who assisted to vanquish the French at Salamanca and the Pyrenees. I have heard the manner of riding of an English jockey criticised, but it was by the idiotic heir of Medina Celi, and not by a picador of the Madrilenian bull-ring. Apropos of bull-fighters.

But we pass this incident for another.

Executions are fearful spectacles in every country; but their novelty of mode renders them especially so to Englishmen in Spain; though our own "death of a dog," ought, in itself, to be more revolting.

> The criminals were two young men, brothers; they suffered for a most atrocious murder, having in the dead of the night broke open the house of an aged man, whom they put to death, and whose property they stole. Criminals in Spain are not hanged as they are in England, or guillotined as in France, but strangled upon a wooden stage. They sit down on a kind of chair with a post behind, to which is affixed an iron collar with a screw; this iron collar is made to clasp the neck of the prisoner, and on a certain signal it is drawn tighter and tighter by means of the screw, until life becomes extinct. After we had waited amongst the assembled multitude a considerable time, the first of the culprits appeared; he was mounted on an ass, without saddle or stirrups, his legs being allowed to dangle nearly to the ground. He was dressed in yellow or sulphur-coloured robes, with a high-peaked conical red hat on his head, which was shaven. Between his hands he held a parchment, on which was written something, I believe the Confession of Faith. Two Priests led the animal by the bridle; two others walked on either side chanting litanies, amongst which I distinguished the words of heavenly peace and tranquillity, for the culprit had been reconciled to the church, had confessed and received absolution, and had been promised admission to heaven. He did not exhibit the least symptom of fear, but dismounted from the animal and was led, not supported, up the scaffold, where he was placed on the chair, and the fatal collar put round his neck. One of the priests then in a loud voice commenced saying the Belief, and the culprit repeated the words after him. On a sudden, the executioner, who stood behind, commenced turning the screw, which was of prodigious force, and the wretched man was almost instantly a corpse; but, as the screw went round, the priest began to shout, "*pax et misericordia et tranquillitas*," and still as he shouted, his voice became louder and louder till the lofty walls of Madrid rang with it; then stooping down, he placed his mouth close to the culprit's ear, still shouting, just as if he would pursue the spirit through its course to eternity, cheering it on its way. The effect was tremendous. I myself was so excited that I involuntarily shouted "*misericordia*," and so did many others. God was not thought of; Christ was not thought of; only the priest was thought of, for he seemed at that moment to be the first being in existence, and to have the power of opening and shutting the gates of heaven or of hell, just as he should think proper: a striking instance of the successful working of the Popish system, whose grand aim has ever been to keep people's minds as far as possible from God, and to centre their hopes and fears in the priesthood. The execution of the second culprit was precisely similar; he ascended the scaffold a few minutes after his brother had breathed his last.

Long before the expiration of the three months with which Mendizabal had probably meant to wear out the patience of the missionary, that Minister had himself fallen. Isturitz was now the nominal Prime Minister; but Galiano, the Minister of

Marine, was the ablest member of the Government; and to him Mr. Borrow had been introduced. He was a man of some literary pretensions; and he understood the English language so well, that when in England, an exile, he had chiefly supported himself by writing for reviews and journals.

He was a very small and irritable man, and a bitter enemy to every person who stood in the way of his advancement. He hated Mendizabal with undisguised rancour, and never spoke of him but in terms of unmeasured contempt. "I am afraid that I shall have some difficulty in inducing Mendizabal to give me permission to print the Testament," said I to him one day. "Mendizabal is a jackass," replied Galiano. "Caligula made his horse consul, which I suppose induced Lord —— to send over this huge burro of the Stock Exchange to be our minister."

It would be very ungrateful on my part were I not to confess my great obligations to Galiano, who assisted me to the utmost of his power in the business which had brought me to Spain. Shortly after the ministry was formed, I went to him and said, "that now or never was the time to make an effort in my behalf." "I will do so," said he, in a waspish tone; for he always spoke waspishly whether to friend or foe; "but you must have patience for a few days, we are very much occupied at present. We have been outvoted in the Cortes, and this afternoon we intend to dissolve them. It is believed that the rascals will refuse to depart, but Quesada will stand at the door ready to turn them out, should they prove refractory. Come along, and you will perhaps see a funcion." . . . . . .

After an hour's debate, the Cortes were dissolved without it being necessary to call in the aid of the redoubtable Quesada, and Galiano forthwith gave me a letter to his colleague the Duke of Rivas, in whose department he told me was vested the power either of giving or refusing the permission to print the book in question. The duke was a very handsome young man, of about thirty, an Andalusian by birth, like his two colleagues. He had published several works, tragedies, I believe, and enjoyed a certain kind of literary reputation. He received me with the greatest affability; and having heard what I had to say, he replied, with a most captivating bow, and a genuine Andalusian grimace, "Go to my secretary; go to my secretary—*el kara por usted el gusto.*" So I went to the secretary, whose name was Oliban, an Aragonese, who was not handsome, and whose manners were neither elegant nor affable. "You want permission to print the Testament?" "I do," said I. "And you have come to His Excellency about it," continued Oliban. "Very true," I replied. "I suppose you intend to print it without notes." "Yes." "Then His Excellency cannot give you permission," said the Aragonese secretary: "it was determined by the Council of Trent that no part of the scripture should be printed in any Christian country without the notes of the church." "How many years was that ago?" I demanded. "I do not know how many years ago it was," said Oliban; "but such was the decree of the Council of Trent." "Is Spain at present governed according to the decrees of the Council of Trent?" I inquired. "In some points she is," answered the Aragonese, "and this is one. But tell me who are you? Are you known to the British minister?" "O yes, and he takes a great interest in the matter." "Does he?" said Oliban; "that indeed alters the case. If you can show me that His Excellency takes an interest in this business, I certainly shall not oppose myself to it."

The British minister performed all I could wish, and much more than I could expect. . . . I went to the duke, and delivered the letter. He was ten times more kind and affable than before: he read the letter, smiled most sweetly, and then, as if seized with sudden enthusiasm, he extended his arms in a manner almost theatrical, exclaiming, "*Al secretario, el kara por usted el gusto.*" Away I hurried to the secretary, who received me with all the coolness of an icicle: I related to him the words of his principal, and then put into his hand the letter of the British minister to myself. The secretary read it very deliberately, and then said that it was evident His Excellency *did* take an interest in the matter." He then asked me my name, and taking a sheet of paper, sat down as if for the purpose of writing the permission. I was in ecstasy—all of a sudden, however, he stopped, lifted up his head, seemed to consider a moment, and then putting his pen behind his ear, he said, "Amongst the decrees of the Council of Trent is one to the effect" . . . .

"Oh dear!" said I.

"A singular person is this Oliban," said I to Galiano; "you cannot imagine what trouble he gives me; he is continually talking about the Council of Trent."

"I wish he was in the Trent up to the middle," said Galiano, who, as I have observed already, spoke excellent English; "I wish he was there for talking such nonsense. However," said he, "we must not offend Oliban, he is one of us, and has done us much service; he is, moreover, a very clever man, but he is an Aragonese; and when one of that nation once gets an idea into his head, it is the most difficult thing in the world to dislodge it. However, we will go to him; he is an old friend of mine, and I have no doubt but that we shall be able to make him listen to reason."

So powerful was the influence of Galiano, that at the final interview, the Secretary made a set speech to this effect:—

"It is with great pleasure that I see you in this capital, and, I may say, upon this business. I consider it a disgrace to Spain that there is no edition of the Gospel in circulation, at least such a one as would be within the reach of all classes of society, the highest or poorest; one unencumbered with notes and commentaries, human devices, swelling it to an unwieldy bulk. I have no doubt that such an edition as you propose to print would have a most beneficial influence on the minds of the people, who, between ourselves, know nothing of pure religion: how should they? seeing that the Gospel has always been sedulously kept from them, just as if civilisation could exist where the light of the Gospel beameth not. The moral regeneration of Spain depends upon the free circulation of the Scriptures; to which alone England, your own happy country, is indebted for its high state of civilisation, and the unmatched prosperity which it at present enjoys; all this I admit; in fact, reason compels me to do so; but——

"Now for it!" thought I.

"But"—and then he began to talk once more of the wearisome Council of Trent; and I found that his writing in the paper, the offer of the cigar, and the long and prosy harangue, were—what shall I call it?—mere φλυαρία.

So much for diplomacy. There was no getting the better of the Secretary's Council of Trent; and Galiano at last bethought him, that as there was no express law against printing the New Testament in Spain, the best way was just to put it to press. He promised the protection of Isturitz, who was, on trial, found perfectly favourable.

"I have lived long in England," said Isturits: "the Bible is free there, and I see no reason why it should not be free in Spain also. I am not prepared to say that England is indebted for her prosperity to the knowledge which all her children, more or less, possess of the sacred writings; but of one thing I am sure, namely, that the Bible has done no harm in that country, nor do I believe that it will effect any in Spain; print it, therefore, by all means, and circulate it as extensively as possible."

This was shortly before one of the numerous Revolutions that have taken place in Spain; that named the *Granja*, or the Grange, from the Palace to which the Queen Regent had retired when it occurred. Mr. Borrow gives this history of the commencement of that summary affair:—

Early one morning a party of these soldiers, headed by a certain sergeant Garcia, entered her apartment, and proposed that she should subscribe her hand to this con-

stitution, and swear solemnly to abide by it. Christina, however, who was a woman of considerable spirit, refused to comply with this proposal, and ordered them to withdraw. A scene of violence and tumult ensued, but the regent still continuing firm, the soldiers at length led her down to one of the courts of the palace, where stood her well-known paramour, Muñoz, bound and blindfolded. "Swear to the constitution, you she-rogue," vociferated the swarthy sergeant. "Never!" said the spirited daughter of the Neapolitan Bourbons. "Then your cortejo shall die!" replied the sergeant. "Ho! he! my lads; get ready your arms, and send four bullets through the fellow's brain." Muñoz was forthwith led to the wall, and compelled to kneel down; the soldiers levelled their muskets, and another moment would have consigned the unfortunate wight to eternity, when Christina, forgetting everything but the feelings of her woman's heart, suddenly started forward with a shriek, exclaiming, "Hold, hold! I sign, I sign!"

This Revolution was in favour of the Constitutional party. Not the least remarkable incident of the Revolution was the *sang froid* of Mr. D——, the reporter at Madrid, attached to the *Morning Chronicle*. The appearance of the streets from the encounter of hostile parties of soldiers, was most threatening, and the conflict already commencing, when, says Mr. Borrow—

D—— turned upon me his broad, red, good-humoured English countenance, with a peculiarly arch look, as much as to say . . . . . (whatever you think most applicable, gentle reader,) then taking me by the arm, "Let us get," said he, "out of this crowd, and mount to some window where I can write down what is about to take place, for I agree with you that mischief is meant. Just opposite the post-office was a large house, in the topmost story of which we beheld a paper displayed, importing that apartments were to let; whereupon we instantly ascended the common stair, and having agreed with the mistress of the étage for the use of the front room for the day, we bolted the door, and the reporter, producing his pocket-book and pencil, prepared to take notes of the coming events, which were already casting their shadows before.

What most extraordinary men are these reporters of newspapers in general—I mean English newspapers. Surely if there be any class of individuals who are entitled to the appellation of cosmopolites, it is these; who pursue their avocation in all countries indifferently, and accommodate themselves at will to the manners of all classes of society. Their fluency of style, as writers, is only surpassed by their facility of language in conversation; and their attainments in classical and polite literature only by their profound knowledge of the world, acquired by an early introduction into its bustling scenes. The activity, energy, and courage which they occasionally display, in the pursuit of information, are truly remarkable. I saw them, during the Three Days, at Paris, mingled with canaille and gamins behind the barriers, whilst the mitraille was flying in all directions, and the desperate cuirassiers were dashing their fierce horses against these seemingly feeble bulwarks. There stood they, dotting down their observations in their pocket-books, as unconcernedly as if reporting the proceedings of a Reform meeting in Covent Garden or Finsbury Square; whilst in Spain, several of them accompanied the Carlist and Christino guerillas in some of their most desperate raids and expeditions, exposing themselves to the danger of hostile bullets, the inclemency of winter, and the fierce heat of the summer sun.

The scene which the compatriots overlooked must have been not a little inspiring:—

The house in which we had stationed ourselves was, as I have already observed, just opposite to the post-office, at the left of which, this street debouches from the north into the Puerta del Sol. As the sounds became louder and louder, the cries of the crowd below diminished, and a species of panic seemed to have fallen upon all. Once or twice, however, I could distinguish the words, Quesada! Quesada! The foot soldiers stood calm and motionless, but I observed that the cavalry, with the young officer who commanded them, displayed both confusion and fear, exchanging with each other some hurried words. All of a sudden that part of the crowd which stood near the mouth of the Calle de Carretas fell back in great disorder, leaving a considerable space unoccupied, and the next moment Quesada, in complete general's uniform, and mounted on a bright bay thorough-bred English horse, with a drawn sword in his hand, dashed at full gallop into the area, in much the same manner as I have seen a Manchegan bull rush into the amphitheatre when the gates of his pen are suddenly flung open.

He was closely followed by two mounted officers, and at a short distance by as many dragoons. In almost less time than is sufficient to relate it, several individuals in the crowd were knocked down, and lay sprawling upon the ground beneath the horses of Quesada and his two friends; for as to the dragoons, they halted as soon as they had entered the Puerta del Sol. It was a fine sight to see three men, by dint of valour and good horsemanship, strike terror into at least as many thousands. I saw Quesada spur his horse repeatedly into the dense masses of the crowd, and then extricate himself in the most masterly manner. The rabble were completely awed, and gave way, retiring by the Calle del Commercio and the street of Alcala. All at once Quesada singled out two nationals who were attempting to escape, and, setting spurs to his horse, turned them in a moment, and drove them in another direction, striking them in a contemptuous manner with the flat of his sabre. He was crying out, "Long live the absolute queen!" when, just beneath me, amidst a portion of the crowd which had still maintained its ground, perhaps from not having the means of escaping, I saw a small gun glitter for a moment, then there was a sharp report, and a bullet had nearly sent Quesada to his long account, passing so near to the countenance of the general as to graze his hat. I had an indistinct view, for a moment, of a well-known foraging-cap, just about the spot from whence the gun had been discharged; then there was a rush of the crowd, and the shooter, whoever he was, escaped discovery amidst the confusion which arose.

As for Quesada, he seemed to treat the danger from which he had escaped with the utmost contempt. He glared about him fiercely for a moment, then leaving the two nationals, who sneaked away like whipped hounds, he went up to the young officer who commanded the cavalry, and who had been active in raising the cry of the constitution, and to him he addressed a few words with an air of stern menace. The youth evidently quailed before him, and, probably in obedience to his orders, resigned the command of the party, and rode slowly away with a discomfited air; whereupon Quesada dismounted, and walked slowly backwards and forwards before the Casa de Postas, with a mien which seemed to bid defiance to mankind.

This was the glorious day of Quesada's existence—his glorious and last day. I call it the day of his glory, for he certainly never before appeared under such brilliant circumstances, and he never lived to see another sun set. No action of any conqueror or hero on record, is to be compared with this closing scene of the life of Quesada; for who, by his single desperate courage and impetuosity, ever before stopped a revolution in full course! Quesada did: he stopped the revolution at Madrid for one entire day, and brought back the uproarious and hostile mob of a huge city to perfect order and quiet. His burst into the Puerta del Sol was the most tremendous and successful piece of daring ever witnessed. I admired so much the spirit of the "brute bull," that I frequently, during his wild onset, shouted "Viva Quesada!" for I wished him well. Not that I am of *any* political party or system. No, no! I have lived too long with Rommany Chals and Petulengres, to be of any politics save Gypsy politics.

Yet Quesada fled that same night in disguise. He was taken at a few leagues from Madrid, and prepared for the death which awaited him.

After losing his friends in power by this Revolution, Mr. Borrow hastily returned to England to consult his principals, and made his next attempt or lodgement in Seville. At several of the bookshops in that city he found copies of the New Testament in Spanish, which had been brought in through Gibraltar.

The following adventure, one of many of a similar character, tells, by reflection, a good deal of our hero, as well as of his mysterious friend :—

I had returned from a walk in the country, on a glorious sunshiny morning of the Andalusian winter, and was directing my steps towards my lodging. As I was passing by the portal of a large gloomy house near the gate of Xeres, two individuals, dressed in zamarras, emerged from the archway, and were about to cross my path, when one, looking in my face, suddenly started back, exclaiming in the purest and most melodious French, "What do I see! If my eyes do not deceive me, it is himself. Yes; the very same as I saw him first at Bayonne; then, long subsequently, beneath the brick wall at Novogorod; then beside the Bosphorus; and last at—at—Oh, my respectable and cherished friend, where was it that I had last the felicity of seeing your well-remembered and most remarkable physiognomy!"

Myself.—It was in the south of Ireland, if I mistake not. Was it not there that I introduced you to the sorcerer who tamed the savage horses by a single whisper into their ear! But tell me what brings you to Spain and Andalusia—the last place where I should have expected to find you!

Baron Taylor.—And wherefore, my most respectable B * * * * *! Is not Spain the land of the arts; and is not Andalusia, of all Spain, that portion which has produced the noblest monuments of artistic excellence and inspiration! Surely you know enough of me to be aware that the arts are my passion; that I am incapable of imagining a more exalted enjoyment than to gaze in adoration on a noble picture. O come with me! for you too have a soul capable of appreciating what is lovely and exalted,—a soul delicate and sensitive. Come with me, and I will show you a Murillo such as . . . . . But first allow me to introduce you to your compatriot. My dear Monsieur W.,—turning to his companion, (an English gentleman from whom, and from his family, I subsequently experienced unbounded kindness and hospitality on various occasions, and at different periods, at Seville,)—allow me to introduce to you my most cherished and respectable friend; one who is better acquainted with Gypsy ways than the Chef des Bohemiens á Triana; one who is an expert whisperer and horse-sorcerer; and who—to his honour I say it—can wield hammer and tongs, and handle a horse-shoe with the best of the smiths amongst the Alpujarras of Granada.

In the course of my travels I have formed various friendships and acquaintances, but no one has more interested me than Baron Taylor, and there is no one for whom I entertain a greater esteem and regard. . . . . There is a mystery about him, which, wherever he goes, serves not a little to increase the sensation naturally created by his appearance and manner. Who he is, no one pretends to assert with downright positiveness: it is whispered, however, that he is a scion of royalty; and who can gaze for a moment upon that most graceful figure, that most intelligent but singularly moulded countenance, and those large and expressive eyes, without feeling as equally convinced that he is of no common lineage, as that he is no common man.

He has been employed by the illustrious house to which he is said to be related in more than one delicate and important mission, both in the East and the West in which his efforts have uniformly been crowned with complete success. He was now collecting masterpieces of the Spanish school of painting, which were destined to adorn the saloons of the Tuilleries.

He has visited most portions of the earth, and it is remarkable enough that we are continually encountering each other in strange places, and under singular circumstances. Whenever he descries me, whether in the street or the desert, the brilliant hall or amongst Bedouin haimas, at Novogorod or Stambul, he flings up his arms and exclaims, "O ciel! I have again the felicity of seeing my cherished and most respectable B*****."

The *low life* characters of this singular book, are, however, more in the style of Le Sage, and also more true to universal nature. At Madrid, Mr. Borrow, when in the habit of lounging about the banks of the canal, picked up an acquaintance with a shrewd fellow, whose occupation was selling oranges and iced water at a particular corner. His observations on the passers-by were equal to reading the *Charivari*. The orangeman was an Asturian by birth, about five feet high, and fifty years of age.

He was a fellow of infinite drollery, and, though he could scarcely read or write, by no means ignorant of the ways of the world: his knowledge of individuals was curious and extensive, few people passing his stall with whose names, character, and history he was not acquainted. "Those two gentry," said he, pointing to a magnificently dressed cavalier and lady, who had dismounted from a carriage, and arm in arm were coming across the wooden bridge, followed by two attendants; "those gentry are the Infante Francisco Paulo, and his wife the Neapolitana, sister of our Christina; he is a very good subject, but as for his wife—vaya—the veriest scold in Madrid; she can say carrajo with the most ill-conditioned carrier of la Mancha, giving the true emphasis and genuine pronunciation. Don't take off your hat to her, amigo—she has neither formality nor politeness—I once saluted her, and she took no more notice of me than if I had not been what I am, an Asturian and a gentleman, of better blood than herself. Good day, Señor Don Francisco. Que tal (*how goes it*)? very fine weather this—*vaya su merced con Dios.* Those three fellows who just stopped to drink water, are great thieves, true sons of the prison; I am always civil to them, for it would not do to be on ill terms; they pay me or not, just as they think proper. I have been in some trouble on their account: about a year ago they robbed a man a little farther on beyond the second bridge. By the way, I counsel you, brother, not to go there, as I believe you often do—it is a dangerous place. They robbed a gentleman and ill-treated him; but his brother, who was an escribano, was soon upon their trail, and had them arrested; but he wanted some one to identify them, and it chanced that they had stopped to drink water at my stall, just as they did now. This the escribano heard of, and forthwith had me away to the prison to confront me with them. I knew them well enough, but I had learnt in my travels when to close my eyes and when to open them; so I told the escribano that I could not say that I had ever seen them before. He was in a great rage, and threatened to imprison me; I told him he might, and that I cared not. Vaya, I was not going to expose myself to the resentment of those three, and to that of their friends; I live too near the Haymarket for that.—Good day, my young masters. Murcian oranges, as you see; the genuine dragon's blood. Water sweet and cold. Those two boys are the children of Gabiria, comptroller of the queen's household, and the richest man in Madrid; they are nice boys, and buy much fruit. It is said their father loves them more than all his possessions. The old woman who is lying beneath yon tree is Tia Lucilla; she has committed murders, and as she owes me money, I hope one day to see her executed. This man was of the Walloon guard;—Señor Don Benito Mol, how do you do!"

This Benedict Mol was an old Swiss militaire, who had lately led a vagrant life, during many years of which he had been dreaming of some immense hidden treasure, buried in the Cathedral of St. James, at Compostella. He found people ready to become the dupes of any delusion which had

gold, and diamonds for its basis; and his subsequent adventures in pursuit of this buried treasure are not a little curious. He frequently afterwards crossed the path of Mr. Borrow during his journeys in the Peninsula, always in indigence, and often in extreme distress. When the bubble burst, to which the Government at last lent itself, he suddenly disappeared; his fate may be divined. At Cordova, Mr. Borrow lodged with an inn-keeper, a fanatical Carlist, who affected to belong to neither side, especially while any of the Christinos troops were in his neighbourhood. The history of the inn-keeper of Cordova's household, illustrates the internal condition of unhappy Spain. Could any argument for Republican government be so strong as a brief history of the sanguinary, desolating wars that have arisen in Europe on the mere question of which of two individuals should rule a country, where the one was not a whit better fitted for the duties of government than the other? The inn-keeper's tale went—

"I am of no particular opinion, and I hold neither for King Carlos, nor for the Chica Isabel: nevertheless, I lead the life of a dog in this accursed Christino town, which I would have left long ago, had it not been the place of my birth, and did I but know whither to betake myself. Ever since the troubles have commenced, I have been afraid to stir into the street, for no sooner do the canaille of the town see me turning round a corner, than they forthwith exclaim, 'Halloo, the Carlist!' and then there is a run and a rush, and stones and cudgels are in great requisition: so that, unless I can escape home, which is no easy matter, seeing that I weigh eighteen stone, my life is poured out in the street; which is neither decent nor convenient, as I think you will acknowledge, Don Jorge! You see that young man," he continued, pointing to a tall swarthy youth who stood behind my chair, officiating as waiter; "he is my fourth son, is married, and does not live in the house, but about a hundred yards down the street. He was summoned in a hurry to wait upon your worship, as is his duty: know, however, that he has come at the peril of his life: before he leaves this house, he must peep out into the street to see if the coast is clear, and then he must run like a partridge to his own door. Carlists! why should they call my family and myself Carlists? It is true that my eldest son was a friar, and when the convents were suppressed, betook himself to the royal ranks, in which he has been fighting upwards of three years; could I help that? Nor was it my fault, I trow, that my second son enlisted the other day with Gomez and the Royalists when they entered Cordova. God prosper him I say; but I did not bid him go! So far from being a Carlist, it was I who persuaded this very lad who is present to remain here, though he would fain have gone with his brother, for he is a brave lad, and a true Christian. Stay at home, said I, for what can I do without you? Who is to wait upon the guests when it pleases God to send them? Stay at home, at least till your brother, my third son, comes back; for, to my shame be it spoken, Don Jorge, I have a son a soldier and a sergeant in the Christino armies, sorely against his own inclination, poor fellow, for he likes not the military life, and I have been soliciting his discharge for years; indeed, I have counselled him to maim himself, in order that he might procure his liberty forthwith; so I said to this lad, 'Stay at home, my child, till your brother comes to take your place, and prevent our bread being eaten by strangers, who would perhaps sell me and betray me;' so my son staid at home, as you see, Don Jorge, at my request, and yet they call me a Carlist!"

"Gomez and his bands have lately been in Cordova," said I; "*of course* you were present at all that occurred. How did they comport themselves?"

"*Bravely well,*" replied the innkeeper, "bravely well, and I wish they were here still. I hold with neither side, as I told you before, Don Jorge, but I confess I never felt greater pleasure in my life than when they entered the gate; and then to see the dogs of Nationals flying through the streets to save their lives—that was a sight, Don Jorge—those who met me then at the corner forgot to shout 'Halloo, Carlista!' and I heard not a word about cudgelling; some jumped from the wall and ran no one knows where, whilst the rest retired to the house of the Inquisition, which they had fortified, and there they shut themselves up. Now you must know, Don Jorge, that all the Carlist chiefs lodged at my house, Gomez, Cabrera, and the Sawyer; and it chanced that I was talking to my Lord Gomez in this very room in which we are now, when in came Cabrera in a mighty fury—he is a small man, Don Jorge, but he is as active as a wild cat, and as fierce.—'The canaille,' said he, 'in the Casa of the Inquisition refuse to surrender; give but the order, General, and I will scale the walls with my men, and put them all to the sword.' But Gomez said, 'No, we must not spill blood if we can avoid it; order a few muskets to be fired at them: that will be sufficient!'"

"You tell me that you were acquainted with Gomez: what kind of man might he be?"

"A middle-sized man," replied the innkeeper; "grave and dark. But the most remarkable personage in appearance of them all was the Sawyer: he is a kind of giant, so tall, that when he entered the doorway he invariably struck his head against the lintel. The one I liked least of all was one Palillos, who is a gloomy savage ruffian, whom I knew when he was a postillion. Many is the time that he has been at my house of old; he is now captain of the Manchegan thieves, for though he calls himself a royalist, he is neither more nor less than a thief: it is a disgrace to the cause that such as he should be permitted to mix with honourable and brave men; I hate that fellow, Don Jorge: it is owing to him that I have so few customers. Travellers are, at present afraid to pass through La Mancha, lest they fall into his hands. I wish he were hanged, Don Jorge; and whether by Christinos or Royalists, I care not."

"You recognised me at once for an Englishman," said I; "do many of my countrymen visit Cordova?"

"*Toma!*" said the landlord, "they are my best customers; I have had Englishmen in this house of all grades, from the son of Belington to a young medico, who cured my daughter, the chica here, of the ear-ache. How should I not know an Englishman? There were two with Gomez, serving as volunteers. *Vaya que gente;* what noble horses they rode, and how they scattered their gold about!"

An old Genoese, who had attended Mr. Borrow from Seville to Cordova with horses, was as zealous a partisan of the young Isabel and her mother, as the landlord was of Don Carlos. The ruin of the liberal cause at Seville, where he had kept a coffee-house, had proved his ruin; for his customers were compelled to flee without remembering to pay for their coffee and liqueurs. "Nevertheless," said the disinterested liberal—

"I am a friend to their system, and never hesitate to say so. So the landlord, as I told your worship before, when he found that I was of this opinion, glared at me like a wild beast: 'Get out of my house,' said he, 'for I will have no spies here;' and thereupon he spoke disrespectfully of the young Queen Isabel and of Christina, who, notwithstanding she is a Neapolitan, I consider as my countrywoman. Hearing this, your worship, I confess that I lost my temper, and returned the compliment, by saying that Carlos was a knave, and the Princess of Beira no better than she should be. I then prepared to swallow the chocolate, but ere I could bring it to my lips, the woman of the house, who is a still ranker Carlist than her husband, if that be possible, coming up to me, struck the cup into the air as high as the ceiling, exclaiming, 'Begone, dog of a negro, you shall taste nothing more in my house; may you be hanged, even as a

swine is hanged!' So your worship sees that it is impossible for me to remain here any longer."

This reminds one of the quarrels of the Buchanan and Targe of Dr. Moore. The landlord, fancied all the English, from *Belington* downwards, would be delighted to promote a marriage between the son of Don Carlos and Queen Victoria; a hopeful project which could not fail to bring a good number of English to Spain, and grist to mine host's mill. Mr. Borrow says—

The host mused for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Carracho, Don Jorgito, if this marriage could be brought about, both the king and myself should have cause to fling our caps in the air."

An old Carlist priest was at this time sheltered in the inn, who had, when arrested by the Constitutionalists, been bailed by the landlord. This ecclesiastic was astonished and incredulous on learning that the English actually understood Latin!

"Vaya! Who would have thought that it was possible for Lutherans to understand the language of the church? Vaya! the longer one lives the more one learns."

"How old may your reverence be?" I inquired.

"I am eighty years, Don Jorge; eighty years, and somewhat more."

Such was the first conversation which passed between his reverence and myself. He soon conceived no inconsiderable liking for me, and favoured me with no little of his company. Unlike our friend the landlord, I found him by no means inclined to talk politics; which the more surprised me, knowing, as I did, the decided and hazardous part which he had taken on the late Carlist irruption into the neighbourhood. He took, however, great delight in discoursing on ecclesiastical subjects and the writings of the Fathers.

"I have got a small library at home, Don Jorge, which consists of all the volumes of the Fathers which I have been able to pick up, and I find the perusal of them a source of great amusement and comfort. Should these dark days pass by, Don Jorge, and you should be in these parts, I hope you will look in upon me, and I will show you my little library of the Fathers; and likewise my dovecot, where I rear numerous broods of pigeons, which are also a source of much solace, and at the same time of profit."

"I suppose, by your dovecote," said I, "you mean your parish, and by rearing broods of pigeons, you allude to the care you take of the souls of your people, instilling therein the fear of God and obedience to his revealed law, which occupation must of course afford you much solace and spiritual profit."

"I was not speaking metaphorically, Don Jorge," replied my companion; "and by rearing doves, I mean neither more nor less than that I supply the market of Cordova with pigeons, and occasionally that of Seville: for my birds are very celebrated; and plumper or fatter flesh than theirs I believe cannot be found in the whole kingdom. Should you come to my village, you will doubtless taste them, Don Jorge, at the venta where you will put up, for I suffer no dovecotes but my own within my district.

The old priest had been an Inquisitor, and Mr. Borrow was anxious to learn the secrets of the prison-house. The crimes taken cognizance of by the secret tribunal with which he had been connected were, "sorcery, Judaism, and the *desecration of dovecots.*" The last case of sorcery which he could remember, for they are not now very frequent, was that of a nun in a convent of Seville. He related that—

"A certain nun was in the habit of flying through the windows and about the garden over the tops of the orange trees; declarations of various witnesses were taken, and the process was arranged with much formality: the fact, I believe, was satisfactorily proved: of one thing I am certain, that the nun was punished."—"Were you troubled with much Judaism in these parts?"—"Wooh! Nothing gave so much trouble to the Santa Casa as this same Judaism."

Mr. Borrow returned from Cordova to Madrid, and, with the approbation of Mr. Villiers, forthwith began to print the scriptures, to which a less tolerant government than that now existing had previously given its sanction. He stumbled upon an admirable landlady; and, in a native of Pera, picked up an all-accomplished and extraordinary valet, who had followed Zea Bermudez from Constantinople. Antonio, the Greek, was affronted at being taken for either Spaniard or Frenchman, though he spoke the tongues of both nations fluently. His history is another of the singular ones of this book. Of how many strange histories has the last disturbed fifty years been productive? After being discharged by Zea, Antonio had served many masters; seldom remaining above three days in one place. He had been taken in charity when a destitute infant, and brought up by a family of wealthy Jews of Pera. "With them I continued," said Antonio,

"Until I was a *beau garçon*; they were fond of me, and at last offered to adopt me, and at their death to bequeath me all they had, on condition of my becoming a Jew. *Mais la circoncision n'étoit guere à mon gout*; especially that of the Jews, for I am a Greek, am proud, and have principles of honour. I quitted them, therefore, saying that if ever I allowed myself to be converted, it should be to the faith of the Turks, for they are men, are proud, and have principles of honour like myself."

The only reason which Antonio could assign for quitting his numerous places was the universal one, "that he was a Greek, and *had principles of honour.*" Mr. Borrow, however, in spite of his capricious temper and numerous eccentricities, found him faithful and attached. When Antonio was hired, Mr. Borrow inquired how he was to leave his wife, since, as his servant, he must travel into the remote and mountainous parts of Spain.

"My wife will receive the moiety of my wages, while I am absent, mi Lor, and therefore will have no reason to complain of being deserted. Complain! did I say; my wife is at present too well instructed to complain. She never speaks nor sits in my presence unless I give her permission. Am I not a Greek, and do I not know how to govern my own house? Engage me, mi Lor, I am a man of many capacities: a discreet valet, an excellent cook, a good groom and light rider, in a word, I am *Pequinin*. What would you more?"

I asked him his terms, which were extravagant, notwithstanding his *principes d'honneur*. I found, however, that he was willing to take one half.

I had no sooner engaged him, than seizing the tureen of soup, which had by this time become quite cold, he placed it on the top of his fore-finger, or rather on the nail thereof, causing it to make various circumvolutions over his head, to my great astonishment, without spilling a drop, then springing with it to the door, he vanished, and in another moment made his appearance with the puchera, which, after a similar bound and flourish, he deposited on the table; then suffering his hands to sink before him, he put one over the other and stood at his ease with half shut eyes, for all the world as if he had been in my service twenty years. And in this manner Antonio Buchini entered upon his duties. Many was the wild spot to which he subsequently accompanied me; many the wild adventure of which he was the sharer.

The day before Mr. Borrow departed on the jour-

ney for which Antonio had been hired to attend him, a gentleman, who may be easily guessed at, waited upon him, from the British ambassador, with glad tidings. Mr. Villiers had resolved to purchase a number of copies of the New Testament himself, and to transmit them to the British consuls in the different parts of Spain; instructing these gentlemen, at the same time, to afford the accredited agent of the Bible Society all the protection and assistance they could, when he should appear in their respective districts. This is the first instance of any British ambassador having made the cause of Bible propagation a national one, or of having at all directly favoured it.

The heretic Missionary found a most hospitable welcome in the Irish College of Salamanca, although he here first took the bold step of advertising his contraband goods, by bills stuck up through the town; a plan which he afterwards pursued in other places. At the Irish College, our traveller met with a priest, who invited him to visit him at his village, which lay on the route to Valladolid. One likes to get into the inside of a Spanish parsonage, which, with English readers, or even ordinary travellers in Spain, is a very rare event.

A woman directed us to a cottage somewhat superior in appearance to those contiguous. It had a small portico, which, if I remember well, was overgrown with a vine. We knocked loud and long at the door, but received no answer; the voice of man was silent, and not even a dog barked. The truth was, that the old curate was taking his siesta, and so were his whole family, which consisted of one ancient female and a cat. The good man was at last disturbed by our noise and vociferation, for we were hungry, and consequently impatient. Leaping from his couch, he came running to the door in great hurry and confusion; and perceiving us, he made many apologies for being asleep at a period when, he said, he ought to have been on the look-out for his invited guest. He embraced me very affectionately, and conducted me into his parlour, an apartment of tolerable size, hung round with shelves, which were crowded with books. At one end there was a kind of table or desk covered with black leather, with a large easy-chair, into which he pushed me, as I, with the true eagerness of a bibliomaniac, was about to inspect his shelves, saying, with considerable vehemence, that there was nothing there worthy of the attention of an Englishman, for that his whole stock consisted of breviaries, and dry Catholic treatises on divinity.

His care now was to furnish us with refreshments. In a twinkling, with the assistance of his old attendant, he placed on the table several plates of cakes and confectionery, and a number of large uncouth glass-bottles, which I thought bore a strong resemblance to those of Schiedam, and indeed they were the very same. "There," said he, rubbing his hands, "I thank God that it is in my power to treat you in a way which shall be agreeable to you. In those bottles there is Hollands thirty years old;" and producing two large tumblers, he continued, "fill, my friends, and drink, drink it every drop if you please, for it is of little use to myself, who seldom drink aught but water. I know that you islanders love it, and cannot live without it; therefore, since it does you good, I am only sorry that there is no more."

Observing that we contented ourselves with merely tasting it, he looked at us with astonishment, and inquired the reason of our not drinking. We told him that we seldom drank ardent spirits; and I added, that as for myself, I seldom tasted even wine, but like himself, was content with the use of water. He appeared somewhat incredulous, but told us to do exactly what we pleased, and to ask for what was agreeable to us. We told him that we had not dined, and should be glad of some substantial refreshment. "I am afraid," said he, "that I have nothing in the house which will suit you; however, we will go and see."

Thereupon he led us through a small yard at the back part of his house, which might have been called a garden, or orchard, if it had displayed either trees or flowers; but it produced nothing but grass, which was growing in luxuriance. At one end was a large pigeon-house, which we all entered: "for," said the curate, "if we could find some nice delicate pigeons, they would afford you an excellent dinner." We were, however, disappointed; for after rummaging the nests, we only found very young ones, unfitted for our purpose. The good man became very melancholy, and said he had some misgivings that we should have to depart dinnerless. Leaving the pigeon-house, he conducted us to a place where there were several skeps of bees, round which multitudes of the busy insects were hovering, filling the air with their music. "Next to my fellow-creatures," said he, "there is nothing which I love so dearly as these bees. It is one of my delights to sit watching them, and listening to their murmur." We next went to several unfurnished rooms, fronting the yard, in one of which were hanging several flitches of bacon, beneath which he stopped, and looking up, gazed intently upon them. We told him that if he had nothing better to offer, we should be very glad to eat some slices of this bacon, especially if some eggs were added. "To tell the truth," said he, "I have nothing better; and if you can content yourself with such fare, I shall be very happy: as for eggs, you can have as many as you wish, and perfectly fresh, for my hens lay every day."

So, after everything was prepared and arranged to our satisfaction, we sat down to dine on the bacon and eggs, in a small room, not the one to which he had ushered us at first, but on the other side of the doorway. The good curate, though he ate nothing, having taken his meal long before, sat at the head of the table, and the repast was enlivened by his chat. "There, my friends," said he, "where you are now seated once sat Wellington and Crawford, after they had beat the French at Arapiles, and rescued us from the thraldom of those wicked people. I never respected my house so much as I have done since they honoured it with their presence. They were heroes, and one was a demi-god." He then burst into a most eloquent panegyric of El Gran Lord, as he termed him, which I should be very happy to translate, were my pen capable of rendering into English the robust thundering sentences of his powerful Castilian. I had till then considered him a plain, uninformed old man, almost simple, and as incapable of much emotion as a tortoise within its shell; but he had become at once inspired: his eyes were replete with a bright fire, and every muscle of his face was quivering. The little silk skull-cap which he wore, according to the custom of the Catholic clergy, moved up and down with his agitation, and I soon saw that I was in the presence of one of those remarkable men who so frequently spring up in the bosom of the Romish church, and who, to a child-like simplicity, unite immense energy and power of mind,—equally adapted to guide a scanty flock of ignorant rustics in some obscure village in Italy or Spain, as to convert millions of heathens on the shores of Japan, China, and Paraguay.

He was a thin, spare man, of about sixty-five, and was dressed in a black cloak of very coarse materials, nor were his other garments of superior quality. This plainness, however, in the appearance of his outward man, was by no means the result of poverty; quite the contrary. The benefice was a very plentiful one, and placed at his disposal annually a sum of at least eight hundred dollars, of which the eighth part was more than sufficient to defray the expenses of his house and himself; the rest was devoted entirely to the purest acts of charity. He fed the hungry wanderer, and despatched him singing on his way, with meat in his wallet and a peseta in his purse; and his parishioners, when in need of money, had only to repair to his study, and were sure of an immediate supply. He was, indeed, the banker of the village, and what he lent, he neither expected nor

wished to be returned. Though under the necessity of making frequent journeys to Salamanca, he kept no mule, but contented himself with an ass, borrowed from the neighbouring miller. "I once kept a mule," said he; "but some years since it was removed without my permission by a traveller whom I had housed for the night; for in that alcove I keep two clean beds for the use of the wayfaring; and I shall be very much pleased if yourself and friend will occupy them, and tarry with me till the morning."

But I was eager to continue my journey, and my friend was no less anxious to return to Salamanca. Upon taking leave of the hospitable curate, I presented him with a copy of the New Testament. He received it without uttering a single word, and placed it on one of the shelves of his study; but I observed him nodding significantly to the Irish student, perhaps as much as to say, "Your friend loses no opportunity of propagating his book;" for he was well aware who I was. I shall not speedily forget the truly good presbyter, Anthonio Garcia de Aguilar, Cura of Pitiegua.

At Valladolid, though literature is at so low an ebb that the only bookseller is obliged to add the sale of other articles to his trade, a considerable number of copies of the Scriptures were sold, in consequence of advertisements. Mr. Borrow visited the Catholic Colleges of the Scotch and the English in this city, and also that of the Philippine Missions, which did not, at this period, contain even one student; not a single aspirant for the glory of converting, or, as they say, conquering the Indians! The good old Rector, who had laboured among those Indians for forty years, was now entirely alone. The shepherd was left, the flock scattered. It must however be owned, that if the young Missionaries had been like the worthy Superior himself, the Indians are not likely to have suffered any great loss. When Mr. Borrow inquired if the Rector had taken an active part in the Missions, he replied—

I was forty years in the Philippines, my son; forty years amongst the Indians. Ah me! how I love those Indians of the Philippines.

Myself.—Can your reverence discourse in the language of the Indians?

Rector.—No, my son. We teach the Indians Castilian. There is no better language, I believe. We teach them Castilian, and the adoration of the Virgin. What more need they know?

Myself.—And what did your reverence think of the Philippines as a country?

Rector.—I was forty years in the Philippines, but I know little of the country. I do not like the country. I love the Indians. The country is not very bad; it is, however, not worth Castile.

Myself.—Is your reverence a Castilian?

Rector.—I am an *Old* Castilian, my son.

The College of the English Catholics in Valladolid is at present the most prosperous seminary of the kind in Spain. It numbers between thirty and forty students.

The traveller occasionally came across individuals of the nation of his friends the gipsies; whom he at once recognised by his secret lore or occult science, where no one else could detect the Calé. It was at Leon that he first encountered the serious hostility of the priests, which never again abated. Leon was the seat of a bishop, who had been the confessor of Don Carlos; and it was fiercely Carlist and bigoted. A bookseller had been persuaded to sell New Testaments; but scarcely had the advertisements appeared, when the clergy, who had probably heard of the heretical doings at Salamanca and Valladolid, were in motion.

They went from house to house, banning and cursing, and denouncing misery to whomsoever should either purchase or read "the accursed books," which had been sent into the country by heretics for the purpose of perverting the innocent minds of the population. They did more: they commenced a process against the bookseller in the ecclesiastical court. Fortunately, this court is not at present in the possession of much authority; and the bookseller, a bold and determined man, set them at defiance, and went so far as to affix an advertisement to the gate of the very cathedral. Nothwithstanding the cry raised against the book, several copies were sold at Leon: two were purchased by ex-friars, and the same number by parochial priests from neighbouring villages. I believe, the whole number disposed of, during my stay, amounted to fifteen; so that my visit to this dark corner was not altogether in vain, as the seed of the Gospel has been sown, though sparingly. But the palpable darkness which envelops Leon is truly lamentable; and the ignorance of the people is so great, that printed charms and incantations against Satan and his host, and against every kind of misfortune, are publicly sold in the shops, and are in great demand. Such are the results of Popery, a delusion which, more than any other, has tended to debase and brutalize the human mind.

Antonio, at this period, became seriously alarmed for the safety of his master. The inn where they lodged was watched by lurking soldiers, wearing the livery of Don Carlos. Mr. Borrow learned much more that was alarming from Antonio; who probably liked to magnify his suspicions, or scraps of intelligence. They, however, set off quietly, long before day, for Astorga. There they experienced hard and inhospitable usage—though not from the priests—and the worse to bear, that Mr. Borrow, who was not easily troubled, had been enfeebled by a previous illness. He also came no speed in his enterprise; no one would undertake to sell New Testaments. The inhabitants of Astorga are of Moorish origin, as their modern appellation, *Maragatos*, or "Moorish Goths," denotes. Their dress differs but little from that of the Moors of Barbary; and they shave the head; though, instead of the turban, they wear the broad sombrero of Spain. This singular race are thus farther described:—

There can be little doubt that they are a remnant of those Goths who sided with the Moors on their invasion of Spain, and who adopted their religion, customs, and manner of dress, which, with the exception of the first, are still to a considerable degree retained by them. It is, however, evident, that their blood has at no time mingled with that of the wild children of the desert; for scarcely amongst the hills of Norway would you find figures and faces more essentially Gothic than those of the Maragatos. They are strong athletic men, but loutish and heavy; and their features, though for the most part well formed, are vacant and devoid of expression. They are slow and plain of speech; and those eloquent and imaginative sallies, so common in the conversation of other Spaniards, seldom or never escape them: they have, moreover, a coarse thick pronunciation; and when you hear them speak, you almost imagine that it is some German or English peasant attempting to express himself in the language of the Peninsula.

How long it is ere the traces of origin are eradicated! The Maragatos are mostly all carriers; and a great part of the lawful commerce of Spain passes through their hands. The women are, consequently, left at home to cultivate the fields,

which they do with little help from the other sex. The trustworthiness of these carriers is proverbial. The religious conversation of the Missionary made no impression on these hard, semi-Goths.

After leaving Astorga, the master and man travelled through a wild highland country, sometimes encountering parties of Galicians (to whose province they were bound) on their way to reap the harvests of Castile. After descending a magnificent mountain gorge, they reached a few cottages, so tired and spent, that Mr. Borrow entreated a woman to give him a draught of water—

The woman said she would, but added that she expected to be paid for it. Antonio, on hearing this, became highly incensed, and, speaking Greek, Turkish, and Spanish, invoked the vengeance of the Panhagia on the heartless woman, saying—"If I were to offer a Mahometan gold for a draught of water, he would dash it in my face; and you are a Catholic, with the stream running at your door." I told him to be silent, and, giving the woman two cuartos, repeated my request, whereupon she took a pitcher, and going to the stream filled it with water.

Amidst the splendid scenery which they traversed on the evening of this day one peasant, of a group that the traveller addressed, was induced to purchase a New Testament, though none of the party had any idea of what the book was about.

The love of the priests is far from being universal among the peasantry of Spain. An edifice was seen perched upon a cliff; and a peasant, who had travelled for a short distance in Mr. Borrow's company during a tremendous thunder-storm, pointed to it.

"That is the house of the Virgin of the Rocks; and it was lately full of friars; but they have been thrust out, and the only inmates now are owls and ravens." I replied, that their life in such a bleak exposed abode could not have been very enviable, as in winter they must have incurred great risk of perishing with cold. "By no means," said he; "they had the best of wood for their braseros and chimneys, and the best of wine to warm them at their meals, which were not the most sparing. Moreover, they had another convent down in the vale yonder, to which they could retire at their pleasure." On my asking him the reason of his antipathy to the friars, he replied, that he had been their vassal, and that they had deprived him every year of the flower of what he possessed. Discoursing in this manner, we reached a village just below the convent, where he left me, having first pointed out to me a house of stone, with an image over the door, which, he said, once also belonged to the canalla (*rabble*) above.

They were benighted long before reaching Villafranca, and exposed to some danger on the road; nor when in the town were they at once in a haven of rest—

A horrid squalling of cats, from the tops of the houses and dark corners, saluted our ears, and I thought of the night arrival of Don Quixote and his squire at Toboso, and their vain search amongst the deserted streets for the palace of Dulcinea. At length we saw light and heard voices in a cottage at the other side of a kind of ditch. Leading the horses over, we called at the door, which was opened by an aged man, who appeared by his dress to be a baker, as indeed he proved, which accounted for his being up at so late an hour. On begging him to show us the way into the town, he led us up a very narrow alley at the end of his cottage, saying that he would likewise conduct us to the posada.

The alley led directly to what appeared to be the market-place, at a corner house of which our guide stopped and knocked. After a long pause, an upper window was opened, and a female voice demanded who we were. The old man replied, that two travellers had arrived who were in need of lodging. "I cannot be disturbed at this time of night," said the woman. "They will be wanting supper, and there is nothing in the house; they must go elsewhere." She was going to shut the window, but I cried that we wanted no supper, but merely a resting-place for ourselves and horses—that we had come that day from Astorga, and were dying with fatigue. "Who is that speaking?" cried the woman. "Surely that is the voice of Gil, the German clockmaker from Pontevedra. Welcome, old companion; you are come at the right time, for my own is out of order. I am sorry I have kept you waiting; but I will admit you in a moment."

The window was slammed to. Presently a light shone through the crevices of the door, a key turned in the lock, and we were admitted.

"Ave Maria," said the woman, "whom have we here? This is not Gil the clockmaker."—"Whether it be Gil or Juan," said I, "we are in need of your hospitality, and can pay for it." Our first care was to stable the horses, who were much exhausted. We then went in search of some accommodation for ourselves. The house was large and commodious; and, having tasted a little water, I stretched myself on the floor of one of the rooms on some mattresses which the woman produced, and in less than a minute was sound asleep.

In Galicia, Antonio was found of great use in protecting his master; as he had contracted a previous acquaintance, in the capital, with all the cut-throats, who had now returned to infest their native province as soldiers of the frontier guard. A party of these men were, on entering a village, found lolling among heaps of coarse hay in a stable, exceedingly ill-looking, and very dirty. They at once recognized Antonio, who described his Gallegan friends as almost all robbers and assassins. A fellow with one eye had shortly before escaped from Madrid, who was concerned in an affair of poisoning. It was necessary to treat them with wine, and to keep them in good humour. A little farther on, the travellers were surrounded by a party whom they, at first, took for banditti, but who, though little better, were soldiers:—

They were clamorous for cigars; but offered us no farther incivility. Having no cigars to bestow, I gave them in lieu thereof a small piece of silver. Two of the worst-looking were very eager to be permitted to escort us to Nogales, the village where we proposed to spend the night. "By no means permit them, mon maitre," said Antonio; "they are two famous assassins of my acquaintance. I have known them at Madrid. In the first ravine they will shoot and plunder us." I therefore civilly declined their offer and departed. "You seem to be acquainted with all the cut-throats in Galicia," said I to Antonio, as we descended the hill.

"With respect to those two fellows," he replied, "I knew them when I lived as cook in the family of General Q———, who is a Gallegan: they were sworn friends of the repostero. All the Gallegans in Madrid know each other; whether high or low makes no difference: there, at least, they are all good friends, and assist each other on all imaginable occasions; and, if there be a Gallegan domestic in a house, the kitchen is sure to be filled with his countrymen, as the cook frequently knows to his cost; for they generally contrive to eat up any little perquisites which he may have reserved for himself and family."

The road between Lugo and the place where they had halted was considered so dangerous from robbers and bands of Carlists, that, by Antonio's advice, they placed themselves under the protection of a military party which escorted the grand post from Madrid to Corunna, and was accompanied, for safety, by an immense cavalcade of travellers. With much bustle they got under way,

and proceeded up hill and down dale at a very slow pace,—the soldiers singing patriotic songs breathing loyal attachment to Isabel, and hatred of the grim tyrant Don Carlos. The nature of these effusions may be gathered from a single stanza :—

> Don Carlos is a hoary churl
> Of cruel heart and cold;
> But Isabel is a harmless girl
> Of only six years old.

In this part of Spain one might almost fancy oneself in Ireland.

The villages were mostly an assemblage of wretched cabins: the roofs were thatched, dank, and moist, and not unfrequently covered with rank vegetation. There were dunghills before the doors, and no lack of pools and puddles. Immense swine were stalking about, intermingled with naked children. The interior of the cabins corresponded with their external appearance: they were filled with filth and misery.

At Lugo a liberal bookseller was found—the *Trade* beats all others!—and the bishop bought two copies of the Bible himself. At the posado of this town a family of reduced gentry, Andalusians, consisting of a father, mother, one son, and eleven well-dressed daughters, with a most faithful domestic of the Caleb Balderstone species, gives us one more of those glimpses of national manners which make this work so profitable. The father, who had been receiver-general for Granada, had been suddenly ruined by the loss of office on a late change of the ministry.

At Corunna Mr. Borrow met with one of those Italian weather-glass and toy pedlars from the Lake of Como whom he had known when a boy in England, and who, after being for many years settled in Spain, still languished, not for sunny Italy, but for England, the heaven of the Piedmontese and Milanese pedlars,—wealthy, merry England. Mr. Borrow could not see why the proprietor of a considerable shop in Corunna should regret his vagrant life in England.

Regret the difference, Giorgio! Do I hear such words from your lips, and you an Englishman? I would rather be the poorest tramper on the roads of England, than lord of all within ten leagues of the shore of the lake of Como; and much the same say all my countrymen who have visited England, wherever they now be. Regret the difference! I have ten letters from as many countrymen in America, who say they are rich and thriving, and principal men and merchants; but every night, when their heads are reposing on their pillows, their souls *auslandra*, hurrying away to England, and its green lanes and farm-yards. And there they are with their boxes on the ground, displaying their looking-glasses and other goods to the honest rustics and their dames and their daughters, and selling away and chaffering and laughing just as of old. And there they are again at nightfall in the hedge alehouses, eating their toasted cheese and their bread, and drinking the Suffolk ale, and listening to the roaring song and merry jests of the labourers.

By way of consolation, this Luigi Piozzi had taken to drinking, having lost all hope of doing any good in Spain, yet fettered to it by circumstances.

By the tomb of Moore, the traveller speaks like a true Englishman. The simple inscription upon the marble slab is worthy of the hero who sleeps beneath it:

JOHN MOORE: LEADER OF THE ENGLISH ARMIES: SLAIN IN BATTLE, 1809.

We are told that

There is scarcely a Spaniard but has heard of this tomb, and speaks of it with a strange kind of awe. Immense treasures are said to have been buried with the heretic general, though for what purpose no one pretends to guess. The demons of the clouds, if we may trust the Gallegans, followed the English in their flight, and assailed them with water-spouts as they toiled up the steep winding paths of Fuencebadon; whilst legends the most wild are related of the manner in which the stout soldier fell. Yes, even in Spain, immortality has already crowned the head of Moore.

In the fine old town of St. James of Compostella Mr. Borrow met with the Swiss treasure-seeker, who had begged his way thither from Madrid in order to accomplish the grand object of his life. In the bookseller of the same place the stranger found a remarkable character for the country in which he lived. Rey Romero, the liberal bookseller of Compostella, and a wealthy man of sixty, well deserves the memorial he has found in this work. He frequently accompanied the English stranger in his walks, and did all that he could to "push off" Bibles.

"We booksellers of Spain," said Rey Romero, "are all liberals; we are no friends to the monkish system. How, indeed, should we be friends to it? It fosters darkness, whilst we live by disseminating light. We love our profession, and have all more or less suffered for it; many of us, in the times of terror, were hanged for selling an innocent translation from the French or English. Shortly after the Constitution was put down by Angoulême and the French bayonets, I was obliged to flee from Saint James and take refuge in the wildest part of Galicia, near Corcubion. Had I not possessed good friends, I should not have been alive now; as it was, it cost me a considerable sum of money to arrange matters. Whilst I was away, my shop was in charge of the ecclesiastical officers. They frequently told my wife that I ought to be burnt for the books which I had sold. Thanks be to God, those times are past, and I hope they will never return."

Once, as we were walking through the streets of Saint James, he stopped before a church, and looked at it attentively. As there was nothing remarkable in the appearance of this edifice, I asked him what motive he had for taking such notice of it. "In the days of the friars," said he, "this church was one of refuge, to which if the worst criminals escaped, they were safe. All were protected there save the negroes, as they called us liberals." "Even murderers, I suppose?" said I. "Murderers!" he answered, "far worse criminals than they. By the by, I have heard that you English entertain the utmost abhorrence of murder. Do you in reality consider it a crime of very great magnitude?" "How should we not," I replied; "for every other crime some reparation can be made; but if we take away life, we take away all. A ray of hope, with respect to this world, may occasionally enliven the bosom of any other criminal, but how can the murderer hope?" "The friars were of another way of thinking," replied the old man; "they always looked upon murder as a friolera; but not so the crime of marrying your first cousin without dispensation, for which, if we believe them, there is scarcely any atonement, either in this world or the next."

Liberal as he was, Rey Romero had not quite overcome the prejudice and jealousy which every native of St. James is bound to feel for the up-setting town of Corunna. One citizen thought the very hospital patients from Corunna uglier than those from any other town.

"Besides a general hospital we have likewise a leper-house," said the bookseller. "Shall I show it you? We have everything at Saint James. There is nothing lacking; the very leper finds an inn here." "I have no objection to your showing me the house," I replied, "but

it must be at a distance, for enter it I will not." Thereupon he conducted me down the road which leads towards Padron and Vigo, and pointing to two or three huts, exclaimed, "That is our leper-house." It appears a miserable place," I replied: "what accommodation may there be for the patients? and who attends their wants?" "They are left to themselves," answered the bookseller, "and probably sometimes perish from neglect: the place at one time was endowed and had rents which were appropriated to its support, but even these have been sequestrated during the late troubles."

At the distance of three leagues from St. James, is a small port named Padron, relating to which we have this anecdote of the suppression of heresy.

There is a curious anecdote connected with the skippers of Padron, which can scarcely be considered as out of place here, as it relates to the circulation of the Scriptures. I was one day in the shop of my friend the bookseller at Saint James, when a stout good-humoured looking priest entered. He took up one of my Testaments, and forthwith burst into a violent fit of laughter. "What is the matter?" demanded the bookseller. "The sight of this book reminds me of a circumstance," replied the other: "about twenty years ago, when the English first took it into their heads to be very zealous in converting the Spaniards to their own way of thinking, they distributed a great number of books of this kind amongst the Spaniards who chanced to be in London; some of them fell into the hands of certain skippers of Padron, and these good folks, on their return to Galicia, were observed to have become on a sudden exceedingly opinionated and fond of dispute. It was scarcely possible to make an assertion in their hearing without receiving a flat contradiction, especially when religious subjects were brought on the carpet. 'It is false,' they would say; 'Saint Paul, in such a chapter and in such a verse, says exactly the contrary.' 'What can you know concerning what Saint Paul or any other saint has written?' the priests would ask them. 'Much more than you think,' they replied; 'we are no longer to be kept in darkness and ignorance respecting these matters;' and then they would produce their books and read paragraphs, making such comments that every person was scandalized: they cared nothing about the Pope, and even spoke with irreverence of the bones of Saint James. However, the matter was soon bruited about, and a commission was despatched from our see to collect the books and burn them. This was effected, and the skippers were either punished or reprimanded, since which I have heard nothing more of them. I could not forbear laughing when I saw these books; they instantly brought to my mind the skippers of Padron and their religious disputations."

The citizens of Pontevedra were, if possible, more jealous and contemptuous of Vigo than those of St James were of Corunna. Vigo was depriving them of their trade, as Corunna had lately done the fine old city of St. James of the honour and advantage of being the seat of the provincial government. The contempt of the Señor Garcia notary, for Vigo, and his glorification of Pontevedra, is not a little comic. The stranger, however, though well prepared to despise, could not help admiring Vigo when he saw it.

Among other stirring adventures in Galicia, the Missionary was brought into trouble by being imagined by the ignorant fishermen of the bay of Finisterra to be no other than Don Carlos! and he was even arrested as the stunted Pretender. The affair, which looks ludicrous on paper, was likely to prove serious enough amongst an ignorant and violent community. He was, however, taken under the protection of an old fellow who pretended to be acquainted with the English tongue; and who pronounced him an Englishman because he was able to translate his own entire English vocabulary, namely *knife* and *fork*, into Spanish. The guide was at the same time set down as Sebastian, the nephew of Don Carlos, and was not likely to have escaped so easily as his English employer, when by a happy thought it was judged best to carry both the prisoners before the head alcalde at Corcuvion. This magistrate was a very different person from him of Finisterra. He had but lately arrived from Madrid to assume office, and was not even a native of Galicia. The man of the *knife* and *fork* "an old valiente," who by the way, had been in the action of Trafalgar, and seen Nelson fall, said of the new alcalde—

"He is a mighty liberal, and it is owing chiefly to his orders that we have lately been so much on the alert. It is said that the Carlists are meditating a descent on these parts of Galicia. Let them only come to Finisterra; we are liberals there to a man, and the old valiente is ready to play the same part as in the time of the French. But, as I was telling you before, the alcalde to whom I am conducting you is a young man, and very learned; and, if he thinks proper, he can speak English to you, even better than myself, notwithstanding I was a friend of Nelson, and fought by his side at Trafalgar."

It was dark night before we reached Corcuvion. Antonio again stopped to refresh at a wine-shop, after which he conducted us to the house of the alcalde. His steps were, by this time, not particularly steady, and, on arriving at the gate of the house, he stumbled over the threshold and fell.

The learned alcalde was seen at last. He is, like Balthasar, the Tailor-National of Madrid, a fair specimen of Young Spain.

Sebastian and myself followed Antonio up-stairs to a room, where, seated behind a table, we beheld a young man of low stature, but handsome features, and very fashionably dressed. He appeared to be inditing a letter, which, when he had concluded, he delivered to a secretary to be transcribed. He then looked at me for a moment fixedly, and the following conversation ensued between us:—

Alcalde.—I see that you are an Englishman; and my friend Antonio, here, informs me that you have been arrested at Finisterra. *Myself.*—He tells you true; and, but for him, I believe that I should have fallen by the hands of those savage fishermen. *Alcalde.*—The inhabitants of Finisterra are brave, and are all liberals. Allow me to look at your passport? Yes; all in form. Truly it was very ridiculous that they should have arrested you as a Carlist. *Myself.*—Not only as a Carlist, but as Don Carlos himself! *Alcalde.*—Oh, most ridiculous! Mistake a countryman of the grand *Baintham* for such a Goth! *Myself.*—Excuse me, Sir, you speak of the grand somebody? *Alcalde.*—The grand Baintham: he who has invented laws for all the world. I hope shortly to see them adopted in this unhappy country of ours. *Myself.*—Oh! you mean Jeremy Bentham. Yes! a very remarkable man in his way. *Alcalde.*—In his way! in all ways. The most universal genius which the world ever produced: a Solon, a Plato, and a Lope de Vega. *Myself.*—I have never read his writings. I have no doubt that he was a Solon, and, as you say, a Plato. I should scarcely have thought, however, that he could be ranked, as a poet, with Lope de Vega. *Alcalde.*—How surprising! I see, indeed, that you know nothing of his writings, though an Englishman. Now, here am I, a simple alcalde of Galicia, yet I possess all the writings of Baintham on that shelf, and I study them day and night. *Myself.*—You doubtless, Sir, possess the English language? *Alcalde.*—I do: I mean that part of it which is contained in the writings of Baintham. I am most truly glad to see a countryman of his in these Gothic wildernesses. I understand, and appreciate your motives for visiting them. Excuse the inci-

vility and rudeness which you have experienced. But we will endeavour to make you reparation. You are this moment free: but it is late,—I must find you a lodging for the night.

A comfortable lodging was procured, to which the alcalde sent a good supper. He, like the priests and most of the learned laymen of Spain, knew nothing whatever of the New Testament of which the stranger spoke; but deemed it some monkish legend.

At Santander, the traveller fell in, at the table d'hôte, with the famous Flinter, whose like, albeit his touch of the blarney and the Bobadil, one does not meet with every day.

Long before dinner was concluded, the conversation was entirely engrossed, and the attention of all present, directed to an individual who sat on one side of the bulky Catalan. He was a thin man, of about the middle height, with a remarkably red face, and something in his eyes which, if not a squint, bore a striking resemblance to it. He was dressed in a blue military frock, and seemed to take much more pleasure in haranguing than in the fare which was set before him. He spoke perfectly good Spanish; yet his voice betrayed something of a foreign accent. For a long time, he descanted, with immense volubility, on war and all its circumstances, freely criticising the conduct of the generals, both Carlist and Christinos, in the present struggle, till at last he exclaimed, "Had I but twenty thousand men allowed me by the government, I would bring the war to a conclusion in six months."

"Pardon me, Sir," said a Spaniard, who sat at the table, "the curiosity which induces me to request the favour of your distinguished name."

"I am Flinter," replied the individual in the military frock; "a name which is in the mouth of every man, woman, and child in Spain. I am Flinter the Irishman, just escaped from the Basque provinces and the claws of Don Carlos. On the decease of Ferdinand, I declared for Isabella, esteeming it the duty of every good cavalier and Irishman in the Spanish service to do so. You have all heard of my exploits; and permit me to tell you they would have been yet more glorious had not jealousy been at work and cramped my means. Two years ago I was despatched to Estremadura, to organize the militias. The bands of Gomez and Cabrera entered the province, and spread devastation around. They found me, however, at my post; and, had I been properly seconded by those under my command, the two rebels would never have returned to their master to boast of their success. I stood behind my intrenchments. A man advanced and summoned us to surrender. 'Who are you?' I demanded. 'I am Cabrera,' he replied. 'And I am Flinter,' I retorted, flourishing my sabre; 'retire to your battalions, or you will forthwith die the death.' He was awed, and did as I commanded. In an hour we surrendered. I was led a prisoner to the Basque provinces; and the Carlists rejoiced in the capture they had made; for the name of Flinter had long sounded amongst the Carlist ranks. I was flung into a loathsome dungeon, where I remained twenty months. I was cold; I was naked; but I did not on that account despond—my spirit was too indomitable for such weakness. My keeper at last pitied my misfortunes. 'He said that it grieved him to see so valiant a man perish in inglorious confinement.' We laid a plan to escape together; disguises were provided, and we made the attempt. We passed unobserved till we arrived at the Carlist lines above Bilbao: there we were stopped. My presence of mind, however, did not desert me. I was disguised as a carman, as a Catalan; and the coolness of my answers deceived my interrogators. We were permitted to pass, and soon were safe within the walls of Bilbao. There was an illumination that night in the town; for the lion had burst his toils—Flinter had escaped, and was once more returned to reanimate a drooping cause. I have just arrived at Santander on my way to Madrid, where I intend to ask of the government a command, with twenty thousand men."

Poor Flinter! a braver heart, and a more gasconading mouth, were surely never united in the same body. He proceeded to Madrid, and, through the influence of the British ambassador, who was his friend, he obtained the command of a small division, with which he contrived to surprise and defeat, in the neighbourhood of Toledo, a body of the Carlists, commanded by Orejitta, whose numbers more than trebled his own. In reward for this exploit, he was persecuted by the government, which, at that time, was the moderado, or juste milieu, with the most relentless animosity.

Ten months after he was thus seen at Santander, Flinter, baffled, disappointed, and ill-treated, was seized with morbid despondency, and committed suicide; a melancholy warning to those ardent spirits who engage in the service of a party too ignorant to feel the value of such devotion, and too jealous and proud for gratitude.

When Mr. Borrow returned to Madrid, after this and the other journeys, to which we cannot advert, he found the priests and their partisans boiling with malice and fury, though the demand for Bibles, at the stores, had not been great. The influence of the British ambassador overawed them.

At this time, the beginning of the year 1838, he found leisure to finish the translation of the Gospel of St. Luke into the Spanish-Gypsy and Euscara languages, and to have them printed. The latter language is either the Basque or something nearly resembling that ancient tongue.

Mr. Borrow's fortunes in Spain had now reached a crisis. The political governor of Madrid issued an order prohibiting any more New Testaments being sold; and an alguazil paid a visit to the Bible depôt, but did not go the length of closing it, nor would the agent take down his placards. He was now attacked in the journals as a Jew, a sorcerer, a companion of witches and gypsies. We leave his vindication, without comment, to our readers.

That I was the associate of Gypsies and fortune-tellers, I do not deny. Why should I be ashamed of their company when my Master mingled with publicans and thieves? Many of the Gypsy race came frequently to visit me; received instruction, and heard parts of the Gospel read to them in their own language; and when they were hungry and faint, I gave them to eat and drink. This might be deemed sorcery in Spain, but I am not without hope that it will be otherwise estimated in England; and had I perished at this period, I think there are some who would have been disposed to acknowledge that I had not lived altogether in vain (always as an instrument of the "Most Highest"), having been permitted to turn one of the most valuable books of God into the speech of the most degraded of his creatures. In the meantime I endeavoured to enter into negotiations with the ministry, for the purpose of obtaining permission to sell the New Testament in Madrid, and the nullification of the prohibition. I experienced, however, great opposition, which I was unable to surmount. Several of the ultra-popish bishops, then resident in Madrid, had denounced the Bible, the Bible Society, and myself.

When matters came to the extremity, Mr. Villiers defended the agent of the Bible Society to the utmost.

Though there was no great demand for New Testaments, the whole edition of the Gospel of St. Luke in the Gypsy language sold in a fortnight.

Long, however, before this period had expired, the clergy were up in arms. "Sorcery!" said one bishop. "There is more in this than we can dive into," exclaimed a second. "He will convert all Spain by means of

the Gypsy language," cried a third. And then came the usual chorus on such occasions, of *Que infamia! Que picardia!* At last, having consulted together, away they hurried to their tool the corregidor, or, according to the modern term, the gefe politico of Madrid.

The few remaining copies of the Gypsy Gospel were consequently seized, and the prohibited book was thenceforward run after more than ever. Mr. Borrow's vigilant and friendly landlady at this time warned him that he was in danger of arrest; which actually took place, through the excessive zeal of the corregidor, who went far beyond his powers in this rough step, and the wishes of his superiors. Comforting himself that he did not live in the age of *Autos da fé*, "Don Jorge," on his way to prison, thus moralized—

"And here am I," thought I, "who have done more to wound Popery than all the poor Christian martyrs that ever suffered in this accursed square, merely sent to prison, from which I am sure to be liberated in a few days, with credit and applause. Pope of Rome! I believe you to be as malicious as ever, but you are sadly deficient in power. You are become paralytic, Batuecas, and your club has degenerated to a crutch."

The prison of Madrid opened strange new scenes in life to the Missionary, which he has sketched with precision and spirit. Spanish ruffians seem more savagely atrocious than similar characters in other civilized countries; and here were to be found some of the vilest and blackest criminals.

The authorities had in our hero caught a Tartar. Once in prison, it was not so easy to get him out again. A formal apology was at last extorted in a document transmitted to the ambassador, confessing the imprisonment unjust; and after a confinement of three weeks, and all the expenses being paid, the prisoner condescended to walk forth, proclaiming his intention of circulating the Bible through every village in Spain!

The clergy were once and ever the party the most virulently opposed to the agent of the Bible Society; but he candidly confesses that, as

Rome is fully aware that she is not a Christian church, and having no desire to become so, she acts prudently in keeping from the eyes of her followers the page which would reveal to them the truths of Christianity. Her agents and minions throughout Spain exerted themselves to the utmost to render my humble labours abortive, and to vilify the work which I was attempting to disseminate.

In Mr. Borrow's dramatic description, the Archbishop of Toledo, the primate of Spain, appointed too to his office for his assumed enlightened views, does not stand forth as in any way superior to the good old priest of the dove-cotes. He was a better judge of gems, but not more favourable to the free circulation of the Bible, though without note or comment.

After this period Mr. Borrow was peculiarly active in circulating Bibles in the villages around Toledo and Madrid, and also in more remote hamlets,—his most active enemies still the priests. In these Biblical rambles he had his usual good fortune in the way of adventure and of small diverting fleabite persecutions, when either vending his poisonous wares personally or through his rustic agents. Lopez, one of these, who had caught the inspiration of his trade, would set out with a mule heavily laden with Bibles, exclaiming "Down with the friars! Down with superstition! *Viva Ingalaterra! Viva el Evangelio!*" Civil war was raging in the places they visited, and Mr. Borrow was sometimes the accidental witness of its atrocities and horrors.

Before Mr. Borrow finally left Madrid, there was a favourable reaction. He employed several men, and even women, to go about selling Bibles, to hawk them, in short;—and a considerable number were thus disposed of;—nay, in two of the Churches the New Testament was regularly expounded by the curates to children who had copies of the Society's Bible. But these liberal curates might probably wish to give the dangerous volume their own gloss. The name of Luther had been as detested and odious in Spain as that of Beelzebub; but now people ventured to inquire for the works of "Dr. Martin," whom some of them fancied still alive. Luther's name is the only one connected with the Reformation that is known in that dark land. In Seville, Mr. Borrow again established himself for a season, to circulate the Bible; and turning with contempt from the effeminate and ignorant higher class of Andalusians, he sought solace in the society and converse of an extraordinary gypsy.

No scion of a noble or knightly house, "no wearer of soft clothing," no sleek highly perfumed personage, none of the romanticos who walk in languishing attitudes about the streets of Seville, with long black hair hanging upon their shoulders in luxuriant curls; but one of those whom the proud and unfeeling style the dregs of the populace—a haggard, houseless, penniless man, in rags and tatters: I allude to Manuel, the—what shall I call him?—seller of lottery tickets, driver of death carts, or poet laureate in Gypsy songs. I wonder whether thou art still living, my friend Manuel; thou gentleman of Nature's forming—honest, pure-minded, humble, yet dignified being! Art thou still wandering through the courts of beautiful Safacoro, or on the banks of the Len Baro, thine eyes fixed in vacancy, and thy mind striving to recall some half-forgotten couplet of Luis Lobo; or art thou gone to thy long rest, out beyond the Xerez gate within the wall of the Campo Santo, to which, in times of pest and sickness, thou wast wont to carry so many, Gypsy and Gentile, in thy cart of the tinkling bell? Oft in the *réunions* of the lettered and learned in this land of universal literature, when weary of the display of pedantry and egotism, have I recurred with yearning to our Gypsy recitations at the old house in the Pila Seca. Oft, when sickened by the high-wrought professions of those who bear the cross in gilded chariots, have I thought on thee, thy calm faith, without pretence,—thy patience in poverty, and fortitude in affliction.

Another frequenter of the old lonely house in the *Pila Seca* was Dionysius, an unfortunate Greek, who had come to Seville with a fine library, collected on the dissolution of the convents, and in the vain hope that, in a large cathedral city, abounding in rich priests and canons, books might be in demand. He was completely deceived. These ecclesiastics had many wants of luxury more pressing. The seizure of New Testaments and Gypsy Gospels signalized the departure of the heretic Missionary from Seville. The intellectual state of this city may be gathered from the cry of "sorcery" having been raised when steam-boats (an English speculation) first appeared on the Guadalquiver. The boats are now, however, crowded with passengers, though the engineers are still Englishmen—luckily for the safety of those passengers.

Before leaving Seville, Mr. Borrow formed the design of visiting Barbary; for which he gives various good reasons, without mentioning "a truant disposition." Of his journey thither, by the route of Cadiz and Gibraltar, we shall merely say, that it is as lively and pregnant of Jew and Gypsy adventure, and graphic portraiture, as any other portion of the Narrative. The landlord at Gibraltar shall prove our assertion :—

I could observe every person who entered or left the house, which is one of great resort, being situated in the most frequented place of the principal thoroughfare of the town. My eyes were busy, and so were my ears. Close beside me stood my excellent friend Griffiths, the jolly hosteler, of whom I take the present opportunity of saying a few words, though, I dare say, he has been frequently described before, and by far better pens. Let those who know him not, figure to themselves a man of about fifty, at least six feet in height, and weighing some eighteen stone, an exceedingly florid countenance and good features, eyes full of quickness and shrewdness, but at the same time beaming with good nature. He wears white pantaloons, white frock, and white hat, and is, indeed, all white, with the exception of his polished Wellingtons and rubicund face. He carries a whip beneath his arm, which adds wonderfully to the knowingness of his appearance, which is rather more that of a gentleman who keeps an inn on the Newmarket road, "purely for the love of travellers, and the money which they carry about them," than a native of the Rock. Nevertheless, he will tell you himself that he is a Rock lizard; and you will scarcely doubt it when, beside his English, which is broad and vernacular, you hear him speak Spanish—ay, and Genoese too, when necessary; and it is no child's play to speak the latter, which I myself could never master. He is a good judge of horseflesh, and occasionally sells "a bit of a blood," or a Barbary steed, to a young hand, though he has no objection to do business with an old one; for there is not a thin, crouching, livid-faced, lynx-eyed Jew of Fez capable of outwitting him in a bargain, or cheating him out of one single pound of the fifty thousand sterling which he possesses; and yet, ever bear in mind that he is a good-natured fellow to those who are disposed to behave honourably to him; and know, likewise, that he will lend you money, if you are a gentleman, and are in need of it; but depend upon it, if he refuse you, there is something not altogether right about you—for Griffiths knows *his world*, and is not to be made a fool of. There was a prodigious quantity of porter consumed in my presence during the short hour that I sat on the bench of that hostelry of the Rock.

The Bible in Spain properly stops here; and we must resist the gypsy spells and whispering that would tempt us onward to Tangiers. There may be different opinions as to Mr. Borrow's merits and qualifications as a Missionary of the Bible Society; there can be none, as to his having produced a clever, most amusing, and,—to minds capable of healthy intellectual assimilation,—profitable work. We trust that it will not be the last, and that his gipsy lore, and the singular free-masonry which might find him a safe way into many inviting regions, sealed to ordinary Christians, are not to be henceforth lost to the world.

FADED FLOWERS.

Oh, ye are drooping—parted flowers,
And your beautiful life it is gone like a dream,
Pining for love of sheen and showers,
Twilight dewdrop, noon-day beam.
By your loveliness ye fell,
For beauty is ever a fatal spell;
And love will dare even wrong unknown,
To make the thing beloved its own.

Mourn not, mourn not, faded flowers!
Was fragrance yours in your sunny bowers?
Still is her spirit hovering near,
And she will not quit a home so dear,
But o'er ye breathes, and long will breathe,
Like love, outlasting time and death.

Had ye a language, blooming flowers,
Now is your voice more deeply dear;
Tones to the heart ye bring—and showers
Of visioned dew o'er the senses weep,
And waken thoughts—ay, thoughts that steep
The soul in transport, while ye sleep
All hueless, shrunk, and sere;
Had ye a charm—now, now unbroken—
Even as the passionate spell ye token—
It clings to you more closely still
Than to all the loved of ray or rill.

Oh, I will love you, sweet, sweet flowers,
For fair was the hand that reft your hours,
And the bosom where first ye knew to fade—
A pillow for love's own visions made;
And idle it may be thus to deem,
But token flowers to me ye seem;
And spoiled and withered though ye be,
What marvel yet your charm to me.

Pass, young flowers—how sweet to see,
All is not lost with your early bloom;
Better thus, than to waste away
Beneath the dull doom of decay,
And when lovelier things than ye
Press the stirless couch of gloom,
Not alone is the heart laid low,
Its hopes—its loves—partake its grave;
For there, alas, no starry glow
Beacons beyond death's shoreless wave.
And, if it be naught save a dream of bliss,
That love hath another sphere than this,
And hopes, on earth's cold bosom that die,
Have a happier home on high;
What more may hallow human clay,
When passion with life hath passed away?
What—but the love to linger prone,
The love-taught fancy that renews
Bloom to the sere, the faded hues—
The lifeless life—the voiceless tone?
Oh—to the heart bereft and lone,
Deem not that fantasy all vain,
Which bids the forms of passion flown,
In spiritual shadow live again;
And wings from the last tyrant's power
Even the charm of a wasted flower.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND HIS ERA.*

This is a rather remarkable production of its kind.—Though its leading subject be comprehensively "The condition-of-England question,"—which, for the moment, is more closely depending, more intimately connected with Sir Robert Peel, whether as Prime Minister, or leader of the Tory party, than with any other individual whatever—it is not less noticeable as a rapid, brilliant, and tolerably fair epitome of the history of public opinion and political progress for the last sixty eventful years. It tells nothing that is absolutely new, and does not pause for philosophic reflection, though pertinent remarks and illustrative quotations are interwoven; but it tells, with clearness and spirit, the outlines of a story with which all men, mingling, or aspiring to mingle, in public affairs, or to take note of their progress, require to have their memories occasionally refreshed. The author, if not by any means a servile Peelite, is probably more attached to the Peel party than to any other. Taking Burke for his lode-star, he, however, assumes a tone of perfect independence, which is tolerably well preserved; and deals round his applause to the leading men of all parties with considerable tact, and a creditable appearance of impartiality. His ultimate opinions on any single point,—save against a farther extension of the parliamentary franchise, and on the necessity of holding a strict hand over the currency, as a curb on speculation, over-trading, population, &c., &c.,—it is not easy to make out. His plan for settling the Corn Laws, the pressing and immediate question of the hour, is the (we believe) original and complex one of a *fixed duty for America, with a sliding-scale for the Continent.* He attributes, though not always directly, national distress to bad seasons, without insisting upon the corrective—the equalizing principle of Free Trade in corn, and in all kinds of food; and he appears to consider the adoption of any line of policy, or of the manner in which a question should be treated, as equally important, from its probable bearings on party, as from its effects on national interests; or, as if the great principle of a statesman were merely expediency, or the knowledge of how to yield, and make the most of the sacrifice when the crisis arrives which it has been his policy to delay. As, for example, Sir Robert Peel conceding the Catholic claims, not because of their indefeasible and immutable justice, and the wisdom of granting them, but because it had been demonstrated that the Catholics could no longer be trampled on with safety.

The book opens with an account of the Peel family, and particularly of the father of the Premier, the first Sir Robert. But the history of that family is already well enough known; and it is at least as creditable as that of three-fourths of the lawyer, soldier, or court-favour-sprung noble houses of the empire. It was the ambition of the elder Peel to found a family, and make his son the successor of the "Immortal Pitt." He succeeded in both objects; and although he did not live to witness their complete realisation, he must have had a Pisgah-view of his son's high destiny, for he lived to see him almost on the highest step of the ladder. After his introduction into public life is described, the great measures in which Peel was successively prominent, are discussed at length. On the Bank Restriction the writer passes just censure, and forcibly expresses what are generally held to be sound opinions on the dangers of inconvertible paper; otherwise his opinions on the wisdom or absolute necessity of the war with revolutionary France augurs a thorough acquiescence in the policy of Pitt, and the views of Burke. The condemnation of the Bank Restriction, paves the way to indirect laudation of Peel's first memorable retractation of his original opinions, when the strenuous supporter of PITT AND PAPER MONEY was converted into the "PEEL'S BILL PEEL" of Cobbett.

Though Sir Robert's admirers must regret that he has seldom, if ever, taken the initiative in any great measure, it would be as ungracious as unjust not to give him the praise due to the candid confession of error, and the courage to do what was right at last, in defiance of the indignation of alienated friends, and the sneers and ridicule of enemies. Looking back upon the history of Catholic Emancipation, with Canning in the grave, to which he had been hastened by a wounded spirit, and his rival triumphant through his sudden abandonment of the cause of the bigots, of which he had been the champion for many a long year, and in many a hard-fought field, it is not wonderful that men's sympathies get the better of their reason, or that the feeling of "*shabby*" attaches to what was either the most praiseworthy act of Peel's public life, or a thing of those mingled elements, in motive, which we do not care at this moment to analyze. Nor could the final acquiescence of Mr. Peel fully atone for his long and obstinate opposition to a measure wrung forth when concession had lost all its grace, and much of its healing virtue. Sir Robert Peel was only honest in disclaiming the merit of having carried the question, which, as he said, Fox, and Grattan, and Plunkett, and Canning, the Whig party, (and he should have added the Irish Catholics,) by their continuous efforts, carried in spite of his opposition.

Sir Robert Peel's small or narrow attempts at Law Reform give place to a chapter upon the Law Improvements and Improvers of the last half century, and, among the rest, Bentham, the superfluous or captious remarks on whom would augur the writer to belong to the genus *lawyer*. Animadverting upon the mischievous tendency of Bentham's philosophy, as creating excitement and dissatisfaction, he throws out the following questionable opinions:—

* London: N. H. Cotes.

But in the great and complex business of law and legislation, it is frequently far better that the national mind should rest in the vagueness of a fallacy, than to be tormented with the acuteness of a logical definition; far better that an entire people, who have not yet discovered that they are utterly miserable, should be convinced that, on the whole, they are tolerably well as they are, than be prematurely driven into the discovery that they are much worse than they might be.

This author admits that Bentham, though a vain man, and an intolerable egotist, was severely conscientious, and that he abandoned the profession of law from sincere abhorrence of the dishonest practices and low morality of lawyers; but he concludes, and we hope with truth—

A far better and far higher feeling has, since Bentham's early days, been gradually animating the legal profession; and the process of improvement, though slow, has been sure, leading to a confident expectation, that, ere long, the CIVIL LAW of England may become as simple in its processes, and as unexpensive and expeditious in its nature, as the artificial forms of our civilisation will permit.

Though it is evident that, if not vulgarly Tory in his opinions, this commentator on the Peel Era is highly Conservative, in looking back, he generally holds the balance with a fair and firm hand. When the contagion of "French principles" had, in 1794, done its worst in this country, and justified, as he believes, the adoption of Pitt's extreme measures, it is confessed,—

At the same time, impartial history must record that POWER, being in FEAR, was guilty of straining JUSTICE, in order to repress what it considered dangerous in the practices of the agitators of that day; and therefore, when, in 1794, the subject of the transportation of Muir and Palmer, "the Scotch Martyrs," * was brought before the House of Commons, Fox had some justification for his warmth when he exclaimed, "Until such time as there is a law to send me to Botany Bay for publicly avowing my sentiments, I shall think it a duty incumbent on me to condemn the actions of those in power, whenever they may, as in the present instance, call forth the execration of mankind. If England, unhappily, relapsing into despotism, should ever be governed by such principles, then farewell, a long farewell, to our boasted freedom."

The Second REIGN OF TERROR, that of 1817, "when the whole country," in the words of Earl Grey, "was placed out of the pale of the Constitution," is vindicated as "partly necessary," though the author forgets to tell, that those who did the wrong had also created the necessity. Of the Duke of Wellington's celebrated "pig-headed" speech, which, in the excited state of the public mind, precipitated Reform, it is remarked,—

Had this bold and manly avowal of opinion been uttered *before* Catholic Emancipation, it would have had a prodigious influence; but *after* it, and in the excited state of the country, it was clearly too late—unequivocally ill-timed!

Success is too much regarded as the measure of right in this and other passages. Thus the complete and abrupt change in *The Times* newspaper, when Lord Melbourne's ministry was broken up, which change can be explained upon no principle of integrity, would appear to be regarded as a step which is completely vindicated by the results. It is thus alluded to in connexion with Lord Melbourne's sudden dismissal:—

The decaying enthusiasm of the middle-classes was suddenly rekindled, and glowed intensely. Another matter added fuel to the excitement. *The Times* newspaper, the greatest engine of its kind that ever existed—which had fought, for many years, with a powerful arm and a rough vigour, the cause of Reform and "Civil and Religious Liberty"—took one of those steps which end either in ruin or in triumph, according to the boldness and the skill with which the experiment is made. For some time it had manifested symptoms of a growing alienation; had quarrelled with Lord Chancellor Brougham, and had successfully held him up to ridicule; and had fiercely, but unavailingly resisted the passing of the Poor Law Amendment Act. It now came out on the "opposite" side, to the astonishment of everybody who read it; a cry of "Traitor!—we are betrayed!" was heard; for a brief period, like a powerful vessel labouring in a heavy sea, *The Times* plunged amid approbation and disapprobation, its timbers apparently creaking and groaning under the change: shortly, however, it "righted," and now floats the most magnificent, as it had been the most daring "craft," that ever sailed on the ocean of public opinion.

The restoration of the Tories, or, as they are here uniformly termed, the Conservatives, to power, and a sketch of the business of the last session, in which Sir Robert Peel is treated with "high consideration," and receives the *praise* for his Tariff measure, and his firmness in carrying it, "which he amply deserves," concludes "Sir Robert Peel and his Era;" for the chapter, "Corn and Currency," is more one of speculation than of retrospect. On the manufacturing system, the author has not exactly found firm ground. It is a difficult and delicate subject, and much may be said on both sides. Some things he has said well, and opportunely. With the causes of distress,—upon which, so far as legislation is concerned, not much is explicitly affirmed,—we shall not intermeddle, but merely quote a few of the remedial suggestions, which are worthy of attention:—

The remedy, to a given extent, appears simple in principle, if not in detail; and only requires an intelligent and courageous statesman, and an honest legislature, to apply it.

Our manufacturing industry, and our mechanical power, require no further *stimulus*—no further EXTENSION. Leeds, Manchester, and Glasgow are large enough for all our national purposes; our manufacturing population numerous enough on every consideration of social safety. Therefore let the CURRENCY be TIED UP; so that, when we enter on our approaching cycle of good seasons, (if the cycle has not commenced,) there will be a LIMIT to the stimulus which abundant seasons gives to our tremendous manufacturing power. Better that a small number of poor honest men should occasionally be unable to find a SPRING-BOARD [credit] from which to vault into a fortune, than that the whole country should be exposed to the wild fury of periodical *commercial tornadoes*.

Having TIED up the CURRENCY, let the CORN TRADE be set as FREE as it can be, with reference to circumstances. For, in the language of the philosophic statesman whom we have so often quoted, "A statesman differs from a professor in an University: the latter has only the general view of society; the former, the statesman, has a number of circumstances to combine with those general ideas, and to take into his consideration. Circumstances are infinite, are infinitely combined; are variable and

* These "Scotch Political Martyrs" are the same individuals whose memories that "most magnificent craft that ever sailed on the ocean of public opinion,"—as this writer designates *The Times*, when it made its most barefaced wheel, and yet stood out the storm by undaunted impudence, or the intrepidity of Journalism,—the same individuals *The Times* has lately been abusing, from day to day, as the lowest and vilest of felons; though as much apparently from sheer ignorance, and the assumption of ignorance among readers, as from unprincipled recklessness.

transient; he who does not take them into consideration is not erroneous, but stark mad, metaphysically mad. A statesman, never losing sight of principles, is to be guided by circumstances; and judging contrary to the exigencies of the moment, he may ruin his country for ever."

Looking then to "circumstances," yet never losing sight of "principles," it may be worthy a statesman's consideration, to what extent he can set the corn trade FREE, at the same time that he TIES up the currency. On the principle that some protection is needed for our home agriculture, it must be admitted that no sufficient answer has been given to the argument, that, with a fixed duty, in cycles of abundant seasons, we should be swamped by supplies of corn from those European countries on the same parallels of latitude with ourselves, and which generally share with us in the same series of abundant and deficient harvests. But with a SLIDING SCALE for Europe, and a FIXED DUTY for America, there might be at once sufficient protection given to our agriculture, and sufficient encouragement given to our manufacturing industry; and with a currency secured from unnatural expansion and sudden check, we might see our abundant seasons pass away without any extraordinary OVER-TRADING, and witness the approach of deficient harvests, not, indeed, without regret, for that can never be, but at least without the terror of those days of woe, and nights of trembling, which must ever be endured when we have to "enter the cloud" of commercial panic and the decay of trade.

These observations may appear to indicate a deficiency of consideration or of appreciation of the difficulties of our social condition. These difficulties are indeed great. We have grown up under an unnatural and artificial state of things. Our NATIONAL DEBT is a huge and unnatural excrescence, the growth of war, fictitious capital, and our enormous manufacturing power. Yet the removal of the tumour would cost the patient its life. Our vast manufacturing industry, great and wonderful as it is, has shot up into a tremendous artificial power, the creature of rare and accidental circumstances, such as having for a brief space the world for its operation, without any effective rivalry, as well as stimulating and being stimulated by that fictitious capital to which we owe so much of our National Debt. And our protected agricultural interest is another artificial but *not* unnatural excrescence, though it be the product of a short-sighted legislation.

Not unnatural only, because the selfishness of those who possess power, is, unfortunately for mankind, so general as to seem perfectly natural. And yet, the Corn bill of 1815 is pronounced "that astounding legislative blunder" "which was brought in to sustain rents, which had sprung upward out of high prices, and an inconvertible paper currency," and called "a measure to keep prices at, or about 80s. a-quarter,"—a most modest and righteous measure! But yet, this writer contends, that this "not unnatural protection" to the agricultural interest must be continued, because, we presume, these interests have made it necessary that the rest of the country should confirm to them the advantages (real or supposed) of their own wrong; for

> How are we to unthread our vicious legislation without injury to that agricultural interest, which, in its present state of progressive improvement and productive power, is one of the most important in the world, viewed as the *basis* of the prosperity of an empire the greatest which the world has ever seen?

The periodical agricultural distresses are noticed, and it is stated, on erroneous data, that "the disastrous periods of manufactures are the prosperous times of agriculture, and *vice versâ*;" which is equivalent to saying, that when the manufacturers have the greatest command of money, they consume the smallest quantities of bread, and meat, butter, and cheese; and which the present state of the country, when both interests are suffering to the extreme, demonstrates to be fallacious. Unless, as is not impossible, the bounty of Providence, in sending good seasons, is, under that vicious system which they have inflicted upon the country, an unfailing cause of distress to our landowners. Deficient harvests are insisted upon as the root of our distress; and this might be quite true, if there were no other corn-growing country save Britain, or no other continent than Europe. Till the harvests of the world are shown to be all deficient at the same time, the evils of vicious legislation are, it seems, to be charged against the seasons, and not laid to the door of our class law-makers. Some of the conclusions are rather more satisfactory. We are told,

> We must come first to FREE TRADE, but we cannot spring into it; the clown who tried to jump into his breeches broke his leg. Sir Robert Peel is following the career of the lamented WILLIAM HUSKISSON, a Minister of Commerce whose name ought to be held in honour by his country. Let him but be effectively seconded by the Legislature, and this country may yet retrace its steps into a sound policy and a prosperous condition. Increased production, the effect of the application of capital under the guidance of science and skill, will enable our agricultural interest to maintain its just place in the social condition of this country; while a cautious, an enlightened policy, may enable us to sustain our present great manufacturing industry, without giving it such an undue importance as to enable it, like Aaron's rod, to "swallow up all the rest." We cannot *now* become "the workshop of the world;" our utmost efforts will only enable us to maintain our position. And in settling this question, it is worth while remembering that there is *some* truth in the words of Burke, who observes that "The cry of the people in cities and towns, though unfortunately (from a fear of their multitude and combination) the most regarded, ought, in fact, to be the least attended to upon this subject; for citizens are in a state of utter ignorance of the means by which they are to be fed, and they contribute little or nothing, except in an infinitely circuitous manner, to their own maintenance."

Where it might seem arrogant for our author to dogmatize in his own person, he frequently draws upon Burke and Fox; apparently forgetting that "the schoolmaster has been abroad," within the last forty years, during which opinion has made the progress of centuries. The notion, that "the inhabitants of towns contribute little or nothing to their own maintenance," and so should sing dumb, is worthy of the Duke of Buckingham. Do the agriculturists maintain them? In like manner the Chartists are silenced by the fag-end of a forgotten speech made by Fox shortly after he had entered Parliament; but are not the speeches of Pitt and the Duke of Richmond, in the support of the most sweeping Parliamentary reform, of equal authority?

The concluding chapter, "A Night in the House of Commons, would have made a crack magazine article in this present month, or any other of the present session. It is a dialogue between one who may be presumed a clever Parliamentary reporter, and a member of either the Reform, or the Carlton Club—for he is wonderfully impartial in his portraiture—and a friend, whom he instructs in the gossip of the lobby and the reporters' gallery, while he points out, in a lively way, the more remarkable members of the House, with a slight leaning

to the Tories, sometimes, however, neutralized by the temptation of making a hit. The remarks on Lord Brougham, like some of those on Bentham and his disciples, ought to excite our gratitude. We might have been in danger of thinking too highly of our author. We are furnished with the measure of the man's intellectual stature,—the plummet-line to his depth,—who can see no failing or falling off in the Great Duke, or blemish in the Chancellor, Lyndhurst, while he talks so unceremoniously of Lord Brougham,—admitting that his criticisms were as just as they are inapplicable. If Brougham be not the man that he was in the House of Commons, it is not his fault that the House of Peers is not a House of Representatives; and what would that House have been, for years back, had not that one man been in it, to give its proceedings some interest, and some dignity?

It is to be observed, that our author's sketches of character deal chiefly in superficies, and that he holds a breach of conventional usage, or the mispronunciation of a word, as heinous an offence in a member of Parliament, as a misstatement, a misrepresentation, or the employment of a mischevious fallacy; and finds a political adventurer more tolerable than a *bore*. If the character of its public men be the best property of a nation, what shall we say of the writer who would attempt to hold up to ridicule, for petty blunders,—admitting them to have been made,—one of the best intentioned, and most honest, disinterested, and useful men, that ever, year after year, watched over the people's interests, or sat in the House of Representatives?—Joseph Hume. What should we think of the man who, in O'Connell, could find nothing so distinguishing as his Munster brogue? This is vile,—nay, worse, it is paltry. Mere manner is of far too much relative consideration in our aristocratic National Assembly, and is all in all with its superficial observers. The writer is certainly not to be classed with these; but the nature of his light sketches does not admit of any careful or profound analysis of individual character; and when he cannot get at the man, he rests content with his dress, appearance, blunders, and style. It is but justice to cull a few specimens from what, though far from being the best, will probably be the most popular, as it is the most entertaining, chapter of his work. And first, for the hero,—

What time does Peel come down to the House?

Generally about five o'clock; he is very punctual. He will be here immediately. Oh, there he is, with papers in his hand; I suppose the copy of some newly-concluded commercial treaty. You will see him stand at the bar to catch the Speaker's eye, when, of course, he has not long to wait; though, if other matters are in the way, he must take his turn. Hark!

"Sir Robert Peel!"

"Papers, Sir, by command of Her Majesty."

"Bring them up."

There, now, he is "bringing them up."

Does it not strike you, as he moves up the floor of the House, that there is a sort of *mauvaise honte* about him?—a thing that surprises me, considering his rather handsome person, address, and long usage of the House of Commons.

Yes, but though reputed such a peculiarly cool, cautious man, he is, in temperament, very sensitive, and keenly alive to all the proprieties of morals and of manners. You see he is a florid man—sanguineous; and such men are frequently very attentive to externals, while "black," or "bilious" men, though just as full of SELF, are more apt to neglect manner, in their deeper meditation of matter.

How old is Peel?

He approaches his fifty-fifth year, and, as you may perceive, is in the bloom of health, as well as the prime of life.

Do you know anything of his domestic life—of Lady Peel, who she is, and what she is?

Not a bit; and if I had heard anything I would not repeat it. Ladies' maids, chambermaids, and footmen are the very worst appreciators of character; so far from being able to see below the surface, they do not even see the surface; and a man so quiet in his domestic habits as Sir Robert Peel can only be known through a medium which it would foul a man to penetrate. As for Lady Peel, I only know what everybody knows—that she is the daughter of General Sir John Floyd; that he was married to her in 1820; that she is a quiet, unobtrusive lady; and said to be doatingly fond of her husband and her family.

As for Sir Robert's oratory, what do you think of that?

It depends on your estimate and definition of oratory. As a *speaker*, Sir Robert Peel has no rival in the House of Commons.

Why, what do *you* mean? I understand by an orator, a man who can talk well.

No doubt, no doubt. But Sir Robert Peel is not a Burke, nor a Fox, nor a Canning: his understanding, though not very capacious, is excellent; and though rather slow to appreciate and acknowledge principles, he is not capable of doggedly persevering in a course against which his intellect protests. His eloquence is therefore a reflection of his character. His mind is not deep-toned, his oratory is not electric, he clothes no principles in burning words, emits no "living thunders," imprints no ineffaceable recollections. Yet he is really an admirable and accomplished public speaker—as such, unrivalled in the present House. . . . . Sir Robert Peel knows that he is a capital speaker, and, like a good singer, has no objection to a display. His tact and prudence restrain him from being unnecessarily intrusive; yet, if he could, he would reserve all the ministerial talking to himself. He enjoys the sensation of having to make a speech of some four hours in length, on introducing some new measure, with the House crowded with listening members, the strangers' gallery crammed, and the public impatient; and very likely his enjoyment of such a sensation as this compensates, in some degree, for any mortification arising from his having to propose a measure which he may have formerly opposed. Next to this, he greatly enjoys having to reply to opponents who may have laid themselves open to fair retort, or even to a dexterous quibble, or an ingenious rhetorical perversion.

The further analysis, and the parallel, or rather contrast, between Peel and Sir Robert Walpole, we must leave to the reader, and call another figure.

Will you point out Lord Stanley to me?

He is not in the House. See, there he is, coming in, swinging his hat betwixt finger and thumb.

Why, I thought that Stanley was a little man—quite a boy in personal appearance.

You surely don't expect men to remain for ever the same. Edward Geoffrey Stanley is now forty-four years of age; a time of life when, if ever a man is going to become *stout*, he manifests it; and see, Stanley exhibits symptoms of a *paunch*. Besides, he is of an average stature; has more *physique* than his friend Lord John Russell, whose personal appearance, as you know, and may observe, is meagre.

His friend Lord John! What genuine friendship can subsist between political rivals, where one of them, especially, is so bitter and caustic in his application of *skin-plasters*? I am afraid it must be a hollow profession of words.

There you are mistaken. A very cordial sympathy

still exists between Stanley and Russell; for Lord John is quite aware that nobody more regrets Stanley's impetuosity and petulance of temper than Stanley does himself—when the fit is over. On the occasion of the death of Lord John's first wife, and in the very heat of party warfare, Stanley wrote a letter to Lord John, full of kindly and affectionate sympathy; and on several occasions there has been a very cordial interchange of mutual regard.

What a pity, then, that Stanley, with so much real ability and genuine oratoric fire, should lower his standing as a statesman, by those occasional bursts of clever, energetic, indiscreet, passionate impetuosity, which render him as much the dread of friends as of foes!

Ah! he will cool, if he continue long in office. His natural temperament was excited and sharpened in opposition; and he was encouraged and flattered in his displays, because he is the very Picton of an assailing party in debate. In careless power, rapid yet easy flow of idea and of utterance, and in severe, almost savage retort, Stanley has no equal in the House: Brougham, in his best days, would have overtopped him, but there is no Brougham in the present House of Commons.

This last is an honest admission. Our sketcher next handles Lord John Russell, and hopes for a coalition—for an adhesion—between those worthy scions of two most illustrious houses.

Now that many great questions have been settled, I cannot reconcile myself to the idea, that because the Whigs are *out*, and the Tories are *in*, therefore such a man as Lord John Russell is to be for ever excluded from office, in a ministry where he could sit beside his friend Stanley, and his old colleague Graham. . . . . Talking of Graham, show me Sir James Mackintosh's "manly puppy."

There he is, sitting beside Peel. Sir James Robert George Graham is of the same age as Lord John Russell, both having been born in '92; but you see the bright sword of Netherby is big enough and tall enough to put Lord John in his scabbard.

Graham has oscillated too violently between extremes for my taste.

No doubt of it; and Lord John, in his quiet way, very effectually "pitched it into him" not long ago, when he reminded him of his denunciations of "the birds of prey," the recipients of the public money, while he, Lord John, who had started in public life "a moderate reformer," was "a moderate reformer still." It is curious to see Graham on these occasions, or when he is pelted with quotations from his "Corn and Currency:" at times he blushes a *little;* an "innocent confusion" occasionally mantles on his cheek; but generally speaking, he laughs as hearty as the rest, and seems to think it capital fun.

Does not that manifest a deficiency in the nice sense of honour?

Well, well: let "sleeping dogs lie;" for "to err is human, to forgive divine." Graham abandoned his colleagues and his party, and did not treat them with scrupulous care after he left them. But they say that the old hare returns at last to the old form; his father was a Tory. But let justice be done to Sir James Graham. He is a man of real ability; and now that he is in office, he retains and maintains some of his old opinions with manliness and consistency. By the way, there is the rising hope of the Conservatives, and Peel's right arm—William Ewart Gladstone, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and Master of the Mint.

That young man!—what a disappointment! In person he is of a good stature, and, like Stanley, has a pretty, good-natured, rather pouting mouth, while the upper part of the face, like Stanley's, has a "knitted," if not a frowning aspect. But what disappoints me most is the smallness of the head. Under Stanley's careless locks, you can see hidden a good solid mass of forehead: but this noted young man—this philosophic worker-out of Church principles—I want for him capacious skull and breadth of face. Can such a small head carry all he knows?

We must take men as they are, and not as we imagine them. The head is small, but it is well shaped. You notice that the upper part of the face rather expresses severity; and I am told that old Gladstone, and the family generally, have been noted in Liverpool for what is called a "crusty" temperament. If this be so, and this young man inherits it, he is an example of the power of principle, for he seems to have his temper singularly under control. . . . . Old Gladstone has risen into great wealth from poverty, has he not?

Yes; the Gladstone family, like the Peel family, furnish evidence of the power of our trade and commerce to throw up individuals from the bottom of society, to disport themselves, like Leviathan, on the surface. Old Gladstone made his money in Liverpool, as Morrison, the member for Inverness, made his huge fortune in London. . . . . Talking of foppery—is not Palmerston a fop? inquires the friend.

Tut, one has no patience with these vulgar ideas of people, which vulgar fools propagate. Certainly "Fanny was younger once than she is now;" and time works changes. But look at Palmerston, sitting on those front benches; you see all the signs of a man of high breeding, but foppery there is none.

Is it not singular that Palmerston and Peel should now be pitted as rivals?

It is, rather; but remember, though Palmerston and Peel commenced public life together, Palmerston was in advance of Peel on such questions as Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform. Palmerston is four years older than Peel, being now fifty-nine. But he seems in excellent keeping; his vigour, mental and bodily, appears unimpaired—what a fine-looking man he is!

But is he really a man of talent?

The question is superfluous. His family—the Temple family—has a hereditary reputation for ability; and Palmerston does not belie it. To be sure, his opponents say, as Melbourne said of Lyndhurst, that his talents are from God, but the application of them is from the devil! And that reminds me of D'Israeli. Do you see that tall, rather thin young man, (hardly young now,) with Jewish cast of features, dark countenance, and heavy, full, swimming eyes, bent either in meditation or on vacancy—gazing downwards to discover the perforations in the floor? That's young Ben D'Israeli, the son of old D'Israeli, and as great a "Curiosity of Literature" as his father ever produced. Some time ago he took to the *foreign* line, wanted to overhaul all our Consular Establishments, and thought he would make a palpable hit, by finding Palmerston, like the devil, in every mischief brewing abroad. Ben is really clever—a genius; but somehow Sir Robert Peel and the party have not taken to him.

With such youngsters (comparative) as D'Israeli and Emerson Tennant, this *de haut en bas* style is just tolerable; with such men as Hume, it is as low in moral feeling as execrable in taste.——But we must not dwell on blemishes, which, though ugly, are few; for our author is, on the whole, tolerably good-natured. Here is a fat man ready for comedy, with appropriate pendants:—

If you want a "fat" man, in the sense, not of mere fleshy grossness, but of genuine jollity, look here: that is Humphery, the present Lord Mayor of London. He was a standing dish of enjoyment during the dry discussions on the Tariff; and never failed to raise a fund of merriment by his affectionate solicitude on behalf of turbot and lobsters. Then, too, there was his pronunciation of the word "Fish"—which seemed to swim in melted butter in his mouth.

Behold another combination of contrasts—Sibthorp and Muntz—the one with his whiskers and moustachios; his "documents," of which his hands are generally full; and his jewellery, with which he sparkles: the other with a beard like Aaron's, trousers like tunnels, and a stick that would fell an ox. There is much shrewdness under the beard of Muntz, and not a little candour, too: if he were shaved, and dressed like other men, he might

not set the Thames on fire, but he would cease to be an oddity.

Here is another brace :—

See, Duncombe and Wakley, the Finsbury members, are together. Both notable men; neither fools nor idiots; each knows a hawk from a hand-saw; and both are racy, piquant speakers. How Tommy Duncombe, with his aristocratic associations, came to be the representative of extreme democratic opinions, is best known to himself. He has not only the reputation of being, but he really is, "a very gentlemanly fellow;" and with that reputation, he is not only tolerated, but laughed *with*, in the utterance of severe things. His cool avowal of the "bribery and corruption" which he had practised at Pontefract and Hertford, and his challenge to all "who were without sin to cast the first stone," were amongst the richest things of last session; quite a new and improved edition of the Dublin basket-woman—"I know I am a rogue and a thief, but barring all that, I defy you to say black is the white of my eye!" Here is Roebuck, too; a clever little wasp, but who acquired decided reputation for *temper*, in his management of the inquiry into those cases of compromise and bribery which made so much noise—much cry and little wool!

Beyond is that clever, gentlemanly young fellow, Milner Gibson, who labours under the disadvantage of having changed sides, but will "rise," if he takes care of himself; and walking out of the House is very tall Charles Buller, "so witty and so thin," he who went out to Canada with the late Earl Durham. Contrast with him little Sheil, in whose veins mercury still dances, and who can still scream out an electrical and rhetorical speech, in which the oddity of manner is as remarkable as the style is startling. Not so O'Connell, in whose huge trunk the fire seems gradually burning out; while Sir John Cam Hobhouse seems destined to live on his past reputation. What Macaulay may hereafter be, is in the book of fate; he gets remarkably stout, and has the air of an overgrown schoolboy: but Macaulay is a genius, and *ought* to leave a reputation behind him. Monckton Milnes is not a Macaulay, but he has a very pretty poetical taste—I mean that young man down there, with his black hair combed in one direction, and who, when he speaks, talks as if he had liquorice in his mouth. Oh! mentioning poets and geniuses, there is Lord Francis Egerton,—that tall, unobtrusive man,—as amiable as he is rich, and as sensitively kind in his temper as he is wealthy and great. He is the brother of the Whig Duke of Sutherland, but is himself a moderate Tory. You know he translated the "Faust" of Goëthe, and, like Pope with Homer, contrived to make his original very pretty, very melodious, besides stripping him of some of his impiety, and some of his indecency. He exchanged his paternal surname of Leveson Gower for that of his maternal kinsman, the celebrated Duke of Bridgewater, whose great canal property he inherits.

Do you observe that dandified personage passing along the gallery, who appears to be on the debatable ground between youth and age; his hair or his wig frizzled to "the very top of its bent," and with what appear to be gold spectacles on his nose? That is Emerson Tennant, the Belfast member, and one of the secretaries of the Board of Control—a clever man, but disfigured by literary foppery.

Mr. Escott is a man of some mark at present, as men go, and not so well-known as most of the other members of the House, who are at all spoken about.

Observe this man now "on his legs."

That, I should say, is a "dangerous" fellow! With his dark complexion, the harshly-solemn tones of his voice, and his somewhat appalling manner, one might think that the end of the world was come. Who is he?

Escott, the Duke of Buckingham's own man, and therefore an ultra-Tory. He is one of the members for Winchester. Yet, considering his position in relation to the Duke of Buckingham, for whom I believe he is agent, he has proved himself not only clever, but singularly honest. I do believe that if there were more Escotts in the House of Commons, it would be a great deal better for the country. He looks at subjects for himself, and would not sacrifice his convictions to any party interest whatever. By the way, though his whole aspect shows that he is no professional "joker of jokes," he split a good-humoured thing on the somewhat corpulent body of Mark Philips, the member for Manchester, which was as good-humouredly taken as given. It was in committee on the Railways Regulations Bill, and the subject was the locking the doors of carriages, and how people could best get out of an overturned one. Escott glanced at Mark Philips' rather portly frame—for he is a somewhat fine specimen of a Manchester man; and Mark repaid the allusion by telling how he was overturned in a stage-coach, and had employed the interval of prostration by proposing to sundry ladies and gentlemen who lay atop of him, that they should "toss up" for first chance of getting out.

Here is another Manchester man :—

Cobden I don't see—oh, yes, that pale-faced *Manchester*-looking man sitting beside Villiers.

What is, and what was Cobden?

Don't exactly know. I have been informed that he describes himself as having been born a Sussex *clawbacon*, and I suppose went, or was carried in infancy, to Lancashire. At all events, he has risen by industrious energy: his print-works at Chorley are large, and the firm has paid as much as £20,000 a-year in wages.

Cobden would have been nothing, I suppose, but for this Anti-Corn-Law agitation?

No man is anything without circumstances. But Cobden's talent has been developed by the agitation; and considering that he had deficiencies to overcome, and difficulties to encounter, it must be admitted that he has shot upwards into notoriety with extraordinary rapidity. Some say that he is but a man of *one idea*. It is a mistake: Cobden is really a man of great talent, energy, and tact; though, of course, it has been by means of his *one idea* at the critical time that he has become, in the compass of a year and a half, a noted public character.

Is he in earnest in his agitation against the Corn-laws?

Ay, ay; that is the secret of success. Right or wrong, a man must be in earnest.

The very unheroic appearance of some great heroes, in the eyes of those who judge by the mere *physique*,—as at a first glance we are all too apt to do,—is proved by this, not incorrect, sketch of a naval hero :—

Look here—do you see that man crossing the floor?

Is it that little, square-built, short-necked, and somewhat bull-headed man who limps as he walks?

The same. It is "the old Commodore," the redoubted Sir Charles Napier.

How men do disappoint one so! Why, the bombarder of St. Jean d'Acre, he who ran over the tops of houses and called to the Turks to "shake a reef out of their trousers," I took to be a very different looking man!"

Yet if you observe Sir Charles, you will see that his weather-beaten frame ("hull" I suppose I should say) exhibits the determined and fearless tar: he carries a light at his figure-head. He has taken the state of the navy under his particular care, and you will shortly hear him, in his broad Scotch, asking "the right honourable *birronet*" a question about it. His blunt *naïveté* is exceedingly amusing; and he never fails to raise a roar of laughter when he enlightens the House on such subjects as the inconveniences which a ship may suffer when troubled with "a foul-wind."

In some of the above sketches, the writer is ill-informed on points of fact; but they are clever, not very ill-natured, and withal inferior, as well as different in character from the rest of his able work.

SPECIMENS OF THE MODERN FRENCH AND GERMAN POETS.

THE TRICOLOR.

Le Vieux Drapeau. Béranger. 1830.

My friends in many a field of fame
Again around me lately came;
Drunk with the mutual tales we told,
Our wine recalled the days of old.
Proud of my exploits, and of theirs,
I keep my flag amidst my cares:
When shall I shake the dust away,
Its glorious colours when display?

Concealed beneath the straw it lies,
Where, poor and maimed, I close my eyes;
The flag which, sure of victory, flew
From field to field, years twenty through,
The flag, with wreaths and laurels crowned,
Which flashed its light all Europe round;
When shall I shake the dust away,
Its glorious colours when display?

Nobly that flag requited France
The blood she poured beneath its glance;
While nursed by Freedom as they lay,
Our children with its staff would play;
May it again to despots show
How little fame can birth bestow:
When shall I shake the dust away,
Its glorious colours when display?

Low in the dust its eagle lies,
Wearied with distant victories;
Instead the Gallic cock restore,
Which launched its thunderbolts of yore;
Then France, no longer doomed to pine,
Haughty and free, shall bless the sign.
When shall I shake the dust away,
Its glorious colours when display?

With toils of conquest spent and worn,
To guard our charter 'twill be borne.
Our soldiers, wont with it to roam,
Became true citizens at home.
Alone our sorrows it can hide;
On all the frontier fling it wide.
When shall I shake the dust away,
Its glorious colours when display?

Amidst my arms, at hand, 'tis there;
Once more unfold it let us dare.'
Come forth my flag, my hope, my pride!
By thee my tears shall soon be dried;
Yes, Heaven a soldier's prayer will hear,
When strengthened by a soldier's tear;
And I shall shake the dust away,
Thy glorious colours shall display. W*.

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK.

[From Beranger.]

"My courser, come, the Cossack's noble friend—
Hark! 'tis the signal of the trumpet's breath:
Thine aid to tyrants and to slaughter lend,
And haste with me to add new wings to death.
I have no gold to deck thy bridle rein;
But thou wilt neigh with pride, my courser fleet,
When I for thee Old Europe's wealth will gain—
When Kings and People crouch beneath thy feet.

"Fair Peace before thy withering steps shall fall:
Come fill my greedy hands with treasures free:
Europe has lost her *Polish ramparts* tall,
Within the 'Louvre I will stable thee.'
Where thou in foam and gore hast bathed thy side,
Now thou wilt neigh with pride, my courser fleet,
When thou shalt drink the Seine's rebellious tide—
While Kings and People crouch beneath thy feet.

"As in a fortress, princes, nobles, peers—
Besieged by suffering subjects all around—
'Mid northern wilds their cry the Cossack hears:
Come, be our master, we to thee are bound,
As serfs for ever to thy savage hordes:
But crush our People, let us reign their Lords.
Then neigh with pride, my courser fleet,
See, Kings and People crouch beneath thy feet.

"I saw the Shadow of the mighty Hun
Fix on our tents an eye of scorching light.
Once more, he cried, I see my reign begun.
To lands, by freedom named, with vineyards bright,
His spirit calls, and leads us to the west.
Then neigh with pride, my courser fleet,
For now on France Attila's scourge shall rest—
Her Kings and People lie beneath thy feet.

"All the refinement Europe proudly boasts,
The immortal records of the mighty dead,
The light of other lands, behold the Calmuck host
Trample beneath their savage warrior's tread.
When thus shall fall fair Freedom's cause,
Then thou wilt neigh with pride, my courser fleet,
When temples, altars, glory, 'learning,' laws—
When all that men hold sacred lies beneath thy feet."

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

[From the German of Baron Zettlitz.]

At the dead mid-hour of night
The drummer leaves the tomb:
Hark, through the air, how faint and hoarse
The drum's deep sound doth boom!

See, with his fleshless, bony arms,
How he beats the dread tatoo;
Hear how he sounds the wild reveille
As he marchs to and fro.

Louder and louder beats the drum,
But hollow its fearful tone;
The veterans stern, from the darksome grave,
Silent arise each one.

And far from the utmost north,
From their frozen tombs of snow;
And far from the utmost south,
Where the scorching hot-winds blow;

From the banks of the slimy Nile,
From Araby's parched-up sand,
The Dead arise, a ghastly crew,
Their weapons in their hand.

And hark! at the dead of night,
The bugle strikes the ear,
And the trumpeter leaves the darksome grave,
And far he rides, and near.

And see, on their phantom-horses borne,
From each side how the horsemen pour!
How the squadrons ride with their weapons bare,
And their forms begrim'd with gore!

And the sun-bleach'd skulls grin grimly forth
From under the helmet's shade;
And the sapless skeleton hands, on high
Hold each a glittering blade.

And now at the dead twelfth hour of night
The Captain leaves the tomb;
With his staff around on shadowy steeds,
Silent and slow they come.

Silent and slowly the Captain comes,
In simple garb array'd;
And down from his side, by his saddle bow,
There hangs a quivering blade.

The sickly moon's pale yellow light
Illumes the plains below;
And the spectral form of the chief looks on
As the phantoms come and go.

And now the lines present their arms,
And now their arms they ground,
And new salute, and the echoes hoarse
The hollow stroke rebound.

And Marshal's form, and General's shade,
Crowd round the Chief, and near,
And the Captain turns to the nearest form,
And breathes a word in his ear.

And the word runs through that shadowy throng,
And it speeds along the line;
And "FRANCE" that night was the watchword passed,
"HELENA" the countersign.

And thus does the Emperor's shadowy form
His phantom troops review;
At the midnight hour, in the fields of death,
Thus meets that deathlike crew. S.

CASSANDRA.

[From Schiller.]

BY BON GAULTIER.

Joy through Priam's halls was ringing,
Ere they sunk in Ruin's fires;
There are youths and maidens singing
To the touch of golden wires.
Hushed the din of strife and slaughter,
Tears on every cheek are dried,
For old Priam's lovely daughter
Shall be brave Pelides' bride.

And with garlands, and with dances,
Troop on troop, a festive throng,
To the stately fanes advances,
To the Thymbrian's shrine, with song.
Through the streets, in murmurs sweeping,
Revel's echoing tide is borne:
One sad heart alone is weeping
In its agony forlorn.

'Mong the joyful joyless only,
Does the pale Cassandra rove,
Sad, companionless and lonely,
To Apollo's laurel grove.
Deep amid the wood's recesses,
She, where shades fell darkly round,
Tore the fillets from her tresses,
Tore and dashed them on the ground.

"All around of joy is telling,
Every heart leaps with delight,
Hope my parents' breast is swelling,
And my sister's robes are bright.
I alone must weep—deluding
Bliss hath fled from me, and flies,
For I see winged Ruin brooding
O'er our walls with baleful eyes.

"See, a torch! I see it gleaming!
Ah, but not in Hymen's hand,
Heavenward high its light is streaming
Like no sacrificial brand.
Feasts I see in mirth providing,
But on my prophetic ear
Comes the rush of footsteps striding
On to crush the festal cheer.

"And they chide my lamentation,
Scorn my anguish. Far apart
Must I bear the desolation
Of a lone and wildered heart.
Happy faces turn and fly me,
Scoffed and spurned I move abroad,
Heavily hast thou dealt by me,
Pythian, thou cruel God!

"Why with sense prophetic blast me,
'Mid a blind unthinking race,
Wherefore, wherefore didst thou cast me,
To reveal thy darkened face?
Oh, to see, yet feel we may not
The impending stroke recall!
What is fated will delay not,
What is dreaded must befall!

"Wherefore from a coming terror
Seek to lift the veil! The breath
Of human life is nought but error,
Knowledge bears the cup of death.
Take, oh take the vision gory
From my purgèd eyes! To be
The mortal vessel of thy glory,
Is a dreadful agony.

"Let my sense be darkened ever,
Make, oh make me blind again!
Since *thy* voice inspired me, never
Have I sung a joyful strain.
Thou hast given the future to me,
Yet thou took'st away the swift
Joys, that passing hours shot through me:
Take once more thy treacherous gift!

"Wreaths and bridal flowerets on my
Dusky hair did never shine,
Since I took thy vows upon me,
At thy melancholy shrine.
Youth was one long sigh of anguish,
And I never knew but woe;—
Did a heart I loved but languish,
My heart quivered with the blow.

"My companions all—they grieve not:
Youth and love have made them glad,—
Fired with hopes, they dream, deceive not.
My heart—mine alone! is sad.
Not for me Spring opes her treasure,
Robes the smiling earth with flowers;
Never soul in life had pleasure,
That could scan its deeper powers.

"Blest is Polixena, in her
Heart's intoxication blind,
For Achilles soon within her
Bridal clasp she hopes to find.
Proud her heart swells to the vision:
All the world but him forgot!
You, ye Gods, your dreams Elysian,
In her trance, she envies not.

"And I, too, have view'd, adoring,
Him my heart hath made its choice,—
Seen his bright eyes, rapt imploring,—
Heard his love-inspiring voice.
Oh! with him I'd go—how lightly!
In his home a wife to be!
But a Stygian shadow, nightly,
Steps between my love and me.

"Proserpine, to mock and spurn me,
Sends her phantoms of affright:
Wheresoe'er I go, or turn me,
Shadows, shadows, throng my sight.
Where the young, in measures sprightly,
Sport the sunny hours away,
There they be—a crew unsightly!
Oh! I never can be gay.

"And I see the red knife streaming,
And the assassin's fiery eye!
Right and left I see it gleaming,—
I can not the terror fly!
No! I dare not blench. Unbending,
I must look it in the face:
Meet the fate I see descending—
Perish 'mid a stranger race!"

Pouring thus her griefs, unfailing—
Hark! a cry from yonder fane
Fills the air—a cry of wailing—
Thetis' mighty son is slain!
Eris shakes her snaky tresses,—
Shrieking forth the gods are gone,—
And the low'ring thunder presses
Darkly over Ilion.

DRINKING SONG BEFORE A BATTLE.

[From Körner's "Lyre and Sword."]

The battle 's near!
But greet it shall our joyful band
With a loud, bold song for our German land:
Then, brother, hear!

Yes! pour the wine!
The trumpet's voice is rising shrill,
My life's last offering cup then fill—
Brother, to mine!

Hear! God our Lord!
What we, the grave's dark portal near,
To Fatherland now deeply swear—
Brother, your sword!

Hear, Fatherland!
We will, from out thy burning chain,
Die, or thy soil set free again,
By oath, by hand!

The foe is up!
By Love, by Hope, by Vengeance tied—
Death! thou can'st not our band divide!
Brother! the cup!

Hark! rings the fray!
The trumpet's call is stern and high—
Forward! to live or bravely die!
Brothers, away! J.

DRINKING SONG.

[From the German of Blumäuer.]

Hist! Brothers, come hear me, old Time is a cup,
Which Fate to the brim for each toper fills up
With Gall, and with Water, and sometimes with Wine!
The Wine that but yesterday gladdened the soul,
To Water to-day yields its place in the bowl,
And Gall may be there when the morrow shall shine!

What matters! the wise man who drinketh will stand,
And seizing the goblet with dexterous hand,
Will throw a quick glance in its cavity first.
If golden it gleameth, why, then, let him drink
A deep, hasty draught of the liquor, and think
"To-morrow, perhaps, I shall not be athirst!"

And, therefore, it is, brother topers, I hold,
Fate at times fills her cup with her wine bright as gold,
And all who may wish it, to drink doth invite.
The Water, then, we till to-morrow will leave,
On yesterday's Gall we'll nor ponder nor grieve;
But the Wine, boys, the Wine! let us quaff it to-night!

J.

THE HISTORY OF THE HAT.

[From the German of C. F. Gellert.]

The skilful man who did invent
The Hat, that useful ornament,
Were it at first all smooth and round,
By no projecting edges crowned;
And yet it was on such a plan,
All owned him a distinguished man.
He died at length, and his successor
Assumed the hat, its new possessor.

The heir bethought him that the hat
Was certainly too round and flat;
So, to improve it, sitting down,
He made two corners on its crown,
Then walked abroad, into the town;
Where all the people's wondering faces
Bespoke th' enchantment of its graces.
He also died, and his successor
Received the hat as next possessor.

The heir upon it thus descanted:
I see, says he, there's something wanted:—
Then, after pondering well upon it,
He raised another corner on it,
And each beholder wondering cried,
"This genius is his country's pride!"
He died, and then his next successor
Proclaimed himself the hat's possessor.

The hat was now no longer clean,
(And this, you'll grant, must needs have been:)
The heir was grieved this fact to find,
Yet, having an ingenious mind,
He dyed it *black*, with skill and care,
And all exclaimed: "What grace is there!
The black bespeaks a master-mind,
And leaves all rival hats behind."
He died, and, as the hat's possessor,
His will installed his next successor.

The willing heir takes home the prize,
But soon observes the incipient tatter;
He thinks and thinks, and tries and tries,
How he can rectify the matter:—
Then, after hard and frequent rubbing,
Hotpressing and redoubled scrubbing,
He binds the hat all neatly round,
And walks abroad, with air profound:—
"What see we here?" each townsman cries,
"A new hat!—Can we trust our eyes!—
O happy era! Error's sway
Now melts before the light of day,
And Genius, fraught with blessings rich,
Hath reached at last her highest pitch!"
But he too died, and his successor
Became forthwith the hat's possessor.

Discoveries, though long in finding,
Make the inventor's name renowned:—
The heir took off the former binding,
And girt the hat with laces round,
Fastening the whole upon a button;—
Then, at the glass, the hat he put on;
And all, transported out of measure,
Before it skipped with very pleasure,—
"What are the rest to him?" they cried,—
"Now every rival well may hide;
For this great Spirit's wondrous flame
Eclipses every other name,
And wins itself immortal fame!"
He also died, and his successor
Was duly named the hat's possessor;
And every time the newest fashion
Was kept by all, with care and caution.

What further happened with the hat—
My second Book will tell you that—
Each new possessor changed its mould;—
The hat itself continued old:—
In short,—this emblem suits my purpose nicely—
Its fate was like PHILOSOPHY'S precisely!

W.

"THE PRAYER FOR ALL."

[From the "*Priere pour Tous*" of Victor Hugo.]

To prayer, my child! and O, be thy first prayer
For her who many nights, with anxious care,
Rock'd thy first cradle; who took thy infant soul
From heaven, and gave it to the world; then rife
With love, still drank herself the gall of life,
And left for thy young lips the honied bowl.

And then—I need it more—then pray for me!
For she is gentle, artless, true like thee;—
She has a guileless heart, brow placid, still;
Pity she has for all, envy for none;
Gentle and wise, she patiently lives on;
And she endures, nor knows who does the ill.

In culling flowers, her novice hand has ne'er
Touch'd e'en the outer rind of vice; no snare
With smiling show has lured her steps aside:
On her the past has left no staining mark;
Nor knows she aught of those bad thoughts which, dark,
Like shades on waters, o'er the spirit glide.

She knows not—nor mayest thou—the miseries
In which our spirits mingle; vanities,
Remorse, soul-gnawing cares, Pleasure's false show;
Passions which float upon the heart like foam,
Bitter remembrances which o'er us come,
And Shame's red spot spread sudden o'er the brow.

I know life better; when thou'rt older grown
I'll tell thee—it is needful to be known—
Of the pursuit of wealth—art, power; the cost—

That it is folly—nothingness :—that Shame
For Glory is oft thrown us in the game
Of Fortune's chances where the soul is lost.

The soul will change. Although of every thing
The cause and end be clear, yet wildering
We go through life, (of vice and error full.)
We wander as we go;—we feel the load
Of doubt; and to the briers upon the road
Man leaves his virtue, as a sheep its wool.

Then go, go pray for me! And as the prayer
Gushes in words, be this the form they bear :—
"Lord, Lord, our Father! God, my prayer attend.
Pardon—Thou art good! pardon—Thou art great!"
Let them go freely forth, fear not their fate!
Where thy soul sends them, thitherward they tend.

There's nothing here below which does not find
Its tendency. O'er plains the rivers wind,
And reach the sea; the bee, by instinct driven,
Finds out the honied flowers; the eagle flies
To seek the sun; the vulture where death lies;
The swallow to the spring; the prayer to heaven!

And when thy voice is raised to God for me,
I'm like the slave whom in the vale we see
Seated to rest, his heavy load laid by;
I feel refresh'd—the load of faults and woe
Which, groaning, I drag with me as I go,
Thy winged prayer bears off rejoicingly!

Pray for thy father! that his dreams be bright
With visitings of angel forms of light,
And his soul burn as incense flaming wide.
Let thy pure breath all his dark sins efface,
So that his heart be like that holy place,
An altar's pavement each eve purified!

C.

THE CAPTIVE MAID.

[From the French of Victor Hugo.]

Oh! were I not a captive,
I would love this fair countrie;
Those fields with maize abounding,
This ever-plaintive sea:
I'd love those stars unnumbered,
If, passing in the shade,
Beneath our walls I saw not
The Spahi's sparkling blade.

I am no Tartar maiden,
That a eunuch black should tune
My sweet guitar, and hold to me
My glass in the saloon.
Far from these horrid places,
In our dear country we,
With our young men at evening,
May talk and wander free,

But still I love this climate,
Where never wintry breeze
Invades, with icy murmur,
These open lattices;
Where rain is warm in summer,
And the shining insect green,
Most like a living emerald,
Among the leaves is seen.

With her chapelles fair Smyrna—
A gay princess, is she:
Still, at her summons, round her
Unfading spring ye see.
And, as in beauteous vases,
Bright groups of flowers repose,
So, in her seas are lying
Her archipelagoes.

I love these tall red turrets;
These standards brave unrolled;
And, like an infant's playthings,
These houses decked with gold.
I love, for soothing reveries
In listless ease, a tent
Voluptuously swaying
Upon an elephant.

Here, in this fairy palace,
Full of all melodies,
Methinks I hear deep murmurs
That in the deserts rise;
Soft-mingling with the music
The Genii's voices pour,
Amid the air, unceasing,
Around us evermore.

I love the burning odours
This glowing country gives;
And, round each gilded lattice,
The trembling, wreathing leaves;
And, 'neath the bending palm-tree,
The greenly-gushing spring;
And, on the snow-white minaret,
The stork with snowy wing.

I love on mossy couch to sing
A Spanish roundelay,
And see my sweet companions,
Around commingling gay,—
A roving band, light-hearted,
In frolicsome array,—
Beneath the screening parasol,
Dance down the merry day.

But, more than all, enchanting
At night, it is to me
To sit, where winds are sighing,
Lone musing by the sea;
And, on its surface gazing,
To mark the moon so fair
Her silver fan out-spreading,
In trembling radiance there.

W. D.

THE MANIAC.

[From the German of Heinrich Huttenbrenner.]

The wild winds roar through the fir trees tall,
The streamlets rush through the laughing vale,
I wander in haste, through forests and snow,
From height to height many miles I go.

Oh! shall not this dark life, 'midst valleys free,
Once more greet the sunlight joyously!
I turn from the vain thought with burning brain,
And rather seek winter's stern domain.

'Mid the green groves,
On the bright plains,
My heart her wild sorrow
Ever retains!
Though itself a rock,
Still life doth bloom:
Alas! one heart is
Closed like the tomb.

O Love! O Love! thou tyrant high,
Thou drawest thy memories from earth and sky;
The birds sing thy joys on their azure way,
And the streams tell thy sorrows moaningly.

Oh, let me wander
'Mid pathways wild,
Of howling winds;
The sad, strange child.
O Spring's glad brightness! O flowers' young light!
Must ne'er thy beauty this sick heart delight!

ERLAF LAKE.

[From the German of Heinrich Huttenbrenner.]

I am so glad, so sad,
On quiet Erlaf Lake!
I am so glad, so sad,
On quiet Erlaf Lake.

Holiest silence in the pine groves,
Motionless Heaven's azure space,
Only clouds their shadow flinging
O'er the beauty of her face.

Joyous winds are murmuring gently
Brightest waves o'er;
And the great sun's golden circlet
Palely gleams there.

I am so glad, so sad,
On quiet Erlaf Lake!
I am so glad, so sad,
On quiet Erlaf Lake.

SEHNSUCHT.

[From Schiller.]

Ah! from the depth of this dark glen,
By yon dismal cloud oppress,
Could I but a passage gain,
Ah, how should I be blest!
There I see a lovely land,
Ever fresh and ever fair!
Had I wings at my command,
Soon should I be hovering there.

Melodies around me ring,
Sweeter than heaven's rest can be,
And the gentle breezes bring
Fragrance on their wings to me.
Golden coloured fruits are glowing,
Nodding midst the leafy boughs,
And the flowers, that there are blowing,
Feel no winter's chilling snows.

Ah, how sweet to stray at will
There in sunshine ever free,
And the air of every hill,
O how balmy must it be!
But that mighty river's force,
As it dashes roaring past,
With it's billows, dark and hoarse,
Makes my very soul aghast.

Lo! a boat rides by the shore,
But, alas! no helmsman 's there.
Boldly enter, doubt no more!
See its sails have caught the air.
Firm in faith and courage be,
For no gods will stretch a hand;
Wonders only can bring thee
To that lovely wondrous land. S.

THE GRAVE.

[From the German of Von Galis.]

The grave is deep, and stern, and still,
And terrors round its margin stand;
It with a veil of darkness hides
The Undiscovered Land.

A silent realm, where never sounds
The voice of bird in flowing song;
There friendship's roses fallen away,
Are strewed in dust along.

The bride bereaved may mourn in vain,
And wring her hands in deep despair;
Loud may the cry of orphans be—
No sorrow reacheth there!

Yet weary hearts that here below
Have struggled with the storms of life,
Long for its everlasting Peace,
Untroubled more with strife.

For to us in no other place
That welcome, looked-for rest can come;
And only through that Portal dark
Man goeth to his Home. J.

TEXIANA.

RIDES, RAMBLES, AND SKETCHES IN TEXAS.

BY CHARLES HOOTON, AUTHOR OF "COLIN CLINK," "BILBERRY THURLAND," &c., &c.

How natural is the propensity in man to seek for El Dorados, Happy Lands, wild Gardens of Eden,—where flowers grow without cultivation,—where beasts of chase are not monopolized by the arm of aristocratic power,—where governments are as liberal as the air,—where labour reaps its own results,—and lastly, and above all else, where a man's back is not exactly either broken or very badly humped by too heavy a load of that most solid and dense of all known substances, commonly recognised under the name of taxation! Poets, happy race! have the faculty of manufacturing their own Paradises at home, without encountering sea-sickness, and all the perils of the great deep, before arriving at them. They can see happiness in the landscape of a murky London street; and, by an alchemy more abstruse and subtle than was that of Roger Bacon, convert a garret into a garden, a wash-basin into a flower-pot, and the dirty dimity of a bedstead into the Tyrian purple drawn around some beautiful ideal Paphian queen.

Ordinary people, however, are compelled, in the course of their search after a blissful seat on earth, to go another, and quite a different way to work. The dirty lanes of mere matter-of-fact must be gone through,—the mire of pure animal misery must be trampled in, until both body and mind are almost brought to a stand-still; and long and heavy must be the labour before the garden-wilderness smiles as it ought to do, and enables the labourer therein to laugh outright, as he ought to do, from very joy at his changed condition. To speak individually, from my very youth upwards, I had a strong desire, one day or another, to squeeze myself through the gate of some one or other of these—(next to Heaven itself)—most-to-be-desired places. It so happened, however, that up to the year of grace 1840, I contented myself with thinking about it, and abiding my appointed time.

At the latter end of December of that eventful year, after having carefully weighed in the balance the respective merits of different paradisaical parts of the earth, including New Zealand, and Australia, (the present prison, alas! of my friend Richard Howitt,) I finally made up my mind to go to Texas. The very name of Mexico, with its marvellous associations,—its Montezumas, its magnificent vegetation, its old renown in the romance of American history, ever threw out attractions to my imagination. To add to them, the various books and pamphlets written upon that country, which happened to fall into my hands, contributed a golden store of almost unalloyed "sweet promise;" while the political relations of the young republic so exactly coincided with all my preconceived notions of governmental purity and integrity, that it is no wonder the seal was at once and conclusively affixed to the bond of my determination to depart forthwith. Accordingly, after much delay and trouble, occasioned by the unprincipled conduct of the ship-brokers, we left the London Docks on the 28th of December 1840, with twenty-one adult passengers, male and female, and eight

or ten children. Although our voyage was not without its curious incident and interest, I shall not linger over its description in this place, but proceed at once to relate in what manner we first touched upon the Texan shore. About half-past six o'clock in the evening of the 25th of March, many of the passengers being on deck for the benefit of the air, unsuspicious, and wrapped in the conscious security of having passed the great deep unharmed,—with the suddenness of a falling thunderbolt, the ship struck upon the bottom. The shock made her shiver from head to stern, like a leaf in the wind, or a creature alive that has received its death-blow, and trembles nervously before it falls. For a moment or two, every soul was dumb. The water heaved and swelled around us; and, as the waves passed on and left the vessel to sink again, crash we came again upon the bottom,—and again, and again. And then followed shrieking of women and children, and weeping and praying, shouting and swearing, and hurrying half unconsciously and desperately to and fro. Many of the sailors,—men of courage and desperate daring on any or all other occasions, now seemed to lose all confidence; and, with the loss of confidence, all power. While the captain (who happened to be below when the vessel first struck) rushed instantly up the stairs, and, in an agony of terror, ran about the deck, crying "The Lord preserve us!"—"God Almighty have mercy upon us!" and using other expressions of a similar nature; but which, of course, carried little comfort to the already hopeless hearts of the females, and the more timid of the stronger sex. Twilight was drawing on. That sun, half under the horizon, was gazed on tearfully by many wild eyes as the last sun they would ever see; while the very soul seemed to sink at the dread consciousness that night and an undug and tombless grave were closing over us for ever. During this time, the ship was put upon many various tacks, in order to try in what direction we could make our escape from the shoal. At length she again floated, and we steered direct from land and towards the open part of the Gulf of Mexico. So close upon the tropics, day and night are almost as distinct, and as abrupt in their distinctness, as dark and light painted close together on a board. There is little blending of the two together,—almost nothing of that warm, dreamy, and angelic twilight which, in more northern climates, gives to romance one half its ideality, and to love one of its deepest fascinations. Darkness fell, and fear became more fearful than before. The deck was crowded with anxious but invisible faces, and all ears were strained to catch the tidings minute by minute communicated in a musical melancholy tone by the seaman at the lead, as he sung out, with each haul of the sounding-line, "Quarter less two!"—"Deep two!"—"Half quarter two!" and the like. If we gained a quarter of a fathom, there arose beneath that dark canopy of sky a general and very heart-felt "Thank God for that!" in which even the old skipper himself was not too heroic to join. The pumps were tried, and, to our surprise as well as gratification, found not to have more water than before. The old ship had clearly sprung no leak. About two o'clock in the morning, however, the man at the helm discovered, for the first time, that the vessel refused to obey her rudder, and declared his conviction that we had lost it when we struck, and had been sailing all night without one, or rather, perhaps, it may be said, under the especial guidance of the stump thereof only.

Within a short time afterwards, the anchor was dropped, and early after daylight on the following morning, what remained of the helm was unshipped, when it was discovered that the post was snapped asunder, and the whole of the rudder part had been carried away.

All hands on board (passengers included) were now busily employed in manufacturing a new helm out of three spars rough from the forest, and a few old planks which luckily chanced to be on board. These were lashed together and nailed as well as circumstances and the rude nature of the materials would permit; while, in order to give this poor substitute for a rudder the requisite ponderosity in the water, a quantity of broken flints, brought from Ramsgate by way of ballast, was inserted into the interstices between the boards on either side. When finished and shipped, it was calculated to last, with moderate weather, about three days at farthest; while hard weather and a rough sea would, in all probability, have carried it off in as many hours. To increase the delights of our situation, it was now discovered, on examination, that but fifty gallons of water remained, while there were above forty souls on board. The victuals also ran short, partly in consequence of the unusual length of our passage, but much more in consequence of the vessel having, in the first instance, been despatched from London upon such rigidly-economical principles that she might more aptly have been regarded in the light of a sort of floating parish workhouse, than a vessel carrying such a number of human beings and bound upon a voyage of rather precarious duration in point of time. This, indeed, is a point upon which emigrants (of the poorer classes especially) to any part of the world, generally find themselves most miserably misled and deceived. To find it out, however, only when in "blue water," is too late for the application of any remedy:—patience and endurance are the most available virtues during the remainder of the passage. Perhaps on some future occasion I may give, for the especial benefit of the thousands of emigrants who annually leave our shores, such an insight into the system pursued by "passenger-brokers" in our sea-ports, as cannot fail at least to be highly useful to them, even if it answer not the higher purpose of assisting in the correction of a deeply gross and infamous, though too little understood, abuse.

Not to prolong the story of this our first misfortune, let it suffice the reader to be informed that, after two other days blind sailing in fog and mist, which rendered the sun invisible, so that no observation could be taken, we anchored again on the night of Saturday, March 27, intending to remain there until the return of daylight, and per-

haps clearer weather, should enable us the better to ascertain our actual position. About midnight, however, the wind rose, until it blew almost a hurricane, and the sea rolled in magnificent and lengthened billows, until our old ship pitched, head and stern, as though about to dive endways into the sand below, and reeled from side to side so deeply, as to threaten, every instant, to lie down like a too exhausted and toil-worn thing to struggle for liberty any longer. At the same time, her timbers trembled and shrieked with the prodigious strain upon them, and she tugged madly at the chain cable, by which her anchor held us to the place, as might some infuriated and unmanageable wild beast at the lashings that fix him to the ground. About half-past three, the morning being pitch dark, the cable snapped suddenly in two, and we drifted rapidly towards the land and those formidable breakers which everlastingly dash with such impetuous violence upon the whole shelving coast of the Gulf of Mexico. In this second emergency, the pusillanimity of our captain evinced itself in the same manner as before. He appeared half bewildered, and as though he now finally gave us up for lost. But, by the combined exertions of all on board, a second anchor was soon slipped, and the vessel was brought-to in about five fathoms water. When daylight at length broke, the sky seemed still almost as heavy and black as night; and the "ground-swell," the result of the preceding storm, was absolutely fearful to look upon. Signals of distress were now hoisted; but, owing to the fog which enveloped the land, were not seen until late in the day. About four o'clock P.M., the pilot-boat, which had long been seen approaching, reached us, and on the same night we anchored just outside that shifting sand-bar which renders the harbour of Galveston so difficult to enter; and, in the opinion of many men much better qualified to judge correctly in this matter than myself, will ever prevent this, the most favourable port on the whole Texan sea-board, from becoming a place of any really extensive maritime commerce. This sand-bank, or "bar," proved to be the same upon which we had struck four days previously, our vessel at that time drawing only nine feet water. Statements have repeatedly been made, calculated to lead to much misconception on this subject, and to direct that spirit of enterprise towards Texas, and on the part of inexperienced and far-off individuals, which eventually resulted in partial if not entire disappointment and disaster. It has been said, that in certain tides, sixteen feet of water are upon the bar. This may be the case occasionally; but it is not upon occasional and comparatively rare chances of ingress and egress to and from a port, that commerce by sea can beneficially be rendered dependent. One of the only two pilots in Galveston (Mr. G. S——, formerly of Liverpool) has several times assured me that, *in general*, no vessel can pass with safety that requires a greater depth of water than *thirteen* feet; that being the average sounding upon the bank. He also states that the bar itself has changed its position nearly half a mile within the last three or four years.

These facts—for as such they are given—are most admirably illustrated by the appearance of the bay of Galveston itself. Sprinkled with wrecks of various appearances and sizes, all alike gloomy, however, in their looks and associations, it strikes the heart of a stranger as a sort of ocean-cemetery—a sea churchyard—in which broken masts, and shattered timbers, half buried in quicksands, seem to remain above the surface of the treacherous waters, only to remind the living, like dead camels on a level desert, of the destruction that has gone before, and yet awaits many who may come after.

It may not be improper, while on this subject, just to add, that a current produced by the rivers from the uplands which fall into the bay, runs through it to the sea, and forms the only safe track, like a narrow lane for a coach, down which ships reach the city. The remaining mass of water, at least three miles across, from Galveston to Pelican Island opposite, is so shallow, that under the influence of particular winds, combined, perhaps, with other causes, it may, in certain places, be *waded* across with safety! Such, then, is the plain truth, as far as I could ascertain it, respecting the famous port of Galveston, the intended mart of all the rest of Texas, and the place from which all the as-yet-unproduced produce of the interior—the dreamed-of wealth of thousands of dreamed-of settlers—is to be exported to all parts of the civilized world.

About noon on the 29th of March, we landed in reality. From the sea, the appearance of Galveston is that of a fine city of great extent, built close upon the edge of the water; but its glory vanishes gradually in proportion to the nearness of approach of the spectator, until, on his arrival at the end of one of the long, rude, wood projections called wharfs, which shoot out some quarter of a mile into the shallows of the bay, he finds nothing but a poor straggling collection of weather-boarded frame-houses, beautifully embellished with whitewash, (they may be mistaken for white marble from the Gulf,) and extending, without measurable depth, about the length of two miles of string. It presents, in this respect, a bold front to the enemy; but, like a bulwark made of brown pasteboard, has more appearance than power; and, in the event of a war with the Mexicans, might, in the course of a few hours, be swept from the face of the earth by a brisk and determined cannonade of nothing more formidable than dried peas instead of grape-shot, and bay shells by way of bombs.

As Galveston is at present (and, in all probability, for a very long time to come will continue to be) considered the head-quarters of modern Texas in population, in commercial importance, in the civilisation of its society, in religion, education, morals, and literature, I shall be rather more particular than otherwise might be deemed needful in its description, touching all these matters; trusting thereby to convey to the reader a more perfect facsimile of things of this kind in the new republic, than all the laudatory pens of all preceding writers put together, have yet attempted to give.

When a man reads of a "city," he very naturally associates with that word the idea implied by

it at home. He almost unconsciously jumps to the conclusion that a city in a newly-founded country is, if not quite so elegant externally, yet pretty much the same sort of thing as a city in an old one. If he be told there is already an University established, his mind reverts to Cambridge and Oxford;—education assumes her most imposing aspect, and learning peeps out in cap and gown from her palace of books, surrounded by a splendid court of intellectuals, and raising up, as her most solemn duty is, a train of graceless rascals, on whose heads the stamp of manhood is not yet fully impressed, but who are destined to become—each in his degree—the lights of our modern world. Should he be told of civilisation,—arts, sciences, and those numberless and nameless refinements which constitute in his view the stock-meaning of civilisation, instantly rise up to view; and mentally he beholds the strange phenomenon of intellectual and moral power rising unsupported in the midst of a natural wilderness on which even the hand of agriculture, the first task-master of physical labour, has not as yet left so much as its lightest impression. He is told of busy ports and harbours dotted with the flags of all nations,—of steamers plying up and down, and to and fro; and at once, by the most easy and natural of all associations, he sees a floating forest of branchless and leafless pines throwing their streamers abroad upon the air over the bosom of some Thames or Mersey, yet unknown to fame; and exalting, by their commerce, the humble and industrious pedlars of the newly-planted cities into merchants, who ere long shall become like princes.

Such and similar are the impressions almost invariably made upon home-bred readers and aspiring emigrants by the perusal of favourable Commissioners' very impartial reports, the works of interested or hasty and incompetent parties, and the inspection of maps upon which cities only just conceived by the parental surveyor, are laid down as fully grown, and over which it is quite as easy to travel four or five hundred miles by the aid of a scale and a pair of compasses, as it is to walk as many single miles along the nasty dirty roads of the "old country" from one's own house to the next village. It is not a little surprising too, with what unexpected ease a man fells the imaginary timber growing upon a map;—selects his bit of "happy land" upon the bend of some delightful river, knocks up his log-house or "shanty" as the case may be,—puts to the rout whole bodies of hostile and obnoxious Indians;—kills his own buffalo and deer,—catches more than he can consume every time he goes fishing,—(since fish in places of this description are generally of such a generous nature that they positively volunteer into your net whether you want them or not,) and in short succeeds so admirably in the country of his adoption —(sitting all the while by his fire-side with his pipe and pot of English ale,) that in the course of a very few years he finds himself perfectly independent and as happy as a little rural king.

More surprising, however, than all this, is the reality,—the fact against the fiction. It is usually a rather melancholy surprisal too. The flourishing "city," rising in importance, in commerce, and in wealth, he discovers, in the majority of cases, to be not half so large as many an English village:—its houses being of the poorest and most temporary nature, and reared here and there and anywhere, with no more apparent regularity than is displayed by a crop of mushrooms that have suddenly popped their heads up some dewy morning in the prolific area of a sheep-pasture. Its "University" is considerably less than a country pedagogue's common school, both in its means of education and the number of its students; while the magnificent pile of building in which the mysteries of language and mathematics are carried on, is built in the finest style of log and weatherboard architecture, —the columns that support it being rough unwrought cedar-stumps, and the groining of the arched roof, the bare rafters and laths upon which the shingles are nailed. The "commercial importance" of which he had read, is found to consist principally in the mutual peddling and swindling carried on by the inhabitants amongst themselves and their country neighbours; while the remaining portion is made up of individual or associated monopolies, whose strength is obtained and power perpetuated by the employment of much greater capital than the hosts of new settlers commonly possess. Such at least is the reality in Galveston, as contrasted with the imaginary picture drawn at home by the intending emigrant from the delightful sketches made by those fanciful and highly poetical gentlemen whose various works upon Texas are already before the public. The forest of masts bearing the flags of many nations dwindles into a few straggling poles bearing the "star-spangled" buntin of the States; "the lone star" of Texas itself; and possibly, once in the course of four or five months, the red flag of St. George of England: all, however, looking as idle, as melancholy, and as lonely as so many half-starved cormorants, watching, from their perch of stone, whom or what they can devour. The arrival or departure of a steamer from or to New Orleans, creates a sensation in the place, and two or three hours of common hurry and bustle along the wooden-pier at the foot of which she may happen to come to anchor: after this, all relapses again into mere inanity; and the public mind, for want of something better to do, falls back upon its stock subject of speculation touching that most interesting of all intellectual items,—"what comes next?"

Literature and art, though words to be found in a dictionary, have nothing correspondent to them in Texas. The literature there is embodied in some twenty newspapers of the most miserable description. The editor of each usually combines within the compass of his own body, proprietor and compositor too. This trinity of the printing-office clips out extracts, writes original drivel of his own, takes in both advertisements and the pay for them,—notices a marriage for a bit of bride-cake and a gallon of whisky,—works at his "case" along with his men, (being not a whit more important than any one of them,) and publishes the whole collection in his own especial name. By this means he contrives to "get along"

in the articles of bread and cheese, but seldom, if ever, arrives at such a high point of prosperity as to be enabled to enclose a snipping of prairie-ground, and build a plank-mansion of his own. To expect to find a book for sale of any higher character than the illustrated alphabet,—"A for Ape, and B for Bull,"—except it be derived from the sea-chest library of some diseased and beggared emigrant, who disposes of all he possesses in order to get away again,—would be to expect a very remarkable and unusual phenomenon. Any old book-stall in her Majesty's dominions contains more literary wealth upon any given number of its square inches, than can be found in the same number of square leagues in Texas, pick them from whatever part you will. In fact, the means of obtaining a mere animal existence engross the first and almost sole attention of every one. A state of things inevitable in a country as poor, *as* a country, as ever Job was as an individual, and far more prostrated by its extreme poverty than ever Job could have been. These are anything but unfounded and gratuitous observations, as will appear in proper place by and by.

The city of Galveston as it stands, and the "city" laid down upon the plans, bear about the same relation to each other, in point of size, as a pea to a pumpkin respectively; and could but a man build houses with his eyes, the now waste and trackless prairie would be covered with first-rate edifices. He would behold streets thronged with happy citizens and happier merchants, where at present are found only rank grass breast-high,—the carcases and bleached bones of cattle that have died of thirst and madness, and gorged and gorging turkey-buzzards that feed on the filthy carrion until they can scarcely fly away with their delicious burden. Such a man would be a very competent and fitting associate for all those praiseworthy gentlemen to whom the world is at present indebted for throwing open to its gaze the gates of the Texan paradise. He would then see things as they *ought to be*, not as *they are*,—and that constitutes the grand secret of writing a book upon any new country which requires an incoming population. Of course, there are abundance of squares laid down, but no squares of building upon them. The streets (if wide passages between rows of houses may be so called) are ankle-deep in fine sand during dry weather, and almost deeper still in mud during wet: they being totally unpaved in any part. An east or north-east wind drives the waters of the bay so far up, that the principal street is laid completely under water; and boats have, I believe, been employed to convey necessaries about the city, and to assist all such as were not naturally of an amphibious tribe, in the transaction of their business. Upon one occasion, it was carried away altogether,—the place upon which it stood being left as clear as a summer beach during an ebb tide. At that period of the year commonly termed winter, but which, more properly may be called the rainy season, a vast portion of that part of the island prairie upon which the imaginary portion of Galveston is already erected, the water lies from twelve to eighteen inches deep after storms, and forms a sort of extensive fish-pond (only without fish) in which a man might throw his float and line either from his chamber-window or his door-step, just as his genius and roving fancy might incline him.

The present remains of the city, or rather, I mean, the actual remains at the beginning of the city that is to be, are intersected with wide and tolerably deep ditches for the purposes of drainage. These generally contain some portion of water, and consequently are the resort and local habitation of incalculable numbers of a small amphibious species of crab, familiarly denominated "fiddlers," from the fact of their being amply provided with one enormous claw, larger than the whole body, and not unlike a huge animal bass-viol; while the corresponding one on the other side is a mere stick in comparison, and to all appearance fitted only to *scrape* the other. These curious insects inhabit every extensive gutter or drain, whether in the town or out of it, and exhibit a remarkable degree of alacrity in saving themselves from danger; as, upon the approach of the passenger, a tumultuous movement, a scouring away, and "general scramble," takes place; and, in the course of a few seconds, nearly all have dropped into their holes in the banks. The body of the largest does not exceed three quarters of an inch square, while the large claw is two inches and a half long. They are harmless, and not unwholesome, although never eaten; their diminutive size effectually protecting them from the ravenous appetites of the inhabitants.

When, for the first time, we walked down the hot and sandy "Strand," (the principal street before alluded to,) the name of "Van Winkle," upon the front of a store, caught our eyes, and called up pleasant visions of Washington Irving's "Rip;" of mysterious, mute, and eternally-smoking Dutchmen; of the famous Katskill mountains, and of the early times of settlement on Manhattan Island, when, perhaps, the New York of that day was a sort of Galveston of this. And at the moment, I wondered how long it might be before the first city of the "Lone Star" would become as great as is that of the many-starred banner which Washington and his colleagues have planted amongst the first and most permanent on earth. But nine months' experience and observation have since led me to the conclusion, that, to say the best of it, it will, at least, be a *very* long time indeed.

The "stores" in Galveston are remarkable places; curious assemblages of all manner of miscellaneous articles, in almost every department of human wants and occupations. Unlike the shops of Europe, in which one article, or at most, perhaps, some few of the same genus, constitute the staple commodity of the place, these stores much more nearly resemble a series of modern museums, the curiosities of which are selected from almost every variety of manufacture upon the face of the globe. In one of these, of any "mark and likelihood," you may be provided with house-brooms, and hair-brushes, combs and rakes, broad-cloth and baskets, wines, spirits, and gunpowder,—razors and Colts'

six-chambered rifles,—boots and bed-tickings,—pottery of all kinds, and ready-made pantaloons,—fish-hooks and bacon,—soap and soda,—buckets, iron pots, washing-tubs, Yankee clocks, French silks, stoves, and an infinity of articles much more numerous and tedious to mention than all the unmentionables of an auctioneer's catalogue. In short, with the two exceptions of meat and fish, I believe everything that *can* be purchased, is to be purchased at these medley repositories denominated stores. Throughout this immense variety, however, it may be necessary to state, that perhaps not a single article is produced by the Texan population itself. All are imported; and as the storekeepers generally calculate upon a profit of *one hundred per cent.* on the great majority of the goods in which they deal, it may readily be inferred how rapidly the little money there is in the place becomes transferred from the pockets of the people at large to the purses of the storekeepers.

The latter have a practice amongst them of supplying the planters of the interior with a year's outfit of all kinds of necessaries upon the pledge and security of their coming crops; a system which keeps them long out of their money, and occasionally leads to losses of no inconsiderable extent. Accommodation of this description is also almost universally afforded by the shipping merchants of the southern slave-holding states to the cotton growers of that country; a course which, in many instances, has pledged the latter two or three crops deep, and materially assisted, in conjunction with an atrociously bad banking system, to produce that stagnation and commercial distress, the complaints of which have latterly been so loud from those districts of America.

In connexion with the stores, it may be opportune to mention, that the market in Galveston is held every day, Sunday included: that day, indeed, being the best in the week for abundance and variety. It consists principally of meat and fish of various kinds, with now and then a few vegetables. These are but seldom seen, being very scarce and dear; a cabbage about the size of a blacksmith's fist readily bringing as much as eighteenpence or two shillings, English. The market is opened with the earliest peep of daylight, and may be considered well over by six o'clock in the morning. The meat is killed during the preceding night, and brought to the stalls in a state that may properly be termed yet warm with life. Even with this necessary, though disagreeable haste, unless it be cooked almost immediately, it will, during the hottest weather, turn green, and putrify before mid-day. At any time to purchase more than is needful for the day's consumption, is useless; as all beyond that becomes waste. Beef and fish are very cheap indeed; their price may be considered almost nominal. Pork is higher, and mutton higher still, though of the most wretched quality, and the narrowest conceivable supply. The exceeding dearth of green vegetables is severely felt by the newcomer in this intensely sultry climate; and in conjunction with drinking water of the vilest description, contributes, I doubt not, very much to the unhealthiness of the people, (more especially of the poor, who constitute nineteen-twentieths of the whole,) and at times renders both the island and the whole of the seaboard a mere lazar-house for disease and death to revel in. Melons of various descriptions, and the finest growth, flourish and abound during the heats of midsummer, and consitute indeed almost the only resource of the parched-up and sun-dried inhabitants. There are no springs in Galveston Island; nor is there any fresh-water, except what is caught during rain, and that which filters through the sand into wells, one of which is usually attached to each homestead. The former soon grows corrupt in summer, and abounds in the larvæ of musquitoes, which assume the appearance of small eels, with feathered heads, and are amazingly active while in this aquatic state. The wells cannot be dug more than about eight feet deep; as below that measure lies a stratum of black pestiferous sea-mud, intermingled with rotting shells, the contact of which with the water renders it totally useless. During the hottest part of the year, these shallow wells fail partially or altogether; and the drought that ensues is highly injurious to the inhabitants, as well as destructive to the cattle. At those times considerable money is made by such people as chance to have either rain or well water to dispose of.

Although these minute particulars may not possess any general interest, they will perhaps be pardoned, when the reader reflects upon the many strenuous efforts already made, and yet making, to populate Texas with English emigrants; and to whom, *practically*, such apparently-insignificant circumstances are of every importance.

I will now proceed to make some few remarks upon the state of society in Galveston,—to illustrate it by the story of Captain Thompson, who, in 1841, met his death in Mexico; and thus conclude the present article.

Texas generally may, with safety, be regarded as a place of refuge for rascality and criminality of all kinds:—the sanctuary to which pirates, murderers, thieves, and swindlers, fly for protection from the laws they have violated in other countries, and under other governments. It has become almost a proverb in the United States, that, when a runaway debtor is not to be found—when a slave-stealer is totally missing, or a murderer has contrived to elude justice,—he has chalked upon his house-door, G. t. T.—"*Gone to Texas.*" Nor has this passed into a proverb without much fact to support it. Many innocent and deluded people are certainly mixed up with this vile population—and some mercantile men of respectability, education, and probity; but in the main, scoundrelism, under one shape or another, constitutes the larger portion of the present population of Texas. Were it either necessary or becoming, I could give the names of several parties of the most respectable standing in Galveston, (so far, at least, as wealth may be considered to confer respectability,) who were Southern slave-stealers, old smugglers and buccaneers in the Mexican and Indian seas, runaway swindlers and murderers in the States. This is stated with the greater certainty, as the indivi-

duals alluded to were within the range of my own acquaintance, and, in some instances, have related their lives and adventures within my own hearing. I also, on one occasion, accidentally met with no less a character than the first mate to the celebrated Lafitte the pirate, whose head-quarters were on Galveston (formerly called St. Louis) Island; and who took such an active part with the Americans at New Orleans during their last war with England. On another occasion, I shall probably have a curious story to tell of this old campaigner.

Some three or four years ago, as I am informed by the older inhabitants of the island, Galveston was scarcely habitable by people of decent life, in consequence of the numbers of desperate gamblers who infested it; set all law and authority at defiance, and, by intimidation, and the force of arms, (which they openly carried,) maintained themselves at whatever period, and during any length of time, they might think proper. At that period, the formidable Bowie-knife was in pretty active operation; and assassination the ordinary termination of personal quarrels and disputes. Mr. F. of Galveston, a gentleman whose kindness to me in sickness and difficulties deserves this public acknowledgment, has related an anecdote to me, touching this subject, which I cannot withhold from the reader, as it so strikingly illustrates the lawlessness and disregard of human life which then prevailed. One evening, towards sunset, he was standing at his doorway in the principal street of Galveston, when he observed a man of respectable appearance and carriage, coming down the rude causeway towards him. Not far behind was another individual, who walked rather faster than the first one, and apparently with the intention of overtaking him. This he shortly did; and on passing by, drew a bowie-knife, stabbed the unsuspecting victim of his revenge, who instantly fell dead upon the spot; and, with the greatest coolness and deliberation, wiped the knife-blade upon his sleeve, and walked on as before. This was within about fifty yards of Mr. F.'s door. Little or no notice was taken of the matter; nor was the individual who had committed the crime, even so much as arrested. In the "city" itself, matters are now considerably improved; but no further off than Houston, and throughout the country generally, the knife, pistol, or rifle, is the supreme arbiter in every personal "difficulty"—as a quarrel is there termed—that occurs. Even during my own residence in Galveston, a man was one morning found, in the midst of the town, slaughtered in a similar manner, and, as far as my knowledge or inquiries went, with equal impunity on the part of the murderer. Indeed, at this very day, although the crime of assassination is actually less frequent than formerly, human life is held at the least possible value, and esteemed not too great an atonement for very venial crimes. I shall have occasion to give some curious illustrations of this fact, before my observations upon Texan society are concluded; but, for the present, let the story of Captain Thompson suffice.

Being one evening at the Tremont hôtel, in company with Mr. F., the gentleman above alluded to, a large company being at the time present, he privately inquired of me whether I knew, or had ever seen Captain Thompson, or *Mexican* Thompson, as he was more generally termed. On my replying in the negative, Mr. F. pointed out an individual in the crowd, with the remark,—"That is the very man. He is one of the boldest fellows that ever breathed, or he would not dare to come into Galveston, where he knows there are many who would seek his life, but are, perhaps, afraid to encounter him. He is a frank and good-natured man, but of the most desperate and reckless character. I do not think there is a single individual in the whole island who would care to fight him, if he could possibly help it, with any weapon." On inquiry, I found that Thompson (an Englishman, I believe, by birth) had, several years previously, been the captain of a sloop of war in the Mexican service. During the latter end of the year 1835, he was ordered to Galveston bay, for the purpose, it was stated, of ascertaining the facts connected with certain troubles that had previously taken place at Anahuac, between the Mexican government and the people there. Thompson, however, improved upon these orders, (if they were his orders,) and at once attacked, captured, and carried off an American vessel then engaged in the Texan trade, and which at the time chanced, by ill luck, to fall in his way. This act was regarded by the inhabitants as a virtual declaration of war on the part of Mexico; and the highest indignation was expressed towards the individual aggressor himself. Time passed on: the revolution which made Texas independent was effected;—no restitution or redress for Thompson's violence was made,—when, lo! he appeared again in Galveston, alone, and as bold and confident as Hector himself. He came and returned, when and in what manner he pleased, and no man ventured to meddle with him. On my expressing the wish, Mr. F. introduced me to this singular individual. He was a man of middle stature, stout, but compact, possessed of the most good-humoured and pleasing of countenances,—wore huge mustachios of a reddish-brown colour,—carried on all occasions a brace of double-barrelled rifle pistols upon his person, besides a bowie-knife,—while his conversation evidently showed that he lacked neither native intellect nor education. Indeed, to speak the truth, I was really "taken" with him.

Some few days after this interview, Mr. S., the pilot of whom I have previously made mention, expressed to me his intention of going down into Mexico Proper, with the view of settling there, in case things were found according to his expectation. From that time, up to November 1841, (and several months had elapsed,) I heard nothing of either Mr. S. or Captain Thompson; until one evening, as I was smoking my cigar, after a hard day's hunting, and trying to fumigate away the myriads of musquitoes that filled the air, as though with dust,—Mr. S. the pilot entered; and, sitting down upon a rough-hewn sofa by my side, informed me that he had just returned from Mexico, and subsequently related the following story of Captain Thompson:—

"Mr. Hooton," he began, "let me beg of you never to drink spirits any more,—for I have seen such a sight with Captain Thompson in Mexico, originating altogether in brandy-drinking, as I hope never to see again in this world, and which has made me a tee-totaller for life."

"What has happened, Mr. S.?" I inquired.

"I told you," he replied, "that I was going down to Mexico. Thompson wanted to go with me; and eventually we agreed to sail for Tampico, taking my pilot-boat, and that Thompson should act as captain. During the whole passage, which, owing to unfavourable weather, lasted nearly a fortnight, he did nothing, scarcely, but drink brandy day and night. He scarcely either ate or slept. When we arrived at Tampico, and went ashore, Thompson put a belt round his body, stuck a brace of pistols in it, and additionally armed himself with a cutlass. Three of the men we had brought with us he armed in the same manner; and, thus attended, walked into the town. He said it was needful, in such a place as Mexico, where a man was never safe of his life. In one of the principal streets he stepped aside to get a 'drink' of brandy and water, at a groggery. When he had ordered what he wanted, he gazed steadfastly in the face of the landlord who was serving him behind the bar, and then demanded whether his name was not so and so?—(giving the name, which I omit.) The man said it was his name. 'Then,' replied Thompson, 'do you not remember, about seven years ago, being MY first mate? Do you remember how you betrayed me? and that I promised, if ever I met with you again,—no matter how long first,—I would shoot you? I shall be as good as my word.' And immediately he drew a pistol upon the astonished vintner, and pulled the trigger; but the weapon missed fire. The second was upon the point of being discharged, when the man attacked drew a double-barrelled gun from underneath his counter; and, before Thompson could fire a second time, put the contents of both barrels into his body. He was almost cut in two, and fell dead upon the floor. One of his men immediately jumped over the counter, sabre in hand, and clove the innkeeper down,—nearly cutting the head and upper part of the body from the remainder. They were now making off, when the acting authorities, hearing something of the disturbance, arrested the attempted fugitives; and, within an hour, without judge, jury, or trial, the three men were shot. Such is law in Mexico, and such the effects of drink in this burning climate."

And thus Mr. S. ended his story, and thereby enabled me to be the first who has put the death of the notorious Mexican Thompson on record.

THE CORNOPEAN.

To the Editor of Tait's Magazine.

EDINBURGH, 10th *February*, 1843.

SIR,—Having lately taken some interest in a musical instrument of great power of tone, and of expression,—viz., the Cornopean, or *Cornet à Pistons* (as the French call it,) it struck me that one or two difficulties, which stand in the way of performers who are not very skilful, might be removed in a very simple manner.

The cornopean is *pitched* by means of crooks varying in length. The instrument without a crook, stands in B; and, by adapting to it its crooks of A, A flat, G, F, E, E flat, or D, its pitch gradually descends; the natural scale of the instrument being upon these keys; while, by means of *the Pistons*, music upon *any* key may be performed, as the cornopean with *three pistons* comprehends the chromatic scale throughout the whole compass of the instrument.—When pitched upon A, A flat, or G, the tone is brilliant; but, in the hands of an ordinary performer, the cornopean is then more adapted for the open air, or for a very large apartment, owing to the difficulty of *softening* the power of the instrument.

When the longer crooks (viz., those of F, E, E flat, or D,) are used, the tone is much softened; but it becomes impossible to play in tune the notes produced by the pistons, owing to the slides not being long enough to enable the performer to *flatten* the notes sufficiently by drawing the slides out to a suitable extent. Indeed, when the slides are pulled out to nearly their whole length, they must be remarkably well-fitted, or they cease to be perfectly air-tight; and so destroy all chance of bringing out the notes properly.

A difficulty exists in playing the cornopean as an accompaniment to the pianoforte, &c., inasmuch as the natural scale of the instrument never being upon C, the music must be transposed; which, especially in difficult passages played at sight, is always more or less annoying. For example, if the key played upon by the orchestra be C, the cornopean with the A flat crook must be played in E major; or, if the G crook be used, it must be played in F major. If the orchestra plays in A, the cornopean with the A crook must be played in C; with the G crook, in D; and so on.

Now this transposition, in playing an accompaniment to the pianoforte, &c., is always troublesome; and it struck me that by *lengthening* the tuning slides, the instrument might be pitched upon C; by which not only would the tone be softened, but the trouble of transposition be done away with.

I had three long slides adapted to a very good German cornopean, by Mr. Glen, musical instrument maker, in North Bank Street; and, by *combining* the crooks,—as, for instance, putting on the E flat and F crooks,—I threw the instrument down to C, and the experiment succeeded perfectly. The power of the instrument could be modified to a *much* softer degree than when pitched higher, so as to serve as a good accompaniment for a female voice; in short, it approached very closely to the *timbre* of the French horn when very softly played. The *piston notes* could be brought out perfectly in tune, and the trouble of transposing was avoided. The instrument merely requires the addition of the three slides of *extra length*, and of course serves as well as before for any of its usual keys. An additional crook may be made to throw it down to C, or, in the German instruments, where one crook fits into another, a combination of these crooks may be used.

I may remark, that, in 1841, I got made, by Mr. Glen, some of those funnel-shaped mouth-pieces for the Cornopean, which are suggested in Graham's Essay on Musical Composition, and which have since been adopted by the best London makers, instead of the cup-shaped mouth-pieces formerly in fashion; and I found the tone of the instrument much improved by them.

I remain, Sir, your very obedient servant,

A SCOTTISH AMATEUR.

THE HISTORY OF WOMAN IN ENGLAND.*

In writing the Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England, Miss Lawrance must necessarily have turned her attention to the social position of women of every rank, so far as information was attainable. While making inquiry concerning the royal and fair inmates of the palace, the lady of the feudal castle, or the noble recluse of the convent, she must have been enabled, by her careful and really *learned* research, aided by a picturesque and poetical fancy, to elicit many particulars of the condition of the humbler female inmates of the workshop in the city, and the farm-house in the country, which she has here turned to account in a work of a more comprehensive character than the Memoirs of English Queens.

Even at a very early and comparatively barbarous period of English history, female influence was felt in public affairs, and always beneficently. At a later period, female influence gave the impulse to the Reformation; and to a woman's patronage England owes the introduction of the Art of Printing. At the period of the Roman invasion, when the internal condition of Britain is first made known with anything deserving to be regarded as authentic history, the women held a higher place in the social system than is usually accorded to them among barbarous tribes. They, however, vindicated or achieved their right to share or to hold the supreme authority by their warlike character. The history of the heroic British Queen, Boadicea, is conclusive of the condition of the women in the earlier periods of our authentic annals, though hers may have been an extraordinary crisis. But the British women, at least in the southern parts of the island, also cultivated some of the arts of peace. They knew the use of the distaff, were skilful in weaving cloth, and also beautiful baskets of fine grass; and they had some knowledge of embroidery, and of dyeing or staining stuffs with colours. A Roman writer, Dio Cassius, describes Boadicea as a woman of tall stature, clothed in a parti-coloured vest, gathered round her in thick folds, over which she wore a large mantle; her yellow hair flowing to the ground, while around her neck was a gold chain. Miss Lawrance conjectures that this ornament may have been the *torque*, a symbol of royal authority, consisting of three or four flexible gold rods twisted together, and fashioned at the ends so as to hook round the neck. But the warlike queen, who achieved the sovereign power, must have been a rare exception among the sex. The inferior station assigned to all women among the ancient Britons, from the queen downwards, is shown in the romantic Tales, and also in the laws and usages of the period elapsing between the Roman and the Saxon invasion. In the attempt to illustrate the condition of the women of those times, in respect of legal rights and customary privileges, we find, among other curious traits of manners, the following notice of the laws for regulating the interior arrangements of the palace, and the domestic state of the queen :—

While each officer of the king, down to the falconer, has his appropriated place in the hall, the king's wife occupies her solitary chamber, waited upon by a single attendant handmaiden; a steward, who is to "serve her in her chamber with meat and drink;" and a page, who "is to convey messages between the chamber and the hall, keep the keys of her coffers, and supply the chamber;" and two or three inferior attendants. That in this state of melancholy seclusion, the queen should occasionally ask the solace of song, seems to have occurred to the law-makers as no unlikely circumstance; they therefore enact that, "when the queen shall will a song in her chamber, let the bard sing a song respecting Camlan," (the battle in which Arthur fell,) "and that *not loud, lest the hall be disturbed!*"—lest the amusement of the queen should interrupt that of her servants, the boisterous mead-drinkers carousing round the blazing hearth.

Among a people where the queen was held in such low estimation, we cannot expect to find a woman raised to the supreme power; and thus, from the time of Boadicea to the invasion of the Saxons, we have no instance of a queen reigning in her own right. Nor does it appear that, under the restored British sway, women were capable of holding lands; they, however, possessed some rights, though very limited, and on the whole, the inferior class of women seem to have possessed more independence than the higher.

On reference to these curious laws, although we find it laid down as an axiom that the value of every woman is one-third of that of her husband, still it appears that, in case of separation by mutual consent, the joint property was very fairly shared between them. The quotation, although long, is too characteristic to be passed over, and it is therefore given.

"If husband and wife separate, the husband has the swine and the sheep; if only one kind, to be shared. Goats are to the husband. Of the children, the eldest and youngest to the husband; the middlemost to the wife. The household furniture shared; but the milking vessels, except the pail, to the wife; the husband the drinking vessels and riddle; the wife the sieve. The husband has the upper stone of the hand-mill, the wife the lower one. The upper garments are the wife's, the under garments the husband's; and the kettle, coverlet, bolster, fuel axe, settle, and all the hooks except one; the pan, trivet, axe, bill, ploughshare, flax, linseed, wool, and the house-bag, to the wife; if any gold, it is to be shared between them. The husband to have the corn above ground and under, and the barn, the poultry, and one of the cats; the rest to the wife. To the wife, the meat in the brine and the cheese in the brine; those hung up belong to the husband. The butter, meat, and cheese in cut, belong to the wife; also as much meal as she can carry between her arms and knees, from the store-room to the house. Their apparel to be divided."

. . . . . .

According to the same laws, the wife had an exclusive right to her jewellery and wearing apparel: nor was this a trifling boon; for in an early state of society, these supplied the place of a current coinage, and the robe, or the mantel, or the bracelet, often purchased food during famine, or supplied a ransom to the captive. From another law we find that the wife of a "privileged man," which seems to mean a *free* man, might lend her "undergarment, mantle, head-cloth, and shoes," (and this was, probably, well-nigh her whole apparel,) without consent of her husband; and "can give meat and drink unrestrictedly, and can lend the furniture." The wife of the "taeog," or bondsman, could only lend her head-cover-

* "The History of Woman in England, and her Influence on Society and Literature, from the Earliest Periods." By Hannah Lawrance. Vol. I. Colburn.

ing; and of her household utensils only "her sieve and riddle," and these but "at the distance she can be heard calling with her feet on the threshold." The reason for these restrictions in regard to the wife of the bondsman was, probably, owing to the fact that the household goods, and even the clothing, were the property of the bondsman's master.

In reflecting on these curious ancient laws, it seems strange to find the middle classes of women in possession of privileges apparently denied to the highest. But this we shall find arose entirely out of the rude state of society. . . . . Although no "swords might be ready to leap from their scabbards" to avenge the wrongs or maintain the rights of the fair and noble lady; although no place of honour was assigned to *her*, and no admiring homage paid, and she sat in her solitary chamber weaving the delicate web, or engaged with the distaff, the *housewife* was valued at a higher rate, for on *her* it depended whether the labour of her husband should be in vain. On her devolved the joint care of the cattle, and the exclusive care of the dairy; and the active and laborious wife, like the good milch-cow, could not but be prized, since the comfort of the rude household depended on them both. Woman in the abstract, among our Celtic ancestors, occupied a sufficiently low station; but individual woman gained that consideration from her useful drudgery which among the Teutonic nations was awarded to her higher qualities; and thus the British law, while it estimated her value at only one-third of her husband's, allowed her an equal participation of his goods.

The Saxon invasion was a happy era for the women of Britain. In their rational respect for the sex, in what Charles Lamb describes as "true gallantry," the Saxons were like the Anglo-Americans of modern times. One grand distinction of the whole Teutonic race, was the relative station held by the women; who, among the rude northern nations, were considered the equal of man; while amongst the most polished nations of classical antiquity they were either the toys or drudges of their lords. The Saxon queens possessed many rights and privileges, but the condition of private ladies marks more decidedly the social position held by the sex. According to Sharon Turner, an excellent authority on the subject—

"They were allowed to possess, to inherit, and to transmit landed property; they were present at the witena-gemot and the shire-gemot; they were permitted to sue and be sued in the courts of justice; and their persons, their safety, their liberty, their property, were protected by express laws."—"That the Anglo-Saxon ladies both inherited and disposed of property as they pleased, we have many instances. A wife is mentioned who devised land by her will, with consent of her husband, in his lifetime. We read also of land that a wife had sold in her husband's lifetime. Widows selling property is also of common occurrence; so is the incident of women devising it."

The Saxon ladies sat in the shire-gemots or county courts, though probably only when they were land-holders. In this and some other respects women possessed a nearer equality of civil rights with their "Masters," than in modern polished times.

Like the British females, the Saxon ladies seem to have possessed unquestioned right to the clothes, jewels, and plate, which had belonged to them previously to marriage, and, what the former do not seem to have possessed, full power of disposing of them by will. And the value and number of these garments and jewels would surprise the modern reader, who, perhaps, is scarcely aware that, at an early and unsettled period of society, plate, but especially jewels, were valued not alone for their intrinsic beauty, or as designating high station, but as forming a most useful species of money, easily concealed or carried away, and easily convertible in any part of Europe into the current coin. Necklaces adorned with gems, gold chains, broaches, crosses, bands for the head, and bracelets, apparently of great weight and value, meet us in the wills of Saxon high-born women.

Although the dress of the high-born lady chiefly consisted of fine woollen or linen, still, even at this early period, we find occasional mention of silk. The peculiar style of the Saxon dress, consisting of long and flowing garments, and which were worn by men as well as by women, was probably the origin of the early superiority of the Saxon women, especially the high-born, in the arts of weaving and embroidery. That in weaving, even so early as the commencement of the seventh century, they had attained to some perfection, is proved by a passage from one of Aldhelm's Latin poems, where he speaks of "the shuttles, filled not with purple only but with various colours, moved here and there among the thick-spreading threads;" and he alludes, in another passage, to woven borders.

Although little is known of the women of the middle and inferior classes, it is at least certain that their protection was insured by a *double* fine; so that, where the principle of pecuniary compensation for injury was applied to all offences, those against women, instead of being rated lower, were in every case much higher; thus marking the consideration in which the "weaker vessel" was held. Women appeared, at all amusements and festivals, not as attendants and ministers to the pleasure of their lords, but as partakers, and ornaments of the social assemblies. The rude illuminations of the period present the male and female guests seated side by side, as in modern times, around the well-covered board; conversing, or listening to the songs of the minstrel. The first missionaries of Christianity to Britain were warmly welcomed and patronised by the women; and the first monasteries were those endowed by wealthy and noble ladies; and which were, consequently, even when intended for men, often placed under female rule. This anomaly has excited attention, and Miss Lawrance solves the difficulty by conjecturing that the royally-descended Lady Abbess could not submit to the sway of any man; and also adduces the superior fitness of the educated Saxon women to administer conventual affairs, when compared with the capacity of men, trained only to war and the chase. What a contrast does the life and business of a modern lady of rank present to that of the noble Saxon matron! and how much more of true dignity surrounded her, when—

Placed at the head of a household consisting, perhaps, of more than a hundred office-bearers and serfs, the "lady" among the Saxons, as her very name, "hlfædge," loaf-giver, implied, was the person to whom each member of the family looked, not only for his general comfort, but for his daily bread. While the king, and his earls, and his theyns, were absent, engaged in war, or following the chase, or carousing over the mead-cup at home, it devolved on the wife or the daughter to provide the household both with food and clothing, and to exercise that continued superintendence which domestic cares must always demand.

A sketch of the history of the Lady Hilda, the canonized Abbess of Whitby, enables Miss Lawrance to illustrate the condition of the nobly-born and learned women of that age. The biographer of Hilda, the venerable Bede, points exultingly to the learned men who had obtained high ecclesiastical dignities, and the band of missionaries that had been among the pupils of Hilda's convent

school. She has the honour to have been the patroness and instructor of *Cædmon*, who has been styled the Saxon Milton; and whose original condition, when his extraordinary genius dawned, was that of an ignorant neat-herd, belonging to the abbey. Her successor, Elfleda, the daughter of King Oswy, who is also commemorated by Bede, was not less eminent in active virtue and solid acquirements. Instead of spending their lives in the vain practice of unmeaning rites, and useless fasts, penances and mortifications, and living in ascetic seclusion from the world, their course was one of reasonable piety and active virtue. They employed their talents and learning in diffusing knowledge, civilisation, and religion, by means of the youths trained in their schools. These were a much higher order of benefactresses than those ladies who afterwards lavishly endowed monasteries and churches with their wealth, but left its administration solely to the lazy and luxurious monks.

The strong prepossession for the Anglo-Normans which was visible in Miss Lawrance's History of the Queens of England, is not less conspicuous in this work; in which an attempt is made to prove that the Norman Conquest was especially beneficial to the Saxon women, as well as to the whole nation. As a sample of the sort of agreeable antiquarian entertainment which the volume affords, we select the description of the daily routine of the life of the nun after she was professed.

About five o'clock in the morning, the nuns, if in the winter season, each bearing a taper, proceeded to the church, and there performed the first of the daily services, "prime." After a short period devoted to meditation, they assembled to breakfast, and this seems to have consisted on fast-days of fish and water, on other days of meat and beer,—the usual breakfast of all classes during the middle ages. After this they went to their daily occupations, and *moderate* conversation on various subjects was allowed. At eight o'clock, the bell summoned them to "tierce," the service which answers to the "morning prayer" of the English church, and which was followed by "sexts," at which high mass was performed; and when the sermon, if there was any, was preached. These services lasted until nearly ten o'clock, and then the nuns proceeded to their refectory to dinner.

Their diet, judging from the minute directions to the cellaress of Barking abbey, seems to have been good and various. In this very curious document, we find that she was to provide twenty-two good oxen for the convent, (to be salted down for the winter provision,) as well as salt herrings and salmon; that she was to provide geese for Michaelmas-day; fowls and pig at various times; pork, and "white puddings with eggs, pepper, and saffron," for Advent; eels for Sheer Thursday, and pancakes for Shrove-tide. She was to make due provision of ale and wine, and give each nun ("layde" she is called) her "liverage" of two pounds of almonds, five pounds of rice, one pound of figs, and one pound of raisins, each week during Lent. As all the Benedictine convents strictly followed the same rule, the duties of each cellaress were, doubtless, the same as those of her sister officer at Barking, and there is no reason to believe that the black-robed sisters ever, except on fast-days, sat down to "Lenten fare."

At the tables in the refectory the nuns sat in order, another table being placed at the end for the novices and pupils; the table for the superior of the convent, who was either abbess or prioress, was raised on a dais at the upper end; but from the account of Barking abbey, it appears that the superior most frequently dined in her private room. On the ringing of a hand-bell, the dishes were brought in, and all the nuns stood while a short Latin grace was said—generally by the præcentrix. There were servants under the direction of the cellaress, to bring whatever was wanted; and during the whole time, a nun read from a desk a portion of Scripture, or some religious book. When dinner was concluded, the reader returned thanks, and the benediction having been given by the prioress, or, in her absence, by the sub-prioress or præcentrix, the nuns retired.

The period between after dinner and "nones" seems to have been devoted to recreation. Friends called about that time, and the nuns retired to the cloisters to converse, or walked in the garden.

The mid-day service "nones" was very short, and it does not seem that the nuns were obliged to assemble in church. Immediately after they took their "meridian," a noontide slumber, which our forefathers, during the middle ages, always indulged in, and which was absolutely necessary to the nuns, as their nightly rest was broken into by the midnight service. It was at this time that the younger nuns mostly endeavoured to meet their friends at the postern door, to enjoy a little secular conversation, and sometimes, through aid of the portress, they would steal out, to catch a furtive glance at the gaieties of that world which they had professed to renounce. The injunction, therefore, of Dean Kentwode to the convent of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, in the fifteenth century, that "some sadde woman, and discrete, honeste, and wel named, for shuttying the cloyster dores," should be appointed, was not unneedful.

How long the "meridian," was allowed, we cannot ascertain, nor the precise time of the "vespers," or "even-song." According to some writers, vespers were performed at three o'clock P.M., while others give five o'clock as the time. The latter seems the more correct, inasmuch as the service itself, especially the hymns, refer to the "close of day," a phrase which might be applied to five o'clock, but certainly not to the earlier time. The nuns, too, are represented as exercising their various occupations in the cloister before even-song; but there would have been scarcely time, if three o'clock had summoned them to the service.

At five, therefore, the sisterhood again proceeded to the church, and on their return, on those days when supper was allowed, partook of a slight refreshment. Among the more devotional, or the more rigid, the interval between even-song and complin (the concluding service of the day) was devoted to reading, and to meditation; and it was considered a mark of superior sanctity never to speak to any one.

At seven o'clock the bell summoned the nuns to the *completorium*, or complin, when the emphatic benediction of "May the Lord grant you good rest and a *quiet* night," was pronounced; and after prayers and hymns, that supplicated protection from violent men, but more especially and earnestly protection from the powers of darkness, the service of the day closed.

Soon after this, the nuns retired to rest in their dormitory, or "dortour," where they slept until midnight. Then the chapel-bell again summoned them to the "*nocturnæ vigiliæ*," or "lauds," as they were more frequently called —a short but beautiful service, entirely made up of thanksgivings; and then they again retired to rest, until summoned by the bell for "prime."

Such was the daily routine of conventual life; sometimes varied by fasts and longer vigils, but sometimes also relieved by splendid processions and festivals; and at Christmas and Easter, more especially by social observances, which rendered the convent the scene of mirth and rejoicing, no less than the abodes of the laity.

It is proper here to remark, that nuns, during the middle ages, were by no means so strictly immured as they are in the modern conventual establishments. They were allowed to receive visiters in the presence of another nun; and on some occasions, "secular women" seem to have been allowed to sojourn for some time in the house.

This was the practice in France and Italy until the present time. In French memoirs we continually read of the gay court ladies clearing scores with Heaven by retiring to some favourite convent

to spend the Holy week, or the season of Lent, in seclusion and devotion. Miss Lawrance holds the silence of Piers Plowman, Chaucer, and other satirists of the middle ages, to be conclusive of the purity and high morality of the female recluses, and the good order which prevailed in their establishments; while the lives of the monks provoked censure by their licentiousness. Down to the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., few charges, and those vague or extravagant, could be brought against the female convents, even by the royal commissioners, interested in making out a case against them. The education of the whole female population, was then in the hands of the nuns; and it appears probable that in large towns the seminaries belonging to the nunneries held the place of our girls' day-schools, and that in them girls of inferior station were instructed in useful female employments. A very old man told Aubrey, that just before the dissolution of the monasteries, he remembered, when a boy, to have seen the nuns of St. Mary, near Bridgewater, walking in the meadows belonging to their house, surrounded by their scholars, and each with a distaff in her hand. The education of the common order of female children, is supposed to have been gratuitous, though boarders were received into the convent, as in Catholic countries to the present day. The high-born girls often received a learned education; and were instructed in music, and the exquisite embroidery and fine needlework for which the ladies of England had long been celebrated; while those of inferior rank were instructed in the useful arts of *housewifry*, then somewhat numerous and onerous, as the housewife and her maidens exercised the arts of the weaver, the baker, the dyer, and the spinster. The nuns also instructed girls of all ranks in their religious duties.

In the early period of the Plantagenets, Miss Lawrance is inclined to think that women of the middle class enjoyed a fully equal, if not superior, degree of consideration to that enjoyed by the same class of women in modern times, when their rights have been curtailed to save their modesty! Their names often appear in civil cases, and they not only held independent property, but are imagined to have been more frequently engaged in trade than modern refinement permits. If there had been Lord Huntingtowers in those times, which, no doubt, there were, they might have found *female* money-lenders, both Christian and Jewish. Among the lower classes, women were then the general medical advisers; and, to the skill of the herbalist, the wise woman often added the arts of the pretended sorceress. The belief in the powers of the vervain and rue, and the mysterious misletoe, scarcely yet exploded in some rural remote localities, together with spells, charms, and incantations, and many modes of divination, were, in the twelfth century, in full potency; while the age of chivalry was only dawning, and witchcraft was still treated, by churchmen, as an imposture. The volume closes with a period when the History of the Women of England becomes less conjectural, and when the generous illusions of chivalry arose to exalt one sex, and refine both.

From the hymns employed in the daily services of the Church in the twelfth century, and those especially appropriated to particular times and festivals, Miss Lawrance has given some beautiful specimens, which are, as we presume, now first translated. They not only breathe a warm devotional spirit, but are really beautiful hymns, some of which might at once be received into any modern collection. After giving a hymn for Easter from the "Sarum Missal," our authoress states—

> The Complin hymn for Lent is more beautiful, and supplicates still more earnestly protection from the powers of darkness. And it was natural; for not only was Paschaltide a joyful season, but, in the words of the old romance of Merlin—
>
> "The dayes are *clerer, and draweth longe*;"
>
> and thus a soft twilight was around our forefathers when they exchanged the Complin hymn for Lent for the more joyful carol that welcomed Paschaltide; and ere this was exchanged for the Pentecost hymn, the service was sung by the pleasant light of the declining sun.
>
> Far different was it when the subjoined hymn was sung. It was then "black Lent," the season of wind and snow, when thick clouds veiled the day, even before the early sunset. And by the dim light of the sepulchral lamp, and tapers that scarcely cast their faint gleam across the chancel, was the Complin hymn for Lent sung —and thus, with feelings ever harmonizing with the seasons, and which invest with poetry all the middle-age observances, it breathes a deeper and more earnest spirit of supplication, a more trustful and child-like confidence, than the former hymn; as though the belief that the powers of darkness were actually lying in wait in the gloom, served but to bid the child press closer to the fatherly arm that alone could protect him. The metre is the same as the original in the "Sarum Missal."
>
> "Thou who art the day, the light,
> Chase these gathering shades of night,
> By thine all-pervading might,
> Light of lights, we pray to thee!
>
> Holiest Lord! amid the shade
> Of thickest night put forth thine aid;
> Oh, guard us while in sleep we're laid.
> For peaceful rest we pray to thee!
>
> By no horrid dreams molested,
> By no snares of night infested,
> Safe from *him*, our foe detested,
> Saviour, may we rest in thee!
>
> While our eyes in sleep are closing,
> May our hearts, on thee reposing,
> Find thine own right arm opposing
> Him, our deadliest enemy.
>
> O! safeguard of thine Israel!
> Whose watchful care no tongue may tell,
> Chase, chase these foemen fierce, and fell,
> Of thy blood-purchased family!
>
> Since thou of frailest flesh hast made us,
> Wilt thou not in the conflict aid us?—
> Yes! safe we'll rest,—nought shall invade us,—
> *Adesto nobis, Domine!*"

This, poetical as it is, would scarcely suit a collection of hymns for a modern Christian congregation. Among the many curious morsels of antiquarian lore to be found in the volume, is the translation of a poem which, upon pretty good evidence, is stated to be one of those composed by the royal minstrel, Richard Cœur de Lion, while languishing in captivity. But we have already gone, perhaps, too far with this fragment of a work, which we are persuaded will, taken as a whole, leave on every mind a strong desire to follow this picturesque history of the Women of England, and animated picture of the Past, to the conclusion.

REPORT ON ACCIDENTS IN COAL MINES. *

No one could believe, unless the facts were brought under notice, that so many fatal accidents, and so great a waste of life, is consequent upon mining operations. A few years since, when fifty-one lives were lost by an explosion in the St. Hilda pit, a committee of gentlemen, connected with South Shields, was appointed to investigate the causes of these frightful casualties. Their inquiry embraced *safety-lamps, ventilation, scientific instruments, infant labour in the mines, the scientific education of the officers in mines, Government inspection*, and other collateral subjects; besides the economical questions involved in the most important national interest of coal-mining. The committee has discharged its duties with industry and ability, and its Report (published in a *blue* folio, like the Parliamentary Reports) is interesting and valuable in different respects, and not a little curious from the nature of its information. Some geologists, according to the rather alarming preliminary disquisition, have calculated that the coal basin of South Wales alone might supply the whole kingdom at the present rate of consumption for 3000 years! But these sanguine persons appear to calculate without their host, as Professor Sedgwick "is convinced, that with the present increased and increasing demand for coal, 400 years will leave little more than the name of our best seams;" and so thinks Professor Buckland: and thus ends the 2000 or 1700 years' supply supposed to exist on the Tyne and Wear alone. The speculations of Bakewell are even more dismal; for he anticipates "a period, not very remote, when all the English mines of coal and ironstone will be exhausted." What is more to the point at present, the Tyne coal now worked is of inferior quality, and brings at least 2s. a ton less in the London market than that of the Tees and the Wear; a fact that should be borne in mind by purchasers along the east coast of Scotland, which is generally supplied from the Tyne. The coal of America, of which the vast fields are rich and abundant, it is stated in this report, is only kept out of successful competition with us from the want of capital and the dearness of labour. There is abundance of fine coal in the northern and other parts of France, and also in Belgium, and in Saxony, Silesia and Bohemia. Russia, Syria, the East Indies, China, Australia, and many other parts of the world abound in this valuable mineral; and the philanthropist must rejoice to hear of this wide diffusion of a common blessing, though the possessors should by its means, at some future and indefinite period, become our rivals in arts and manufactures. "Unceasing exertion," we are told, "and the adoption of every scientific improvement adapted for the extraction and economising of her mineral wealth, can alone enable Britain to continue at the head of the competition of the world." It is therefore as necessary for the continuance of national prosperity, as for the sake of humanity, that a *safe, economical*, and *well-arranged* system of working the mines be established. To this great object the labours of the South Shields Committee, which began its inquiries in 1839, have all been directed. Reasons of pure humanity do not, however, seem to have, in any case, led to an overlooking the necessity of "not augmenting the difficulty and cost of production," —"which it is the interest of all parties (save, perhaps, the mining operatives) to render cheap and abundant."——Of the many deplorable accidents during the present century, from *fire-damp* alone,—the great agent of destruction,—there are accounts which curdle one's blood. The unsatisfactory, or positively dangerous nature of Davy's Safety-lamp, which has been the undoubted cause of several fearful accidents, is demonstrated, and many fatal cases are specified. There is a description of the various lamps since constructed, both at home and on the continent; but the final conclusion of the Committee is, that not one approaches perfection; and that safety must be looked for in the *prevention* of accumulated *Fire-damp*, and other noxious gases, by means of proper Ventilation, and not from the use of any lamp. The ventilation of many, we may say of all the mines, in the extensive coal district which formed the scene of the Committee's researches, "requires important change;" and the grand desideratum is "more shafts, and more air." On this subject, the evidence of R. Smith, Esq., a mining engineer, given before a Committee of the House of Commons, is not a little curious, from revealing the world below, independently of its scientific importance. This gentleman had been extensively employed in the coal mines of Staffordshire, and also in those of Portugal, Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton.

Equally valuable are the statements of other engineers. Mr. Smith was asked,—

"You said, in the very dangerous works you superintended in North America, *you relied entirely on ventilation? Yes, always, wherever I went;* I think I should not be doing justice to the miners under my care, if I left them entirely exposed to the use of an implement, (the safety lamp,) which, itself being liable to accident, might destroy the whole of them. If there had been such an explosion in the coal mines in Nova Scotia as there was in the north of England the other day, (at Wallsend,) it would have swept away the entire establishment of the company." . . . . And "when I saw the plan produced by Mr. Buddle, but which I had not an opportunity of examining carefully, nor except when under examination by different gentlemen, *I was surprised to see the extent at which those mines were opened, compared with the limited means of ventilation in the shaft.*"

Thus speaks Mr. Smith of about one of the best ventilated mines in the north, with 4 distinct pits for 130 acres. What would have been his surprise to have examined their average condition, or to have seen *one shaft for* 3, 4, 5, *and* 600 *acres and upwards!*

In Staffordshire, "*they never like to take their pits more than about* 300 *yards from each other.*" *Each* is supposed to *get from* 15 *to* 16 *acres of coal.* The average

* London: Longman & Company.

depth is about 450 feet. This gentleman has been fortunate enough never to lose any lives by explosion in the mines he has managed. He adds—"*The true principle* of working mines will be that of *efficient ventilation;* and my opinion is, that you never can work coal seams any other way so *properly and profitably as by keeping the men always in a safe and healthy atmosphere.*"

Other gentlemen examined, corroborated these opinions on ventilation. The coal-mines of the north present a painful contrast to the metallic mines of Cornwall, in which, at the same time, there is no deleterious gas to encounter, and which are as deep (a great cause of safety) as the coal mines; some of them being 1500 feet deep, yet shafts are sunk at every 200 or 300 yards for the purpose of ventilation. The difference between the ventilation of these mines, and those of the north, is brought out in the examination of Mr. John Taylor, a civil engineer, before a Committee of the House of Commons:—

"I am sorry I cannot state to the Committee the number of shafts at the consolidated mines (in Cornwall,) but I think they extend, including the winges, (the staples,) *to more than* 12 *miles of perpendicular depth, and I believe the horizontal galleries to more than* 40." To a coal mine in the north, with galleries to nearly *double* the same extent, they have *a single shaft, or scarcely two-thirds* OF A MILE *in perpendicular depth.*

Mr. Taylor is asked—"But as intimately connected with mining, cannot you suppose a case in which a considerable period must elapse after the completing of one shaft before it becomes expedient on the part of the owner to sink a second?" His answer is—"Certainly; but we consider it the great duty of the directors of mines to *foresee all such circumstances; and we consider it the worst management possible to delay the sinking of shafts to a period that would become inconvenient.* I look upon that kind of foresight to be the great improvement in modern mining." . . . . . .

On the introduction of the Davy lamp, Mr. Taylor doubted its nature, because he feared "that it would tend to make the owners of collieries *not* take *the same pains for ventilation* that they otherwise would do: his opinion being, that the only safe thing for collieries is to get rid of the gas if possible."

There is no difference of opinion as to the best mode of preventing accidents in mines. The expense of sinking shafts is a very different consideration. It is often enormous, but is reckoned the truest economy, where the mine can be productively worked at all. Mr. Gurney, the discoverer of the Bude Light a few years since, suggested a plan for procuring an increased force of ventilation, by the application of *high-pressure steam,* by means of an apparatus described in the Report; and of which a lithographed view is given. The Committee think very favourably of this suggestion, and even recommend ventilation by this means as far superior, in safety, economy, and facility of execution and manageableness to the other modes. The Committee are rather favourable to a Government-Inspection of the mines, which shall not be troublesome, nor interfere improperly with individual rights, or the freedom of trade; and also to the employment of boys in the mines, if upwards of eleven years of age. Both from the inhumanity of the practice, and the increased danger of explosions from the ignorance and carelessness of boys of a tender age, they recommend that steady old men, past hard labour, should be employed, in preference to young boys, in small offices which are often important to the safety of the entire establishment. They not only sanction, but protest, in the present state of the mining interests, and the successful competition of Belgium with British coal in the markets of Rouen and Marseilles, against boys after the age of eleven or twelve being prohibited from working in the mines; care, however, being had to afford them time "for such education as the boy's situation will permit, or his parents afford." Now, it must depend on the master, whether the boy's situation will admit of any time for education, after he enters the pit, save perhaps at a Sunday School.

The Report contains a copious Appendix, consisting of the various plans, letters, and memorials given in to the Committee, in the course of its labours, by mining engineers and other men of science. Altogether, it is a production of great interest and value, and one that is highly creditable to all concerned, whether in reference to the investigations, or the drawing up of the Report.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Forest Days; a Romance of Old Times. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 volumes. Saunders & Otley.

THIS, if less ambitious in character than many of Mr. James's romances, will, we are persuaded, be found even more charming. When can "Forest Days" life in the greenwood, in the jovial old times of "Merry England," fail to charm? The starving weavers of the north of England—in which many of the scenes of the romance are laid—might, in a Barmecide Feast with Robin Hood and his merry men, under the boughs in the sylvan glades of Sherwood, for the moment forget their misery, as their brethren in Glasgow and Paisley said they did, when fascinated by the perusal of Scott's novels. In "Forest Days," Robin Hood is once more in the field. What, indeed, would they be without him? By placing the bold and generous outlaw in the reign of the Third Henry, instead of that of Cœur de Lion, Mr. James has been able to introduce several remarkable historical personages into his scenes, as actors; though the romance cannot be termed historical. He has also, by this means, availed himself of the stirring period of one of the first distinct struggles between the Crown, and what may be almost called a popular party, led by the great Simon de Montfort. This struggle exalts the stealer of the King's deer,—the arbiter and distributor of wild justice, and the redresser of wrongs, as Robin Hood has hitherto been considered,—into a patriot—a smaller Wallace or Tell; throwing his power into the scale of the popular party, and acting a very important part in a sort of guerilla warfare.

Though some of the principal characters belong to history, they are here brought forward principally in connexion with the main plot of the story, which turns on the fortunes of a pair of noble lovers. There are inferior personages in the drama, who as strongly engage the sympathies of the reader, and, in particular,

one frail and humble maiden, the victim of the arch-villain of the Tale, whose character is finely conceived; and supported throughout with great tact and delicacy. In the name of sound morals and good taste, we would thank Mr. James for showing that this ruined village maiden—woman, and fallen though she be—is still a reasonable and responsible being, and not a crouching spaniel, kissing the feet of the cruel and treacherous villain who has destroyed her;—not one who, through an infatuated devotion, more allied to the lowest animal instinct, than to the attachment of an intelligent being, confounds the first principles of right and wrong, and perverts every nobler feeling of her nature to follow the blind impulse of misplaced love and fidelity. Something like this has of late been the favourite female character in some of our modern romances. In poor Kate Greenly, Mr. James has done better. Without being vindictive, or ceasing to be gentle and womanly in her feelings, she retains her moral sense, and is made the voluntary agent in unfolding the villany of her betrayer, whose plans she frustrates, without losing her hold upon the reader's sympathies. This is a somewhat difficult task for an artist; but it is successfully accomplished.——We cannot give even the faintest hint of the *plot*, or sketch of the characters; but as specimens of *the still-life* scenes, select this wayside inn of the olden time—the home of Kate Greenly in her days of peace and innocence—which chances to turn up first:—

The house was constructed of wood, and was but of two stories; but let it not be supposed on that account that it was devoid of ornament, for manifold were the quaint carvings and rude pieces of sculpture with which it was decorated, and not small had been the pains which had been bestowed upon mouldings and cornices, and lintels and door-posts by the hand of more than one laborious artisan. Indeed, altogether, it was a very elaborate piece of work, and had probably been originally built for other purposes than that which it now served; for many were the changes which had taken place in that part of the country, as well as over the rest of England, between the days I speak of, and those of a century before.

Any one who examined the house closely, would have seen that it must have been constructed before the year 1180; for there was very strong proof, in the forms of the windows, and the cutting across of several of the beams which traversed the front, that at the period of its erection the use of glazed casements in private houses was not known. At the time I speak of, however, glass had become plentiful in England, and, though cottages were seldom ornamented with anything like a lattice, yet no house with the rank and dignity of an inn, where travellers might stop in rainy and boisterous weather, was now without windows, formed of manifold small lozenge-shaped pieces of glass, like those still frequently employed in churches, only of a smaller size.

The inn was a gay-looking, cheerful place, either in fine weather or in foul; for, as there are some men who, clothe them as you will, have a distinguished and graceful air, so are there some dwellings which look sunshiny and bright, let the aspect of the sky be what it will. The upper story of the house projected beyond the lower, and formed of itself a sort of portico, giving a shelter to two long benches placed beneath it, either from the heat of the summer sun, or the rain of the spring and autumn; and it need not be said that these benches formed the favourite resting-place of sundry old men on bright summer evenings; and that many a time, in fine weather, a table would be put out upon the green before the house, the bench offering seats on one side, while settles and stools gave accommodation on the other, to many a merry party round the good roast-beef and humming ale.

Before the door of the inn, spread out one of those pleasant open pieces of ground, which generally found room for themselves in every country village in England; on which the sports of the place were held; to which the jockey brought his horse for sale, and tried his paces up and down; on which many a wrestler took a fall, and cudgel-player got a broken head. There too, in their season, were the merry may-pole and the dance, the tabor and the pipe. There was many a maiden wooed and won; and there passed along all the three processions of life—the infant to the font, the bride to the altar, the corpse to the grave.

One more detached *bit* we may venture upon—an equestrian quite characteristic of "Forest Days,"—

Jogging along upon the mule, with his legs hanging down easily by the side of the animal, and his fat stomach resting peacefully upon the saddle, was a jolly friar, clothed in grey, with his capuche thrown back, the sun not being troublesome, and a bald head—the glistening smoothness of which had descended by tradition even to Shakspeare's days, and was recorded by him in his Two Gentlemen of Verona—peeping out from a narrow ring of jet black hair, scarcely streaked with grey.

His face was large and jovial, which, in good sooth, was no distinction in those times between one friar and another; but there was withal a look of roguish fun about the corners of his small grey eyes; and a jeering smile, full of arch satire, quivered upon his upper lip, completely neutralizing the somewhat sensual and food-loving expression of the under one, which moved up and down every time he spoke, like a valve, to let out the words that could never come in again. Indeed, he seemed to be one of those easy-living friars who, knowing neither sorrow nor privation in their own persons, appeared to look upon grief and care with a ready laugh and a light joke, as if no such things in reality exist. His rosy gills, his double chin, and his large round ear, all spoke of marrow and fatness; and, indeed, at the very first sight, the spectator saw that he was not only a well-contented being, but one who had good reason to be so.

Just as they reached the entrance of the tavern which we have mentioned, the friar, by some mismanagement, contrived to get his mule's hind quarters towards the servant, who was riding singly on horseback, and, by a touch of the heel, given, apparently, to make the beast put itself into a more convenient position for all parties, he produced a violent fit of kicking, in the course of which the horseman received a blow upon the fleshy part of his thigh, which made him roar with pain. The seat upon the vicious beast's back was no easy one, but yet the fat monk kept his position, laughing heartily, and calling his mule a petulant rogue, while he held him by his left ear, or patted his pampered neck. As soon as the fit was done, he rolled quietly off at the side, and looking up to his companion, saw, or appeared to see, for the first time, the wry faces which the servant man was making.

"Bless my heart!" he cried, "has he touched thee, the good-for-nothing rogue! I will chastise him for it soundly."

"If he have not broke my leg it is not his fault," replied the man, dismounting, and limping round his horse; "and you have as great a share in it, mad priest, for bringing his heels round where they had no business to be."

"Nay," rejoined the friar, "I brought not his heels round, he brought them himself, and me along with them. It was all intended to cast me off; so the offence is towards myself, and I shall puniah him severely. He shall have five barley-corns of food less for his misbehaviour."

"Pshaw!" said the serving-man, looking up at the inn. "You are jesting foully, friar; I am sorry I let you join us. Is this the hostel you boasted had such good wine! It seems but a poor place for such commendation."

"Thou shalt find the liquor better than in any house in Hereford," replied he of the grey gown; "whether you choose mead, or metheglin, or excellent warm Burgundy, or cool Bordeaux. Taste and try,—taste and try; and if you find that I have deceived you, you shall

cut me into pieces not an inch square, and sow me along the high road! There is good lodging too.—Canst thou not trust a friar?"

Miscellanies in Prose and Verse. By C. Bond. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

These Miscellanies consist of reminiscences of Inverness, *alias, Clachnacudin*, taken down by the Editor of the *Inverness Herald* from the conversation of a man of ninety years of age, a venerable relic of the past,—whose faculties are still entire, and whose mind is as vivacious as it may have been shortly after the Battle of Culloden. This patriarch lost his parents in his infancy, and was brought up by a grandfather, who lived to the great age of ninety-seven. The memories of the Highlands, transmitted from the grandfather to the grandson, thus stretch back for above 150 years, to a period, "when," as we can well believe, "the Highlands were in a very different state from what they are now." The reminiscences of the Nonagenarian must possess great local interest; and though Captain Burt's Letters have forestalled some of his information, he has related many curious incidents, particularly those which occurred about the time of the Rebellion, which was long subsequent to Burt's residence in Inverness. We select the following traits of manners, now a century old, as specimens of this amusing little book:—

KIRK DISCIPLINE.

The Rev. Peter Nicholson of Kiltarlity so far carried out the discipline of the Kirk, as to order, of course not for good conduct,

LORD LOVAT ON THE CUTTY STOOL.

This order sadly militated against the pride and wishes of his Lordship. Being, however, assured by Clerk Fraser that the law of the Kirk was imperative, and that nothing but compliance would save him from excommunication, he consented to the punishment, upon a promise from the Clerk that he would stand by him for three Sundays in the Church of Kiltarlity. Mr. Nicholson, who was then the John Knox of the Highlands, being about to address the lordly occupant of the Cutty Stool, Lovat exclaimed, "Ah, Nicholson, you ungrateful man! was it not I that placed you there?" (having presented him to the living); whereupon Mr. N. answered, "True, my lord, you have placed me here; and I have placed you there to-day, to be publicly rebuked for your sins." Lord Lovat, however, thereafter forsook the Church of Kiltarlity, and became a hearer of that eminent divine, Mr. Chisholm of Kilmorack. . . . . Nonagenarian remembers seeing, in addition to the cutty stool, the *brangus*, or iron collar, affixed near the entrance; and the last person said to have been exhibited as an example to offenders, was a military officer, at the instance of the Rev. Mr. Macbean.

INTRUSION OF MINISTERS.

In 1722, however, Lord Simon Lovat presented the Rev. Mr. Thompson, at that time chaplain in the Castle of Inverness, to the parish [Kirkhill]. The anticipated difficulty of reconciling the people to such an appointment was immediately realized. Forgetful, it would seem, of the peaceable doctrines inculcated by the departed minister, the parishioners proceeded violently to oppose the settlement. The population turned out *en masse*; the women, under the leadership of Muckle Kate M'Phail, a person of masculine stature, being particularly active. Having filled the creels they carried on their backs with stones, they commenced such an attack upon Mr. Thompson, that he precipitately retreated to Inverness, closely followed by his persecutors, who kept up a brisk running fire at him with stones from the church till he reached King Street, near the Central School, a distance of about eight miles. His appearance, on passing the Green of Muirtown, was painfully ludicrous in the extreme. Mr Thompson was a remarkably little man; under his arm he carried what was then termed a brown *polonie*, or great coat, a huge wig reached half down his back, while his broad-skirted and long-flapped coat sorely oppressed and encumbered him, as, with his cocked hat in one hand, and perspiring at every pore, he trotted on; a stone or two from his enraged pursuers, under their generalissimo, Muckle Kate, ever and anon counselling him to quicken his pace. The very children accompanied their mothers and supplied ammunition for their creels, by picking up stones and putting them into them. Such an exhibition attracted numerous females to the doors of their cottages at the Green of Muirtown, to whom he said, as he ran by, "Oh, women, is not this hard?" His brother, being master-gunner at the Castle, and expecting the reverend gentleman would have to make a quick retreat from Kirkhill, was looking from the Castle-hill in that direction; and seeing his brother hard pressed by the foe, he sent a few soldiers out to cover and make good his retreat; and at sight of *t-arm dearg*, or the "red-sodgers," Muckle Kate and her "irregulars" in turn "faced about" in double-quick time. A whole year elapsed, before Mr Thompson attempted again to appear at the church of Kirkhill. In the meantime, the feelings of the parishioners were softened down; and being an excellent man, and as "a continual dropping wears the rock," so in process of time the parishioners of Kirkhill became quite reconciled to his ministrations,—Muckle Kate, among other of her allies, being indebted in after-life to him for assistance. At the era of 1745-6, Mr Thompson was conspicuous for his loyalty to the house of Brunswick.

THE PRICES OF PROVISIONS NINETY YEARS AGO.

Nonagenarian remembers the best butter being sold at 10s. the stone, Dutch weight; cheese at 3s. per stone do. A good leg of mutton might be obtained for 1s. 3d., the fleshers never thought of weighing legs of mutton but merely named a price from 1s. to 1s. 3d. according to the apparent size. Good beef was sold at 1d. and 1½d. per lb. Oatmeal at 6d. per peck. Hollands, 1d. per gill; strong beer, 3d. per Scotch pint. A fat hen was sold at from 3½d. to 4d., chickens 2d. per pair; eggs were generally sold at about 1d. per dozen. Shoes, (Brocan Sasanach,) from 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d. per pair; brogues, (Brocan Dubh,) from 10d. to 1s. per do. The best green tea was frequently bought at 1s. 6d. the pound; it is probable, however, that it was smuggled. In those days the Excise officers in the town, consisted of honest Mr. Collie and his son; and when the Inverness dealers expected a smuggling vessel in the Firth, they were accustomed to get the father and son into their houses and treat them with such hospitality, that they would neither be fit to distinguish a free trader from another vessel, nor have an opportunity of leaving the houses of their kind entertainers before a late hour on the following day. Although the prices enumerated appear very low, yet they were great compared with previous years. Nonagenarian well remembers Donald Cameron, a neighbour, mentioning that he and his wife had been on a Friday morning to the market, and purchased a leg of mutton, a peck of meal, and cart of peats, all for 11d., and procured a gill of Hollands for himself and guidwife with the other penny composing the shilling. Wages were low, the difference, however, that existed, was considerably in favour of the poor.

So far as the reminiscences of the Nonagerian go, the book is really amusing. It also contains some copies of verses; and a semi-political Essay.

Man and his Mistress; or, Woman's Revolt; a Mock-heroic Melo-drama. By George Nash.

This bit of fun appears in Calcutta, which is perhaps the most remarkable circumstance connected with it.

The Biographical Dictionary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Volume II. Longman & Company.

This volume extends from the conclusion of the *Alexanders* to the *Amelion's*; Amelion Pascal being the last memoir. Among the more interesting lives are those of Alfred and Alfieri.

The Last Year in China, to the Peace of Nanking; as Sketched in Letters to his Friends; by a Field-Officer. Longman & Co.

These letters have all the interest which an intelligent eye-witness who was at head-quarters, and personally engaged in those military events, which led to the late glorious peace, (if it last,) can communicate to a narrative. The author's views of policy are as sound as his sketches are lively and characteristic. The work has been late of reaching us, but we hope to be yet able to give a better account of it.

Attica and Athens; an Inquiry into the Civil, Moral, and Religious Institutions of the Inhabitants, the Rise and Decline of the Athenian Power, &c. &c. &c. Translated from the German of K. O. Müller, Grotefend, Gruber, and others. By John Ingram Lockhart, F.R.A.S. London: Groombridge.

Notwithstanding the many volumes which have been written by Englishmen upon Athens and Greece, we cannot doubt that the researches of those erudite and patient German scholars who have more recently turned their attention to investigations connected with this the most interesting spot of earth to scholars of every nation, will be appreciated by classical readers in England. The work is illustrated by Müller's Map of Attica, and Plan of Ancient Athens.

Elements of Universal History. For the use of Schools, and of Private Students. Pp. 660. By H. White, B. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. Oliver & Boyd.

This portly volume is formed on nearly the same excellent plan as the large work of M. Von Rotteck, which we had lately occasion to commend; with this difference, that the German work is adapted for readers of all classes, and this condensed view of Universal History mainly for the use of schools, of the self-educated, and those who have not means or leisure to peruse voluminous works. It evidences great care and industry in the compiler; and will be of value as a reading-book, and also from its clear chronological arrangement, as a work of reference. The History, from the Creation to the recent Peace with China, is taken by centuries; more or less space being devoted to each, according to the importance of the events by which it was marked. An excellent feature is, a brief view of the state of Literature, Science, and Art, in the different countries of Europe, occurring at the close of particular epochs. Upon the whole, we consider this the most complete and valuable compendium of general history, for the use of the young, that we have yet seen.

Ten Thousand Things relating to China and the Chinese. By William B. Langdon, Esq., Curator of the Chinese Collection. Sold at the Collection, Hyde Park Corner.

This is a handsomely got-up volume, with numerous lithographed illustrations, on tinted paper, of the various objects to be seen in the Chinese Collection; or the "Chinese World in Miniature," now exhibiting in London. But the work is more than this. It is a timely, if cursory, account of "the Genius, Government, History, Literature, Agriculture, Arts, Manners, Customs, and Social Life of the Chinese, in the form of a descriptive catalogue of the contents of the Chinese Collection. That Collection, which is extensive, rich, and even magnificent, was originally formed by Mr. Nathan Dun of Philadelphia, who devoted many years, spent in China, and a fortune to its acquisition. To those who have not an opportunity of visiting it in London with this catalogue in their hands, the catalogue will of itself afford a great deal of interesting, curious, and accurate information about a region and a people that now fill the thoughts of all Europe.

Practical Mercantile Correspondence; a Collection of Modern Letters of Business, &c., &c. By William Anderson. Second Edition. London: Effingham Wilson.

This is a companion or guide to a young man entering a counting-house, and beginning to write business letters. Perhaps, in real practice, some of the model epistles might be found to contain more than exactly the needful for daily practice. But boys must practise great text in order to acquire a current hand, and compose long letters before they acquire the art of condensation.

Practical Arithmetic, with Notes and Illustrations, &c., &c. By John Darby, Leeds.

Aphorisms and Reflections; a Miscellany of Thought and Opinion. By William Benton Clulow. London: John Murray.

This is one of a class of works which are even more useful to men involved in the active business or turmoil of life, than to the studious and reflective. It is of the distilled spirit, or essence of the finest thoughts of the wisest men; with the added treasures of the author's own reflections. It is suggestive as well as conclusive; a book to lie at one's elbow. Open it at any page, and you will be sure to meet with a good idea or ingenious speculation of some sort; which may act as a key-note to the thinking faculty. Though, from its nature, desultory, the contents are arranged in paragraphs and sections, under such general heads as *Character; Intellectual habits; Fame; Style; Fancy, and Imagination*, &c., &c. To give specimens of such a work is not easy; every paragraph being equally highly finished. We have marked out many, but must be content with one or two. This first is from the section of the work, entitled *Mind, Studies, and Intellectual habits*:—

The culture of the affections and the fancy is a most important branch of education; though, in general, it is entirely neglected. It would, indeed, require a widely different order of instructors from those that commonly abound.—The greatness of man appears not chiefly from his intellect, for he knows but little, and reasons less; nor from his immortality, for matter is probably indestructible as well as mind—to say nothing of the presumptions in favour of the future existence of brutes—nor from the ingenuity or magnitude of his performances; for in both these particulars he is rivalled or surpassed by some of the lower tribes of creation—witness the cells of the bee, and the coral-reefs of the Pacific, the work of animalcules. But it is the wondrous, fathomless endowments of feeling, and of imagination, viewed especially in their moral relations, that most betoken his grandeur, and invest him with so mysterious a dignity. I can never think meanly of a being who is capable of the exquisite dreams that visit the youthful fancy, or of the passions that are portrayed in the tragedy of Othello.

From the section on Happiness we cull this sample of our Reflector's philosophy:—

It is astonishing with how few external resources a person may live in a state of comfort and intellectual progression. The catalogue of human *desiderata* is certainly not very extensive, if we are to admit the opinion of Alphonsus, the wise king of Arragon, who, as quoted by Sir William Temple in his Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning, was accustomed to say, that, among the various things which mankind either possess or seek, all are baubles, except "old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read." The Roman people, in the time of Juvenal, somewhat like the Parisians at present, required only *panem et*

Circenses. As a general rule, where there is much physical satisfaction or repose, there are not many complicated or artificial wants. The inhabitants of sunny and delicious climes are usually satisfied with a small number of gratifications; for if the body be at ease the mind is commonly so too; while most of the pursuits and cravings of people in colder countries arise from the necessities imposed by their local situation. It demands no trivial fortune, expended on the accommodations which ingenuity can procure, to overtake the luxurious independence of those who live in a benign and cloudless region.

It would be easy to find passages more profound and subtle than the above—as the following:—

The union of pride with affectionate feeling, a combination by no means uncommon, often occasions considerable uneasiness to its subject. The former assumes the appearance of sufficient internal resources; while the latter requires the sympathy and attachment of others, which is liable to be chilled or repelled by that appearance.

Mediocrity.—"Correct mediocrity will succeed better, at least for a while, with the public at large, as well as with a certain class of critics, than the most distinguished merit, combined with some conspicuous foibles or peculiarities. Witness Bentham in legislation; and in poetry, Coleridge and Wordsworth."

These passages, we are sensible, convey no adequate notion of the merits of this bundle of wise reflections and sage aphorisms; but they may give a general idea of the nature of the book.

Introduction to the Study of the Works of Jeremy Bentham. By John Hill Burton, Advocate, one of the Editors of the Collected Edition.

The works of Bentham, both from their extent and character, require a Guide, and also something in the shape of a *Key;* nor could the Disciple do more fitting homage to the memory of the Master, than by supplying this, or whatever else may facilitate the study and dissemination of his Master's doctrines. This ministerial office Mr. Burton has performed for Bentham, in a clear and well-written general review of the opinions of the philosopher, as they are found embodied in his voluminous writings; or, more properly, he has given a bird's-eye view of Bentham's system, and of whatever is original or peculiar in the development of that system. The Introduction is divided into Sections, the first of which treats of Bentham's Style, the second of the Greatest-Happiness Principle; another of Fallacies; another, the Pursuit of Truth, and so on: each giving a brief, but comprehensive view of Bentham's ideas on the subjects discussed.

The tract will not only afford a guide to the perusal of Bentham's Works, and an incitement to their study, but will put many, who may never have an opportunity of opening them, in possession of whatever, in his doctrines, is most conducive to the improvement and well-being of society, which was the great and undivided object of Bentham's labours for threescore years. Mr. Burton's laudable attempt to render these labours more available to mankind will, we doubt not, be highly appreciated.

SERIAL WORKS.

Bells and Pomegranates. No. IV. The Return of the Druses.

Jessie Phillips, a Tale of the New Poor-Law. Part II.—With the actual working of the Poor-Law we do not get far in this number; though "coming events" are shadowed by a Lawyer Commissioner from London, a complete man of the world; and by an accomplished rural seducer of the Squire Thornhill breed.

Harry Mowbray, by Captain Knox. Part II.—This is a story illustrated by humorous cuts in the prevailing taste—not the highest nor purest—of the day; but as we have not seen the first number, we are rather at sea about it; though the style appears lively, and the characters diversified.

Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature. Part II.—This part contains upwards of thirty subjects, among which are the whole of the master-spirits of the Elizabethan era. In general our fault with such compilations is, that they are too long; but to thrust the galaxy of the greatest English poets and dramatists into this narrow space, is making the work not a *Cyclopædia*, but a mere Index or *Catalogue raisonné*. Even that is highly desirable; but Mr. Chambers should surely allow more scope for "Elegant Extracts."

Cumming's Book of Martyrs. Part XX.

Doyle's Cyclopedia of Practical Husbandry. Part X.

Chronicles of the Care-worn. No. I.—This is the first number of a cheap series, with illustrations, which appears intended to draw the attention of the wealthy to the miseries of their fellow-creatures, and to some of the vices of the social system, as these affect all classes.

The Vicar's Lantern. Vol. I.—This volume consists of a thick, stitched, paper pamphlet, made up of lesser pamphlets, the object of which seems to be the exposure of Church abuses, and of the unscriptural nature and evil tendencies of Church Establishments.

German Amaranths. No. I.—This is a small periodical in the German language, edited by M. Klauer, whose educational works are now well-known in this country. It consists of short pieces, original and selected, in prose and verse, the subjects of which are in all styles.

The Sea Hath Spoken.—A Sermon lately preached in Ebenezer Chapel, Shadwell. By E. E. Adams, formerly Chaplain to the Seamen at St. Petersburg.—This discourse is meant to recommend and carry out the objects of the British and Foreign Sailor's Society. If somewhat declamatory in style for a severe taste, it is telling, and at times even impressive.

Report of the General Meeting of Artists held at the Free-Masons' Tavern, London.

Popular Flowers. No. II.—The Pansy.

Gurney's Faust, a Tragedy. Part the Second. Nos. VII. and VIII.

Smee's Elements of Electro-Metallurgy. Parts VIII. and IX.

PAMPHLETS.

National Distress: its Causes and Remedies.—This pamphlet is evidently the production of an able and a philanthropic man; and so highly do we esteem its purpose and its execution, that if it were not so low-priced as to be generally accessible, we should think it our duty to lay a summary of it before the public. As it is, we rest contented with a few insulated passages, without attending to their logical connexion:—

With respect to the question of accumulation, there may appear, at first sight, to be some variance between me and the authorities, but I think the difference will be found to be merely verbal. My argument has reference to real wealth, and they speak of a nominal or representa-

tive wealth—the one is *in esse*, the other *in posse*. When I make use of the term wealth, I understand by it articles of necessity and comfort, of convenience and luxury; and I allege that it is impossible to create any accumulation of these, partly because the produce of the earth, on an average of years, is not more than an ample sufficiency for its inhabitants; and partly for the reason that people never value any thing of which they are not in want, provided it is to be had when they happen to have occasion for it. Consequently, the producers of any species of goods never accumulate stock; since, even if it were practicable for them to fill their barns with a two-years' supply of corn, or their warehouses with a two-years' stock of manufactured articles, they would derive no benefit whatever from the accumulation, but, on the contrary, suffer a depreciation of its value. The wealth of a country consists, in the first place, in an abundant supply of articles of general consumption. . . . . The wealth of Great Britain is generally rated very high, without considering the frightful mass of poverty which must be set off against it. . . . . It therefore appears, that the miserable destitution of a large portion of our population is a necessary coincidence with the inordinate wealth of the upper classes. That wealth cannot be accumulated but to a very moderate extent. That a vast amount of what is called wealth is merely the means of producing it with greater facility, the effect of which is, not to create a surplus or accumulation, but a better and cheaper supply than before. That the term *cheapness* has reference principally to a saving of labour, which, though in itself an obvious and important advantage, has, nevertheless, in consequence of a corrupt political and social system, involved many and serious evils, with little corresponding benefit. . . . . .

With regard to the Corn Law. It must be admitted that it is injurious in every point of view. In the first place, it raises prices to the manifest and permanent detriment of the whole community; and in a country which is unable at any time to supply the wants of its population, the inevitable effect is to obviate the possibility of cheapness. Secondly, it counteracts the beneficent provision of Nature against local scarcity, by restricting commercial intercourse, and leaving a people as much as possible dependent upon the uncertain production of their own soil. Experience has shown, that although the produce of any particular district be as problematical as the duration of an individual life, yet, nevertheless, the aggregate of harvests is as constant and certain as the average value of lives. If, therefore, an occasional deficiency in the crops of a particular country have any meaning at all, surely it must be to teach all nations their mutual dependence upon one another, and by making them feel their need of assistance, to furnish them with every motive to cultivate those feelings and affections, the prevalence of which is essential to the general welfare of humanity. Thirdly, by narrowing the range of supply, it creates enormous fluctuations in value, and produces gambling of the worst sort, either involving the ruin of the gamblers, or the general privation incident to high prices. Fourthly, it has a very injurious effect upon native agriculture, by taking away a powerful motive to improvement, and inducing cultivators to depend upon a full price, rather than an abundant produce. Fifthly, it is productive of vast injury to the large landed proprietors, by greatly augmenting the amount of their enormous revenues; which, as they cannot possibly expend in a rational manner for their own benefit, they squander away in every species of profligacy and extravagance. In fine, this Corn Law is a rank manifestation of blind selfishness, without any qualification to redeem it from utter and universal reprobation.

He must be a primitive writer, who, in these days, speaks of augmenting the revenues of landed proprietors, —of swelling out the dimensions of the camel, so that it shall be still more difficult for it to pass through the eye of the needle, as if it were inflicting "a vast injury" on them. But this is, indeed, no every-day preacher of political economy and social morality. In another place, he remarks,—

Having traced the proximate cause of the prevalence of poverty and wretchedness, I shall now proceed to show the ultimate causes which produce and perpetuate this unsatisfactory state of things. The origin of the excessive inequality of wealth is to be found in the extravagant demands of pride, vanity, and rapacity,—coincident with general ignorance and a low standard of morality. Pride and vanity, in their various manifestations, operate indirectly to induce the accumulation of wealth, in order to their own more effectual gratification; but greediness and rapacity operate directly to the same end, and the general result is to render all mankind the enemies of each other. Seated at the ample table of Nature, which provides abundance and variety for all, the greedy man covets everything that is within his reach, and without any regard to the necessities of his neighbours, appropriates all he can get to his own use. The supremacy of selfishness is the curse of the present, as it has been of all past ages. In different periods of the world's history, and under different circumstances, its manifestations have been variously modified; but pride and vanity have been ever directed to the attainment of rank, power, and distinction, and the present generation seems to be devoted, body and soul, to the service of Mammon, because he happens to have them all in his gift. The pure principle of selfishness is therefore, openly avowed, and practically carried out,—that every man has a right to get as much as he can, without any regard to the rights or interests of others. Upon consideration, however, it will appear clear, that as no individual would be justified in making use of his superior physical strength to aggrandize himself at the expense of his fellow-men, so, if an individual should compass the the same end by means of his intellectual superiority, he would equally violate the plain principles of morality, although he might not offend against the common or statute law. It is obvious, that a variety of cases must constantly occur which cannot be made the subject of legislative provision; but the man who feels himself bound by the dictates of reason and conscience, will still acknowledge the supremacy of natural justice, although the civil power interfere not to maintain it. It is therefore rather surprising, that in the nineteenth century, there should be found men, many of them calling themselves Christians, who should unblushingly assert the principle of might against right, and approve in their hearts "the good old rule, the simple plan—that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can." Nevertheless, it appears to be assumed, as a proposition too obvious to admit of dispute, that any man has a right to amass as much wealth as he can, so long as he keeps to windward of the law; and it seems to be considered, that the code of natural or Christian morality has no reference to the matter whatever. It is held, moreover, by nine tradesmen out of ten, that they are fully justified in charging the highest rate of profit which it is possible to obtain. Now in both these cases the principle is the same; but such a principle is utterly repugnant to reason and morality. If an individual devote his labour and skill to the production of any species of wealth, he is entitled to a profit having reference to the magnitude and importance of the beneficial result to the community, and the amount of mental or physical exertion which is necessary to produce it. Profit or wages is an equivalent for a service performed, and should therefore bear a due relation to its extent, and the difficulty attending its performance. Consequently, the producers of wealth have a right to a good profit, because their labour and skill confer a value upon the raw material. The distributor, however, who is merely the agent of the producer, confers no additional value upon the goods, his store being simply a matter of convenience to the public, by furnishing facilities for the better supply of their wants. The profit of the distributor must, therefore, be comparatively small, because the principle upon which it is received is this,—that the party has performed some valuable service, and is entitled to a corre-

sponding recompense. It is consequently evident, that any individual who takes advantage of the necessity or ignorance of others, to demand a larger profit than the nature of the transaction fairly warrants, is guilty of a piece of dishonesty. The term may appear harsh, but I know of no better definition of dishonesty, than the making use of force or deception to obtain that to which the party has no rightful claim. An extravagant profit is, without doubt, a violation of right ; but if the public are ignorant of the fact, or unable to help themselves, the immorality of the affair is so much the greater. It is plain enough that most people view the matter in this light, when they are capable of looking at it with an unprejudiced eye. If the public ascertain that their butchers, bakers, or grocers, have been charging them exorbitant prices for their goods, the whole herd are forthwith denounced as little better than so many scoundrels ; and, if they cannot be induced to come down to moderate terms by fair means, compulsory measures are immediately threatened. But the misfortune is, that although every man is sharp-sighted to discover his neighbour's sins, he is wonderfully dull to the perception of his own. There are few who will not admit in theory the principle which I have propounded ; and yet, with strange inconsistency, they deny it in practice, and compound for their own self-justification by wholesale abuse of others. Competition, however, stimulated by rapacity, is so severely felt, that one-half of the trading community are rendered dishonest in spite of themselves ;—indeed, the spectacle which society presents, when its influence is in full operation, is to the last degree sickening and disgusting. The wealthy urged by the love of gain, the poor by stern necessity, engage in an unequal struggle, each endeavouring to take advantage of the other ; and, in order to do so, resorting to every species of chicanery and imposition.

Here we might fancy Jonathan Dymond speaking from the Dead.——The author's *Remedies* we can barely enumerate. They are first, *the abolition of the law of primogeniture;* secondly, the thorough *revision of the system of taxation*, and the adoption of *direct taxation;* thirdly, a *general restriction of the hours of labour*, by legislative enactment ; fourthly, *the establishment of free commercial intercourse with all nations.*——The *Currency*, and the *National Debt*, are also subjects held to be for inquiry, with a view to remedial measures ; but these, without the reasons on which they are argued, cannot be understood. We may add, that this writer is no friend to Universal Suffrage, until that Millennial period arrives, when every man shall be sufficiently well-educated, and so independent of external influences as to make a proper use of the Franchise ; *i. e.* when it will no longer be required.

Love Letters of Mrs. Piozzi, written when she was eighty, to William Augustus Conway.—There appears to be no question as to the authenticity of the Seven Letters, filling some twenty pages, which bear the above title ; and yet we fear the publication must be denominated "a catch-penny." A preface, establishing the authenticity of the letters, labours also to prove, that Mrs. Piozzi, at fourscore, was in love with the eminently handsome, young tragedian, to whom her vivacious epistles are addressed. And, no doubt, the octogenarian lady was seized with one of those periodical crazes to which persons of her kind, but flighty and fickle character, are liable ; though, at her age, the favourite object is more frequently a parson or a poodle, than a young player : and to describe the letters as love-letters, is too much. At the very most, they merely demonstrate that—

Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

In England, such things are of rare occurrence, and therefore marvellous ; but a Frenchwoman, at all ages, may freely write in this style, and not be liable to be mistaken. Madame du Deffand, who, in extreme old age, was seized with a strong partiality for Horace Walpole, then a sprightly young man, carried on a constant correspondence with him in this "love-letter" style, which even went so far as to alarm the sensitive Englishman; who often remonstrated with his correspondent on her impassioned style, as exposing them both to ridicule. The fate of Mrs. Piozzi's last lover—for Conway surely was the last—was melancholy. He had been so bepraised for his extremely handsome person and face, that he had probably formed an over-weening opinion of those histrionic powers which both England and America treated with coldness and indifference. From a disappointed actor, he became a devotee, and studied with a view to taking orders. His mind was, however, so cruelly lacerated by the gibes and sneers of his American critics, that, in a fit of despondency, he threw himself overboard in a voyage between New York and Charleston, just as the packet was crossing the bar. Among his effects, which were afterwards sold at New York, were found the originals of Mrs. Piozzi's Letters, which are now published, and which will probably turn out a bad speculation for the purchaser ; as all such publications ought to do. In the notes to the letters, we find the extraordinary reason assigned for the marriage of John Kemble with the widow of Brereton the player, (which to many seemed a strange union for "King John,") that he was induced to marry from the expectation of receiving a large sum from a nobleman whose daughter was in love with him ! Green-rooms for all manner of *esclandres* and gossip, certainly beat both Courts and Clubhouses.

New Zealand Colonization. By John Jennings.—The author of this pamphlet is a New Zealand agent. He points out some errors and mistakes in the plans hitherto pursued by the Company, and broaches his own scheme ; the details of which, to make them intelligible, would occupy nearly as much space in our pages as in the original pamphlet.

Two Lectures on the Defective Arrangements in Large Towns, to Secure the Health and Comfort of the Inhabitants,—Read before the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society. By Humphry Sandwith, M. D.—To those who have seen Mr. Chadwick's Sanatory Reports, Mr. Symons' Arts and Artisans, and the other tracts that have, within the last three years, appeared upon this subject, these Lectures tell little that is novel ; but the subject of them is one that cannot be too often brought under discussion, nor too constantly kept before the public eye.

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PERAULT; OR, SLAVES AND THEIR MASTERS.

(*Continued from page* 159 *of our March Number.*)

CHAPTER XV.

PERAULT, on seeing Zama quit the apartment so hastily, followed him, and overtook him on the lawn.

"Perault," said Zama, fiercely, "you have dragged me into an abyss, from whence I cannot escape. I have sworn to abide by you in this struggle for the freedom of our race. Yet there is one pledge which I exact; without it I draw back from this enterprise."

"And betray us, I suppose," said Perault, coldly.

"No, there you wrong me. Your secrets I shall keep; but dare to harm one hair of those who are now on this plantation, and by my soul's best hopes, I swear that my hand shall shed thy heart's blood."

"Be it so," said Perault; "but why this burst of fury?"

"Mark me, Perault," said Zama. "Here are the friends who brought me up from infancy: there is the kind master, kinder than a father to me; there is the youth, my companion in childhood; there is—"

"The lady of thy love," said Perault. "Go on, Zama, with thy catalogue."

"Sneer not at my words, Perault; rouse not the devil in my heart, else you may fare the worse for it!" said Zama, with a burst of passion.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Perault, "how frenzy will mislead a man! Here is the friend of *my* youth, to whom liberty, glory, honour, and wealth, are offered; and yet, for a silly feeling of gratitude to his *owners*, he rejects all and remains an abject *slave*. Revile me, Zama, as you will, I'll calmly listen to you."

"Perault, I cannot—will not hear of my friends being injured in this revolt," said Zama.

"I seek not their lives," said Perault. "Let them live here if they will. Let Miss Bellgrove remain, and be the bride of Waldenberg. Nay, frown not. Let a chosen band remain with thee to guard over Waldenberg and his bride. We ask none to join us who covet not their freedom."

"Perault, you tamper with my feelings too much," said Zama, sternly.

"Nay, Zama. I have heard that you are to become the slave of Miss Bellgrove, as a *reward* for saving your young master. When you are *her* slave, of course you are the slave of *her husband—of Waldenberg.*"

"His slave!" shrieked Zama.

"Ay," continued the wily tempter, "*his slave;* to behold before thee constantly how much *she* loves him. Nay, more, Zama; thy sister, the gentle Zada, must become *his slave* also, subject to *his* commands, harsh enough at times, perhaps, should he think she shared with him her lady's love."

"No more of this, Perault," cried Zama. "I will lead your cut-throat bands along with you; so cease this hated theme. And yet," he added, as he clasped his hands, "to think that I should prove an ingrate to one so generous and good."

"Ingrate!" said Perault, "where lies the ingratitude? You wrought hard enough for food and clothing, I presume. After young Charles was carried off, you met with the tender care of that old polecat, Joolay,—a man whose name is a scoff and by-word in the city. As to kindness shown you to-day, they would have shown as much to a favourite dog; for, trust me, Zama, these pale-faced planters make no distinction between a trusty *slave* and a trusty *dog.*"

"There you are wrong, Perault," said Zama. "'Tis true, that after the death of Mistress Bellgrove, my master lived in deep seclusion: if I employed myself amongst the negro bands, it was by no command of his; and as for Joolay, harsh though he is, he never did me wrong."

"He knew you had a soul that would not bear it; but although he dared not touch you with his *whip*, has he not often struck a sorer blow to your *feelings*? Has he not, by taunts, given that injury which is, of all *blows*, the *keenest felt by a sensitive mind?*"

"No more of this," exclaimed Zama.

"I have but one remark to make," said Perault, "and then I have done. Your sister—"

"What of her," said Zama.

"This morning I, by accident, saved her from the rude assault of a Waldenberg."

"Ha! So this accounts for her alarm, and her refusal to tell me the name of her assailant."

"Are such things to be submitted to, Zama? You love your sister, doubtless; would you wish to see her cast into the arms of a Waldenberg?"

"No, never! Sooner than see that, I would stab her to the heart, and free her from such vile pollution," exclaimed Zama.

"I honour you for such sentiments, Zama. But the sooner our blow for liberty is struck the better. Be ready; the hour is at hand."

"As soon as you please, Perault:—my heart is nerved to it," said Zama.

"In the meantime return to the mansion-house. Let no suspicion dwell in the minds of its inmates."

"But recollect, Perault," said Zama, "no harm must befall them, or your own life shall answer for it: I have sworn it."

"Mr. Bellgrove and his son shall be safe," said Perault. "As for Miss Bellgrove, she is in *your* power; do with *her* as you please."

Perault turned and proceeded towards the negro huts, when, in passing a small thicket, he observed a stick thurst into the ground, with a piece of black crape attached to it. He started, and, glancing apprehensively around, gave a faint, low whistle. It was answered from a neighbouring brake; and pressing through the underwood, Perault encountered a gigantic negro, of coarse and ferocious appearance. "Gullah!" exclaimed Perault, "what has brought you here?"

"We are in danger, Perault: follow me," answered the negro.

With eager steps Perault followed the negro through the brakes, till, reaching the margin of the river, Gullah pressed back the branches of a huge cypress tree, and pointed to two large canoes, filled with armed negroes, concealed beneath its shade.

"What means this?" said Perault. "Has any outbreak taken place in the city?"

"Not yet," answered Gullah; "but the Governor has been poisoned! and the whole city is in confusion."

"Poisoned!" exclaimed Perault. "By whom?"

"By his own favourite slave, Mahmet," said Gullah; "and despatches have been forwarded to your master, Colonel Waldenberg, to return instantly to the city."

"They must be intercepted," said Perault, in alarm.

"They have been intercepted," said Gullah. "Behold them," and he drew a packet from his bosom and handed it to Perault, who, looking anxiously at the seals thereon, said,

"Is the Governor dead?"

"He is; the dose was strong enough," answered Gullah.

"Then this may concern us," said Perault, as he broke open the packet, and attentively perused its contents. "There are some lurking suspicions here," he added, as he finished his perusal. "We must be speedy in our efforts."

"Are the negroes on these plantations ready?" said Gullah.

"Almost all of them," answered Perault. "I have formed a plot, however, which will throw them into instant open revolt. Zama has joined us."

"I am glad of it," said Gullah.

"The conduct of the young cadets has enraged the negroes here," said Perault; "and all they ask is vengeance for the insults heaped upon themselves, their wives, and children. Zama has a sister who has the principal charge of this plantation, and who is adored by the negroes."

"You mean Zada? I have heard of her," said Gullah.

"Well," continued Perault, "Waldenberg's brother has taken a foolish fancy to the girl, and I have pledged my word to place her in his power. You must aid me in this; and it must be done in such a manner as to throw the blame on *Colonel* Waldenberg. If Zada is carried off, her brother will demand instant vengeance. I know his proud, fiery nature too well, to think that he will trust redress to other hands than his own. If he encounters the Colonel—"

"He will *murder* him," added Gullah.

"The Colonel's life," continued Perault, with a grim smile, "is not to be guaranteed in Zama's hands. The negroes on the plantation will fly to arms to aid Zama, and, uniting with the Red Indians, will soon overpower the Cadet Brigade; that done, the city is at our feet."

"'Tis a shrewd device," said Gullah. "But should Zama suspect you?"

"Tush, man, I am more of the hypocrite than to arouse his suspicions. Have one of your canoes ready, and let six of your followers be close at hand to obey my commands."

"By the bye," said Gullah, sullenly, "they say in the city that on your return from Hayti, you saved Colonel Waldenberg's life from some pirates: how is this?"

"'Tis true," answered Perault, with a savage sneer. "When off the western coast of Cuba, and nigh the Bahamas, a pirate schooner bore down on us. Our crew were but few; yet it was agreed to resist to the utmost. A sabre was placed in my hand, and I had power to destroy granted me. The pirates poured in a broadside, which we returned. They then boarded our vessel. Gullah, *they were white men!*" . . . . .

On returning to the mansion-house, Perault was informed that Captain Waldenberg wished to see him; and understanding that the Captain was with the ladies in the drawing-room, Perault entered, and observed Major Maitland, pale and feeble, reclining on an ottoman, while Miss Bellgrove and Colonel Waldenberg were endeavouring to dispel the heavy clouds of grief which hung on his brow.

"Nay," said Miss Bellgrove, "if nought else will do, I shall try the effect of music on your nerves." Turning to Letia, she requested her to take the harp.

"Major Maitland will consider me but a very indifferent performer," said Letia, as she seated herself at the instrument and sung:—

There is a land, 'tis a land of joy,
Where roses and myrtles entwine,
Where no grief and care the heart annoy,
There love and rapture combine!
And there I will build thee a sunny bower
Of the orange and the laughing vine;
And love will enliven each flitting hour,
While every bliss shall be thine,
And I'll twine around thy happy brow
Love's emblem sweet, the myrtle bough.

She looked up, and encountered the glance of Maitland. She had forgotten that the air and the verses she was singing were his own, which she had but recently received from him; a deep blush spread over her countenance, and she became confused, when suddenly one of the strings of the harp snapped asunder with a startling sound.

"'Tis a bad omen!" said Letia, rising. "I must call Zada to my aid. I heard her singing a sweet African air. I should like to hear it again."

"I have heard it also," said Matilda; "and since you have broken off your song, perhaps Zada will try it."

Zada timidly took a small lyre in her hand, and, running her fingers over the strings, looked towards Miss Bellgrove, and said—"The song is but rude and simple. You are aware that it is a popular belief amongst the negroes, that when they die, their souls return to the land of their forefathers, and revel amidst the palm groves of sunny Africa."

"And a beautiful idea it is," said Major Maitland. "I have found that even the efforts of the missionaries cannot make the negroes forego this prospect. 'Tis the only hope the poor negro has of revisiting the home of his fathers."

"It is, indeed," said Zada, with a deep sigh. "The song, then, is that of the Dying Negro." She gently touched the lyre, and, in a sweet, plaintive voice, sung the song of—

THE DYING NEGRO.

Away, my soul, o'er the glittering deep,
Away to the land where my fathers sleep,
And their spirits soar on soft gales of balm,
'Mid groves of the wide and the spreading palm!
To the palm groves of Afric away!

Away, away to the land of the Sun,
Where, dazzling in glory, his course is run!
He kisses the plain with his burning ray,
The soil and its children adore his sway—
To the palm groves of Afric away!

Away, away to my forefathers' land,
To wander once more o'er its golden sand,
With friends of my youth in freedom to roam
'Mongst the gorgeous scenes of my native home!
To the palm groves of Afric away!

A deep sob from Perault interrupted and startled the songstress, and the attention of the company was attracted towards him. His features seemed distorted with conflicting passions; and his bosom swelled, till the golden studs which bound his vest burst asunder, and were scattered over the floor.

"Perault," exclaimed Colonel Waldenberg, "what means this conduct?"

Perault turned fiercely on him, his countenance distorted with rage and hatred; but suddenly calming himself, he said, while his voice trembled with emotion, "Pardon me, Sir. Methought I saw the land of my birth arising on my view,—its sunny clime and its palm groves; but I forgot myself. I am far—far from it, and in bondage!" He bowed, and pressing his hand upon his forehead, stepped back.

Captain Waldenberg then arose and left the apartment, motioning on Perault to follow him.

"Early to-morrow morning," said the Captain, "I sail down the Wandoo."

"Do you wish Zada to be placed in your power?" said Perault.

"I do; you understand me?" said the Captain.

"It shall be done," said Perault. "By to-morrow at noon she will be in your possession."

"He's off at last," said Joolay, as he looked after the barque which bore young Waldenberg down the Wandoo. "Well, I never guessed I'd 'a missed anybody's company so much as that young, impudent, teasing, glorious, fine young puppy's. Heigho!"

"Oh! what a sigh was there," said Galliard, who stood beside him. "What strength of lungs you must have to bring up such a breeze, Mr. Joolay; a puff like that would do honour to a pair of smith's bellows, or set the sails of a windmill a-going."

"None of your gibes, you eternal puppy," said Joolay. "Don't you see I am sulky, dull, and melancholy as a starved owl?"

"Or a hackney-coach horse," said Galliard, laughing.

"Ay, bearing the burden of your bad jokes," replied Joolay; "but you're just like him, so I am satisfied. What's the matter with your dandy nigger?—he seems in a deuce of a fright," he continued, as Tom, with a look of consternation, came running at full speed towards them.

"What's the matter, Tom?" said Galliard.

"Oh Lor! Massa—I is got cus' fright!"

"Was you looking at your own face in a glass?" inquired Joolay.

"No, nor your face eider," said Tom, briskly; "got fright wid hoss, Massa."

"A horse, you goose!"

"Yes, Massa, wid horn on him head." And Tom placed his hands on either side of *his* head, spreading out his fingers by way of explanation. "Oh Lor, dere um is!" cried he, as he again took to his heels, leaving his master and Joolay to face the fancied danger themselves.

"The fool," said Galliard; "what has alarmed him?"

"See, see!" said Joolay, in an eager whisper, as he pointed to an opening in the thickets. "See what a beautiful elk: three of them, by the hookey!"

Galliard looked towards the spot, and soon discovered the cause of Tom's terror. There stood three large and beautiful elks, gazing around them with startled looks.

"Hush," whispered Joolay. "Oh! how beautiful. Oh! for a rifle to have a pop at them."

The lovely animals stood for a second or two; then tossing up their antlers, bounded away amongst the brakes.

"A hunt—a hunt!" cried Joolay. "To horse! to horse!—a chase! Oh, mother of Moses, what glorious sport! Run, Galliard, run!" and Joolay, in his excitement, ran faster than ever he had run before. Clinging on by Galliard, who was equally excited, Joolay urged forward, swearing at Galliard for running so slow.

"Let go your hold, Mr. Joolay," cried Galliard. "I'd as soon drag a whale along, as you."

Covered with dust and perspiration, Joolay and Galliard reached the house, to the great alarm of the inmates.

"To horse!" roared Joolay, as soon as he came within hearing. "A chase!—a chase!"

"Who is chasing you?" cried Colonel Waldenberg.

"Three elks," cried Joolay—"large beautiful elks. Oh graekie! what sport!"

"Mr. Galliard," said Matilda, "what has excited Mr. Joolay so?"

"There are three elks in the clearings," answered Galliard: "we wish to form a party instantly to hunt them."

"Indeed," cried the Colonel. "To horse, then!"

"Come, you tarnation black rascals," cried Joolay to the negroes; "off to the stables—out with the horses! Away with you, or else——" He flourished his whip, and gave a "whurr," which sent the negroes off grinning at the fun.

"Shall we lay the dogs on the track?" said the Colonel.

"No, no," cried Joolay; "fair rifle-play—full speed, and bang away at them. A good rifle against all your stag-hounds yet!"

"Ladies," said the Colonel, addressing Miss Bellgrove and Letia; "since we proceed no farther than the clearings, may we hope to be honoured with your company?"

"I care not," said Matilda, smiling. "Letia, do you go?"

"Pray, excuse me," answered Letia; "from the mound I will see the sport, if sport you call it, to run down a helpless animal; and I sincerely hope the game will escape."

"Not if I can help it," said the Colonel, gaily.

The horses were soon ready, and the party speedily mounted and galloped away to arouse the game.

Letia sat for a short time after the party had rode away. "Strange," she said; "why do I feel this presentiment of danger? Would that they had remained! Zada," she continued, as the girl approached her, "will you ascend the mound with me?"

"I have this moment received a strange message from my brother," answered Zada, while the tears trembled in her eyes; "he has been bitten by a rattlesnake in the forest, and lies there dangerously ill."

"Indeed," said Letia, in alarm. "Fly then, Zada, to his aid; take some collinsonia, and other remedies, with you."

"These have already been given him, I am told," said Zada; "but I will hurry to him; this negro is to show me the way," as she pointed to Gullah Jack, who had been commissioned by Perault to wile her into the forest, where his gang lay in readiness to seize her; and the poor confiding girl fell at once into the snare laid for her.

Zada had scarcely gone, when Major Maitland, accompanied by Mr. Bellgrove, joined Letia. To them she mentioned her wish to ascend the mound to view the chase, when Maitland, with a look of deep alarm, said, "It was madness to have ventured on this hunting expedition. They might have guessed that the elks could only be driven from the more distant parts of the forest by the Indians, who now, perhaps, surround us. Come, Mr. Bellgrove, we must get the Cadets ready; for, trust me, our rifles will be needed." So saying, they departed.

Resolved to have his full share of the sport, Joolay armed himself with a long rifle, at the same time commanding Whackie to take another, with plenty of powder and ball, and a good sharp hedge-bill to clear the underwood. Everything being prepared according to order, Joolay mounted his horse, and, followed by Whackie on foot, set out to join the hunting party. A negro can never see a quadruped walking before him, without catching hold of it by the tail, to pull himself onward; and, no sooner was Joolay fairly mounted, than Whackie seized the tail of the horse as his portion. The animal, used to such treatment, submitted quietly to the firm grip of the negro; but Joolay, finding the horse rather slow in its movements, and unaware of the *drawback*, roared out to Whackie to "Slap him up." Whackie instantly obeyed; and, raising his hedge-bill for the purpose of stirring up the nag, came down with the edge of the bill on the tail. The blow was such, that it severed the tail from the rump; and the poor animal, bounding forward, kicked up its heels—tossing the overseer, with an elegant somerset, heels over head into the thicket; then scoured across the plain, kicking furiously as it flew, leaving the amazed and terror-stricken Whackie holding the severed member firm in his grasp.

"What's the matter with the horse?" roared Joolay, emerging from the bushes.

"Goley, Massa! him tail come off!" answered the astonished negro, holding up the tail to the overseer.

"His tail come off?" roared Joolay, in a towering passion. "How did that happen?"

"Don' know, Massa: he leave him ahind," replied Whackie.

"You infernal yahoo," roared Joolay, "I'll teach you how you meddle with a tail again." So saying, he rushed at the negro; but, just as he collared him, Whackie cried out, "Oh, Lor! Massa Joolay! look, look! dere de dam Red Cherokee." Joolay looked round, and, to his terror, beheld the Indians gathering in a large body on the clearings, and anon their terrific war-hoop rang loud and long in the ears of the astonished overseer.

"Down, down! Whackie," said Joolay, forgetting his anger amid his alarm. "It is that blasted horse that has roused them: down on your face, and let us crawl into the bushes. How lucky the brute's tail came off! Providence certainly put it slightly on, just to save me. Now, Whackie, we are snug," continued he, as they fixed themselves in the thickest part of the bushes. "The rascals have not seen us. Now look well to your rifle, put other four balls into it, take good aim, and fire when I tell you."

In the meantime the rest of the company pressed forward, till they reached the spot where the elks had been seen; and, after riding a short distance, they beheld one of them quietly browzing in a

small glade. The beautiful symmetry of the animal, and the various attitudes it assumed, were such as caused the company to pause and gaze with delight upon it. The Colonel raised his rifle to fire; but Matilda called on him to refrain, and exclaimed, "Oh, that it could be taken alive!"

"We 'll try," said the Colonel. "Ha! there it goes!" he cried, as the elk, terrified at the noise, bounded away into the forest.

"Forward! Hurrah!" was the shout; and, at headlong speed, the hunters dashed upon the track.

The elk was in sight,—and Matilda, animated with the chase, still following it at full speed, soon distanced the whole party. The elk suddenly paused, and, tossing its antlers, dashed into another part of the forest. Matilda's steed had cleared a small clump of cypress; and, instantly starting back, snorted and reared with affright. A savage yell arose from the underwood around, and two Cherokees sprang suddenly from the thicket, and seized the horse by the reins. Terrified and trembling, Matilda looked around, and, to her horror, beheld herself surrounded by a host of the savages. Still her presence of mind did not desert her: she struck one of the Indians, who held her horse, a smart blow across the eyes with her whip; and, urging the animal onwards, dashed the other Indian to the ground. The noble animal, darting forward with one bold bound, cleared the heads of the astonished Cherokees. On, on with the speed of the wind she flew; while the Indians, raising their thrilling war-whoop, followed in pursuit, and a number of balls whistled around her head. The dense forest was at length cleared, and the plantation grounds burst upon her view; one high fence alone remained to be surmounted, and she was safe—when, to her dismay, her horse stumbled. Another volley from the Indians' rifles whistled past her, and one of the balls very slightly grazed her on the shoulder; while her horse, uttering a shrill and piercing shriek of agony, sprang over the high fence, then staggered and fell. It struggled to regain its feet,—but, with another piercing cry, which chilled the very heart's blood of its unhappy mistress, looked at her with an expression of agony in its eyes, then drooped its head on the ground and expired. Matilda tried to extricate herself from the fallen steed, but found herself unable to move. "Oh, God!" she exclaimed, "have compassion on me! preserve me from the hands of these savages! Alas! Alas!" she cried, "they have cleared the fence! Oh! merciful heaven, protect me!"

A stalwart Indian rushed upon her, and, with a fiendish yell of triumph, twisted her hair around his hand, and, forcing back her head, flourished his knife before her throat. Already was the cold steel pressed upon her neck, when a sudden exclamation of "Down, monster!" was heard—a heavy crash followed, and the blood and brains of the Indian were spattered over her face and bosom; and, still entangled in the gripe of the dead Indian, she fell to the ground.

"Fear not, dearest Lady," exclaimed a friendly voice, as she felt herself extracted from the Indian's grasp. Look up, dear lady! 'tis your own faithful Zama!"

Scarcely trusting her senses, Matilda looked up, and found herself in the arms of the noble negro. Her lips almost refused their office, and, murmuring his name, she swooned upon his bosom. Zama raised her in his arms, and grasping his hatchet firmer in his hand, shook it at the advancing Indians; and rushing with his rescued mistress amongst the thick cotton-shrubs, set their pursuers at defiance.

Snugly concealed in the thicket, into which they had crept for safety, sat Joolay and Whackie, chatting with the utmost composure.

"Darn the red rascals," said Joolay, "I guess I'd like to have a pop at some o' 'em."

"Hi! Massa Joolay," said Whackie, who had now learned the art of flattering the overseer, "I no like for be Indine you fire at: you is capal shot—fust rate shot."

"Do you think so, Whackie?" said Joolay, trying to *perpetrate* a smile of pleasure.

"Fac, Massa: you kill dozen ob 'em at one shot."

"Well, I daresay, if they were all *ahind one another*, I'd go pretty right bang-slap through 'em, I guess."

At that moment a crashing sound amongst the bushes caused them to grasp their rifles firmer.

"Who is that rushing through the thicket with a female in his arms?" said Joolay, as Zama, almost breathless with speed, burst through the underwood with Matilda clasped to his bosom.

"Lor, Massa!" cried Whackie, "him is Zama and Missee Bellgrove. See, see! dere is tree dam Red Indine chasing 'em; come, Massa Joolay, we fight de red tiefs." And Whackie would have rushed to the rescue, but Joolay, catching hold of him, drew him back.

"Sit still, you ass," said the overseer; "we can do more service here. Now, take good aim at that foremost Indgine; I'll put daylight through the second rascal. Now, fire!"

Zama, with the insensible form of Matilda in his arms, now cleared the bushes, and became exposed to the rifles of the Indians. Just as the first Indian raised his rifle to fire, Whackie took aim at him, and, with unerring shot, brought him down a lifeless corpse. The other two Indians instantly paused to see from whence the shot had come,—when Joolay fired, and the second Indian bounded in the air, and fell dead.

"Well done, Whackie," said Joolay; "that deserves a glass of brandy."

"Yes, Massa," grinned Whackie, as he reloaded his rifle.

The third Indian had watched the shot, and fled behind a tree, from whence he took aim at Joolay's white trousers, which, of all dresses for bush fighting, is decidedly the worst. Crack went the rifle, and Joolay, kicking up his heels with a thundering oath, applied his hands to a certain part of his body, and fell floundering amongst the bushes.

"You no kill?" said Whackie, in alarm.

"No!" cried Joolay. "Darn the red rogue!

he 's spoiled my sitting for a month, I calculate. I say, Whackie, if you shoot the rascal, I'll give you his rifle and blanket in a present."

Whackie looked forth to see where the Indian was; but the eye of the Cherokee was better trained for this mode of warfare. Before Whackie could take aim, and while he was holding the rifle upright before his face, the Indian again fired, and the ball, striking the barrel of Whackie's rifle, brought it in such rude contact with the poor fellow's nose, that it made the fire flash from his eyes, as, dropping the rifle with a yell of pain, he clapped both hands to his face, and felt for the spot where his *unassuming* nose had once stood. There was little occasion for any additional flattening to that feature, as it was sufficiently flat before; but the blow operated as powerfully as if the nose had been smoothed to the rest of the face with a bottle mall.

"Yeh!" he exclaimed, clutching at the place where his nasal organ *had been*. "Yeh, wurra dat!"

"Hush," said Joolay, "I see the villain: now for him!" So saying, he snatched up Whackie's loaded rifle. The Indian raised his head to take a surer aim, and thereby became exposed to Joolay's fire, and instantly the Indian was writhing, like a wounded snake, amongst the underwood.

"Guess that tarnation thief won't hurt us any more," said Joolay, with a grim smile. "I think he 's food for the turkey-buzzards!"

"Yes, dam him eye!" answered Whackie, tenderly touching his injured nose, as if congratulating it on the manner in which it had been avenged.

"Now, Whackie," said Joolay, "you must carry me home on your back. Hookey!" he exclaimed, "there is the Colonel running like a madman. Hillo! Colonel!" he shouted, as Waldenberg was flying with speed past him. Waldenberg turned.

"Miss Bellgrove," he cried; "have you seen her?"

"Ay, ay!" answered Joolay. "Zama has carried her full-bang to the house, I guess."

The Colonel instantly hurried onwards to the house.

"Ho! he 's off, dash him!" cried Joolay, as Waldenberg flew past him. "He may thank his stars he can walk so fast: as for *me*, I'm in a rigglar fix. Come, Whackie, take me home on your back."

While these transactions were going on, the unsuspecting Zada, filled with grief and alarm at the report of her brother's illness, (a device of Perault to entice her into the forest,) followed Gullah into the thickets, when they were observed by Haman, who, surprised to see Zada with a strange negro, cautiously followed them. After walking for some distance, Gullah suddenly paused, and, turning rapidly on Zada, seized her by the throat, and forced her to the ground; when a band of negroes rushed from the thickets, and, seizing the hapless girl, bore her speedily towards the river. Haman's first impulse was to rush forward to the rescue of Zada; but suddenly recollecting that he was single-handed, before a host of opponents, he thought his best plan was to hurry back to the plantation for aid. He cast another look at the party, and, to his surprise, beheld several of them in the *Waldenberg* livery. With the utmost speed he traversed the footpath through the forest which led to the clearings, when, to his terror and amazement, the whole forest became one blaze of flame, and the loud report of the rifles of the Indians contending with the cadets burst around him. Haman took no time to look for friend or foe; but as if a pack of bloodhounds were at his heels, he flew over every impediment till he reached the clearings. There he beheld groups of terrified negroes throwing away their hoes, and fleeing for safety to their dwellings, while all around, the incessant rattle of musketry arose loud and appalling. Winged with terror, Haman speedily reached the mansion-house, and darted up the front staircase; when, on reaching the front verandah, he beheld Zama leaning against one of the pillars, breathing quick and hard, as if exhausted; while, in the midst of a group of females, with Miss Norrisville and Ooknea supporting her, lay Matilda, to all appearance dead.

"Oh, Zama!" shrieked Haman, as he flew forward, "help! help; your sister Zada, help!"

"My sister!" cried Zama; "what of her?"

"She has been choke—knock down—carry away—force into boat. Oh, help!" cried Haman.

Zama caught by the pillar to keep himself from falling, and a mortal sickness spread throughout his frame, as he feebly asked—"By the Indians?"

"No, no," cried Haman; "by nigger; Coram Wallenpeg nigger!"

"Waldenberg!" cried Zama, with mingled rage and grief; "the villain! He shall dearly answer for this." So saying, he bounded over the verandah; and, before Haman could recover his breath, was out of sight. Nor did Zama hurry far till he met Waldenberg.

"What have you done with Miss Bellgrove? Where is she?" said the Colonel, hurriedly. "Is she safe?"

"Where is my sister?" cried Zama, fiercely, while his eyes gleamed with rage. "Where is Zada, Colonel Waldenberg? Restore her, or, by the God who made me, your life shall answer for it!"

With looks of mingled anger and surprise, the Colonel receded a pace, and said—"The fellow is either drunk or mad."

"Neither, Sir!" exclaimed Zama. "Again I demand the restoration of my sister."

"Fool!" said Waldenberg, "what should I know of your sister?"

"Liar!" exclaimed Zama. "Who forced her from her home; who tore her from the protecting arms of her friends? Coward! you can shun the foe, to wreak your poor vengeance on a helpless female."

"By heaven! this is too much," exclaimed Waldenberg; "bearded by a negro, and a slave too!"

"Although a negro, I am not the less a man," exclaimed Zama: "and slave though I am, I am not yet void of human feelings. Colonel Waldenberg, I again charge you with carrying off my sister."

"Madman! stand back!" said Waldenberg.

"Why do I listen to a dog like this? The whip shall teach you a little more civility."

"The whip—to me, too!" exclaimed Zama. "Yes! it were a weapon more befitting your cowardly hand than the sword that mocks your side!"

Thrown off his guard, and enraged at this bitter taunt, Waldenberg sprung forward, and struck Zama so violent a blow on the mouth, that the negro staggered back a few paces, while the blood flowed fast from the effect of the stroke. Instantly recovering himself, and infuriated at this indignity, Zama rushed upon the Colonel, and grasped him by the throat—a fierce struggle ensued, for both were possessed of strong muscular power. With a great effort the Colonel freed his throat from the iron-grip of the negro, and, blinded with passion, clutched the hilt of his dagger; but, in doing so, lost the advantage which he had obtained over his foe, who, with herculean force, raised him in the air, then hurled him on the ground, where he lay bleeding and insensible. Zama gazed for a few seconds on his prostrate enemy, and the rage fled from his bosom.

"I have killed him," he sighed. "'Twas rash—I might have questioned him mildly: all now is lost. —Zada, thou art indeed gone!"

A rustling sound amid the underwood startled him, and he would have turned from the spot; when a friendly voice hailed him—

"Zama!"

"I am here," he answered. "Approach, whoever calls."

"'Tis I, Perault!" said the conspirator, advancing from the thicket. "Ha! this looks well," he exclaimed, as he beheld the insensible form of his master stretched bleeding on the earth. "Behold!" he continued, in a triumphant tone, as he advanced, and firmly placed his foot on the throat of the inanimate Waldenberg. "Behold how the poor slave tramples on his haughty master!"

"For shame, Perault!" exclaimed Zama. "Even I, who struck him down, would scorn to treat him with such base indignity!"

Perault withdrew his foot from the throat of his master, and sullenly said, "Is he dead?"

"If he was alive you dared not treat him so," said Zama.

Darting an angry glance at Zama, Perault knelt down and placed his hand upon the heart of Waldenberg. "Ha," he exclaimed, "he lives. Zama, your work is but half done." Drawing his master's dagger from its sheath, he raised his hand to plunge it into the heart of Waldenberg, exclaiming, "Thus I put an end to farther doubt!"

"Cold-blooded monster, hold!" cried Zama, grasping the upraised arm of Perault, and wrenching the dagger from his hand. Perault sprang to his feet, and for a space the two negroes stood glaring on each other with looks of fiercest anger, till Zama, pointing to the body of the Colonel, said, "Were he able to combat with me now, I would struggle with him to the death; but as he now is, stunned and insensible, he is more an object of pity than of anger. To injure him further would be an act of cold-blooded cruelty; nor would I stand tamely by, and behold him, deeply though he may have wronged me, treated with such base brutality."

"You forget," said Perault, sternly, "that you have forfeited your own life by this attack on him."

"And if I have," answered Zama, "I alone must answer for it. In fair and open combat would I meet my foe, not stab him like a base assassin."

"Hush!" said Perault, "he revives. Zama, you must seek for safety in instant flight. Away, arouse your friends—the hour of vengeance is come!"

"Promise me," said Zama, "that you will not injure him in that state.

"I swear it," said Perault. "Fly to the forest: meet me at midnight at the hut of Obi—away!" And Zama hurried towards the forest.

Doubtful how to act, Perault stood by the side of Waldenberg, when the sound of the battle approached nigher and nigher to the spot. "Hark," muttered the conspirator, "the Red Cherokee is driving the haughty planters from the woods. Shall I remove the body of this proud lord of mine, or let him lie where he is? Good! let him lie.—If the Cadets stumble on him they will take care of him: if the Red Indians, they will save further trouble on his account; in either way I keep my word to Zama. The fool! had it not been for his romantic folly, Waldenberg would have found the bottom of the Wandoo with a stone about his neck." So saying, he spurned the still insensible form of his master with his foot, and turned from the spot.

Major Maitland, along with Mr. Bellgrove and Mr. Norrisville, were hastening to the scene of action with a small band of armed negroes, whose sullen looks plainly showed that they had been drawn out against their wills, when Lieutenant Galliard with a party of Cadets suddenly met them.

"What means this?" exclaimed Maitland. "The Cadets retreating?"

"Not so," answered Galliard. "Although the red devils outnumber us, we can cope with them yet."

"Whither so fast then?" said Maitland. Galliard beckoned him aside, and in a low voice said, "Have you seen the Colonel?"

"No," answered Maitland.

"Or Miss Bellgrove?" inquired Galliard.

"No," said Maitland, turning deadly pale; "I hope she is safe."

"This accursed hunting-match has ruined us," said Galliard. "We were too much scattered,—too secure and confident: these wily fiends have completely surrounded us. I fear the Colonel and Miss Bellgrove are seized. Heavens! you are ill," he exclaimed, as he caught Maitland in his arms.

"No, no," said Maitland, faintly; "'tis the effects of my recent wound. But, come; if she is seized, to her rescue!—to her rescue!" So saying, he started up and drew his sword.

"Stay!" said Galliard. "See, here comes Perault, perhaps he knows something of his master."

Perault advanced towards them, and Galliard, calling on him to draw nigher, said, "Know ye aught of your master?"

"I hear that he has fallen; severely, perhaps mortally wounded," answered the hypocrite.

"And Miss Bellgrove?" cried Maitland, shaking with agitation.

"Is wounded also," said Perault. "She is at the mansion-house."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Bellgrove, advancing, "you will pardon my interference; but this is no time to hold long parley,—the war-whoop of the Indians is drawing closer to us. Now, my gallant fellows," cried he to the negroes, "to the bush! to the bush! Be cautious,—let every shot tell on the Red Indians: don't let them come near your dwellings. Fight for your wives, your children, your lady!"

An enthusiastic cry burst from the negroes, and they rushed forward to the combat; while Galliard, turning to his followers, cried, "Come, gentlemen, guide the operations of these gallant fellows: under your command they may do much. Forward, then!"

"One moment," said Perault. "I came in search of you, Mr. Galliard, fearing that Major Maitland was too ill to issue orders."

"Well, well," said Galliard, testily, "if I must, I must. Forward, gentlemen," cried he, addressing the cadets nigh him; "aid the negroes!" And the young men hurried once more into the combat.

"I only wish to ask your opinion, gentlemen," said Perault, "as to how I ought to act. My master is severely wounded, and insensible; and despatches from the city have just arrived."

Here he was interrupted by a loud cheer from the negroes, who advanced towards them, dragging a number of Indian prisoners. With proud and haughty looks these sons of the forest walked amid their enemies; but Perault's lip quivered, and he hastily turned aside, to avoid the gaze of the Cherokees, fearing he might be recognised by them. A party of the cadets now came up, and, after a brief conversation, the greater part of the negroes, led on by the cadets, once more betook themselves to the bushes, to oppose the Indians on their own wily system of warfare, while the remainder escorted the Indian prisoners to the dwellings.

"You spoke of despatches from the city," said Maitland, as Perault rejoined them.

"There are despatches from the city," said Perault, "addressed to Colonel Waldenberg. The bearer of these despatches was seized by the Indians, and shamefully ill-used, while the greater part of the despatches were torn and mutilated. By them I perceive that the governor of Carlville has been suddenly seized with yellow fever, and is now dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Galliard, "and so sudden."

Perault bowed, and, interrupting him, continued,—"By these despatches, Colonel Waldenberg is commanded to return to town instantly. Now, gentlemen, I am at a loss how to act. I am loath to carry my master to town in his present state, and yet I must devise some means to get him there."

"'Tis well thought of," said Mr. Bellgrove; "we can readily get the canoes manned, and carry Miss Bellgrove and the others to the city: they will be much safer there than here."

"My only dread," said Perault, "is, that the banks of the river may be in possession of the Indians, and the canoes would be exposed to a galling fire from them. Since the cadets are all engaged, perhaps Mr. Bellgrove would arm another body of the *negroes* to protect the canoes descending the river."

"This must not be," said Maitland; "the presence of the armed negroes in the city might occasion mischief."

"Not so," replied Perault; "their presence will be hailed with *joy*, and they will only show their zeal for *the cause in which they have embarked!*"

"Be it so, then," said Maitland. "But, Lieutenant Galliard, you must take the command of this party, and see them safely in the city."

"But, Major," expostulated Galliard, "I cannot think of quitting my brave comrades in the midst of battle. After we drive the Indians back——"

"It may be too late," said Maitland, interrupting him.

Galliard reluctantly agreed; and Perault, requesting Mr. Bellgrove and Mr. Norrisville to get the canoes pointed out, departed to collect his own party; so that, by the time the canoes were ready, he had forty followers ready armed, all in the plot, conveying his unconscious and intended victims to the city, which was soon to be the scene of ruin and of bloodshed. Before embarking, he despatched a trusty messenger to Obi Abdallah, informing him of his departure, and ordering him to join Zama in leading on their bands to the city without delay.

Two elegant barges, accompanied by six large canoes, filled with the negroes, the prisoners, and the wounded, proceeded down the river. In the first barge were Miss Bellgrove, Letia, Mr. Bellgrove and his son, and Mr. Norrisville. The sudden disappearance of Zada and her brother had increased the alarm of the party; and Miss Bellgrove, now attended by Ooknea, was completely overpowered with grief for the loss of her favourite, though the suggestion made by Mr. Bellgrove, of hearing some tidings of Zada in the city, caused a lingering ray of hope to shine through the dark cloud of grief, and render her almost regardless of her slight wound received from the Indians.

In the second barge were Colonel Waldenberg, Galliard, and the Missionary, accompanied by Perault. The only signs of consciousness which Waldenberg had shown were a slight movement of his hands, and one or two feeble groans; while Perault, by the orders of Galliard, wiped the congealed blood from a wound in his right temple.

Around the barges were the canoes, containing the negroes and prisoners, placed in such a manner as safely to guard off any attack from the banks of the river.

They rowed onwards in silence; now gliding through the thick masses of matted reeds and water-lilies, which here and there impeded the current; then skirting the sides of the deep mangrove and cypress groves, which lined the margin of the river; now passing rich rice swamps, and cotton grounds, and clearings, with the gay villas of the planters embowered in orange and pride-of-India trees.

At length they swept into the conjunction of the river with the Cowper, and the splendid expanse

of the noble bay burst on the view; while, wafted from the shore, the breeze came loaded with perfume. Anon, the high spire of St. Michael's, towering to the sky, and the lines of the city, were seen; then the city itself rose like a dazzling panorama. The splendid mansions of the planters and merchants, with their brilliant verandahs, surrounded with rich gardens, gave a beauty to the scene which the pen cannot describe. Here the palm, orange, and magnolia trees arose; while large and gorgeous blooming roses twined around the porticoes, filling the air with fragrance. Then the shipping burst like a dense forest upon the wondering eye, while flags of every nation streamed gaily from the masts; then came Castle Pickney, and, farther down the bay, lay Fort Moultrie, and, commanding the passage of the bar, Fort Jackson; while, from the ramparts of the various forts, the gorgeous star-spangled banner floated gaily on the breeze. The vast number of vessels, of all sizes, sailing on the bay, and crossing the bar, gave an animation and life to the scene which no mind could look upon without feeling elated.

The boats neared the beach, reached the landing-place, and were soon surrounded by a crowd of people. The guard were easily satisfied as to the appearance of the negroes in arms; and Perault giving a private signal to the negroes of the city assembled around them, the landing-place was speedily cleared.

Tom, the negro dandy, had been most eager, during the whole passage from Bellgrove to the city, to impress Whackie with a high idea of his mighty importance amongst the fashionable negroes of the city.

"Now," said he, "I is so glad I is get away from 'em dam red Indine, wid my scalp safe and sound. Lor! how men does become barbarize in a *wild* state of *cibil* nature."

"Werry true," said Whackie, shaking his head very gravely; "yet de red Indine is coward. I was fight wid 'em, and chase half-dozen myshef.

"*I* like for fight 'em too," said Tom, "*perwided* dey was put away 'em rifle, and 'em ugly tomahawks and scalping-knife. I neber like for see 'em; 'pon soul, 'em is cus uncibilize. How de debil should I appear in fassionable society in de city wid my scalp off? 'Pon soul, I shake at de werry thought. How would de ladies in de city lament, poor debils! I almost break my heart for tink how dey would weep for loss ob me!" And Tom wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, at the melancholy idea of the grief which his loss would have occasioned to the fair sex. "Dere!" cried he, as they approached the city; "dere is de land ob beauty! dere is de home of de noble and de fair! See: see how de pride-ob-India, de orange, and de pomegrani line de walks all around; see wot wealth and power can do! Lor! I is feel so glad at get back again;" and, in the height of his joy, he cut a caper which nearly upset the canoe.

"Keep you seat," cried Haman, who was one of the party; "you want for drown us, eh?"

"Beg pardon," said Tom, sitting down quietly. "But I say, Haman, if you Massa and Missee find all tings right, sha'n't we hab tea-party an' ball to-morrow night, for celebrate our coming?"

"Well," said Haman, "if Massa don't go to dere town-house before to-morrow night, I don't care; but how we raise de wind?"

"Oh, *de ole plan*," said Tom, with a sly look: "cheat de store-keepers." And Tom and Haman laughed loudly.

"Ah!" said Haman, "Whackie is not up to dat plan."

"I is teachify him;" said Tom, "for, 'pon soul, he look quite raw; and de cus wagibone niggers in de city will impose on him umsoapfisticate natur." —And Whackie, was, indeed, a perfect specimen of an unsophisticated country negro.

"You got any money, Whackie?" inquired Tom.

"Yes," said Whackie. "I hab five dolla' I was got from Massa."

"You must take care ob you money, den," said Tom, "or you get youshef cheat on all hand. Now, let me see. I is hab one dolla' I got from Massa for tear my trouser; (bad job dat was, 'pon soul,)" he continued, by way of parentheses; "and I got oder two dolla' in *Massa waistcoat pocket*, which I took de loan of. Now, lend me you five dolla', if you please?"

Whackie, with the utmost simplicity, pulled out the five dollars, and placed them in Tom's hand, who gave Haman a knowing wink, and thrust his tongue into his cheek.

"Tank you, Whackie," he said; "you is good soul; 'pon hono', you is. I shall gib ball in you *Massa* kitchen to-morrow night, and invite all de beauty and fashion ob de city. Mind you heart, Whackie; no fall in lub wid some ob de pratty galls I shall bring. De nigger galls ob de city is de most lubliest and fairerest dat is: all like noo blown rose, 'pon soul."

Whackie grinned with glee, and rubbed his hands, as he expressed his high sense of Tom's kindness; and the call to aid their masters at landing ended the conversation.

On landing, Mr. Bellgrove gave orders to drive to the Planter's Hôtel, then justly reckoned the most fashionable in the city; and, having despatched Whackie, along with Haman and a few other domestics, to announce the arrival of the family to their household in town, and to get their town dwelling prepared for their reception, he ordered the armed negroes to return to Myrtlegrove. This, however, was prevented by Perault, who secretly commanded them to cross to the opposite side of the bay, and conceal themselves in the woods, till he joined them. Perault then caused his wounded master to be conveyed to the Waldenberg mansion-house, and a physician to be sent for.

Galliard, having seen the company all safely landed, looked around for his valet; but Tom, more eager on his own affairs than attentive to his master's comfort, was detailing, to a group of gaily-attired negroes, his own wonderful adventures and achievements amongst the Red Indians. Provoked at the fellow's carelessness, Galliard walked up to the group, but suddenly paused on hearing one of them cry out—

"Hi! bubba Tom, how many Indine you was kill?"

"More den hunder!" answered Tom. "'Pon soul, 'em was all fright for see me."

"How you plan for kill so many?" inquired the negro.

"Oh! I jost do 'em in style," answered Tom, with a flourish of his arm.

"Come here, you lying vagabond!" cried Galliard. Tom sneaked up to him crestfallen and sulky.

"How dare you tell such notorious lies?" said Galliard. "You know very well you never looked an Indian in the face, but hid yourself in the cellar at Myrtlegrove."

"You please, Massa, no 'peak so loud!" said Tom, with an imploring look. "No mention hide in a cella'! Gor, Massa, dat ruin my carrumter: no talkee 'bout dat no more. If de niggers believe *I*, dat is no do *you* no harm."

Galliard smiled at Tom's logic, and ordered him home.

After Colonel Waldenberg had been conveyed to his own mansion-house, a considerable time elapsed before he was restored to consciousness. On opening his eyes, the first face he beheld was that of Perault. Shuddering, he again closed them. "Are you much pained?" inquired Perault, in a tone of deep sympathy. The Colonel raised himself partially on his elbow, and looked around, as he feebly asked, "Where am I?"

"In your own mansion at Carlville," answered Perault.

"Carlville!" exclaimed the Colonel; "how is this?"

"Despatches," answered Perault, "were forwarded from the city, commanding your instant return, in consequence of the sudden death of the Governor."

Colonel Waldenberg started, and hurriedly said, "Is the good old man dead?"

"You seem moved, Sir," continued Perault. "He is dead; and his death has made room for your advancement. The bearer of these despatches had been seized by the Indians, and the despatches broken open and partly destroyed. The messenger, however, escaped, and placed the mutilated papers in my hands to be given to you. On searching for you, the war-cry of the Indians arose and the conflict began. I found you at length, stretched on the earth insensible, and a number of Indians around you."

The Colonel fixed his eyes on the subtle traitor, as if he would have read every thought in his breast, but Perault returned the piercing gaze with a calm unperturbed look. The Colonel clenched his teeth, and, clutching at his own breast with both hands as if to crush his fierce emotion, said, "Were there any negroes at my side?"

"One," answered Perault.

"Who?" cried the Colonel, franticly.

"Zama, the favourite slave of Mr. Bellgrove," said Perault. "He was lying at your side, *dead*."

The Colonel sprang from the couch as he thundered forth, "Dead! has he then escaped me?"

Staggering forward, he would have fallen, had Perault not caught him.

"Why this emotion?" said the false villain; "why move yourself for the death of a poor slave? The fellow was doubtless killed by the Indians."

"It was only a passing qualm," said Waldenberg, as he reseated himself.

"Miss Bellgrove came to the city with you," said Perault, endeavouring to divert his attention. To his surprise, however, the Colonel frowned angrily, and inquired—

"Are there any officers of the Cadet Brigade present?"

"Lieutenant Galliard is in town," answered Perault.

"Send him hither instantly," said Waldenberg, motioning to him to quit the apartment. Perault bowed lowly and obeyed.

"Strange!" remarked the Colonel, as he gazed after him. "I feel my very heart's blood chill as I look upon that negro's face now."

Perault's object was, if possible, to prevent all intercourse between the Colonel and Galliard; and instead, therefore, of obeying his master's orders, he returned with a falsehood, stating that Galliard had left town.

Whackie and Haman were arrayed in rich new liveries, and each was admiring the other's appearance, when Tom entered the apartment.

"'Pon soul," said Tom, "I is glad for see you again. Dat is werry handsome libbery you is got on!"

"Aint he?" cried Whackie, with delight, as he turned round and round before the admiring Tom. "Look wot nice long tail I hab: two big yellow button on um! Look at dat, Tom!"

"Capal!" exclaimed Tom. "'Pon soul de country niggers will not know you again. You is look quite fresh. Has you Massa come for stop here?"

"No," answered Haman. "Massa is gone to the Planta Hôtel, for stop a leely while. Him no come here till to-morrow or next day."

"We must hab ball, den, to-morrow night," said Tom.

"Wid all a heart!" cried Haman.

"Den we is go and inwite all de ladies and de genelem ob de city, for come here. 'Pon soul, we must hab splendid affair! All de bootiful and most fassonablerest ladies in de town."

"Come away, den," said Haman.

"Now, Whackie," said Tom, "you must not look at you grand clothes on a street. Gor Amighty! de people will be tink you was neber hab no clothes on before."

So saying, the trio sallied forth, arm in arm, to invite their party. Having secured a sufficient number, it was then agreed that the supplies should be levied from the poor storekeepers, and that Tom and Whackie should take the round, and spunge the simple ones; and, according to this agreement, Tom and Whackie set out to levy the contributions from the generous storekeepers; Whackie carrying a large basket wherein to deposit the spoil.

"We must take all de noo storekeepers," said Tom; "for de old ones is get too sly: 'em is all know me now. 'Top, here be new store; read him sign, Whackie!"

"Where him is?" inquired Whackie.

"'Bove de door," said Tom. "You read him, eh?"

Whackie shook his head. "No can read dat book," he answered.

"Lor!" exclaimed Tom, "you is werry ignoram. All we genelem nigger and lady nigger in de city read. 'Top, I shall read de sign myshef."

So saying, he looked long and gravely at the sign-board.

"What him say?" inquired Whackie, getting tired of Tom's cogitations.

"I tink," said Tom, with a wise shake of his head—"I tink 'em is de French letters; 'em is werry bad for read. 'Top, now; dat fust letta' look debilish like a P. My eyesight been werry weak, you see, Whackie, eber since my Massa was broke my quizee-glass. Dat letter is P. Yes, him is. De next one be A; and de one a-hind him is T. Yes, dat is it: P, A, T. Wot de debil is dat? Oh, him mean *dish!*—dat is de ting! Den come an M, den a U, den an R, and anoder P; den an H, and, last ob all, a Y. Dat all right."

"And wot all dat say?" inquired Whackie.

"'Top, I see again: M, U, R, P, H, Y," spelled Tom. "Hab him now," he cried, triumphantly: "dat is mean 'Tatie. Tatie dish!—dat is him. Massa Tatie-dish. 'Top, we shall see if him good-natured Buccra."

Tom then made a long neck, and peered into the store, where, standing behind the counter, he beheld a little baggy Irishman, whose ruddy cheeks seemed to scorn the sweltering clime he now lived in, and looking the very picture of fun and good nature.

"I say, Whackie," cried Tom, "come away; him is de werry ting for we. Now, you no 'peak—hol' you tongue. No say noting, and I shall do him fust-rate."

So saying, he boldly entered the store, followed by Whackie.

"How you do, Massa Tatie?" said Tom, making a low bow to the storekeeper, and which Whackie did his best to imitate.

"Your sarvant, Mr. Sheepsface," exclaimed the storekeeper. "Troth, and d'ye know the difference betwixt a *murphy* and a *potato*?"

"No, Massa," answered Tom, bowing; "I is not hab de felicity."

"Then I'll be after enlightening your darkened understanding," said Pat. "I'm a *Murphy* when I'm above ground, and I'll be a *Tatie* when I'm planted under ground." And the good-humoured storekeeper laughed loudly at his own joke; while both Tom and Whackie roared also, wondering, at the same time, what they were laughing at.

"I hope you is well, Massa?" said Tom, recovering himself.

"Illegant, my honey!" answered Pat. "And who may you be that's so mighty polite as to be inquiring after my own darling self?"

"I be head servant to de noo Gobernor ob dis city," said the lying knave, while Whackie actually gaped with astonishment, thinking that Tom had forgotten who he really belonged to. "And dis genelem," continued Tom, "is de head servant, and werry intimate friend, of de rich and bootiful Miss Bellgrove of Myrtlegrove and Wandoo-bank."

Whackie's mouth opened more and more on hearing that he also had changed owners; but his surprise was surpassed by that of the poor storekeeper, who, wondering what could bring the servants of such magnates to his shop, exclaimed—"I'm mighty glad to see yese: faix, it's an honour I didn't expect at all, at all!"

"Don't mention dat," said Tom, most graciously bowing. "You see, Sar, de fac of de matter is dis: De oder day, de young, rich, and lubelly Miss Bellgrove was drive in she's carriage along wid my Massa, de noo Gobernor. 'Em was pass dis way, when my Massa, de noo Gobernor, was look out de carriage window, and him see dis werry bootiful store ob yours. 'Look,' say he to Missee, 'dere is one ob de most tastey and handsomerest stores in de whole city,—quite noo fit up,—werry neat indeed.'"

"Long life to his honour!" exclaimed the amazed storekeeper. "Did he really say all that about Paddy Murphy's store?"

"So," continued the lying rogue, "when Missee Bellgrove look out de carriage, she say, 'Oh! wot a pratty genelem is keep dat store! how good lookee him is!'"

"The darlint!" exclaimed poor Paddy, swallowing all the new-coined lies of the negro for positive truths. "Did she see me?" Here he cast an admiring glance at his person. "Faix, and she's right, too," he added. "Be de powers! before I left Tipperary, the girls were after tearing one another to pieces about me!"

"I is sure ob dat, Massa," cried Tom; "handsome, good-lookee genelem like you must play de berry debil wid de gals!"

"Faith and you're the boy for guessing that; ha, ha, ha!" roared Pat.

"Well, Sar," continued Tom, "when de Gobernor and Missee Bellgrove was come home, dey was meet wid large party at dinner, and dey tell all about de new store and de handsome storekeeper."

"Did the gentry do that!" exclaimed Paddy, in a transport of joy. "Oh! Paddy, my boy, your fortune's after being made!"

"So, Sar," continued this lying varlet, "de whole company was quite delight, and 'em all say—'Berry well, since you recommend de genelem, we is all go deal wid him, *perwided him wittals be de real ting.*'"

"By my showl," exclaimed Paddy, in a fit of rapture, "I keep the best in the world. Sarch all Amerrykay, ay, and owld Ireland to the bargain, the devil a taste you'll find better!"

"Dat is jost wot de bootiful Missee Bellgrove was say," responded Tom, enlarging as he found Mr. Murphy's weak side. "Missee says—'I is sure dat de genelem must hab ebery ting good—he look so good heshef!'"

"Oh! the darlint!" exclaimed Paddy, his very eyes moistening with delight. "If I had her in my arms, I'd give her an Irishman's blessing!"

"So, Sar," continued Tom, thinking it was now high time to bring his colloquy to a peroration, "de company was all say—'We should like to see

sample ob him different goods; and, if dey please us, we sall all go deal wid him; but we must see wot he deal in, and if de tings be real good.' So, when de Gobernor was hear dat, him say—'I like de genelem, and want for encourage he; so I sall send my head servant'—dat is me, Sar," he added, by way of parenthesis, laying his hand on his bosom, —"'for request de *sample ob him different goods*, and I sall send 'em to you; and if dey please, you must all become customer and friend ob de genelem.'"

Paddy's mouth was wide open, swallowing the barefaced lies of the rogue. "Well," he exclaimed, "its myself that's proud to think that the Governor and the gentry, and more particularly the beautiful young lady, should talk of me!"

"So, Sar," continued Tom, with increased energy, "de Governor say to me—'My good friend,' say he, 'go to dat bootiful new store, *and get sample ob all de tings de genelem is deal in*, and bring 'em to me. Get de best, till I show 'em to all my friend in de city. If de tings be good, de genelem's fortune is made, and him store shall be de fust in de city!'"

"Only to think of such kindness!" exclaimed the deluded storekeeper.

"Well, Sar!" continued Tom, coining the lies with vast rapidity as he made sure of poor Murphy's weak side, "when de bootiful Missee Bellgrove was hear dat, she say to dis genelem—" Here he pointed to Whackie, whose open mouth and staring eyes might have excited a suspicion of something being wrong. There he stood, half-bent forward, staring at his lying companion, and wondering if what he said was really true, so glibly was it uttered. Tom, however, had riveted the attention of the storekeeper to himself; and, without noticing Whackie's wonder-stricken countenance, he proceeded:—"'Go,' says Missee Bellgrove; 'take one basket—call on dat handsome genelem, along wid de Gobernor's sarvant: get sample ob him goods, and ax him if he is marry.'"

"Married!" exclaimed Paddy, in a fit of rapture; "no, by de powers! I'm a shingle man yet —hurrah! Oh! thunder and turf, I'll live for the pretty darlint for ever and ever, and as long after that as she plases!"

"I is glad ob dat," said Tom, grinning; "who know wot may happen handsome, good-lookee genelem like you dat de lady is fall in lub wid? So, Sar, you be kind enough to gib small sample ob you goods?"

"Faix, my honey, I'll give ye the whole shop if ye like!" said Paddy.

In the openness of his heart, the good-natured storekeeper proceeded to fill the basket with the various articles which Tom pointed out, till it was completely crammed.

"I tink, Massa, dat is do now," said Tom, when he found that the basket would hold no more. "You is so werry kind, you hab fill de basket."

"It's myself that 's sorry there 's no more room in the basket," said the storekeeper. "I'd almost go into it myself to see your lovely mistress!"

"Oh, Sar!" grinned Tom, "we is take you in, wid great pleasure, I do assure you!"

"Now," said Paddy, "you must take a glass of brandy before you go."

"'Pon soul," exclaimed Tom, "you is too kind; Missee shall be quite delight when she hear ob dis."

The Irishman handed two large glasses, filled with brandy, to the negroes; and Whackie had raised his glass to his lips, when Tom caught his hand, and requested him to stop. Whackie laid down the glass, with a sulky look at his friend, who said, "I beg you pardon; but you know you Missee is not like de smell ob brandy;—so I tink, if dis good genelem is give us small drop ob brandy in one bottle, we is drink him health at night wid great pleasure and much joy."

"Arrah, dears! you'll get a bottle full to drink my health then!" exclaimed Paddy, as he filled a bottle; and which Tom instantly pocketed, bowing to the very ground as Whackie and he departed, leaving the duped storekeeper to indulge in dreams of love and wealth, which were never to be realized.

On turning the corner of the street, Tom burst into a fit of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he shouted. "Oh Lor! if eber I see such goose as dat storekeeper: was I not do him fust-rate, Whackie?"

"Tom," answered Whackie, seriously, "I no like de way you was cheat dat good Buccra. You was tell him so many lie; I no like dat. My Massa say, dat I must always tell de trute, and be honest."

"*Honest!*" exclaimed Tom, with a look of mingled wonder and contempt; "wot de debil hab poor niggers got for do wid honesty? My dear Sar, de white men hab kick trute and honesty out ob de worl' long ago: dere is no such ting now."

"Den," answered Whackie, earnestly, "if Buccra drive 'em away, poor nigger should bring 'em back again, and keep 'em in him bosom!"

"And if he do," said Tom, "him no get no credit by 'em. No, no, Whackie; if you wish to get on in dis dam wicked world, you must send honesty to de debil, and tell no more trute den be occasion for: dat's de way for get on now. If you is honest, den ebery rogue try for cheat you wery eyes out you head; and if you always tell de trute, dey call you a dam jackaramass, and knock you eyes out: so you see dis world is not made for trute and honesty."

"Maybe no," said Whackie; "but while I is in dis worl' I should like for be honest, if I could."

"Den you neber shall make anyting by 'em," answered Tom.

Whackie ceased arguing, and Tom, suddenly pausing in his career, said, "I say, Whackie, here be anoder new store. Walk you on wid de basket, and I shall go in and get my pockets fill wid sample."

Emboldened by his success with "Pat Murphy," Tom entered into another store, but started when he beheld a tall, raw-boned, grim-looking Scotchman behind the counter, who answered his salutation with a contemptuous grunt.

"You is hab any good tea and sugar?" inquired Tom, in the most insinuating tone of voice.

"Was ye gaun to buy ony?" inquired the Scotchman, haughtily.

"Perhaps I is," answered Tom, "perwided you keep 'em good."

"Guid!" exclaimed the Scotchman. "D'ye mean to say I keep onything bad?"

"Can't say, Massa, till we see sample ob you goods," grinned Tom.

"Get oot o' my shop, ye villain!" cried the Scotchman, menacing Tom with a heavy roller which he snatched up from the counter. "A *sample*—ye intak'—I'll sample ye!"

"Massa!" exclaimed Tom, retreating into a corner, "'pon soul, dis is most uncibilize usage!"

"Ye villain! I'll sample ye, ye cheatin' rogue. Gang oot, or I'll brain ye!" cried the Scotchman, in a towering rage, advancing towards him with the roller in his hand.

"Dis is most ungenelamy, 'pon soul!" exclaimed Tom. "You is no genelem!"

"Nae gentleman! ye black vagabond, I'll nae gentleman ye!" exclaimed the store-keeper. And, suiting the action to the word, he brought the roller in contact with Tom's skull so forcibly, that he broke the roller through the middle, one end spinning high in the air, while the other remained firm in his grasp.

"Yeh!" yelled Tom, "you dam Scotcha tief, is dat de way you treat you customers?"

"Confoond yere hard head!" exclaimed the wrothful store-keeper; "I micht as weel hae hutten a whinstane: dang ye! ye hae broken my guid roller!" So saying, he dashed the fragment of the roller at Tom's shins, who fled from the store, cursing in the most approved negro style, nor halted till he overtook his friend Whackie, who, observing Tom's flurried appearance, inquired—

"Wot did dat storekeeper gib you?"

"More den I was want," answered Tom sulkily.

"Wot him gib you sample ob?" inquired Whackie.

"Sample ob him good breeding—dam him eye!" responded Tom. By this time they had entered the public market, and nothing daunted by his recent failure, Tom looked around for a victim. "We must hab some few egg, for make pancakes," said he. "See here be old mullatta woman be sell 'em. I try she.—How you do, ma'am? hope I is hab de felicity of see you well?" he continued, bowing to a yellow-visaged old woman, who presided with great dignity over two large panniers filled with eggs.

"How you do?" said the dame, with a haughty bend of her head to the negro.

"Is you eggs good?" inquired Tom.

"Best in market," she answered.

"I should tink so, when handsome good-lookee lady like you keep em," said Tom, bowing, while the dame smirked and jerked her head, seemingly highly pleased with the compliment; and Tom added—

"Hab you got any *black hen* eggs?"

"How do I know black hen eggs from white hen eggs?" inquired the woman, staring at him.

"You no know dat?" cried Tom, with affected surprise; "de greatest secret in de trade—I must teachify you. I want two dozen ob black hen eggs—I pick 'em myshef if you please." So saying, he began picking out the largest and best eggs he could see, till the woman exclaimed, "My eye! do black hens lay bigger eggs than white hens?"

"Always, always," answered Tom, as he clutched at another large one.

"Stop, stop," cried the woman, pushing him aside. "I have no more black hen eggs."

"I must hab de two dozen," cried Tom.

"You can't get 'em," cried the woman, fiercely.

"I no pay for wot a got, den!" chuckled Tom, as he made off with his booty, amid a shower of curses from the defrauded woman.

(*To be continued.*) R. K. R.

THE FIRST HOME.

"Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanished, and returns not."
The Death of Wallenstein.

About the casement of a room
In which a maid had slept
From budding infancy to bloom,
A honeysuckle crept.

And every morning, when the dew
Lent odour to green lanes,
The honeysuckle-flowers looked through
The maiden's window-panes.

How much of loveliness they saw,
When summer morns were mild,
It is not meet for man to know—
I only know they smiled!

They might have smiled at accents sweet,
And sighs of tenderness,
Such as the dreams of love may cheat
A maiden to express.

They might, indeed, have smiled to see
The early sunbeams dance,
As if they felt it joy to be
On such a countenance!

But when the maid her chamber lef
Dressed as became a bride,
Of her soft voice and looks bereft,
The honeysuckle died.

Upon the lonely window-sill
Its withering tendrils hung,
And, through the vacant room, a chill
Of desolation flung.

The yellow bee, that ever found
Rich increase of his store
'Midst flowers that wreathed that casement round,
Came buzzing there no more;

Nor nestling butterfly, whose wing
Wore all the hues of June,
And to its leaves had loved to cling
Beneath the sultry noon;—

Nor aught, with form imparting grace,
Or music with its voice,
About this love-forsaken place
Did e'er again rejoice;

Because the beauty that had moved
Upon the chamber floor,
Delighting everything that loved,
Returned to it *no more*.

L. D.

QUAKER MISSIONS TO AUSTRALIA.*

The Friends are not zealously or systematically a proselytizing sect; although, since their Founder, George Fox, incessantly perambulated England, and visited the West India Islands and the British American colonies, "Friends" in the ministry have from time to time been moved to go forth into strange lands, to preach the glad tidings of the Gospel; and also for those benevolent objects which are among its purest fruits. About the year 1832, James Backhouse of York, a Minister among the Quakers, (who, though they have no ecclesiastical order, have ministers,) and George Washington Walker of Newcastle, "under impressions of religious duty," formed the design of visiting the Australian colonies. Their desire, when laid before the Society, was approved. They went out together, and for nearly six years sojourned principally in Van Diemen's Land, and New South Wales; though the more recent settlements of Port Philip, South and West Australia, and Swan River, were each visited before their return to England. Though Mr. Backhouse and his companion omitted no opportunity of communicating religious instruction and of doing good, their labours were chiefly directed to the convicts, whether prisoners, assigned servants, or chain-gangs. The advocacy of the Temperance cause was another especial object. In all the towns, meetings were held for the promotion of religion and good morals, to which the public were invited; and many visits for religious objects were made to the different Penal Establishments. The expenses of this protracted residence were probably defrayed by the Society of Friends in England; and the missionaries were supplied with Bibles and Tracts, to distribute among the convicts, and with little presents to give to the Aborigines. Their journeys were generally made in the Apostolic mode of walking on foot, by which means they were enabled to visit a large proportion of the scattered settlers, and to carry their message to the most solitary habitations; where they met, on equal terms, the farmers, and the convicts assigned to them as servants. In every instance that is recorded in the voluminous Journal of Mr. Backhouse, they appear to have been received by all classes, from the highest to the lowest, with respect, courtesy, hospitality, and often the most cordial kindness. The days of the browbeating magistrates, the stocks, and the prison, exist no longer for the Quakers, who have peacefully conquered the esteem of a rebellious world.——Though the Journal is mainly occupied with what was the business of the author's mission, and his daily and hourly employment, it is diversified by lighter topics, and contains a good deal of useful information of a popular kind. James Backhouse displays a scientific knowledge of Natural History, especially Botany, and an ardent attachment to these pursuits, which will recommend his work to persons of similar tastes, independently of its leading and higher objects. The Quakers, who, upon principle, deny themselves many pleasures, which other religious sects deem innocent and even useful, as subservient to health of body and cheerfulness and enlargement of spirit, seem happily, of late, strongly attracted by natural beauty; by fine scenery, flowers, the feathered creation, and those minuter works of God, the study of which may, in their grave minds, tend to soften and expand the religious sentiment. A religion so entirely devoid of all ritual and external observances; so spiritualised as that of George Fox—so far as the absence of pomp and show, or what strikes the senses, begets spirituality—seems peculiarly to demand the innocent mental excitement which may be found in the endless forms of natural beauty. If we remember aright, George Fox gave a piece of ground which he possessed in Philadelphia "for a flower-garden, where the lads and lasses might walk." This showed knowledge of the wants of humanity, and a wise indulgence.

Our Quaker Missionaries went out in a vessel in which there were a number of Chelsea pensioners, who had commuted their pensions for an advance of money; as was also lately done, and in no case with the best consequences, with pensioners going as emigrants to Canada. The example of these *drouthy* veterans and their womenkind did not lessen Mr. Backhouse's admiration of *Total Abstinence.* As long as their money lasted, they were drunk, riotous, and even mutinous; and in answer to his friendly expostulations, replied, like lords, "That they were free men, and would do what they pleased with their own." Some of the more turbulent were left at the Cape of Good Hope, and others voluntarily remained there. Their conduct leads our author to remark upon the obedience or docility of men whose lives are regulated by inherent moral principle, and those who have been trained by a coercive military discipline, unreasoning to submit. The faithful ministrations of the Quaker brethren among these incorrigible old soldiers, do not appear to have been attended with much effect.——We have hinted that our author has an eye for Nature, both in her beautifully-minute and her more sublime manifestations. This marine picture, found in one of the opening pages of the volume, will tend to corroborate our opinion:—

As we were in the act of crossing L'Agullas Bank, which lies off Cape L'Agullas—the southernmost point of Africa—the waves were magnificently bold. Sometimes we were in a deep hollow, and the next minute mounted on the top of a lofty billow, which, as it approached, seemed ready to swallow us up; but the buoyancy of the vessel occasioned it to rise over the surge; in mounting which, the masts would form an angle of, perhaps, 45 degrees with the horizon, in an opposite direction to that in which the billow advanced: on reaching its top the inclination was suddenly reversed, the wind at the same time pressing the vessel against the receding mass of water, which boiled from under the leeward side, or sometimes flowed over a portion of the deck. Sometimes the top of a broken billow struck against the ship's side, and covered half the vessel with

* Narrative of a Visit to the Australian Colonies, by James Backhouse; with maps, etchings, and woodcuts; 8vo, pp. 704. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

spray. Now and then a shower fell, but often the sun shone brightly on the agitated scene, illuminating the spray from the tops of the broken, dark blue waves, with the colours of the rainbow, and sometimes showing light of emerald green through the unbroken water. Vast numbers of stormy petrels were sailing on the wing, within a few yards of the stern of our bark, and numerous wandering albatrosses were flying around, or occasionally settling on the surface of the boisterous ocean, and riding with careless dignity over the highest billows, scarcely regarding their surfy tops. When custom has taken away the nervous excitement occasioned by the rolling of the ship, it is surprising how little the mind recognises danger under such circumstances; and "how thoughtless still the thoughtless seem." For my own part, I enjoyed the spectacle; but the remembrance, that He who rules over all is our Father, merciful and kind, regarding us for good, was necessary for the enjoyment."

The first place at which the Missionaries touched was Hobart Town; and their first pedestrian excursions—sometimes stretching in the *bush* to thirty and forty miles a-day—were among the scattered settlements in the surrounding division of Tasmania. Though the work is not intended to give a history of the Australian colonies, yet their most important features, the condition and prospects of the settlers, are necessarily often brought into view during the frequent and intimate intercourse which the Quaker gentlemen had with the people of all ranks. Over all these colonies one is charmed to meet with names familiar and endeared in the Old Country, which, unlike the emigrants to America, the settlers never designate but as—*Home*. Argyle, Hamilton, the Clyde, Derwent Water, Helvellyn, the Hampshire Hills, Glenorchy, the Esk, the Tamar, and names of like affectionate derivation, are perpetually occurring; while homesteads are named Mona Vale, Avoca, Ellangowan, and by other as kindly, if less romantic, appellations.

One of the excursions recorded was to New Norfolk, formerly Elizabeth Town, to ascertain the condition of persons settled there, who had formerly been located at Norfolk Island, but were now emancipated—and of those still in the penal settlement at Macquarrie Harbour. But as the condition of the convicts, from recent regulations, must soon cease to be of so much interest as that of the free emigrant settlers, we are naturally more attracted by the latter:—

We accompanied George Dixon, an old schoolfellow of mine, and three of his nieces, to his house at Green Valley, on the Lower Clyde, travelling twenty-seven miles on foot, by the side of a little cart, drawn by four oxen, and driven by a prisoner, and proceeding at the rate of about two miles and a half per hour, along a road, a large part of which was a mere cart track. Much of the country was settled: it consisted of hills, generally covered with open grassy forest, and interspersed with little patches of cultivated ground. In locations of land of two or three thousand acres, it is seldom that as many hundreds have been tilled. Large portions are of woody and rocky hills, that cannot be ploughed, but on which sheep feed. . . . . On Macquarrie Plains we called on John Terry, an emigrant from Yorkshire, who has a corn-mill at New Norfolk, and who was here shearing his sheep. He is a scrupulously honest man, who left England at a time when farmers were suffering adversity; and notwithstanding many difficulties that he has had to contend with, he thinks his circumstances have been greatly improved by the change. A few miles beyond his cottage is the Woolpack inn; the sitting-room of which would not disgrace a market-town in England. We called also at the hut of a Scotchman, to get a drink of water, no more being to be had for nine miles. . . . . Pursuing our route over low hills, some clear of wood, and others covered with black wattle, *Acacia affinis*, yielding a gum like gum Arabic, we at length reached Green Valley, where we received a hearty greeting from Agnes Dixon, a native of Lewis, one of the Western Islands of Scotland, who soon prepared a refreshing cup of tea; after which, we gladly resigned our weary limbs and blistered feet to rest.

George Dixon emigrated to this colony eleven years ago; he was trained to agricultural pursuits, and has brought a portion of his location of land into cultivation, both in the growth of wheat and other grain; he has also formed a good garden, which is well stocked with fruit trees and has a hawthorn hedge. The common fences of the country are formed of logs, branches, or posts and rails. His house is built of split wattles, plastered and whitewashed, the roof projecting in front and resting on wooden pillars so as to form a verandah, a common style of building in this country. The house consists of two front rooms with boarded floors, and two behind,—a kitchen and store-room,—floored with stone. His land consists of basaltic hills with grassy forest, and he has about a mile of frontage on the Clyde, which at this season of the year is little more than a chain of pools—called here lagoons—of various length and depth, and about thirty feet in width. In winter this becomes a considerable river. Some parts of its banks are open, others bushy, and some rocky. In one place, a rock like a steeple stands between a cliff and the margin of the river. G. Dixon's shepherd is a prisoner, but a man of religious sensibility; he became a thief from the influence of intoxicating drink, but does not show any dishonesty when he abstains: he had a ticket-of-leave, but lost it in consequence of being persuaded to drink a glass of porter, which immediately revived his thieving propensity.

If Mr. Backhouse believes that a single glass of porter will excite "the thieving propensity," he does well to be *tee-total*. In a visit in a different direction, another settler's dwelling was seen.

Having received an invitation from a settler named Robert Mather, to pay him a visit at Lauderdale, on Muddy Plains, we made our way to his house, crossing a salt marsh, on the side of which were large bushes of Shrubby Samphire. R. Mather sent notice to his neighbours, of our wish to have a meeting with them, and walked with us to the house of an industrious, sober couple, who, while prospering in temporal things, did not forget the importance of those that are spiritual. A well-worn bible was lying on their table, and the woman told us, that as she became unable to do needle-work by candle-light, she spent much of her evenings in reading this precious book to her family. Her husband was a marine, and is a pensioner. He was formerly addicted to the use of spirits, till, like many others in this country, he would bring rum home in a bucket, and drink it neat out of a pint tin. This his wife would not allow, and he had the good sense to submit to her better government, by which he has become greatly raised in circumstances and in comfort. They have a neat, clean brick house, two tidy children, and a thriving garden, clear of weeds. . . . . Accompanied by R. Mather, we called on several of the settlers, many of whom are of the poorer class, to whom we spoke on the importance of attending to their spiritual concerns, and gave some tracts, for which they appeared grateful. We dined with a respectable family living in a hut of the humblest structure, who increased their means of support, by converting into lime such shells as have accumulated in great abundance on the shore of Ralph's Bay. At this place we met with William Gellibrand—a settler residing on a peninsula in the Derwent called South Arm,—and accepting an invitation to visit his establishment, proceeded thither in a lime boat. W. Gellibrand's house is situated near the northern extremity of the peninsula: it commands a view of Ralph's

Bay and the Derwent, backed by the woody hills on the shore, with Hobart Town at the distance of nine miles. This part of South Arm is a little elevated. Basaltic and grit rocks project on its steep sides; on which Gulls and Shags roost in great numbers. Peach and almond trees are coming into blossom in the well-stocked garden. The native grass of the country is thin; but the land in tillage yields a fair return. The intelligent proprietor pays more attention than most persons to the comfort and morals of his assigned servants. This attaches them to him, and raises a tone of feeling in their minds congenial to their reformation. On conversing with one of these men, who has had an unusual measure of privilege during the time he has been a prisoner, respecting the comparative difficulties he might expect on becoming free, his sentence expiring in a few days; he remarked, "But, Sir, Liberty is sweet!"

We returned to the main land, and dined with an interesting family of Independents. Here we first partook of Kangaroo, the taste of which is somewhat intermediate between that of beef and mutton: it is usually served up with bacon in a kind of hash called "a steamer."

Every settler is not in the snug domestic position of George Dixon and his Hebridean wife; though, by industry and perseverance, every one has it very much in his power to improve his circumstances. We shall give another example of this sort. The locality is the neighbourhood of Launceston.

Andrew Gatenby left Yorkshire, at a period of difficulty among farmers, in that county and settled for a time in Wales. Here he found his rent too high, to admit of his making a livelihood for his family, even with his industrious habits: he therefore determined to emigrate to Van Diemen's Land. When his landlord found that he was really intending to leave his farm in Wales, he offered to lower the rent; but A. Gatenby had already made arrangements for his projected voyage; and he now says, that it has been better for his circumstances that he has emigrated, than it would have been to have accepted the farm in Wales as a gift. On arriving in Tasmania, he obtained a good grant of land, under the regulations then existing; upon which, himself and family, several of whom were sons, worked diligently with their own hands. Perhaps in no country is the adage more true than in this, "He that by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive." They tilled their own land, made their own bricks, and built their own house, with the help of a few prisoner-servants; and they have now one of the most complete farming establishments in the Island. In the early part of their residence here, their house was attacked by Bushrangers, one of whom was shot by one of A. Gatenby's sons; and one of his sons lost his life by some hostile Aborigines. These causes of alarm and distress are now removed from the country, in which life is, nevertheless, much more frequently terminated by accidents than in England. In speaking respecting a neighbour that A. Gatenby had in Yorkshire, and whom he esteemed very highly, and would gladly have had for a neighbour in Tasmania, he said—"You may tell him how I have done; but do not say I advise him to come. You know all have not done so well as I have, and I do not know how he might succeed."

At first, and often for years, many severe privations must be endured.

When a place is first occupied by a settler, a hut of the simplest kind is formed, often like a mere roof resting on the ground; and when other needful things have been effected, one of upright logs is built, and covered with shingles. This is usually divided into two rooms; one of which is fitted up with broad rough shelves, for sleeping berths; and the other, which has a square recess for a fireplace, built of stones at the outer end, and continued into a rude chimney a little higher than the roof, is used for a cooking and sitting-room. The crevices between the logs either remain open, or are filled with wool, or some other material. A square opening, closing with a shutter, admits light into each room, and short logs of wood, or rude benches, serve for seats. Many families that have been brought up in England in respectable circumstances, live for several years in a hut of this description, until they can find time and means to build themselves a better habitation; and a hut of this kind is generally to be seen contiguous to a better house, and is occupied by the male servants, who are mostly prisoners.

Perhaps a chief reason why some persons make a better livelihood here than in England, is, because they submit to live at a much smaller expense. The original settlers having had free grants of land, subject only to a quit-rent, had also no rent to pay; but no free grants of land are now made. The lowest sum for which land is sold by the Government is £5 per acre. Although convict servants are sentenced to work without wages, they cost a settler, in one way or another, from £20 to £25 a-year, including maintenance, clothing, &c. . . . . In the course of one of our walks, we passed the remains of a hut that was burnt about two years ago, by the Aborigines of the Ouse or Big River district. An old man named Clark lost his life in it, but a young woman escaped; she rushed from the fire and fell on her knees before the natives, one of whom extinguished the flames which had caught her clothes, and beckoned to her to go away. They killed a woman on the hill behind the hut. A few weeks after, they surrounded the house of G. Dixon, who received a spear through his thigh, in running from a barn to his house. Previously to this period, the natives had visited this neighbourhood peaceably, and excited no alarm. They have now been removed to Flinder's Island; but a detachment of soldiers, such as was placed in various situations to defend the settlers against the Aborigines, still remains at Ellangowan, near the house of a fine old Scotchwoman, named Jacobina Burns, who emigrated from her own country many years ago, and has induced several of her relatives to follow her. She has improved her circumstances, and is noted for hospitality, which is indeed a very general virtue among the settlers in this land.

While at Green Valley, walking alone, and meditating on the clear evidence I had had of its being my religious duty to visit this part of the world, for many years before the right time seemed to be come for me to set out, and querying within myself as to how we should proceed, so as to be found acting in accordance with the divine will, the words, "Go through the breadth of the land," were impressed on my mind with such authority as left no doubt but this was the counsel of the Lord, mercifully granted for our direction. For the Lord still condescends to lead about and instruct those who put their trust in him; notwithstanding it may seldom be by impressions exactly of this kind; but more frequently by a constraining sense of his will, independent of any distinct form of words, or by the overruling of his providence.

Many passages of this kind may be expected to occur in the journal of a disciple of George Fox. Of the natural intellect of the Aborigines here and in the different Australian colonies, Mr. Backhouse expresses the humane and enlightened opinions held by all reflecting men; and he has related many anecdotes and traits of individuals among this ill-treated, despised, and degraded race, which demonstrate that they labour under no natural incapacity. His observations on the prisoners in one Penitentiary are almost equally applicable to the convict prisoners everywhere. "Many of them appeared truly grateful for a little religious counsel, extended in friendly sympathy." The tenets of Mr. Backhouse, as a Quaker, lead him frequently to regret the omission of public worship in these new colonies, because there happened to be no minister to conduct the service; as if there could

be no public acts of devotion where there is no priest. In one place he remarks,—

If people were directed to wait more singly upon the Lord, they would not omit assembling for worship because no minister was present, as some did to-day, when their minister was prevented from arriving by the stormy weather. It is a hurtful thing to lean upon man, in that which is a duty to God, and which ought to be performed in spirit and in truth.

In another place we find him enforcing the same opinions:—

I cannot but greatly esteem the privilege of having been trained to the practice of meeting, to wait upon the Lord, independently of the intervention of a minister. The common custom, of no minister, no public worship, ill accords with the precept, "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is." Indeed, I know of no people but Friends, who, exercising faith in the Redeemer's declaration, "Wheresoever two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," act upon the Apostle's precept fully, by meeting when there is no preacher present. Much as I esteem Gospel ministry as a gift of God, conferred for the edification of his Church, I cannot but look upon those views of public worship, which render it dependent upon the intervention of a priest or a minister, as belonging rather to the dispensation of the law of Moses, than to the Gospel of Christ.

This next is for the Puseyites; the place Bathurst:—

I spent some time in the school, under the care of J. E. Keane, in which there are about thirty pupils, who are trained with much Christian care, and are diligently instructed in the Holy Scriptures. I could not, however, but lament to hear them taught such palpable error as is conveyed in the Catechism of the Episcopal Church, by which they are instructed to say, that they become members of Christ, and children of God, by baptism, clearly implying by baptism with water. I know this fallacy is attempted to be explained away, by various arguments; but it is quite in vain to try to twist the plain meaning of the words. It remains palpably untrue, that any infant, by water-baptism, becomes a member of Christ, or a child of God; and the direct tendency of such instruction as teaches them to say that this is the case, is to deceive the young, with regard to their own religious state, and to lead them to attach to this rite the imaginary effect of a mystical charm, and to divert their attention from the baptism of the Holy Ghost, received only through the mediation of Christ, by which alone they can become members of Christ, children of God, and heirs of eternal life.

The Quaker Missionaries,—we do not know how otherwise to designate them, and in our vocabulary Quaker is an honoured name,—visited the Aborigines of Tasmania, now settled or exiled to Flinder's Island, in Bass's Straits. These people have been often described. A number of them were waiting on the beach to see the strangers disembark, and they shook hands with them very courteously. The settlement was, at the time, short of provisions; and when it was learned that supplies had been brought, they held "a corrobery," or festal dance, around a fire, to testify their satisfaction. Their dances are all pantomimic.

Several of the Aborigines came into the Commandant's hut, when we were at breakfast, and seated themselves quietly on stools, or on the floor; they did not offer to touch anything, but expressed pleasure on receiving a little tea or bread. They have a great dislike to butter or anything fat. At their own meals, they have learned to use tin cans and dishes, of which they take some care. On their first settlement, they threw away these articles as soon as their meals were over, and it was a matter of no small trouble, and exercise of patience, to gather them together again. Fuel was at first collected by their white attendants, to boil the water for their tea; but when their taste for this article became strong, they were told, that they must either bring fuel for themselves or go without tea; and by means of this kind they were led to exertion in supplying their own wants. They now collect fuel cheerfully, and assist in cooking, making bread, &c., and a soldier's wife teaches the women to wash. . . . . Late in the evening we visited the Aborigines in the three huts or "break-winds" that have been erected for them; these are built of spars, and thatched with rushes: they resemble roofs, and have an aperture along the ridge, for the escape of smoke. These, with a few cottages of similar materials, for the soldiers and prisoner boats-crew, and some weather-board huts, occupied by the Commandant, Surgeon, &c., and a tent used by a Surveyor, form the Settlement at this place, which is called The Lagoons. In each of the huts of the natives, there were fires along the centre, around which they were lying, in company with their dogs, which are good-tempered like themselves. On our entering the people sat up, and began to sing their native songs—sometimes the men, at others the women—with much animation of countenance and gesture. This they kept up to a late hour; they are said often to continue their singing till midnight. To me, their songs were not unpleasing: persons skilled in music consider them harmonious. . . . . The men having been requested to cease from wearing "bal-de-winny," that is red ochre and grease, in their hair, they had signified a willingness to do so, if they might have some other covering for their heads; and to-day, according to a previous agreement, Scotch caps were distributed among them, with which they were much delighted. In these they seemed to perceive a similarity to the head-dress of the military, and they immediately arranged themselves in a rank! . . . . . They wear the bones of deceased relatives around their necks, perhaps more as tokens of affection than for ornament; and these are also used as charms. They are commonly leg or jaw bones, wrapped with strings rolled in grease and ochre, the ends only protruding; but there is a couple here who lost their only child in infancy, and its skull is generally to be seen suspended on the breast either of its father or its mother. A man who had a head-ache to day, had three leg bones fixed on his head, in the form of a triangle, for a charm. The shells for necklaces are of a brilliant pearly blue.

The manners of the Aborigines of Van Diemen's Land will soon be little more than a matter of antiquarian curiosity. They are fast perishing under the blight which the white men, the "superior race," seem to carry wherever they go. Like all savages, the people here are remarkable for the keenness or perfection of their senses, of which some singular instances are recorded. Mr. Backhouse and his colleague made a second visit to Flinder's Island, which impressed him still more favourably. The natives came on a Sabbath morning with the soldiers to a religious meeting which he held.

The Aborigines, having noticed that the few soldiers at this station, who were placed as a guard against the Sealers, were mustered on First-day mornings to see that they had made themselves properly clean, voluntarily commenced mustering in a similar way; they also brought out the wares with which they had been entrusted, to have them inspected. The Commandant took advantage of this, and encouraged them to do so weekly. This morning they presented their tin pots and plates, knives and spoons, bright and clean, and, except three men, were clean in their apparel. These men complained that the women had not washed their clothes, and threatened to wash them themselves, if they should again be so neglected.

Sometimes our wayfaring apostle was compelled, for want of better shelter, to bivouac in the unexplored, or unsettled plains into which he

made his way. One example of this sort must amuse stay-at-home and feather-bed *Friends* of all denominations.

As evening drew on, we made a "break-wind" of boughs, and thatched it with fern, &c., of which we also prepared a bed. Toward night, rain fell, but not so as to extinguish our fire, though it stopped the burning of the grass and fern. We were amused with the note of a little bird, in the wood near which we had formed our shelter, that in a shrill whistle, seemed to involve the words, "Who are you? who are you? Are you wet? are you?"—In passing through a woody hollow, we saw many of the tree-ferns, with the upper portion of the trunk split, and one-half turned back. This had evidently been done by the Aborigines, to obtain the heart for food, but how the process was effected, I could not discover; it must certainly have required considerable skill.

Mr. Backhouse relates many anecdotes illustrative of the previous character, training, and habits of the convicts. Among a chain-gang of a hundred and fifty employed in cutting a road between Hobart Town and Richmond, there was a "juvenile offender," still a youth, who had been trained in vice from his infancy, and who had passed from the milder to the more severe form of punishment since his transportation to the colony, in consequence of new offences. When in his first convict state, and employed as a cabin-boy in a cutter, the following conversation is said to have taken place between him and the mate of the vessel.

Mate: "Tommy! where do you come from?" Boy: "Liverpool, sir."—Mate: "What is your father?" Boy: "I have none, sir."—Mate: "What was he?" Boy: "Nothing, sir."—Mate: "What is your mother?" Boy: "She is dead, sir."—Mate: "Who do you live with, at home?" Boy: "My sister, sir."—Mate: "What is your sister?" Boy: "Nothing, sir."—Mate: "What did you do for a living?" Boy: "They used to put me in at the windows to open doors, sir."

The following passages have little connexion, but for that reason they offer a fairer idea of the lighter parts of this journal.

We visited Hugh and Mary Germain, in their neat cottage. Hugh Germain came to Van Diemen's Land with Colonel Collins, at the first settlement of the colony. He was a private in the marines, and was for many years employed in hunting kangaroos and emus for provisions, which the officer, whose servant he was, received from him, and sold to the government, at 1s. 6d. per pound. Germain, assisted by two prisoners, returned 1000 pounds per month, on an average. Though emus are now rarely seen on the island, at that time they were frequently met with about New Norfolk, Salt Pan Plains, the Coal River, and Kangaroo Point. The kangaroo was also very plentiful in places where it is now rarely seen: one of the largest foresters that Germain killed, was on the spot where Hobart Town barracks now stand: the hind quarters weighed 130 lbs., and it measured nine feet from the tip of the nose to that of the hind feet. At this period, these animals were usually taken by dog. H. Germain says, he rarely carried a gun, though he often fell in with parties of aborigines, "in whom there was then no harm." He thinks they hurt nobody, till two white men, charged with murder, escaped from Port Dalrymple, and got among them. He pursued this mode of life so closely, as to be, at one time, five years without sleeping on a bed; and sometimes, in very wet weather, he was driven to take refuge from floods in a tree; where he has had to remain all night, covered with a large kangaroo's skin, to keep off the rain. He was the first white man who penetrated into several parts of the colony, and a principal in conferring upon them such names as Jericho, Bagdad, Abyssinia, &c. Only one of the party could read; and his only books were a Bible, and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; out of which books the places were successively named. He considers his health to have been preserved through these hardships, chiefly, by washing himself well every morning and evening. . . . .

The adaptation of animals to their station, is one of the subjects in which the wisdom and skill of the Creator is remarkably exemplified. Thus the eye of the Morepork or Greater Night Jarr, which I lately had the opportunity of examining, is wonderfully adapted for enabling it to see the insects in the dark, on which it feeds. The eye is large, and stretched by a bony ring, of one piece; and when recently removed, it forms a fine camera-obscura, transmitting the images of objects facing it, through the integuments at the back of the retina. The tongue of the Wattle-bird and the Honey-eater being pencilled with hairs, is as remarkably adapted to enable them to obtain the honey, which forms their food, from flowers. . . . . .

I had a conference with a person respecting the settlement of his affairs, and took some memorandums, from which the draft of his will was prepared, which was read to him, in the company of his wife and sons. It is to be regretted that the laws of primogeniture and entail, which are of prejudicial influence in Great Britain, should be in force in a new colony like this. Their direct tendency is, to preserve influence in the hands of persons who may have nothing to qualify them to use it aright, and thus to prevent the influence of others, who may have every necessary qualification to benefit the public, but may not be possessed of great property; and this is but a small part of the evil connected with these laws. My attention has long been attracted to their pernicious effect upon the progress of civil and religious improvement in my native land, the prosperity of which lies near to my heart.

Among the outcasts at Norfolk Island, the approach to which is denominated "Hell's Gates," and the denizens of which are among the blackest criminals that outraged society has ever thrown from her bosom, there are still some lingering traces of man's susceptibility of divine renovation. Mr. Backhouse, who, with his companion, at different times visited these wretched prisoners, tells of one of them:—

One man, who now mourns because of his past sins, told us, that he had been twice sentenced to death, and a third time had narrowly escaped the gallows, when he had been concerned in a robbery, with attempt at murder. He was formerly in high esteem with his fellow-prisoners, for his boldness; but this boldness was then exercised in the practice of iniquity. He was brought to reflect upon his sinful state, under the divine blessing, upon the labours of William Marshall, the surgeon of the Alligator, who, when that vessel was here, a few months ago, during the time that a number of men were tried for mutiny, frequently visited the prisoners, and endeavoured to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God.—This prisoner was scarcely known to flinch under the lash, of which he received, at one time, three hundred strokes, nor did he weep under the sentence of death; but now the tears steal down his cheeks, while he lifts up his heart in prayer to God, against whom he has so greatly revolted, and implores the pardon of his sins for Jesus' sake. In remarking upon the contriting influence of the love of God, he told us, that he sometimes heard the prisoner who slept next him, and who had also been very hardened, weeping under its influence, while others slept.

Mr. Backhouse had by this time left Van Diemen's Land, and established his head-quarters at Sydney, where he and his companion seem to have opened a Meeting, as was also done at Hobart Town. In Sydney some young men were found who had been brought up among the Quakers; though "Friends" in the colonies seem sad backsliders. In Sydney, Mr. Backhouse gave lectures on Temper-

ance; the advantages of which virtue must then have been very obvious in these colonies, where intemperance has been the fruitful mother of much vice and misery among all classes. These colonies are now, we believe, much improved in this and other respects. In the towns, besides holding religious assemblies, the Quaker Missionaries attended all meetings for benevolent purposes, and laboured diligently in every branch of their vocation, and in a true Catholic spirit. We find Mr. Backhouse often bearing testimony to the useful labours of other ministers, and especially of the missionaries of the Wesleyan Methodists. He is much less fond of the Roman Catholic priests and their "old bones." One day while travelling on foot as usual, and in a country then—seven years since—very thinly settled, when at a place about forty or more miles from Bathurst, he relates—

In the forenoon we rested on a log, by a shepherd who was watching his flock, with whom we conversed on the way of holiness, and work of redemption. The young man's heart was open to understand the things that were spoken, which he frankly acknowledged had not had sufficient place in his thoughts. Being much fatigued in the evening with our walk of thirty-two miles, we had concluded to make a fire, and sleep in the bush, when it began to rain, lighten, and thunder. We therefore made our way, which was now become difficult to find in the dark, to a mean, dirty hut, at a place called Newry, belonging to a settler, and occupied by a ticket-of-leave stock-keeper, and an assigned prisoner-servant. These men entertained us hospitably with milk and damper, fare such as was offered to us at every station at which we called, on our way, and sometimes with the addition of tea and meat. There were two black youths residing in the hut with the stockmen: we were informed that they made themselves useful in minding the sheep, milking the cows, &c. The stock-keeper observed that these Blacks stopped with them better than their countrymen generally do with white people, because they treated them more like companions, and gave them a part of such provision as they themselves eat, instead of throwing scraps to them, as if to dogs.

Our accommodation last night, though the best the place afforded, was such as we but seldom have had to put up with. Our bed was more sombre than would be found in the meanest, mendicant, lodging-house in England; it was only outdone by a blanket, generally used by one of the Aborigines, which was folded to add to the width of the bed.

At Wellington Valley, in this district, the Church of England had then a mission station; and after the missionary had read the prayers of the Episcopal church, he informed the congregation, consisting of soldiers, settlers, and a few blacks, that as the stranger was present he would forego preaching. He accordingly invited Mr. Backhouse, if he had anything to say in love, to address the audience. This privilege, to which Mr. Backhouse was courteously invited, was used somewhat as George Fox may have employed his Christian liberty when he had made a forcible entrance into a "steeple-house." Yet the matter was excellent; the time, all things considered, not quite so suitable for part of the address delivered. It is, however, too characteristic to be passed in silence.

My mind had been under much exercise, and after a short pause, I stood up, and gave utterance to what was before me; alluding to what was said by the apostle Paul, when he preached to the Athenians; and showing, that the superstitions of the present day, do not consist in worshipping idols of wood and of stone, graven by art, and man's device, but in imagining that we are doing God service, by going through certain forms and rituals, devised by man, in imitation of the expressions of spiritual devotion. These things I had to contrast with that worship which is in spirit and in truth; showing their inferiority, and that the Lord, to many who use them, is an unknown God.

We forbear the rest. At this station, Mr. Backhouse had good opportunities of observing the native character, though only as it is to be seen deteriorated by the bad example and oppression of the whites. The pernicious effects of the intercourse of the soldiers and convicts with the blacks, the labours of the missionaries had not been able, in any sensible degree, to counteract. An old Irishman, who was met hereabouts, informed Mr. Backhouse, that the language of the blacks of the colony in many points resembled the ancient Irish tongue.

This picture of a matron of New South Wales, in the district of Illawarra, will charm the reader:—

On a little spot of cleared land, near the margin of a lake, is the habitation of a settler, in humble life: it is a very rustic hut, covered with bark, and internally having much of the sombre hue common to the dwellings of the lower classes of the Scotch and Irish, and which too often prevails also in those of the English in this colony. But the mother of this family is of a character rarely met with in these wilds; she is pious, and abounding in Christian goodwill to all around her. It was a treat to visit her, and to receive her hearty blessing. She is an honour to her country, Scotland, and an ornament to the community to which she belongs. Our medical friend had been called in professionally, when she was ill; but he found that he had come rather to receive than to give advice. From this place we went to the hut of our friend to dine. It was of rough slabs, covered with bark, rustic, in the full sense of the word, and scarcely protecting his valuable library from the weather. Here he is superintending a flock of sheep, the joint property of himself and one of his friends, who is also temporarily dwelling in the same habitation. But Illawarra not being a favourable country for sheep, though a delightful climate, and fine soil, well adapted for agriculture, and which will, no doubt, become the Egypt of Australia, our friend is about to remove with his flock to one of the more elevated southern districts.

Among many anecdotes of the distress and loss occasioned to the farmers and flock-masters by the severe droughts to which these southern lands are liable, we are much struck with the following fact. A herd of sixteen horses, belonging to the proprietor of Regentville, near Penrith, when famishing of thirst, strayed to a peninsula on the mountains, attracted by the sound of falling water, which, however, they could not reach. As if enchanted by the sound, they continued to pace round and round the spot, till they all perished by thirst. Mr. Backhouse frequently alludes to an epidemic among the domestic animals, which goes by the convenient name of Influenza, and often occasions great havoc among the flocks.

A grand sacrifice to the genius of Tee-totalism was one day consummated at Sydney, which the missionaries had the satisfaction of witnessing. Five puncheons of rum, and two hogsheads of Geneva, were poured out into the Cove, the Governor having previously remitted the duty. Some looked on from the neighbouring vessels with approval, others with surprise; and one man cried out—"That's real murder!" He was, however, able to fish up a horn of salt-water grog, but not to swallow the nauseous draught. Upon another occa-

sion, a commissariat officer called them to witness, immediately after dinner too, the destruction of his private stock of brandy. Could he not as well have sent it to the hospital surgeons?

Mr. Backhouse never wearies in expatiating upon the lovely Flora of New South Wales, with which his long pedestrian journeys gave him abundant opportunity to become acquainted. One passage may serve as a specimen of those little sketches, which so pleasantly relieve the graver parts of the Journal.

The *brushes* on the border of the Wilson, are very magnificent. The trees, some of which are of gigantic size, are overrun with climbing, evergreen shrubs, twisted about them in fanciful coils, or wreathed around them, like huge serpents, or hanging from them like ropes; their leafy tops being enlivened by gay and fragrant blossoms, and often hanging pendent to the ground, which is covered thickly with beautiful shrubs, ferns, and flowering plants, nourished by the moisture of the rich alluvial soil, and kept from the parching influence of the sun by the exuberant foliage. Mosses, epiphytes of the Orchis tribe, and splendid ferns, as well as various species of fig-tree, support themselves on the trunks and branches of the larger timber, and add greatly to the richness of this kind of forest scenery; among which gay parrots, cockatoos, and other birds, unlike those of our native land, sport and chatter in harmony with the rest of the surrounding objects, which are strongly calculated to remind an Englishman that he is far from home, even though he may have made this his adopted country. But to one who, feeling reconciled to God through the death of his Son, can, with a sense of the divine presence in his mind, look upon these objects, and with filial love to his and their Creator, say, "My Father made them all"—they have an interest which cannot be understood by those who are living at enmity with God.

He upon many occasions recommends matrimony, from witnessing its numerous beneficial effects, both among the convicts and all classes of settlers, whether in town or country. The dwellings of the married are neater and much more comfortable; their property is better cared for; and they are in every respect in a happier and higher moral and social condition.

When Mr. Backhouse visited Port Philip in 1837, business was in a very unsound state in that new colony. Almost everything was paid for by orders on Sydney or Van Diemen's Land; and persons having cash to pay, demanded from £20 to £40 per cent. discount. The enormous nominal wages given to mechanics at this time, were paid half in goods charged £30 per cent. profit, and the rest by an order, for which £10 per cent. discount was given. Such high wages are, in fact, a complete deception. The short residence in South Australia in the same year, does not require much notice, as that colony has since made considerable advances. Nothing favourable is reported of the settlement in King George's Sound, nor of the Swan River settlement. Nor is there a much better report of Western Australia. The excessive use of spirits has been very detrimental to all these colonies, both as regards the diminution of their capital, and the demoralization of the habits of those who should have been the very sinews of the young settlements. Of Western Australia it is remarked—

The whole revenue of the Government, amounting to about £7000 a-year, is derived from spirits, in the form of duty on the imports; so that the amount of capital annually paid for them must be much more considerable The colony is so poor, as to be unable to import sheep in sufficient quantity to stock its lands, so that the holders of grants of from 5,000 to 100,000 acres, have little stock of any kind upon them. Such grants are consequently of so little value, as to occasion land to be sold as low as from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per acre! Had the money expended in spirits since the foundation of the colony, been occupied in the importation of sheep, it is not improbable that land might now have been ten times its present value; and had no grants originally exceeded 5000 acres, many more persons would have had the means of maintaining flocks of about 1000 sheep each. The wealth of the colony would probably have been thus increased, so as to have rendered grants of this size, by this time, as valuable as those of 50,000 acres each now are. Spirit drinking, and avarice in obtaining grants of large extent, have paralyzed the country, which, beyond a doubt, is naturally very inferior to what was originally represented. The exports of oil and wool are yet very inconsiderable, perhaps not amounting to £4000 in any one year; and almost the only other sources of income to the colony, are the payments of Government salaries, the supply of provision to the few ships that put in here, and a little arising from private property. The persons who have improved their circumstances by emigration to this country, are labourers, storekeepers, and a few others, into whose hands much of the capital that was originally in the possession of other colonists, has passed; but by this transition the capital of the colony is not increased. Its population is said to be now only about 2000, or one-third of what it was three years after the colony was first settled. Death, frequently the result of drinking, and emigration to Australia and Tasmania, have been the chief causes of this reduction.

By more recent accounts, (for this was written in 1838,) Western Australia has rallied, and made a more satisfactory progress. In each of these settlements, Mr. Backhouse saw groups of natives. Their condition and character appear much the same in all of them; though, from one passage of the Journal, we are led to believe that some of the tribes had, before the invasion of the whites, made some advances in civilisation, and were living in somewhat the same condition as the American Indians, if not a step before them in social progress. Mr. Backhouse, who is ever friendly to the feeble and friendless, relates of them—

I have heard, from persons of respectable authority, that in the Swan River country, as well as at King George's Sound, the natives have their private property, clearly distinguished into hunting-grounds, the boundaries of which are definite, trees being often recognised by them as landmarks, and that the possession rests in the head of a family. Several of these families residing in a district, form what the white people call a tribe; but these tribes are not subject to any recognised chief, though a man of prowess will often gain great ascendancy among them. A young man, who resided some years at King George's Sound, told me that several tribes of blacks assembled there, once a-year, and held a sort of fair; and that as different tribes excelled each other in the manufacture of weapons, such as spears, throwing sticks, or woomeras, kylers, or boom-rings, shields, and waddies, these formed the articles of exchange, as well as the red-ochre, with which, combined with grease, they besmear themselves, and which is only found in certain localities.

To some readers we may have said too much about this Quaker record; but to many more we should hope not half enough. As a whole, it may appear tedious and monotonous, at least to short-hand modern readers; but it cannot fail to communicate both entertainment and instruction to many a quiet and intelligent domestic circle; to excite the minds of the young, and improve the hearts of all; and these surely are among the best uses of literature.

MONTHLY MEMENTOES.

NO. II. FOR APRIL:—WAR DEPRECATED.

Grim, hideous relique of the savage Past,
The *via* Moloch for six thousand years,
Who sees thy horrors, shuddering turns aghast,
Thou dreary pass of blood, of rapine, cairns, and tears.
Doth history blason this a glorious way,
Where conquerors slaughtered hinds to nourish kings,
Treading God's wine-press with their feet of clay
In monstrous scorn of humanizing things,
Man's bliss or being frantic to bewray!
Oh! every hour and wind the treacherous falsehood sings:
Yet war—this barbarous heritage,
This winter of the wide world's story,
This lava roaring through each Age,
Grave madmen recognise as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

And must these Thugs still pile the battle pyre?
Must human shambles still be human gear?
Must Carnage raise his bloody altars higher,
And scathe the living hearts of half a hemisphere?
Christian and patriot, what is your decree?
Enlighten'd statesman, your wise code unfold—
Speak, priests and prelates,—He of Galilee
Demands your practice of His precepts old—
How? Warriors all!—Huge hypocrites are ye,
Or, else, your creed is false and heaven's a cheat that's sold!
For war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
Red lava roaring through each Age,
You, madmen, recognise as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

Christian or pagan, gothic or refined,
Earth's old distemper, Wrong, remains the same,
Greed leads forth Conquest, Vengeance grins behind,
And all man's boasted gain proves but an altered name.
Explore Time's archives,—through the lustrums gone
Fame smiles on Fury;—through each varied creed
Priests herd with soldiers ever and anon!
Do tyrants topple, or do subjects bleed—
Are systems raised or systems trampled on?
Fame holds her lamp to Force—yea, Slaughter hath the meed!
For war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
The lava roaring through each Age,
Grave madmen recognise as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

Should this be so? Does man exist for this,
To reap the harvest of the life of man?
Being he has, and hopes hereafter bliss,
Yet reckless mars them both when "valiantly" he can.
Will all the battles for his leagues of land—
Will all the murders for his monarch's thrones—
Will all the prayers to bless "the hero band,"
With all the glory of foes' rotting bones,
Avail his wish in that Space-grasping Hand
Which holds the harp of Life and loves to wake its tones?
Yet war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
The lava roaring through each Age,
Grave madmen recognise as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

Albeit, conflict rageth as of yore!—
This month of April hath its epochs brave,
It saw the Barons' league. *The* Charter bore
Themselves and churchmen free, but call'd the People —Slave!
Then, priests took arms, true militant on earth,
With falchions slaying whom they first would curse,
And, being warlike, proved the second birth
Was cutting Paynim—or a Hebrew's purse:
No lukewarm scruples checked their murderous mirth:*
God's Word they made a corpse and all the world its hearse.
For war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
The lava that devoured the Age,
Those madmen recognised as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth's countless fools, untaught, grow hoary!

This month, too, saw the battle of Dunbar;
When English Edward seized on Scotia's throne,
Gouting with blood—as other trophies are—
The patriarch's pillow borne from Royal Scone.†
That Age ferocious wore a butcher's knife
And bred a race of sanguinary Thors,
Of whom this month closed Cœur de Lion's strife,—
And those foul murders called the Civil Wars
This month, at Barnet, took false Warwick's life:
Chiefs in that heinous crime which injured heaven abhors:
Yet war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
The lava roaring through each Age,
Grave madmen recognise as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

This month gave birth to one who slew his Liege,
Cromwell ycleped—a man of blood and prayer!
The warrior empire raised in Europe's siege
This month came thundering down—a ruin and despair:—‡
Why farther yet the hateful theme pursue?
These men are memories, and their power's no more;
Thousands rush by in shadowy review
Who led the strife, or all its fury bore,
Proving, with those, this holy maxim true—
Perdition waits each cause imbrued in human gore:
Yet war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
The lava roaring through each Age,
Grave madmen recognise as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

J. A. O.

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* The title of "The Army of God and Holy Church" was given to the armed barons and ecclesiastics who demanded *Magna Charta*. This was in accordance with the spirit of the Crusades—that purely ecclesiastical war. During the two hundred years of its continuance, the very essences of Christianity—love, peace, and mercy—were openly denounced, and in their stead, hatred, massacre, and spoliation were advocated in the pulpit and sanctified at the altar. Debtors' liabilities were cancelled—murderers were forgiven—and heaven was assured to all to do slaughter on the Saracen. The loss of life ensuing from these atrocities is incalculable: at the siege of Acre alone, three hundred thousand men were destroyed; besides five hundred barons, forty earls, *six archbishops, and twelve bishops;* with priests, friars, and camp-followers innumerable.

† The old coronation seat of Scotland is a large square stone, the identical one—as its legend represents—on which Jacob rested his head when he dreamed of the heavenly ladder. It is now fixed beneath the seat of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey.

‡ Buonaparte abdicated the throne of France April 11, 1814.

SURFACEISM; OR, THE MANŒUVRES OF THE WORLD AND ITS WIFE.

BY MRS. GORE.

(*Continued from page 146 of our March Number.*)

PART II.

Sixty years since, what is termed the season began and ended two months earlier than in our own time; but one of the distinctions between the King's party and the Prince's, consisted in the fact, that the adherents of the latter remained in town till the Prince's birth-day, the 12th of August; while the votaries of Windsor Castle disappeared from London on the King's birth-day, the 4th of June.

Lady Taunton, accordingly, was among the latest to rejoin the *beau-monde;* nor was it till the end of April that the fashionable journals began to teem with paragraphs in honour of the new beauty, Lady Harriet Bertie; who, even in a coterie, far from propitious to girlish triumphs, commanded universal homage. Lady Harriet was said to be the prettiest, sprightliest, and most taking little fairy that had ever entered the lists of coquetry; and her bon-mots were cited, and conquests enumerated, almost as soon as she had danced her first minuet at Devonshire House. A few rhapsodical words uttered by the Prince in her honour, had served to place her at the height of the fashion.

So charming an accession to the circle at Taunton House naturally rendered imperceptible the absence of a man like Sidney Hammond; and deeply would he have been mortified, could he have surmised how *very* few were at the trouble of inquiring what was become of him. Of the few who *did* remark his absence, the greater number guessed the exact truth;—that he had been tacitly dismissed, as a sacrifice to propriety on the part of Lady Taunton on the debût of her daughter,—to whose advantageous settlement such an appendage to the family was scarcely likely to conduce. A few persons who had not tact to conjecture this, and keep the conjecture to themselves, on inquiring "what had become of that agreeable Mr. Hammond they used to meet at Taunton House?"—were informed by the Countess, that "poor Sidney" being "hard up," and forced to marry for money, was paying his addresses to some city heiress.

Such was the result of his efforts to defy the superciliousness of Lady Taunton; for there is no possibility of retaliation on the part of the little who throw themselves out of their sphere, so as to incur the contumely of the great. Their utmost attempts to repique those by whose insolence they have been piqued, only expose them to further impertinence; and Sidney Hammond, among all his mistakes, was never *more* mistaken, than in supposing that his devotions to another would awaken the sensibility of the hard-hearted high-priestess of fashion.

Meanwhile, his influence in Harley Street was increased and increasing. When he made his appearance, he was welcomed with a silent blush, more eloquent than words; and, at the close of a few weeks' intimacy, almost to his surprise, was invited by old Hardingston, "to look in sometimes of a morning, and practise duets with Louisa,"—a distinction which, he was well aware, was conceded to no other young man. It is true, that when he profited by this unexpected permission, Louisa had been careful to surround herself with two or three of her young female friends, on pretence of getting up some choruses from Paesiello's new opera. But she might have spared herself these precautions against a *tête-à-tête.* Her own feminine reserve was a sufficient panoply against all freedom of address; "just as (according to the remark of an old English writer) the Muses, in a state of nudity, have a decent and imposing deportment, while Venus, though charged with draperies, retains the air of the goddess of voluptuousness." Even when exposed by her father to the impassioned declarations of her admirer, Miss Hardingston, by the influence of her manners, contrived to delay the declaration of his attachment.

But why should Louisa Hardingston, to whom Sidney Hammond's attentions were so acceptable, *desire* to delay the declaration of his attachment? Was the girl, so simple-hearted and so chaste of thought, becoming susceptible of the coquetries acquired by Lady Harriet Bertie in the meretricious atmosphere of Taunton House?

Alas! poor Louisa had far deeper, and more painful motives for her conduct! Already, the heart of that gentle girl had been tortured by a first lesson in the science of worldliness. Though seemingly surrounded by the prosperities, and cheered by the dearest affections of life, there could not exist a more unhappy creature! The fanciful vexations arising from disappointments in the nature of her father's society, as compared with her more sanguine anticipations, were wholly merged in griefs of a more serious nature.

It was about a month after the introduction of Sidney Hammond to her father's house, that one night, on returning from a ball, during the greater portion of which her admirer had remained stationary by her side, Mr. Hardingston abruptly acquainted her with the permission he had volunteered to his young friend, to become a morning visiter at the house.

"I am sorry to hear it, dear papa," was Louisa's mild reply; presuming, for the first time, to differ in opinion from her father.

"And why sorry?" retorted Mr. Hardingston. "I trusted, Louisa, that you had too much sense to affect the hypocritical prudery of your sex. You certainly appeared quite as well pleased to-night to retain him all the evening by your side, as *he* did to remain there."

"I *was* pleased. In the midst of a party of two hundred people, he could not be more *with* me, or nearer to me than I desired. But considering that I have no *chaperon*,—considering the remarks that might, perhaps, be made on Mr. Hammond's visits here during your absence—"

"What the devil signify the remarks of the world, since you are to be man and wife?" cried Mr. Hardingston.

"But is it so sure that we are to be man and wife?" rejoined his daughter. "Mr. Hammond has never hazarded even a hint of proposals."

"Simply for want of an opportunity. How is he to hazard such a hint, unless you meet elsewhere than in parties of two hundred people? It is for this express purpose I have invited him here."

"My dear father," remonstrated Louisa, inexpressibly surprised.

"It is for this express purpose, I say, I have invited him here," reiterated Mr. Hardingston, almost angrily. "It is probably my presence that embarrasses him. When he sees you here in the *morning*, alone and at his ease, his feelings will influence him to make the proposals I see hovering on his lips."

"I would much rather hear them without any previous effort on our part to bring him to an explanation," replied Louisa, with dignity. "I certainly hope, nay *believe*, that Mr. Hammond likes me. But there may be a thousand reasons, a thousand obstacles, which deter him from offering me his hand."

"I hope not, Louisa."

"I have sometimes fancied him even pointedly careful to avoid committing himself by anything amounting to a declaration of attachment," added Miss Hardingston.

"Then you must be pointedly active in making him overcome his hesitation!" cried her father with impetuosity.

"I fear I cannot promise *that*, papa. Should he propose to me, I freely acknowledge that I should cheerfully accept Mr. Hammond for a husband. But I will never take the smallest step, or breathe the slightest word, with the view of hastening his advances."

"But I tell you, you must!" was the vehement rejoinder of Mr. Hardingston. "You must, and shall." Louisa was silent. She was not accustomed to be addressed by her father in so peremptory a tone; and for a moment, almost fancied him excited by wine.

"I repeat to you, Louisa," persisted he, "that unless you can surprise this man into offering you his hand, you are lost!"

"Surprise him?—Lost?"—faintly repeated poor Louisa, in increasing terror.

"It is time we came to a serious explanation," said Mr. Hardingston, after opening the drawing-room door to ascertain that no officious waiting-woman was loitering without.—"It is time we understood each other. You fancy yourself a great personage, Louisa—you fancy yourself rich and independent; and affect delicacies of sentiment and refinements of taste, well-suited perhaps to the possession of wealth and independence,—but in *your* case, wholly out of place. I am a ruined man, Louisa Hardingston. For this year past, it has been a difficult, almost an *impossible* effort to me to keep up the decent appearances of life. It is for *your* sake, chiefly, I have made the endeavour. To find myself reduced to beggary at the very moment of my daughter's introduction into life, was a trial beyond my courage. Let me only see you settled in life, in the sphere to which I so long considered you entitled, and, for *my* share, I am content to fall."

"My dear, dear father!"—exclaimed Louisa, on whom the intelligence thus abruptly conveyed produced so startling an effect, that for some moments she was incapable of utterance,—"if indeed this terrible announcement be not an ordeal you have devised to try my strength of mind,—if indeed you are a ruined man,—for the sake of heaven,—for *all* our sakes,—let us resign ourselves to the worst, and meet our destiny with fortitude. The efforts to which you allude, *can* only serve to aggravate the evil. If we must be poor, let us be poor with courage. Above all, let us not incur the disgrace, the *crime* of endeavouring to inveigle others into sharing our reverses."

"It was just this sort of girlish romance I expected from you, Louisa! The apprehension of such Quixotism has hitherto determined me to conceal from you the state of my affairs. Thank heaven I know somewhat too much of the world to listen to your absurd arguments. Be assured, that though the daughter of Mr. Hardingston the rich merchant, is surrounded by admirers,—the daughter of Hardingston the beggar would be left friendless and unnoticed. As to any hope of your *marriage* under such circumstances—"

"If Mr. Hammond really entertains for me the affection you suppose," interrupted his daughter, with spirit, "our change of fortune would have little influence over his feelings. If not, heaven forbid I should owe his attentions to deception. I entreat, dear papa, whatever course you may hold towards others and the world, do not, *do not* mislead the man whom you wish to call your son!"

A harsh laugh accompanied the ironical reply of Mr. Hardingston, to whom the critical situation of his affairs had been too long familiar to produce on his mind the exciting effect the exposure exercised over that of his daughter.

"You must have a better opinion of Hammond than I have of *him*, or any other human being," said he, "if you suppose him capable of fidelity to the daughter of a bankrupt. Do not shake your head, my dear Louisa,—I have tried the strength of worldly friendships! On the first derangement of my affairs, produced by the mercantile crisis which disorganized the whole commercial world two years ago, I had recourse to what are termed '*my friends*,' many of whom had been made so by benefits conferred, all of whom had invariably pretended the greatest zeal for my service;—yet not *one* of them came forward! They had advice to offer, but no assistance. Fortunately, my prospects brightened; and I took care to announce them as far brighter than they really were, in order to pro-

long, to the last possible moment, my chances of redemption. Even when I discovered that all was lost, and could calculate to a year—a month—a week—the moment when the wreck of my fortunes must be apparent to the whole world, I kept a firm face,—determined that, in the interval, no renewal of weakness should betray my position till I had secured a happy marriage for my only daughter."

"Your first thought, then, in your misfortunes, was to separate me from you for ever?" exclaimed Louisa. "Dearest father! it is now only that, for the first time, I begin to entertain hopes of being of use and comfort to you. So far from desiring to accelerate an explanation with Sidney,—so far from desiring to become his wife,—all I wish is to remain with you,—to sustain you in your reverses, and solace your declining years!"

"Romance, romance! mere folly and absurdity!" cried Mr. Hardingston, impatiently. "This sort of thing sounds plausibly on the stage, and reads well in a novel; but, in point of plain matter-of-fact, can you not see, Louisa, that—as a ruined man, without an establishment, without a home—a daughter would be a painful encumbrance, increasing my discomfort? No, no! child! you must marry! I had, I own, begun to entertain misgivings concerning the possibility of such a blessing. For the rash appeal to my friends has never been forgotten; and the more cautious of them survey, with mistrustful eyes, the evidences of my renewed prosperity. When, therefore, Hammond made his admiration manifest, I did my utmost to encourage his addresses. He has lived too completely out of our mercantile circles to have the slightest suspicion; and, having once made his declaration in form, it will be too late for him to retract, on learning that you have only the five thousand pounds secured to you by your mother's settlement; nay, with *his* fortune and prospects, perhaps I wrong him by the mere supposition of any such reluctance."

"But, since I *have* five thousand pounds secured to me, papa," observed Louisa, (whom this portion of his communication rendered indifferent to the rest,) "surely it will afford us both the means of subsistence? Even in the event of the realization of your worst expectations, might we not live together in some obscure retreat,—more happily, more honestly, than we are doing now,—imposing on our creditors and the world?"

These rash words produced only an explosion of wrath on the part of Mr. Hardingston.

"I ask you for no advice,—no lessons,—no support,—no assistance!" cried he. "All I require of you, and I *do* require it,—is the implicit obedience becoming a daughter. My plans are decided,—my principles are fixed. Frustrate them by unbecoming interference, and from the depths of my ruin, Louisa, shall I curse you as having brought disgrace upon my house!—At present, all hope is not utterly lost. I may retrieve myself. If I get over the next three months, I have payments due to me from India, that may carry me on safely,—nay triumphantly.—But were I, at this moment, to alienate the confidence of my commercial brethren by the slightest indication of change in my establishment, or wavering in my purposes, I would not give a month's purchase for the stability of my house!—How would it suit you, pray, Louisa Hardingston, to hear your father taxed with insolvency!—How would it suit you to see his name in the *Gazette*?"

Choking sobs impeded the articulation of the broken-hearted girl, when she vainly attempted to utter the reply insisted on by her father.

"Remember, then," resumed he, perceiving her inability to remonstrate, "that the slightest imprudence on *your* part, may accelerate this cruel catastrophe. If *you*, my inmate, my daily companion, have remained till this day unconscious and unsuspicious of the hollowness of the superficial prosperity around you—admit that indifferent people are scarcely likely to be more discerning.—I am still rich, Louisa, for I am rich in the confidence of the rich.—So far from supposing me on the verge of bankruptcy, the people with whom we associate regard you almost as an heiress; and unless you act up to your part—"

"I cannot, father—for all that you may promise or threaten, *I cannot!*"—cried Louisa Hardingston, recovering, in her disgust at the vile duty imposed upon her, her powers of thought and action.—"I feel that I have not courage to meet so hateful a responsibility!"

"Find it, then, to bear the malediction of the father who has sacrificed so much for your sake!" cried Hardingston, quitting the room, and slamming the door with violence in her face. And the poor gentle girl was left alone with her despair.

For despair it was!—She felt that she had lost her father. It was impossible for her to regard with the same affectionate deference as before, the parent who boasted of a system of deception, and would willingly have imposed the same duplicity upon herself. Louisa had lost the father whom, a few hours before she loved with filial reverence; and was threatened with the loss of the only human being for whom she believed herself capable of a still stronger attachment!—All was over for her!—She must either obey her father, and, to avert the fiat of his ruin, submit to a line of habitual dissembling, and forfeit for ever her self-esteem; or, by steadfastness in her principles, condemn to instant penury the man who, as he had justly said, whatever might be his misfortunes, had never suffered the winds of heaven to visit her cheek too roughly; and as Hardingston assured her, disunite herself for ever from him who had become, only *too* essential to her happiness!

Still, in this first combat of virtue in an uncorrupted mind, the good prevailed. At the close of the mental conflict, Louisa resolved to limit her personal expenses to the requirements of their fallen fortunes; and while retaining in public the habits exacted by the interests of the wary speculator, assume towards Sidney Hammond so cold a deportment, as must necessarily deter him from a proposal, till after the period fixed by her father as the criterion of their destinies.

"Should our prospects improve," argued Louisa with herself, "there will need but little kindness and encouragement to bring him back to his pre-

sent feelings. Should our ruin be completed, the sequel will show whether his attachment be real, or my father's cruel surmises justly founded."

But Louisa had yet another ordeal to undergo. The excitement produced by his terrible explanations, seriously affected the health of Mr. Hardingston. Indications of a paralytic attack became apparent that very night. Bleeding was ordered, —quiet prescribed,—and it was in one of his intervals of troubled sleep, that he extorted from the sorrowing daughter, who was watching by his bedside, a promise of implicit submission to his exactions.

On his restoration, therefore, Louisa found herself, with reluctant feelings, resuming her prodigal habits of life. New invitations were issued for future dinner-parties,—costly dresses ordered for her by her father,—and, amid the show of opulence, which she now loathed, as concealing the elements of ruin and disgrace, Sidney Hammond was more warmly welcomed than ever to the house of feasting.

Meanwhile, the abruptness by which the coquetish *intrigante* of Taunton House had suddenly turned upon him, had so far shaken the confidence of "poor Sidney" in his own attractions, and the consistency of the sex, that he watched every turn and variation in the countenance of the new object of his speculations, with considerable uneasiness. A clouded brow, a careless word, a listless ear, seriously affected him; and on perceiving the change produced in the manner of Louisa Hardingston by her father's illness, the shrewd politician decided that, aware of his precarious condition, and on the eve of coming into the enjoyment of his fine fortune, the heiress was becoming ambitious of a higher match.

"She thinks—and she is doubtless right—that she might do better for herself!" said he. "She is becoming more cautious,—more reserved. But that the old gentleman, alarmed by his attack, is evidently anxious to see his daughter settled in life, previous to his death, I should be apprehensive that this girl, timid and artless as she seems, was temporizing with me. Luckily, her father is a plain-sailing practical man; and, aware of the miserable lot usually attending heiresses, (whose fortune is pretty sure to be squandered by some heartless roué,) is satisfied to see her become the wife of a poor gentleman, steady enough, and sensible enough, to be a safe guardian of her property. With *his* fortune, Hardingston is wise enough to care little for opulence in his son-in-law. Propose when I may, I am pretty sure of the father's consent."

It was the *daughter* who puzzled him. It was the daughter by whom he found his manœuvres disconcerted. Though, at times, he had felt sure of Louisa's preference, (enlightened by those tremours of voice, and variations of complexion, which even the most prudent of womankind is incompetent to control,) still, her reserve,—her more than womanly dignity,—her open differences from him in opinion,—her pointed acceptance of the attentions of others,—convinced him that she was either the coldest or most capricious of her sex. Thwarted and vexed, his partiality, as in the instance of Lady Taunton, increased in proportion to the waywardness of its object; and never had Sidney Hammond run greater risk of finding his pretended passion converted into a real one, than when he saw Miss Hardingston surrounded by admirers, of each of whom the homage seemed more acceptable than his own.

After evenings spent in such demonstrations, and the struggle of feeling arising from her dissimulation, how sore was the heart of poor Lousia! How painfully did she watch the influence of her conduct on the heart of the man she loved!—How touching, through her rising tears, were the furtive glances she fixed upon the countenance of one far too well-schooled in the doctrines of Surfaceism, to betray any evidence of his feelings in his well-bred callous face!

It was a desperate game they were playing;—each intent upon discovering the real sentiments of the other, which both were intent on concealing;—the one, from the purest, the other from the vilest motives.—At those balls and parties, from which indifferent persons went away observing, —"How pretty the heiress looked to-night,—and how beautifully she was dressed!—The flirtation between her and Sidney Hammond seems to be cooling!"—or, "Hammond has hooked Miss Hardingston!—more attentive to her to-night than ever! —They sat together an hour in the boudoir, looking over the Annuals!"—poor Louisa experienced all the fluctuations of feeling endured by a rash gambler, the whole of whose earthly fortune is staked on the table before him. For *her* conduct was influenced by the presence of her father, whose eyes, from some corner or other, were, she knew, fixed upon her proceedings; while that of Hammond, which she supposed to depend upon her smiles as surely as the ebbing or flowing of the tide on the shining of the moon,—was in fact wholly and solely controlled by the parliamentary divisions of the night before, as rendering more or less urgent his re-introduction into political life, by his restoration, as a married man, to the favour and patronage of Taunton House.

The truest and most susceptible lover never exhibited stronger ebullitions of feeling, than were often displayed by Hammond on returning at night to his chambers; and bitter was his constant outcry against the cruel coquetry of the sex. Harassed beyond his patience,—for above all things he dreaded the ignomy of refusal,—he was literally growing pale and thin under the influence of his perplexities;—and this piteous alteration in his appearance was not lost upon Louisa.—Already she trembled, when about to attempt against him those manœuvres so nobly intended to moderate his attachment or at least procrastinate his avowals. Her reluctance was as that of a mother when inflicting punishment on an idolized child; and tears were ever in her eyes, and anguish in her heart, whenever, in pursuance of her generous projects, she endured with apparent satisfaction the assiduities of another.

At length the impatience of her father grew almost as great as that of Sidney Hammond.

"This will never do, Louisa," cried he, as they

were driving home one night from the opera. "Do you suppose this sort of shilly-shally is to last for ever?—Do you imagine that I can afford to pay ten guineas for our opera-box, for you to play the fool in? Will *nothing* subdue the heartless vanity of your sex? Your encouragement of that jack-anapes, Mr. Henry Lissadel to-night, drove poor Hammond almost distracted. As I followed you both through the crush-room, after you had given your arm to Lissadel, I saw that poor Sidney was pale as death. It would not surprise me if he did not keep his appointment to-morrow to meet us at the Zoological! What do you mean by this? What do you expect from it? What can be the result of a flirtation with a spendthrift like Lissadel, who is looking out only for fortune in a wife? Must I repeat all I said to you a month ago, concerning the disastrous position of my affairs,—concerning the necessity, the absolute *necessity*, for your marriage with Hammond?"

"No, no—for heaven's sake, no!" exclaimed Louisa, dreading above all things a recapitulation of sentiments which had already so cruelly shaken her confidence in the integrity of her father. "I am to blame. I have suffered myself to be misled by the vain impulse of the moment. I will amend my fault!—Spare me to-night, dear Papa, and I will—I will——" A burst of tears prevented the conclusion of her promises!

"You are well aware," said Mr. Hardingston, unmoved by distress, which he attributed to just repentance, "that it is in your power to make this man propose to you when and where you will. A word, a smile, of encouragement from *you*, and the offer of his hand is instantaneous. I give you, therefore, only a few days, Louisa!—At the expiration of that time, unless I find your destiny decided, I swear I will throw up the game. I will oppose no further obstacle to the progress of my misfortunes. The world shall know the worst—and its knowledge will make the worst *irretrievable!* You may then, child, rejoice in my ruin, for it will be your work. You may say to yourself for the remainder of your days—'To gratify my frivolous coquetry, I sacrificed the life of my father!'—Ay!—the life; for so surely as I sit beside you, Louisa, I will not survive my disgrace!"

The following day, when Sidney Hammond assisted Miss Hardingston to step out of her father's handsome carriage at the gate of the Zoological Gardens, he had the gratification of finding that, instead of accepting the arm of Sir Henry Lissadel, (which was officiously interposed to make the round of the gardens,) she turned blushing towards himself, and almost sought the offer of his own.

Can it be doubted that Louisa's was fervently pressed to his heart, at so decided a mark of preference? Half an hour afterwards, the grating before the den of the giraffes, which has lent itself to the furtherance of so many flirtations, was fated to hear one of the most impassioned declarations of attachment that ever expanded from the lips of man, or drew tears from the eyes of a feeling and grateful woman!

Even uneasy as she was concerning the false show of prosperity surrounding her, and the precarious state of her father's fortunes, poor Louisa was a happy girl that night. How was she to doubt the sincerity of protestations so warmly and urgently expressed? How was she to imagine that a man in the station of a gentleman—a man of refined education and unblemished honour—had made her the stake of a coldly-calculated game? While listening to Sidney Hammond's declarations of boundless love and changeless fidelity, she was happy with all the happiness of a true and loving heart.

Instead, however, of being touched by her confiding tenderness, he almost regretted to find her so easy a dupe; contemplating, with no little anxiety, the injury that might arise to his interests from such ready credulity; for though it suited admirably with his plans, that Miss Hardingston should be easily imposed on, it was essential that Mrs. Sidney Hammond should be clearer sighted. Time enough hereafter, however, to sow the seeds of Surfaceism in her heart. Time enough to imbue the timid, but frank Louisa, with the shrewdness and duplicity essential in the wife of so accomplished a man of the world.

Having ascertained at what hour the following day Mr. Hardingston would be at liberty to receive him, he hastened to comply with her request, that he would look for the carriage, (her emotions being of so genuine a nature as to make her wish to be at home;) and, after assisting her in cloaking, profited by the occasion of placing her in the carriage, to press her hand and arm with all the semblance of the fondest passion. Then having bade a hearty good night to his intended father-in-law, he hurried from the house, little daunted by the prospect of the morrow's explanations. Mr. Hardingston, he was persuaded, was too attached a father to this only daughter, to resent having over-estimated the fortune of the man to whom her whole heart was given; and, as he intended to propose settling his eight thousand pounds upon Louisa, as well as the full amount of the fortune assigned her by her father—be it what it might—nothing could be easier than to deceive Mr. Hardingston as to the amount of his income,—which, as arising from professional sources, it would be impossible exactly to specify. After all, a few thousands more or less mattered little to this wealthy merchant, whose chief object in life must be to secure the happiness of his fireside.

Thus confident in his own plausibility, Sidney Hammond gave himself up to the enjoyment of the fruition of his schemes. No one could have surveyed him at that moment, without noticing the exultation that sparkled in his eyes, and glowed in his usually colourless cheeks. His step was light, but firm—his voice melodious with inward joy. In the excitement of his success, "poor Sidney" was more than himself.

Had one single genuine impulse of affection prompted the outpourings which had so captivated the ear of poor Louisa, like herself, he would have been eager for solitude and self-communion: like her, he would have wished to be alone, in order to think over every look, word, and gesture of the object of his passion: the flutter of his soul, in the

first excitement of knowing himself to be beloved, must have rendered other society insupportable. So far, however, was this from the case, that instead of proceeding to his chambers from the house where he parted from Louisa, he hastened to a brilliant ball at Altamont House, the noble owner of which (a man too distinguished to have become aware, through the vulgar gossip of society, that the Sidney Hammond presented to him as a rising young man the preceding year, was now a nobody) still honoured him with invitations. On the present occasion, however, he profited by his *entrée*, neither because the Duke of Altamont *was* so distinguished a man, nor his fêtes so brilliant, but because, in the consciousness of forthcoming triumph, he wanted to look upon Lady Taunton face to face. He longed to luxuriate in the feeling, while returning with a formal salutation her patronizing bow, that his hour of independence was at hand, —that he should soon meet her on ground whereon he might dictate terms of pacification.

Never had the difference between the humdrum society of Marylebone, and that aristocratic world to which he so burned to attach himself, struck him with such force, as on the present occasion. Never had the blaze, the splendour, the grace, the ease of that high caste which moves through life,— as Cleopatra on the Cydnus, to the sound of flutes and hautboys, in an atmosphere of perfumes, with sails of purple and gold,—appeared one-half so intoxicating. The lightness of its conversation— its gay and joyous superficiality—enchanted his very heart and soul, as being, both physically and morally, the Triumph of Surfaceism. For the jog-trot class of people to whom he had been recently paying his court, he had neither taste nor patience, unless as the leaden weight of the pulley by which he was to be elevated into importance.

The moment he entered the brilliantly-illuminated vestibule of Altamont House, blazing with light, and glowing with forced flowers of the richest fragrance, while joyous music pealed from a distant ball-room, (how different from the scanty orchestras of the Marylebone fêtes!) he felt himself an altered being. His spirits revived, and his wicked wit of aforetime came back upon him as with the possession of a devil.

On entering the ball-room, the first object that met his eye was the lovely daughter of the Countess of Taunton,—flying through a *valse* with the heir-apparent of one of the wealthiest Dukes in the kingdom,—dressed, and dancing to perfection, and embellished by the delicate bloom that exertion assigns to complexions of peculiar fairness. Impossible to look prettier, more graceful, or more attractive than Lady Harriet at that moment. The little affectations assumed by the spoiled beauty, to secure her conquest, appeared natural to her *mignon* features and fanciful dress, like the affectations of one of Watteau's pictures; and Sidney Hammond stood and gazed upon her, entranced, with precisely the sort of admiration he would have bestowed on some bright and costly trinket in the show of a jeweller.

The somewhat too marked attitude of attention in which he stood arrested in the doorway of the ball-room, did not escape the notice of the watchful Countess. A few minutes after the close of the *valse*, the charming *danseuse* was led to a quadrille by another of the great matches of the day; to whom she dedicated precisely the same smiles, glances, and bon-mots she had just lavished on the young Marquis; and still, Sidney Hammond remained riveted to the spot,—comparing her, in his mind's eye, with the milder, and more feminine, but cold, dull, and heavy beauties of the Hardingston coterie,—and secretly trembling at the prospect of introducing his Louisa into contrast with the easy audacity of the Taunton set: *not* lest *she* should derive contamination from the contact, but lest *they* should disparage his choice as unfashionable and obscure!

While gazing, apparently enraptured, upon the Dresden-shepherdess-looking figure before him, Lady Taunton, who was watching him, fancied she could detect answering glances of admiration exchanged between her daughter and the nameless exile from her good graces; and her suspicions thus awakened, (needlessly enough — for the young beauty was thoroughly engrossed by the platitudes of her noble partner,) she began to imagine that she was perhaps the dupe of these two persons whose movements she fancied herself to be controlling with despotic power. Perhaps they were laughing at her,—perhaps deriding her fruitless attempts to keep them asunder!

In the irritation of the moment she rose from her seat, and directed her steps across the room, to the very spot where Sidney Hammond was standing,—the diamond ornaments scattered over her dress glittering the more from the unusual vivacity of her movements,—and, in defiance of her habitual caution, indifferent, apparently, to the probability of being overheard, she hastily accused him, not only of breach of compact, but insinuated that his good understanding with her daughter was of older date than he cared to avow.

What an enhancement to the long-premeditated triumph of Sidney Hammond! With a graceful deference of manner, derived in a great measure from her ladyship's especial schooling, he replied, that he trusted shortly to afford her an incontestable proof of the error into which she had fallen, by asking permission to present to her *his wife*, whose charms, though immeasurably inferior to those of Lady Harriet Bertie, were such as to bear him blameless against all possible accusations of attachment, or even undue admiration elsewhere.

For once, the woman of the world stood confounded. Though usually steadfast of countenance, as Talleyrand himself, "poor Sidney" had the gratification of observing, even through her rouge, how her colour went and came, in the vexation of having made herself ridiculous, whether by jealousy of her daughter, or susceptibility on her daughter's account. She recovered herself, however, with the readiness of her vocation, and was prepared, in an instant, to cover all consciousness of defeat, by expressions of warm satisfaction at the advantageous settlement in life of an acquaintance she had so long valued.

In reply to Lady Taunton's inquiry, whether

"she had already the pleasure of the lady's acquaintance," great was the satisfaction of the expectant bridegroom, in replying, with an air of affected deprecation, that he "feared she moved in too obscure a circle of society, to have attracted the attention of Lady Taunton; being the only daughter of Mr. Hardingston, Member for the Tower Hamlets, and better known in Lombard Street, than among the coteries of the *beau-monde!*" "Poor Sidney" was overjoyed to make it apparent, that he was nothing indebted, for the wealthy connexion he was about to form, to the influence of the Taunton set.

But this was enough for the Countess. The match was just what she could have desired: securing independence to her former protégé, but leaving all the superiority of position on her side. Instead of having to feel that the man she had discarded had now the best of it, she was able to intimate her gracious intentions to notice the object of his choice; nor was she slow in seizing the golden opportunity to prove the absence of all pique on her part, by the courtesy of her intimations concerning the future Mrs. Hammond.

His utmost hopes were thus accomplished; and the two intimate friends (supposed by the world to exceed, in their mutual regard, the bounds of friendship) parted with the delightful conviction of having humiliated and inflicted pain on each other: such being the worthy results of worldly connexions.

With a very light heart, accordingly, did the accepted lover proceed to Harley Street, the following day, at one; Mr. Hardingston having promised to absent himself from the city, in order to receive the momentous visit; and even had Hammond approached the door of the mansion he already foresaw in perspective as his own, with nervous feelings, they must have been reassured at once by the affectionate manner in which he was welcomed by his future father-in-law, a more experienced knave (we beg pardon—disciple of *Surfaceism*) than himself.

The negotiation opened between the *par nobile fratrum* was of the same diplomatic nature as the preliminaries of a treaty between the plenipos of two minor states of the empire, each contriving to throw dust in the eyes of the other. Mr. Hardingston was intent upon bestowing his portionless daughter on a man of fortune, with a trifling dowry, on pretext that the nature of his business prevented his giving money down during his lifetime, the better to ensure a noble fortune at his decease. "Poor Sidney" was equally desirous of apologizing for his deficiency of available funds, by referring to professional gains more than problematical. Both were bent upon deception. It was a realisation of the fable of the file and the viper: the city man being the deep old file, on which the man of the world found his fangs, for once, ineffectual.

Profound as was the amazement of both parties on finding the pleasant verdant declivity, down which they had been gliding, terminate abruptly in a frightful abyss, each was cautious to betray no alarm at the prospect of the precipice. Each persisted in protestations of disinterestedness. Mr. Hardingston declaring, that merit was all he sought in his son-in-law; Sidney Hammond, that there needed for his happiness only the hand of his Louisa: each having instantly determined that the odium of a rupture of the negotiations should rest with his lawyer.

Meanwhile, the victim of these two worldly men,—the poor, open-hearted girl, whose affections had been engaged on such false pretences,—was again exposed to professions of tenderness that rendered her gentle heart only too happy. Alas! how little did she imagine that she was listening to them for the last time! Unversed in the tactics of the Taunton set, unversed in *any* tactics save those arising from the suggestion of the best feelings of her sex, poor Louisa did not perceive that the part of excellent dissembling assumed towards her was less excellently played than usual; —that, already, the approaching catastrophe had its influence, and the indignant lover,—the biter bit, — scarcely patience to maintain his show of attachment towards a girl of whose fondest affections he had possessed himself, little supposing her to have a pitiful fortune of five thousand pounds.

After quitting the house,—and quitting it with all the outward demonstrations of love becoming the occasion,—Sidney Hammond could scarcely restrain the outburst of his rage. Never had he been so completely "poor Sidney" as at that moment! Duped,—deceived,—taken in his own toils! —How was it possible to sustain the shock of such an overthrow!

Not that, at present, he entertained the smallest surmise of the *real* state of the case. He felt convinced that Mr. Hardingston was either prevented by avarice from doing justice to his only daughter; or that, having discovered the state of his finances, he was in hopes, by the penuriousness of his proceedings, to break off the connexion. In either case, his views were equally frustrated. In either case, it was out of the question to make one of the loveliest and most amiable girls in England, a stepping-stone to his fortunes.

(To be continued.)

CATULLUS. ODE LXVIII. (TO MANLIUS.)

As on the mountain-top a rill
  Leaps smiling from its rocky source;
Then winding down the steep at will,
  Through peopled valleys takes its course.
There its cool wave the traveller greets,
When fields are parched with Summer heats:

As to the seaman, ocean-tost,
  Comes the soft gale and favouring sea,
When of his gods he asked them most,—
  Such, Manlius, was thy help to me!

L. J.

HANGING, PAST AND PRESENT.

THERE is a first floor to let, on reasonable terms, in the house of a potato and oatmeal merchant, in front of the principal entrance of Newgate, in the city of Dublin.

It is an airy apartment, and commands a near view of a massive iron balcony, over which two strong but hollow beams, of the same metal, project from the heavy cut-stone masonry of the prison. These beams terminate, towards the street, in a pair of grinning iron skulls, through which the ropes of the executioner were wont to run, over pullies that flickered, like the tongues of mocking fiends, within the teeth.

The name of the modern *Tubal-Cain*, by whom this artistical piece of mechanism was put together, has not come down to posterity. Doctor Whitelaw, in his History of Dublin, strangely omits all mention of him, and of his work; which was, nevertheless, hammered on a poetical anvil, and deserves to be recorded and preserved, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, as a monument of the old criminal law.

The person who desires to dispose of the vacant tenement opposite, is an old bachelor-looking gentleman, and dresses in a blue coat, buttoned up to the chin, with bright gilt buttons. He wears a white cravat, very yellow chamois leather gloves, carries an umbrella in all weathers, and never appears, by any chance, in a top-coat. He is an Irish philanthropist, with a great taste for the tragedy of real life, which has led him to witness every execution at Newgate—from that of Crawley the Attorney, who robbed a priest in Peter's Row, and beat out the housekeeper's brains with a cobbler's hammer, to that of the Sawyers, who suffered about the memorable year eighteen hundred and thirty-one, for murdering a master of their trade, in the street, with *(pace* TEMPORUM *dicatur!)*—"bats and bludgeons."

He rented these lodgings for the sole purpose of indulging his appetite for such edifying spectacles; having secured them to his own use, by lease, for the term of his natural life, at more than the present annual value of half the street, and never entered them, except to give a breakfast to the sub-sheriff, with a few select friends, on mornings marked in his calendar with the white stone of a "*public example.*"

The blackguards of the city knew this old fellow and his peculiar taste so well, that whenever he was seen to cross Essex Bridge, from the south side of the Liffey, where he lived, and to bend his steps along Capel Street, a concourse was made towards the Eggmarket, in the assured certainty of an execution toward. "Hark to the ould dancing-master!" was the cry of the whole pack; not that he was, by profession, a trainer of "the light fantastic toe;" he is, on the contrary, a man well connected, and possessed of independent means. But his passion for beholding every performance of the *grand saut* obtained for him this honorary designation. If there were a college of rope-dancers, the genius of Hibernian satire would doubtless have long since placed him, *per saltum*, amongst its highest graduates.

His favourite window is still there, with a list, chronologically arranged, of all the sufferers whom he has seen make their exit through the opposite portal, and the number of minutes and seconds, ascertained by the stop-watch, which they severally took to die, pencilled behind the shutter. The drop, too, still faces it, with its heavy iron grate flapping and creaking dolefully in the wind.

But the "ould dancing-master" never comes to Green Street now. It moves his feelings too much, to see the use to which that time-honoured balcony is turned, not to speak it, profaned. For it may sometimes be seen, at summer eve, with the trap raised, (which never was raised of old, unless to give way speedily under the feet of a devoted victim,) and its floor converted into a kind of terrace for supporting flowers and boxes of mignionette. A bold swallow feathers her brood within the mouth of the counterfeit death's-head above; and at the open door, through which the almost monthly train of death itself used to pass, the gaoler's pretty daughter sits at her work, carolling a merry song, or listening to her piping blackbird, which, from its wicker cage, makes the echoes of the lonesome old street ring again with joyous melody.

The drop thus occupied is, to my thinking, a far better admonition, to teach men justice and respect for its sacred source, than it was on that day, when Crawley stood aghast, before the hooting populace, and gave a name to *Hessian boots*, which the fashion of them could not long survive. *

But the old gentleman, who is now so anxious to part with his good-will of the window over the way, is of a directly opposite way of thinking. His imagination reverts fondly to the bright and sunny forenoon, when Bridget Butterly tottered across that fatal threshold, robed in what it would have been a comfort to her to consider her grave-clothes, and wearing a cap profusely pranked with death-knots of white ribbon.

There was a fearful and pitiable circumstance connected with that girl's case, which being well authenticated, (at least in the main facts,) I may be here pardoned for relating. She was a servant; and at the instigation of, and aided by, an elderly female, who was occasionally employed about the house, as charwoman, had murdered her mistress, a frail and beautiful young woman. The deed was executed at noon-day; and the *kind keeper* of the lady—who was a military hero—on his return to his quiet cottage, near the Royal Canal, found her

* An historical fact. Crawley made his last appearance before the public, in a highly polished pair of those integuments; and the grand moral effect of his punishment has been, that Hessian Boots—as often as any superannuated dandy shows so much of *the Calf* as to *sport* them in the streets—are to this day, cried down by the popular voice, as *Crawleys*. "See *the Crawleys*.—Shilloo for the man with the *Crawleys!*"

body on the kitchen floor, dreadfully mangled and weltering in a pool of blood. Poor gentleman—(I wish I could remember his name.) He was shocked beyond measure.

"Keen were his pangs: but keener far to feel,"

as he felt, on rushing up stairs into the parlour, that his desk had been broken open, and a matter of twenty guineas, together with a gold watch, abstracted from it. Here was the *comble de misére*, which made his frenzy ungovernable, insomuch that his friends had to keep watch over him for several nights successively, lest a lacerated spirit should drive him to an act of pure desperation.

The horrible affair was soon bruited about the town, and our "old dancing-master" heard it, while he sat at dinner, at the table of a friend. It was communicated by the butler, who had just heard it from the boy that brought in the beer, who had it from a penny-a-line man, who was hastening with it to *The Freeman's Journal*, and by whom the additional fact was stated, that the parties were in custody and had confessed their crime.

The old man was unusually excited. The city sessions were at hand, and as the law piously ordained that murderers must die within forty-eight hours of conviction, he should not suffer the agonies of hope deferred, but at once complete his catalogue of *videnda* by the sight, as yet strange to his experience, of a young woman expiring under the gallows. "And Andrew"—said he to the butler, "you shall see it too: that is, if you have a mind yourself, and your master don't object; for I invite you to wait upon my company, at breakfast, on the morning of the execution, which cannot be delayed beyond a fortnight; and by that means, you shall have a full view of the whole ceremonial, from a corner of one of my windows."

Andrew thanked him, and said that nothing could give him greater pleasure.

"Where is the young tigress from?—Tipperary, I'll be sworn," said the dancing-master.

"I don't know that, Sir," said Andrew; "but they say she has decent people belonging to her, and does nothing but cry about her poor father."

"God pity him!" said the master of the house.

"He hardly deserves it, Sir," said the butler. "Why did not he bring up his child in the fear of God?"

"Many a worthless sucker springs from an honest stock, Andrew," meekly replied his master.

The dancing-master's anticipations were well-founded. Within a fortnight the two criminals were brought to the scaffold, and he was

"There to see."

At an early hour of the morning, he was busy setting his room to rights, when a feeble old man, of a frightened and bewildered aspect, stood before him.

"Well, Sir, your business with me?" interrogated the dancing-master.

"You said, Sir," answered the old man, "that I might see the sight, Sir, from your window."

"I really forget, Sir, I have not the pleasure—"

"Oh, Sir, don't you remember Andrew, Mr. Wilson's butler?"

"Yes; true, true. He has sent *you*, I presume, in his place, to lay the breakfast."

The old man spoke not. His eyes had caught a view of two ropes, with a noose and running knot upon each, that dangled, idly and "not wanted yet," from the iron death's-heads at the opposite side of the street; and he was transfixed to the spot whereon he stood, unconscious of all around him, and trembling through his whole frame, with an agony that actually shook the room. It was poor Andrew himself—not the hale, bluff, dark-haired serving-man of fifty, that he had appeared a fortnight before, but an emaciated, decrepid, miserable old man. Thirty winters appeared in that brief interval to have gone over his head,

"Which now was white, as Apallachia's snow."

He was the father—the "poor father"—of the wretched blood-guilty young woman, whose dying throes he had been invited to witness; and he had accepted the offer—little thinking what was before him—"*with pleasure!*"

In less than a week after that, before the surgeons had done hacking the flesh from his daughter's bones, and passing their ribald jests over her dishonoured corpse, Andrew Butterly was flung into an unpitied grave, according to the tenor of his own harsh sentence, as being the father of such a child; done to death by the infamy of her guilt, and the shock which his parental feelings had sustained in hearing and witnessing her doom.

But that awful day, when the young murderess stood forth beside her haggard accomplice, throwing an eager and agonizing glance through the crowd, as if in quest of some person to whom her soul still clung upon earth, which person was undoubtedly the shivering old man that crouched behind the breakfast party in the first-floor window, now "to be let——" That day is chronicled in the memory of our sexagenarian gallows-fancier, as the "most interesting" point of time in the whole annals of Green Street. "How fortunate I was," he still exclaims, "to have invited Andrew to come that morning. I would not have lost that stare at the first view of the ropes, or the shudder that came over him, when *Tommy Galoin* (that was the hangman's name) stept out to draw them straight, and rub a little soap to the nooses;—no, I would not have lost it, to see the whole of Thistlewood's gang hanged and beheaded over again." He had, in fact, taken a journey to London expressly, in order to feast his eyes upon the last-named imposing exhibition.

The late George Dunn, gaoler—or, as modern magniloquence will have it, governor—of Kilmainham, was a blunt, kind-hearted Northumbrian, who had witnessed many affecting scenes in his time. Being required to mention the incident, connected with capital punishments, which had most affected him during his long experience, he selected one so simple, and so touching, as proves him to have been possessed not only of very tender feelings, but of a most correct and delicate judgment.

At the last interview between a condemned criminal and his wife, their child—a bonny wee thing, just beginning to prattle—was playing about the

cell. Her eye was caught by the glitter of the bolts which confined the father's legs, and she cried out, in blissful ignorance of their use—"Oh, daddy, daddy, what pretty things! You never wore these at home."

"Many a sad thing I have seen," said the honest gaoler, "and many a bitter cry I have heard within these walls; but never one that made me blubber like a child till then. The mother, Sir, and the poor fellow himself—Oh, Sir, it was terrible—terrible."

It is now five years since the "ould dancing-master" has been seen in Green Street. His last visit was for the purpose of consulting the mortuary register, behind the shutter, on a disputed point of precedency between Crawley, of whom mention has been already made, and a poor lieutenant, named Bellamy, who, having a wife and ten children, at a time when beef was 10d. a pound, and the quartern loaf sold for 1s. 6d., was hanged for having forged a bill of exchange. The dispute ended in a bet, with an alderman of the late corporation, for a dinner, with vinous accompaniments, *ad arbitrium victoris*, for a select party. Of course, the old fellow with the chamois-leather gloves won the wager, and ordered *hung beef* for the head dish, with a variety of "things strangled" for the second course.

He now mopes about, groaning at the degeneracy of the times, almost as dolorous in look as Cruikshank's "Last Man," mounted on a crazy gibbet, and demanding of Echo—"Who'll pull my legs?" to which Echo answers—"Nobody!"

The hangman has truly declined from his high estate. One by one the jewels of his hempen coronal have been plucked away, and himself driven into a corner with the murderer and the traitor. But there he is in that corner, so intrenched and fortified by the laws of man, and by strained interpretations of the law of God, that it will take a vigorous effort yet to dislodge him.

There is this good political reason why *treason* should be followed by death: If convicted traitors were left unhanged, they might be released afterwards from the penalty of their misdeeds upon the success of the plot, and perhaps even rewarded, to the great scandal of constituted governments, and the encouragement of seditions yet unhatched. But from this *knot* is no release. It is *dignus vindice*, and makes sure work with the foremost and most daring spirits of a movement, however the final event may turn out. The old Tory epigram is hereby verified—

"Treason doth never prosper: What's the reason?
When it does prosper, none dare call it treason."

Thus, although Lafontaine has survived the price set upon his head, and attained a post, from which he may denounce traitors in his turn, it is not so with those who fell into the snares of the law, while might was too strong for right. Lount, Matthews, and the ill-stared Pole, who (*cum multis aliis*) were so cruelly sacrificed to Orange vengeance and Whig pusillanimity, must still be supposed to have been traitors, because they died on a scaffold; and we are bound to admit, that perfect justice was done in their case as well as in that of the present Attorney-general of the Lower Province, although, according to the hackneyed quotation—

Ille crucem, sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.

In like manner, there are doubtless many persons now living in this realm and professing an ardent zeal for the Reform Bill, who would have been very glad to have tied the noose, with their own hands, for Lord Grey, Lord John Russell, ay, and for Sir James Graham too, as "most toad-spotted traitors," because they brought forward such a measure. Nor, supposing the measure to have succeeded afterwards, would they be now one whit less sincere reformers than they are, or (strange as it may seem) less firmly impressed with the conviction, that Lord Grey and his friends deserved to be hanged.

Now, as to *murder*:—This is Jack Ketch's strongest hold; for which, truly, there is better ground in reason and in the natural feelings and resentments of the human breast, than with respect to any other offence which has ever been punished with death. That a deliberate murderer *deserves* to be put to death, is past dispute; but that it is wise, proper, or conducive to the prevention of the crime, that *we* should inflict that punishment upon him, is quite another question. Yet, if we dare to raise a doubt upon this point, 'tis well if the Holy Bible,—His Book, who said, "Vengeance is MINE, *I* will Repay,"—be not hurled at our heads, and the charge of Infidelity thrust rudely upon us.

Every one who has ever heard this subject enlarged upon, from the Bench of Justice or the Preacher's Chair, must be well acquainted with the *one Text*, by which the doctrine of Satisfaction by the Gallows is supported: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." This is repeated *ad nauseam* by all the advocates (ermined and otherwise) of "the Stern path," whenever any one presumes to speak of a less violent mode of retaliation. SUPREME AUTHORITY has happily interdicted the Mosaic rule of "*an Eye for an Eye, and a Tooth for a Tooth*," from being pressed into this cause. But, as no special bar is recorded against the demand of *Blood for Blood*, although it may be plainly and, by every rule of right reason, certainly inferred, this *open question* is clung to by the advocates of Capital Punishments, as their *point d'appui*. Being hemmed in to one spot in the Book of Life, they make the best of it. It is to them both the Law and the Prophets,—a complete Body of Divinity,—an Eleventh Commandment, equal in force and value to the whole Decalogue.

The Rev. Thomas Scott, in his far-famed Commentary, goes so far as to argue from this text, that a Magistrate who remits the extreme punishment in any case of murder, incurs the guilt of an accessary. "From this energetic declaration," says he, "it *certainly* follows, that wilful murder ought *invariably*, in all communities, to be punished with death; whatever form it assumes, or however it may, by specious pretences, be extenuated; and that God will himself require it of those who suffer the murderer to escape; so that the punish-

ment due to murder, will,—*in some way*,—be inflicted on them, as accessaries to the crime." *

To the self-same tune, and indeed upon the self-same string, the gentlemen of the *Fourth Estate* have lately manifested an atrocious fury of piety, taking occasion, from the lamentable assassination of Mr. Edward Drummond, to assert the divine supremacy of the Gallows. If the Devil can quote Scripture for his purpose, why should not the hangman? And what more worthy chaplains could the latter functionary employ, than the godly *Cordeliers* who have taken up his cause in the diurnal Press?

Of that murder, there can scarcely be two opinions among civilized men. It was so treacherous, so cruel, so unprovoked; and the sufferer bore his fate so firmly, and "with such gentle sorrow," that hard indeed must be the heart which has not mourned his fall, as though he had been a dear familiar friend. Never, in our memory, did any case of individual suffering elicit a more general feeling of sympathy and regret. Never did any crime excite a more just or universal burst of abhorrence. But the persons who have been the most sincerely grieved at that event, were not, probably, those who set up, in the public prints, a yell for the murderer's blood, and denounced beforehand all who might disapprove of so barbarous and heart-hardening a punishment, as if their conduct were "unworthy of a religious, and of a Christian people." †

It appears, at best, a questionable test of any man's *religion*, that he should insist upon hanging another by the neck; nor is the justice of that reasoning quite clear, which would exclude from the Christian pale those who may conscientiously object to the punishment of death as unwise and inexpedient, even towards so dangerous an assassin as Daniel M'Naughten. Awful as may be the penalty of avowing such an opinion, I will not hesitate to declare it: That man may be turned to a more beneficial use for the advantage of society, and his body made a more permanent and impressive vehicle of admonition to the cruel and the vindictive, than if it had been suspended for an hour upon a gibbet, and then thrown into a hole in an obscure and inaccessible corner of the gaol-yard.

The issue of M'Naughten's trial has created an extraordinary sensation in all parts of the kingdom; and we are promised a new penal law, founded upon it, from the master-hand of the Lord Chancellor himself. Many violent lunatics have been brought to trial before now for deeds of great atrocity, and absolved from the extreme penalty, as being unaccountable agents; but until an Old Bailey jury decided that a man might meditate the destruction of a Cabinet Minister, and yet be insane, no Government ever dreamt of altering the law upon the subject. Even when the life of the Sovereign was attempted by an individual of far more equivocal claims to derangement, it was a matter of derision amongst the friends of our present rulers.

It is, nevertheless, very proper and desirable, that effectual restraints should be placed on persons who are incapable of exercising moral control over themselves; and though such precautions might, in many instances, involve a vexatious interference with the comfort and enjoyment of harmless lunatics, that evil should be tolerated, as necessary to protect society against a greater. But the suggestion, which has been thrown out in many quarters, to "hang madmen, that madmen may be deterred from crime," is disgraceful to a civilized age and nation. If such a principle, however modified, be ingrafted into our criminal code, what becomes of "*The Perfection of Reason*?"

A howl of disappointment is still ringing through a portion of the Press, at the lame conclusion of M'Naughten's trial; and the wild excesses of Dillon and Stevenson coming immediately on the heels of that event, seem to add point to such exclamations. In truth, however, the conduct of Stevenson at least is directly opposed to the reasoning employed by those writers; for the violent and threatening language, with which he is charged, was uttered prior to the acquittal of M'Naughten, and when it was the universal expectation that he would be found guilty, and executed. The conduct of this maniac, therefore, proves that the anticipated judgment of M'Naughten had no terrors for him; nor, on the other hand, could he have grounded any hope of impunity on the probable issue of that trial.‡

But, is the event of M'Naughten's trial what is commonly understood by an *acquittal*? Does it really confer impunity? or will the public at large so construe it? It is a sentence of perpetual incarceration, the very next degree of rigour to judgment of death. Few men in their senses would prefer it to instant execution. Of those who have been condemned to it, and are now enduring its lingering, hopeless, heart-sickening misery, is there one who would not, in his inmost soul, adopt the sentiment of Macbeth:—

> Better be with the dead,
> Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
> Than on the torture of the mind to lie
> In restless ecstasy.

I have seen and conversed with an *acquitted* cul-

* As Mr. Scott is a very high authority with the preëminently righteous, we recommend the sequel of his observations, on this head, to their perusal:—

"It is a subject for serious inquiry, to all who are cordially affected to the welfare of these nations, how far national guilt is contracted, when so many are suffered to elude justice, who commit *wilful, deliberate murder*, in *Duels*; whilst many *thieves* are put to death, a punishment which God never *commanded* to be inflicted on them, and perhaps (*perhaps*?—Oh, Mr. Scott!)—perhaps does not *approve*.—*The connivance also of* BRITISH RULERS IN INDIA *at the murders committed by the inhabitants, in their idolatry and idolatrous customs, should not be forgotten.*"

The recent vote of thanks, by both Houses of Parliament, to the Governor-General who presented a pair of Sandalwood gates to the Temple of Jughernaut, an idol gorged with human sacrifices, would *perhaps* have been disapproved of by the author of these observations.

† *Times.*

‡ Dillon's last letter to Mr. Goulburn, threatening to "send a ball through him," is dated the 4th of March, the day of M'Naughten's acquittal; hence it is possible, though most unlikely, that the writer may have been aware of the termination of that inquiry.

prit of this sort, over whose head fifteen years have passed since he saw a green field. In a fit of rage and drunkenness he had murdered a near relative of his own,—approaching him unawares from behind, and discharging the contents of a blunderbuss through his body. The crime was perpetrated under circumstances precisely similar to those which marked the assassination of Mr. Drummond; and a jury, on much lighter grounds, pronounced the murderer to be insane. But whoso imagines that he thus escaped with impunity, or that the crime of assassination received an impetus from the supposed mildness of his lot, should look in upon the unhappy wretch as he paces to and fro within the bars of his prison, and then search the records of crime in that district, for a similar act of reckless atrocity.

What fate more mournful, or more fearful, could be conceived than that of Hatfield, confined for nearly half a century within the walls of Bedlam? What example more sadly impressive, than the accounts we have lately seen in the papers, of Oxford even now turning pale as a sheet at the mention of his allotted destiny, and entreating that he might be placed for life under the strictest *surveillance*, so he might be permitted to return once more to the world? If these things were made generally known, as they should be, there would be no need of adding another red spot to what the late Mr. Wilberforce called "our bloody laws."

According to human judgment and the natural reaction of human feelings, in the shedding of blood there is full remission, not only for the criminal, but too often also for his crime. The grave covers all things, even the hatred due to the blackest crimes. The part of wisdom, therefore, would be, to let the criminal live, a memorial of the continued misery which the law entails upon the guilty. Cain, cast out from human intercourse, and suffering the terrors of a troubled mind, found his "punishment greater than he could bear;" and those who witnessed it were more moved to abhor his crime, than if his carcass had been exposed, for an hour or two, swinging on a tree. After that first shock, the spectators would have passed on, and soon forgotten what manner of man he was. Who is there that now calls to mind the crimes of Courvoisier, of Greenacre, or of Thurtell? What murderer, in thought, shudders at their fate?

Notwithstanding the eloquent homilies we so often hear from the Bench, proceeding from the threadworn text already alluded to, it will not be denied, at this time of day, that the punishment of death, as recognised by the law of this realm, rests upon very different grounds. It is a mere question of expediency; and if the practice cannot be maintained by an appeal to its efficacy *as an example*, no administrator of human justice would dream of justifying himself to society, by texts of Scripture, for taking away the life of the most guilty of God's creatures. On that ground he might as well order an adulterer to be taken out beyond the walls of the city, and stoned to death by the multitude. Prove to me, then, that the hangman makes fewer murderers, and you silence me; but failing in that, don't think to knock out my brains with *The Pentateuch*.

Since the mitigation of the penal code, many crimes, of which death was the established and customary punishment, have become less frequent. Although the distresses of the people were never more severe, or more general, burglaries, robberies on the highway, and even theft—to all of which even honest minds have been prompted by want—are not so common as they were some twenty years ago. In Ireland, where the common people are in a starving condition half the year, the two first-mentioned crimes are scarcely ever attempted. Even in the heart of Tipperary, the outer door of any gentleman, who has not rendered himself obnoxious to popular vengeance, by offending against the Agrarian code of *Captain Rock*, may be left open all through the night with perfect safety; and he may himself travel unattended, at any hour, through the wildest districts, without fear of losing his money. These are very surprising facts, but their truth is notorious. I think Lord Glengall himself would not hesitate to acknowledge it. I have no theory to account for them; but it is evident, that our fathers of the past generation were mistaken in their belief, that no species of property could be secure without the safeguard of the gibbet, and that a vast quantity of blood was shed by them—legally shed, to be sure—in support of that opinion.

Not twenty years ago, I saw two young men hanged for pushing open a door, which had been purposely left unbarred to entrap them; a spade having been placed against it, in order to render just so much force necessary as would constitute the crime of burglary. They forced the door, certainly, with intent to commit a robbery, but were taken, *re infectâ*, by a party of police, who lay in wait for them; and when they were placed on their trial, Lord Norbury, addressing the jury, significantly demanded—"Which of you, gentlemen, could sleep in your beds, if ruffians like these are suffered to go about the country with arms in their hands, to pillage, and, perhaps, to murder?"

Those "wretches hung, that jurymen might sleep;" but it has been since discovered, that jurymen may sleep quite as serenely, nay, more so, though burglars are only transported.

Horse-stealing was another of the crimes, of which we were told there would be no end, if the powerful sanction of the halter should be relaxed. Yet it is now a rare offence. For this, and the stealing and maiming of cattle and sheep, the gallows was an absolute decoy; and its officiating minister exercised a sort of irresistible fascination.

But *Forgery* was long the twin-brother of *Murder* on that levelling platform; with this difference, that *interest* could sometimes save a murderer, but never was suffered to prevail against the doom of a forger. The pardon of a man convicted of that offence, or the commutation of his sentence to the most rigorous and severe form of secondary punishment, would have been cried down as an act of national bankruptcy, which public credit could not possibly survive. In such event, it was confidently surmised that every fellow who could write

would have nothing to do but raise money in the name, and at the expense, of an honester man; the banks would all be ruined; the merchants would be obliged to suspend payments; and so universal a counterfeiting of *powers of attorney* was to ensue, that every widow and every orphan, through the length and breadth of the land, (who had "their little all" invested in the funds,) were to be reduced inevitably to beggary.

This sort of talk kept the hinges of our Newgate balcony pretty limber for many a year; for there were innumerable forgeries and convictions took place at almost every Session. Nor in any instance, where the guilt of the party was clearly established, was the monster baffled of his prey. The execution of Doctor Dodd had effectually "shut the gates of mercy on mankind." George the Third, who possessed that sort of firmness common to some men with a pig when it is bent upon pursuing the wrong way, treated all applications for the remission of the extreme sentence, in cases of forgery, as a direct imputation on his *humanity*. "If I pardon this man, then Doctor Dodd was murdered," was his answer. He was understood to have said the same thing with regard to Peltier, a French merchant, when applied to on behalf of Dr. Dodd; and so, because those two men might have been "murdered," others must submit, without repining, to the same hard fate.

Down to Fauntleroy, those various reasons, royal, political, and mercantile, kept the system of forgery alive and active. Rogues presuming on the human feelings of those whom they designed to cheat, and on the general sympathy created by a punishment so disproportionate to the crime, were content to run the risk of detection. Hundreds of them fell victims to their temerity; but hundreds escaped: and in the former cases the calamity was shared by the prosecutor with the victim; the indignation of society being diverted from the iniquitous law, which enacted such a savage retribution, to those who had recourse to it for protection or satisfaction.

Thus, in the case, before slightly alluded to, of Lieutenant Bellamy, the prosecutor was an attorney, rising in practice, and likely, through his connexions, to advance rapidly to affluence; but the cruelty of the law, and of the executive administration, was visited upon him. Friends looked cold; clients avoided him; and he became an obscure man, broken in spirit and broken in fortune. Yet he had not acted from vindictive motives, nor taken an unfair advantage; but the general pity for the poor culprit was turned into gall against his prosecutor. Had a punishment short of death been awarded, this man would have been applauded by those who now condemned him, not for his own fault, but for that of the hideous criminal code of England.

The blind and irrespective ruthlessness with which this particular crime was attempted to be hunted down, displays itself in a case which, unlike most instances where the crown had taken a delinquent in its toils, had a pleasing and somewhat ludicrous termination.

A simple countryman, who had acquired the dangerous accomplishments of reading and writing, having come into possession of a five-pound note, altered the five, in a rude manner, with the pen, to ten, and presented it, in that form, to be exchanged for cash, at a bank in Waterford. For this attempt, which, of course, did not succeed, he was tried and condemned to death; but the simplicity of the man was so apparent, that the jury strongly recommended him to the mercy of the crown; and the judge who presided supported the application with all his influence.

That Government, however, had a "vow in heaven" against sparing one drop of blood which the tribunals had once devoted to the altars of the *Papyrocracy*. Several respites were granted at the earnest request of gentlemen whom it would not have been quite politic to disgust; but at last the sheriff received an official letter from the Castle, impressed with the black seal of destiny, to the following purport:—

"Dublin Castle.

"Sir,—The Lord Lieutenant has been graciously pleased further to respite the execution of the sentence of death upon Peter Walsh, condemned at the last assizes, until Saturday next, when you will proceed, without fail, to carry the sentence of the law into effect.—Your obt. servt.

A. B., Under Secretary.

To the High Sheriff,
City of Waterford.

"Perhaps," as the Rev. Mr. Scott would say, the supreme disposer of events did not *approve* of this sort of justice. At all events, he otherwise ordained the result.

"I *will*—will I?" said honest Tom Backas, the sheriff, as he thrust the Under-secretary's letter into his coat-pocket; "I will see *thee* hanged first." And away he went to the city gaol to break the matter as gently as possible to Peter Walsh, whom he found endeavouring to soothe the torments of "hope deferred" with a pot of porter.

"Peter," said the sheriff, "have you made your sowl?"

"The Lord be between us and harm, your honour!" said Peter. "Why would I think of the like?"

"Because you must be hanged on Saturday morning, my poor fellow, without fail."

"Is it in airnest ye are?" said Peter, dropping the porter; "or maybe you're jokin. You wor always fond of your joke, Masther Tom, ha, ha, (here he tried to laugh;) but, by St. Peter, that's not a pretty subject to joke about (and he threw a fearful glance around the cell) in such an oogly place as this."

"'Tis too true to put in a ballad, Peter. I have a letter from the Castle—devil burn it!—ordering me to see the job done without fail: so, send for Father Kenny, and make your peace, as well as you can."

Having thus *delicately* introduced the matter to the party most nearly concerned, the worthy sheriff hastened to the gaoler, and, in terms of high indignation, communicated the substance of the

Under-secretary's letter to that officer. But the gaoler received it all as a matter of business, observing, that he thought, all along, how it would end, and that they might as well have let the law take *its coorse* at first.

"Humph!" thinks the sheriff to himself; "there is not much sympathy to be looked for in this quarter: but we will try a stratagem. Pray, Master Bolton," he said aloud, "what are we to do for a hangman?"

"There is no such convaniency to be had in Waterford," said the gaoler, drily.

"And how, if we can't get one anywhere else?"

"Why, then, I suppose, *the sheriff* must do the business himself," replied Bolton, raising his finger and thumb to the butt of his left ear with an expressive jerk and shrug of his shoulders, and a clicking of the tongue against the palate, which is well understood in the language of pantomime.

"Very pleasant, indeed!" thought the sheriff. "But, Bolton, my dear friend, you must assist me here."

"Assist you!" said the droll; "Lord love you, I never could tie a running-knot in my life."

"Pooh! d——n it! man," said the sheriff, "don't be ridiculous. I mean, you must help me to procure an executioner. Could not you now, like an honest fellow, take my gig and drive over to Clonmel. I'm sure they have a permanent hangman on that establishment."

"Ay, but I doubt he's always engaged at home," says the gaoler.

"Well, then, say Wexford; that's but forty miles off. You'd be back in three days; quite time enough, you know: and as you understand these things much better than I do, I shall take it as a great favour if you will transact this little matter for me."

"Yes," said Bolton, "and bring the hangman back in the gig beside me? How would Mrs. Backas like that, I wonder?"

"No matter for her; I'll arrange all that. Only say you'll oblige me."

"Willingly," said Bolton, "on this condition, that you remain here and act the gaoler during my absence; for it would never do to leave things, trusting to such drunken rascals as the turnkeys."

This was what Backas expected, and indeed desired; so he was on the following morning invested with the keys, while the phlegmatic gaoler, rejoicing in any occasion of snuffing the fresh country air for a time, *solutus curis*, was trotting at the rate of ten miles an hour along the road to Wexford.

Father Kenny was closeted for a considerable part of the day with the condemned prisoner, whom he pronounced to be a true penitent; though he found it a little difficult at first to reconcile his mind to the justice of the law, which demanded the forfeit of a life for so trifling an act as that of drawing a pen across a flimsy bit of paper. A disaffected priest was that Father Kenny, or he never could have uttered such a remark.

At midnight the prison lay in darkness. Only in the gaoler's apartment, where reclined the sheriff in his arm-chair, was a light suffered to glimmer; and that was carefully hooded from external observation. The keys of the prison lay on a table before him, and the snoring of the turnkeys in an adjacent room, satisfied him that he was alone in his glory. That, and the creaking of *the drop* outside the window, were the only sounds which broke the awful stillness of the prison.

He took a dark lantern and proceeded on tiptoe along the passages leading to the condemned cell. Several doors, trebly bolted and locked, had to be opened in his progress; but he accomplished all without trepidation or noise. His heart smote him not in what he had undertaken. As he passed the different cells, where the prisoners lay, he overheard many a heavy sigh, through the grating of their doors; many a miserable being also he heard writhing and moaning on his straw, "in restless ecstasy;" but the man doomed to die on the following Saturday, lay fast asleep. So sound and undisturbed was his slumber, that he scarcely seemed to breathe. The waking horrors of the day had exhausted him, and a kind Providence, in compensation for his previous agony, had steeped his senses in forgetfulness.

The sheriff found some difficulty in arousing him; and when he had, in some degree, brought him to his recollection, the wretch thought that he had come to demand his body, to be disposed of according to law, and he fell into a violent fit of trembling. Honest Tom, however, who had anticipated this, was provided with a restorative, which even Father Mathew would scarcely condemn in such a case,—he gave poor Peter a *drop out of the bottle*, which had the double effect of stopping his mouth, and setting him firmly upon his legs. He then briefly explained to him that he must lose no time at his toilet, but throw on a cloak, which had been provided for the occasion, and quickly and silently follow him. In a few minutes he placed him at liberty, beyond the outer gate of the prison, and bade him God speed.

A sentinel was passing on his beat, and the dismayed wretch shrunk back like a frightened bird to its cage; but just then, the heavy drop-leaf of the gallows overhead grated harshly to the wind, and he rushed forward,—while Backas, fearful lest his agitation might betray him, cried aloud, "Good night, Doctor,—good night! and mind how you go down the hill. Fair and easy go far in a day."

At eight of the next morning, the High Sheriff was aroused from as deep and sweet a slumber, in the gaoler's bed, as that from which he had roused the condemned sleeper, and told that the prisoner had escaped. He was fined five hundred pounds; but the world prospered with him, and he could spare it.

Some years afterwards, when he related this incident, some one asked, What had become of the culprit, and whether he had ever had an opportunity of showing gratitude to his deliverer?

"He received a free pardon, through the Marquis (of Waterford,) from another administration," said the worthy ex-Sheriff; "and many a warm benediction *I* received *from his lips;* but the only overt act of gratitude I can remember, was

his selling me a spavined horse for twenty pounds, which, between two brothers, was not worth half the money. But, if the same thing was to be done to-morrow, and at the same cost, I would do it again. It is not for the thanks one is likely to receive from a rogue, that we should feel disposed to act a humane part; nor should his worthlessness make any difference, if the thing itself is right. I despise a man who says,—'Save a thief from the gallows, and he will pick your pocket.' Why,—let him pick it, the blackguard! if he must. He cannot rob me of the satisfaction I feel, when I recollect the night I sent Jerry Bolton on a fool's errand to Wexford, and the nice *tête-à-tête* he had with a hangman by his side, all the way back. Jerry was right, however, about Mrs. B. Deuce a toe would she set in that gig any more; and I had to part with it for next to nothing."

This is a long digression, almost apropos to nothing; our business being to show that the forgery trade has declined, since it ceased to be carried on in partnership with *Jack Ketch* as *Indorsee*. To that fact, however, the Old Bailey Annals and the Circuit Reports bear undeniable testimony. No person now objects to appear against a man who has perpetrated or attempted that description of fraud; yet the number of prosecutions falls considerably short of those which took place, when two cases of forgery out of three, were allowed to escape with impunity, through the horror which men felt of imbruing their hands in blood. The witnesses felt not the least compunction in bringing forward proofs against the Reverend Doctor Bailey, the other day; nor was any sensation of pity or terror excited in the public mind, when he received sentence of transportation for life. He deserved it; and it seemed to be the general opinion, that the safety of society required it. *A la bonne heure*, then; let the reverend preacher live out his whole allotted time, and learn, at the other side of the ocean, to connect the practice of good works with the doctrines of religion. He will do no more hurt to his neighbour in this hemisphere; nor will the degraded and wretched condition, to which he has sunk himself, encourage any extravagant *roué*, lay or cleric, to tread in his footsteps, in the miserable confidence that he cannot be hanged.

Two important facts have been now ascertained and verified by experience: every other denomination and variety of crime, for which the penalty of death was formerly exacted, has abated in frequency, and in atrocity, since the law has mitigated its rigour; and the crime of *Murder*, which is still punished with death, continues as frequent, and is attended by the same savage and ferocious circumstances, as ever. The terror of death does not operate in restraining men of fierce and vindictive passions, from slaking their burning hearts in blood, any more than it checked the audacity of the highwayman or prevented the passing of forged bank-notes.

Is not this enough to prove, that executions for murder are no longer justifiable, on the only principle which could justify a resort to them by mortals? They have utterly failed, as an example, to deter those, who witness or read of them, from the commission of the same crime. That they have in many instances "put toys of desperation" in men's heads, urging them to the perpetration of deeds which, under a less violent impulse, they never would have dreamt of, is a truth authenticated in many a well-known instance. But our case is made out, without this. If the brutal exhibition of a human body, writhing on a gallows, is proved to be without effect in preventing the crime for which he suffers, we have no right to outrage public decency, and shock every pure Christian feeling by exhibiting it. What then—it is demanded—would you make no distinction between the fate of the convicted murderer and the sheep-stealer, or the forger of bank-notes? Is it consistent with your notions of justice, that a crime so abhorrent to our nature, should be marked with no darker sign of public reprobation, than offences which are only greater in degree than those of the covetous man, the gambler, or of many a "smart man" of business, such as not only *Brother Jonathan*, but sly *Brother John* himself deems highly of?

If I had a mind to retaliate upon those venerators of antiquity, I might say that the Law, in its practice as well as in its letter, for many a long year, recognised no such distinction as that which they are now such mighty sticklers for; and that those men, whose vigorous administration of justice it is so much their fashion to extoll, were only beaten inch by inch from that horrid code, which levelled all distinctions, until they have but one scarlet remnant of it left to console them. But it is quite possible—without offending public morality by hiring one human butcher to destroy the life of another—to make a distinction in the punishment of wilful murder, which would mark the national abhorrence of such a crime, and render the guilty individual a terror, not to himself alone, but to the whole community.

To this end, I would suggest that a murderer, upon conviction, should be immediately cut off from all intercourse of friends and kindred. Whether his destination were a prison in his native land, or a penal colony abroad, he should be no more seen here. His removal should take place instantaneously from the dock after trial, so as not to allow him the interchange of a parting word; or, if it were possible, of a parting glance with the spectators. It might be worth while even to call in the aid of machinery and stage-effect, to add to the horror of his disappearance—causing him to vanish like a spectre from the sight of men. And he should be conveyed away in secret and by night-journeys, to his final abode, where he should be effectually, and for ever, divorced from all that is most dear to a parent, a husband, or a friend.

The awe produced in the by-standers by that visible and sudden separation from the world, would surpass the terror of an execution, without any of its revolting and demoralising effects. Something of the kind has been tried in Tipperary within the last year; when prisoners, condemned to be transported, were taken out of their cells at midnight and sent away to a seaport, before any of the country people were aware of their intended removal. On the following market-day, when

crowds of friends and sympathizers flocked into the town and found the prison empty, the spirit of defiance, which had summoned them together, was changed into dismay and grief. To have seen the absent culprits brought out and hanged, would not have daunted them at all; but the stillness and solitude of those untenanted walls struck terror into their hearts. They looked and felt, as men contemplate the deep and tranquil waters which have swallowed up human life, and refuse to throw the inanimate form upon the surface.

Many years ago, when the present First Lord of the Treasury was Chief Secretary for Ireland, he described to the House of Commons, in very moving language, the fact of a poor woman having, with her children, thrown herself at his feet, imploring that her husband, who had been condemned and removed in that summary manner, might be brought back and hanged! Some of the senseless *claqueurs* who heard him laughed; but the Right Hon. gentleman rebuked their stupid merriment, saying, that if they supposed such a strange application indicated want of affection in the person who made it, they were much mistaken; for he had never seen grief or anguish more strongly depicted in the demeanour of any human being. This is a very remarkable testimony in favour of what is called Secondary Punishment.

But would this be any diminution of severity? would not many criminals, for themselves as well as their friends, welcome death as far preferable?

I have not the least doubt that it would be generally so considered. Farther, I will add, that if it were not likely to be so considered, there would be very little use in trying the experiment. But let it be recollected, that although it is not desirable to aggravate the sufferings of even the worst malefactors, it is not out of tenderness for actual murderers that these suggestions are offered. It is in mercy to those whose lives may be even now threatened, or in danger of assassination, and to whom the law, as it is enforced, is no protection; nor is it in mercy to them only, but also to the reckless miscreant who meditates the blow, nothing awed or terrified by the course of punishment at present resorted to. Such a person would be much more forcibly and continually acted upon by the stern, impassive, and immovable aspect of justice, presented in this form, than as we are accustomed to see her, rushing sword in hand into the arena, destroying her victim, and then relapsing into a state of apathy and repose.

When a man of a sufficiently desperate character to commit a murder has brought his mind to contemplate and resolve upon the deed, he will run chances for the final event, pretty much as the soldier in Horace calculates the fortunes of a battle:

> Quid enim? concurritur; horæ
> Momento cita mors venit aut victoria læta.

He readily stakes his life against the hope of escape, or of a dropped link in the chain of evidence which may set him free; and even if he throws these calculations aside, and braces himself up for the worst, he plunges headlong down the steep with his victim, as an affair of "an hour," in which the satisfaction anticipated balances the pain.

But let him see the convicted murderer divested in a twinkling of his ruffian heroism; sucked down, as it were, into the earth from the presence of his kind for ever; borne away to a remote and inaccessible place, to drag out his lingering years in total ignorance of all things that happen in the world; denied even the gloomy comfort of learning what is thought of himself, of his crime, of his sentence, or whether people think of him at all:—Men who would face the gallows with a smile, would shrink in terror from such a living death.

But the old dancing-master plucks my sleeve and asks—"What am *I* to do? Consider my window in Green Street. Is there to be no respect for vested rights?"

A serious question this, my masters: if the old fellow's window is going to be put, like Old Sarum, *into Schedule A*, he must be at least exonerated from the special rent required of him. Indeed, it is a question of law, if he might not, even now, throw up the tenement, inasmuch as the contract was based originally on an immoral consideration. But at all events, the subject of compensation—I do not say to *amateur dancing-masters*, whose loss is but fantastical—but to the legal functionary who made an honest living by the practice, and who cannot well turn his hand to any other calling, as well as to the Rope-maker and furnishing Ironmonger of those finishing Establishments, must receive due attention.

OUR STATE AND PROSPECTS.

We are not to be ranked with those fatalists, who hold that nations are subject to certain fixed laws of prosperity and decay, sprouting, budding, and blooming like the lilies of the field, and, like them, drooping and decaying with a predestined uniformity, which no art or energy can obviate. Nations are made up of intellects and of consciences; and when the hour of decay comes, there is something in these elements which was not to be found in them during the hour of success. If there are bounds to the prosperity capable of being achieved by that portion of the human race that has taken the lead in the march of improvement, they are yet far out of sight. While Central Africa is undrained, and Southern Africa unirrigated,—while hundreds of millions of acres in Australia are unvisited, while there is no daily mail across the isthmus of Darien, while the Kentish farmer uses the plough of four generations back—a nation that is free to give, and free to

take—free to work, and free to buy and sell, beholds no visible horizon to bound the expansive field of its progress.

But it is too true, that nations on the highway to prosperity *have* fallen—that great empires *have* been checked in their progress; and that which has happened may happen again. The question comes to be—Do effects of this sort take place without causes? And if it be answered in the negative, another question will follow, whether it be worth while inquiring what the causes of national retrogression are? When a commercial house, which has been transacting a prosperous business, gives way, the calamity arises from some mistake in the art of carrying on a successful trade; in other words, in the art of making rich. Political economy is the science from which nations learn the art of making rich; and if a nation —an industrious, well-meaning nation—be growing poor instead of rich, it must be from some mistake in the application of political economy. Let us look at an illustration in that empire which was formerly to the world what Britain is to it now. Philip II. of Spain possessed dominions, on which, as on those of Queen Victoria, "the sun never set." Naples, Milan, the Netherlands, the Palatinate, bowed to the empire of Madrid. The new world was claimed as an apanage to dominions which bid fair to cover the surface of the old. There are many points of similarity between the old state of Spain and that of Britain at the present day. The sea was covered with Spanish ships—a great merchant navy, and its offshoot a powerful armed fleet. Cadiz and Malaga had their merchant princes—their Barings and Gladstones. The interior swarmed with busy workmen. In its best days, too, Spain had a Parliament, with its sturdy uncompromising opposition, and its pliant ministerial benches. All these elements of prosperity had their gradual and steady rise and progress, and, when the apex was reached, as steady and as gradual was the descent; and the full-blown prosperity of a great people faded and died, as if Nature had set a season for budding and blooming, and a season for decaying. And whence did it arise, that half a century of degeneracy saw harbours decayed, ships rotting in the docks, warehouses empty and ruinous, and a people stamped with a listless and hopeless indolence, destined to make them the laughing-stock of Europe for centuries? Why, even in *a mistake in political economy*—one of those selfish, grasping efforts at a monopoly of prosperity, which, by the fixed laws of Providence, are destined to be the ruin of those who attempt them. The possession of the bullion mines caused the ruin of Spain, because the Spanish Government, instead of looking on bullion as an article of commerce, looked upon it as that wealth which commerce was only a means of acquiring. Having got their hand on the gold, the next thing was to keep it; and so its exportation was prohibited. The matter was a simple one. They saw all the world toiling and speculating for the purpose of getting gold. *We* grow gold in our own lands, they said; let us then keep it to ourselves. It puzzled people to find out how the nation should sink into poverty when there was plenty of gold in it, as it puzzles people to discover how artisans can starve, when the landlords, who employ them, have made provision for keeping up rents. The sideboard of the Duke of Albuquerque had forty silver ladders, and, when he died, six weeks were spent in inventorying and sorting his gold and silver dishes. How could starvation creep into such company? As *we* refuse to import what others have to give us for our manufactures, Spain refused to export that commodity which she had to give for the produce of other countries. Intense, blind, besotted selfishness has the ruling motive in both cases; and Providence has set a law in the world, whereby selfishness shall be visited. There were wise men then in Spain, as there were in Gotham of old, and as there are in England now. A royal Commission was appointed to report, and it did report; saying, that the decay of the nation might be attributed to the occupation of the people being that of agriculture, which is laborious and exhaustive, and recommending that of pasture to be substituted for it; just as the *Standard* and Mr. Ferrand will tell us, that our present calamities arise out of over-production and machinery; that our loss of the market arises from the superior industry of our population, and from the fertility of our resources for producing quicker and cheaper than our neighbours.

There is a particular phase in the state of a nation, at which any such great calamitous mistake tells upon it. Prussia would no more be injured by a Corn Law, than Britain by a prohibition against exporting native gold. While we produced more grain than our population consumed, we could be pillaged by the landlords for a bounty, without being starved; but our population has now outrun home produce, *and every twenty-four hours add a clear thousand to its number*. For some years past we have felt the vibration and commotion attendant on the turning of the beam—on our change from a state of progression to a state of retrogression. The adjustment has now been made: *we are on the way down*. Incidental seasons of panic and distress have occurred heretofore; but things righted themselves again; and there were none of those symptoms of steady decay which the present day exhibits. It is not alone that hundreds of thousands—ay, millions, of the working people are starving. How happens it, that with so many hands to be employed, there is a glut of uninvested capital? While workmen starve, the manufacturer keeps the money that would employ them, were there buyers, lying at 2 per cent. It is plain, that under this pressure, our boasted capital must decrease, and every day see us a poorer nation. Our capital is the accumulated savings of the produce of our industry and enterprise. When its possessors must live upon the capital itself, instead of its produce, it dwindles away; and thus will the nation exhibit the fate of her individual children—the savings of old days of enterprise and prosperity scattered in the hour of adversity.

Is the operation to go on? Is a helping hand to be held out to us ere it be too late? Or are we

to be left to our fate? Let those who defend the latter alternative remember what that fate is—that the disease begins with the mortification of the extremities. All classes suffer; but the poorest and the feeblest die the death of starvation. At this moment, with a freezing wind that cuts into sable and dreadnought, an artisan, with his children, parades the street, covered with tattered rags of thin cotton, squeezing from his rotting lungs a creaking ballad. There is no phenomenon in nature carrying more clearly the history of the cause in the nature of the effect, than the haggard cheek and shrivelled limbs of that man. He would have worked, but the manufacturer did not want his services. The manufacturer would have employed him, but there were hands enough, and too many, for the home market, already at work; and the foreign trade, instead of increasing with the numbers of the population, had been falling off. The trader on the Baltic would buy the woollen or cotton stuffs from the manufacturer, but *he* has no money to do it with: we have *stopped* the course of commerce at his door, by refusing to take the article his country deals in—corn. Will the ballad-singing victim of this system be ever restored to the paths of industry and respectability? *No, never.* It is a truth which has lately received too many illustrations to be overlooked, that those who lose their hold of honest industry and self-esteem, and cast themselves upon the ocean of public mendicity, never recover their moral health. A few months—it may be, perhaps, a year, or two years—will see the wretch who has just passed by, stretched on his death-bed. It will not be apparent that he has died of starvation; it will be typhus fever, or consumption—the fruit of much exposure, fearful privation, and a little intemperance. For *him* there is no hope in this world; and ere the grave has closed over him, the only practicable and rational question is, Whether a happier race shall tread upon its turf?

There is a horrible optimism pervading society, on the subject of the influence of national suffering, which should be uprooted, for it is as dangerous a fallacy as the Anti-Corn Law League or the Anti-Slavery Association, ever combated. There is an opinion entertained by many people—and kind-hearted and benevolent people they sometimes are—that if starvation be a painful operation to contemplate, there is satisfaction in reflecting that it tends to obstruct the growth of population: as if it were simply the numerousness of the people, and not the ratio between the employment and the numbers, that occasions national distress. The worthy Lord Kaimes used to direct attention to the circumstance, as one of the most pleasing indications of the action of a benevolent providence, that population was kept to its due proportion by mortified masses dropping off now and then. In our philosophy, it is the existence of the mortified matter, not the extent of the population, that is the evil. If there were a limited supply of food upon the earth, and no man produced anything, then it might be a not unwise policy in the existing population to knock on the head every addition made to it; but it is clear, that if 100 people can produce two thousand times as much as 10 people can, each man out of the 100 will be twice as well off as each man out of the 10, let philosophers rage together as they please, and imagine vain things about the pressure of population. As Cobbett remarked, every mouth is born with two hands; and if great men, having authority, do not stand in the way, with restrictions and protections, and all manner of infernal devices, the two hands will provide as much as the mouth will eat—ay, and more; and the whole concern will be somewhat of an addition to the general wealth of the community, showing, in its own case, a balance of production over consumption. If a population be in a right state, the faster it increases the better. Let us see what is the individual operation of a population thus increasing. A couple are married early in life; they have children while they are themselves hale and vigorous; no cause of premature death, or of prolonged sickness, occurring to either of them, they live to see their children established in life and able to support themselves. Let families increase, in this manner, at any ratio you will, there is no occasion either for Poor Laws or Committees on national distress. But vary the picture a little. After the couple are married there comes a stagnation in trade, with its consequences—anxiety, over-exertion, tattered raiment, and scanty food. The man's days are thus shortened by some ten or fifteen years. He has become a burden on society in his own person; he does not live to see his children able to do for themselves; and he leaves a widow and a family of orphans to the care of the parish—a deposit on that heap of misery which constitutes the raw material of pauperism. Now, here we cannot expect to escape without a slight smile of derision from the complacent commentator on the vices of the lower orders, who will ask if there are no other causes, besides stagnation in trade, capable of killing off artisans before they reach the age of maturity? Are there no gin palaces in the world? have filthy and intemperate habits no physical influences? Kind, generous, and noble-minded censor, we admit all that you would insinuate; but because one out of the hundred will shorten his life by dissipation, we see no reason why the lives of the remaining ninety-nine should be shortened by commercial restrictions.

It were a vain and useless task to attack the pig-headed prejudices of the Buckinghams and the Sibthorps; but there is *one* man who sees and who understands the tragedy that is passing before him—one who can well apply to himself the words—

Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.

If there is faith to be placed in words, he has more than once shown that he *understands*, whatever he may *do*. Nursed among the enlightened sons of trade, he has been bribed over to desert their cause and use against them the knowledge acquired among them—bribed from the leadership of a great people, to the empty but glittering honour of the leadership of a proud aristocracy. Not for all its outward appurtenances of splendour

is the position of that man at this moment to be envied by the most wretched victim of his system. Can such a man "sleep o' nights?" Does he never dream that it would be better, after all, that he gave the millions their bread, than that the mortgaged spendthrift who cheers him from the back benches should be kept in his claret? Has he no moments of generous enthusiasm in which, sick of the dishonest plaudits of the self-interested and the tinsel honour of serving a class, he resolves to throw off his chains, and do what he is able to serve mankind?

It must be admitted that the sacrifice would be not inconsiderable. The leadership of a proud feudal aristocracy must have charms almost irresistible to one lowly born; and the principle on which the appointment could alone be held was that of becoming a Bourbon or an Arnold. The aristocracy held out the glittering prize of command to some man versed in the ways and tactics of rising democracy; one who, belonging originally to the people's own ranks, knew what missiles galled them most sorely, and what fortifications they were least able to surmount; and Sir Robert obtained the prize. The duty assigned to him was to hold out the old fortress of aristocratic ascendancy—to conciliate and give way when it was necessary to do so—to fight when the sword had a chance of being successful. Hence has come the piebald morality of his policy: one half of it utilitarian and democratic; the other as deeply stained as it could be in Machiavelism, Fouché-ism, and Metternichism. There is an analogy between his position and that of the other Sir Robert, who, just a century ago, gave up his long and firmly held authority. Walpole began life during the supremacy of statesmen who sold the secrets of the revolutionary court to the exiled king, and sold the secrets of the court of St. Germains back to that of St. James. Political profligacy was then at its most refined pitch at court; but there was a more virtuous spirit arising among the country gentlemen, which it was necessary to check without violence; and there was no one so fitted to accomplish this as one of their own order, permitted to make use of all the corruptive material of the court at his discretion. The result was, that a man who was in point of political morality a marked improvement on the old statesmen of William and Anne, did more to support the corrupt influence of the crown, and check the progress of public honesty, than any one man known in English history. In the hands of one less wily and less scrupulous—under the administration of such gallant profligates as Halifax or Godolphin, the system would have toppled down; but Sir Robert Walpole's cautious vigilance stratified the mischief through the substance of society, and kept the system from perdition. Somewhat alike is the duty of our Sir Robert, his moral descendant. He has to keep up those privileges which support the power and wealth of our landed aristocracy at the price of the people's misery; yet not so invidiously to protect them, that the national indignation shall be roused to a pitch which will endure them no longer. He is to estimate nicely where to bully and where to temporise: in what departments it may be well to purify the atmosphere of political morality—in what others to corrupt it. And thus it is, that in his mixture of the dark statesmanship of the older time, with the enlightened philosophy of the new, the man who is one day, like Oxford and Bolingbroke, trying to make political capital out of the attempts of an insane assassin, is, on another, proposing a liberal system of education, or nominating, against the wishes of his own supporters, a commission to inquire into the state of the poor in Scotland.

We would not have it thought that we hold forth this man as the sole fabricator of his own system. He is only the living personification of the state into which the conflicts of the two great parties who struggle with each other for political power have worked the morality of the legislature. It is not he alone that is responsible for this—it is not his party alone; their opponents have their share of the evil to answer for. There was a day when the Whigs had it in their power to take the largest stride that ever was taken in this country, in the path of political regeneration; but they were alarmed at the rapidity of the approach they thought they had been making towards a state of perfection, and stopped short, lest they should be too virtuous. Why did they hang up the question of the Corn Laws till the last moment? Why did they do nothing for the Ballot? Why did they fill seats gained by bribery? Why did they make fictitious votes while they were crying out against their opponents for corrupting the constituency? They are an illustration of a truth which few will turn over the page of history without perceiving, that between parties struggling for power, there is no such thing (whatever historians and editors may say) as abstract virtue on the one side, and unredeemed vice on the other; that the two parties will reflect their good and their evil back upon each other; and that if there be Cæsar Borgias on the one side, there will be Machiavels on the other.

It is a natural transition, to pass from the discussion of those from whom we have nothing to hope, and to consider what ought to be the conduct of those from whom everything is to be hoped—The People. There are times in the history and progress of every measure, when all is gained by the adoption of an uncompromising tone, and the sacrifice of whatever stands in the way of the one great object. The hour seems to have come when we must so act in the case of the Corn Laws. We would say then to the People, Let no member of the Legislature be trusted who is not for total and immediate repeal. Let that be the pivot on which the question of liberal and anti-liberal turns. Let us not be misled by exhortations not to split with our friends for "a difference of opinion on one point:" this one point is greater than all others put together. It is that whereon he that is not with us is against us. Let it be seen that the theory of a fixed duty as a compromise is a vision that has had its existence in the feverish brain of a section of the liberal party, and is now dispersed, and let us keep up hope. His-

tory has so often exemplified the fable of the Sibyl, that there seems to be no more sound, practical, and prudent principle than this,—that whenever a conciliatory measure is rejected, a portion of that which had been conceded for the sake of conciliation should be burned before another offer be made. We are now in a position to look with infinite satisfaction on the rejection of the eight shilling fixed duty, and to say to the Landlords, in the expressive language of the metropolitan youth,—"Don't you wish you may get it?" The long struggle for liberty during the seventeenth century was a succession of half measures rejected by the crown till it became too late to concede them. How very fortunate a thing it is, that Lord John Russell's Reform Motions of 1822 and 1826 were rejected with quiet scorn. Would it have been better for us had the Reform Bill too, been rejected? This is a strong case; but we are inclined to think that it would.

THE LAST OF THE BARONS.*

It is from Hume, that Sir Edward Bulwer has borrowed the title of his new romance. *The Last of the Barons* received this magnificent appellation from the philosophic historian with Tory leanings. He is the puissant Earl of Warwick, distinguished by the *sobriquet* of the *King-maker*, and described by Hume as "the greatest as well as the last of those mighty barons who formerly overawed the crown." The choice of the epoch and the hero are both felicitous. The magnificent, chivalrous, valiant, and high-spirited Warwick, possessed in rich abundance those qualities which are best adapted to the romance of history; and the period, and the contemporary characters, were as memorable as the man. The reign of Henry VII. is properly regarded as a new and great era in the constitutional and social history of England; but it was during the previous troubled reigns, and in the latter fierce wars of the Roses and the rebellions, that those complex events were evolved which finally led to the consolidation of constitutional monarchy. It is in the very heart of this stirring and memorable transition-period, that Sir E. Bulwer lays his first—and he says it is to be his last—historical romance.

One especial province of the historical romance, is the dramatic illustration of the personal character and habits of the prominent actors of history—of eminent historical personages; and of those minute, complicated, and often obscure causes of events, which history either deals with in large, or passes without any attempt at investigation. Historical romance also treats of great personages in their undress, and as seen behind the scenes, in those social and domestic relations, which it is not the province of History to describe, or only in the briefest way. This distinction has been strictly kept in mind in "The Last of the Barons," though the author occasionally takes a wide and comprehensive preliminary view of those combined causes, small and great, which impel or influence the progress of society. These were peculiarly powerful and active during the period which he has chosen to illustrate, when the power of the Commons—the influence of popular opinion, which had long been felt, first began to be distinctly recognised. That would, however, be a heavy historical romance, which is not constantly relieved by the presence of those beings of ordinary life which are the sole creation of the artist: the embodiments of his fancy and reflection, or his personified idea of the leading impulses of the age which he paints. These pure inventions are in general Bulwer's most effective characters; and this, we imagine, holds of every historical romance that is a work of genius.

The work, as a whole, with all its power and its many and great beauties, is not without blemishes. The scene is so crowded with characters, that the reader has not time to take proper account of them, nor to become interested in the fortunes of half the number; while a tone of monotony, a feeling of repletion, if not of actual weariness, arises from the too frequent appearance of some of the most finely conceived of the actors, who come forward doing and saying much the same things that they had said and done so often before; and for no purpose important to the movement of the tale. For example, the impression received from the half-crazed and half-sublime Adam Warner, the mechanician and philosopher, whose brain is turned by the life-long enthusiastic pursuit of science, is sadly impaired by his frequent appearance; which not even the exceeding softness, the tender and delicate virgin nature of his devoted daughter Sybill—one of Bulwer's most exquisite female creations—can wholly sustain. In like manner, the *tymbesteres*, the name of the time for the *bacchantes*, or timbrel-girls, who then haunted all places of popular amusement, though employed, as Warner sometimes is, to carry forward the plot, are too often called in. Another feature, approaching to a blemish, is the frequent obtrusion of the author, in somewhat the querulous or Sir Fretful vein; while, in his professed reverence for popular rights, united with bitter contempt for the body that claims their enjoyment—the People—Sir Edward displays more of the moody aristocrat of the Alfieri School, and is altogether more "melancholy and gentlemanlike," than becomes a healthful popular writer—to say nothing of the politician and philosopher of the nineteenth century. That the possession of great genius, or the enthusiastic pursuit of science, where the mind is well-regulated, can ever become a cause of blighting, and a curse, is a mistaken notion, and an unwholesome faith.—— But any sort of account of the romance is worth all the generalities that may be spoken of it, whether in praise or censure. After all, its chief fault is that

* By the Author of "Rienzi." In three volumes. London: Saunders & Otley.

superabundance which at times begets the feeling of repletion and satiety. Or, perhaps, we may have devoured too eagerly and hastily to permit of comfortable digestion.——The story opens freshly, and with animation, in one of "the pastime grounds of Old Cockaigne,"—a maiden new holiday ground which the inhabitants of Westminster had recently received from the popular and powerful Earl of Warwick. Through the field, we are told, stole the peaceful Ty-bourne, though we believe that Tyburn was a place of execution even then —and behind it rose the twin hills of Hampstead and Highgate, with the upland park and chase of Marybone. And here, with all the means and appliances of holiday enjoyment, the citizens of London and a motley crowd had assembled in hundreds and thousands for an archery match, and a day of general sport and revelry.

From the conversation of the groups on "the topics of the day," the history of the period and the state of parties is dramatically learned, and the Tale fairly opened. Edward the Fourth had just been placed on the throne; and Warwick the king-maker was in the zenith of his power and popularity.—Like Louis Philippe, and for nearly the same reasons, the cruel and profligate Edward was the King of the Middle Class, then rapidly rising into wealth and political importance. At this *weapon-shaw* and revel appeared young Nicholas Alwyn, the goldsmith's headman, the symbol of the rising spirit of extending Commerce; and his foster-brother, Marmaduke Nevile, the type of the young cavalier of that age, and a poor kinsman of the powerful Warwick. Both were Northcountry men, and good bowmen and cudgel-players; and their dexterity challenged the admiration of some of the noble spectators of the sports, and excited the envy of the saucy and swaggering London "Prentices." The prize had been awarded to Marmaduke; but Nicholas had come so near to him, that the popular Lord Montagu, the brother of Warwick, proclaimed a new prize for a combat at quarter-staff, which was to be given in the name of the successful archer.

The proclamation was received with a shout that traversed from group to group, and line to line, more hearty from the love and honour attached to the name of Nevile, than even from a sense of the gracious generosity of Earl Warwick's brother. One man alone, a sturdy, well-knit fellow, in a franklin's Lincoln broadcloth, and with a hood half-drawn over his features, did not join the popular applause. "These Yorkists," he muttered, "know well how to fool the people."

This malcontent was Robin Hilyard, a sort of Robin Hood or Rob Roy, who, as the generous and daring leader of a predatory band, acts a stirring part in the story to its close. The gallant victor of the archers, fresh from Westmoreland, uneducated and superstitious, though brave, honest, and manly, had been thrown into consternation by the feats of the dancers and jugglers, when the scene occurred in which the true heroine of the tale is first beheld.

While Marmaduke, bewildered by this various bustle, stared around him, his eye was caught by a young maiden, in evident distress, struggling in vain to extricate herself from a troop of timbrel girls, or *tymbesteres*, (as they were popularly called,) who surrounded her with mocking gestures, striking their instruments to drown her remonstrances, and dancing about her in a ring at every effort towards escape. The girl was modestly attired, as one of the humbler ranks, and her wimple in much concealed her countenance; but there was, despite her strange and undignified situation and evident alarm, a sort of quiet, earnest self-possession—an effort to hide her terror, and to appeal to the better and more womanly feelings of her persecutors. In the intervals of silence from their clamour, her voice, though low, clear, well-tuned, and impressive, forcibly arrested the attention of young Nevile; for at that day, even more than this, (sufficiently apparent as it now is,) there was a marked distinction in the intonation, the accent, the modulation of voice between the better bred and better educated, and the inferior classes. But this difference, so ill according with her dress and position, only served to heighten the more the bold insolence of the musical Bacchantes, who, indeed, in the eyes of the sober, formed the most immoral nuisance attendant on the sports of the time, and whose hardy license and peculiar sisterhood might tempt the antiquarian to search for their origin amongst the relics of ancient Paganism. And now, to increase the girl's distress, some half-score of dissolute apprentices and journeymen suddenly broke into the ring of the Mænads, and were accosting her with yet more alarming insults, when Marmaduke, pushing them aside, strode to her assistance. "How now, ye lewd varlets! —ye make me blush for my countrymen in the face of day. Are these the sports of merry England—these your manly contests—to strive which can best affront a poor maid? Out on ye, cullions and bezonians! Cling to me, gentle donzell, and fear not. Whither shall I lead thee?"

The apprentices were not, however, so easily daunted. Two of them approached to the rescue, flourishing their bludgeons about their heads with formidable gestures— "Ho, ho!" cried one, "what right hast thou to step between the hunters and the doe? The young quean is too much honoured by a kiss from a bold 'prentice of London."

Marmaduke stepped back, and drew the small dagger which then formed the only habitual weapon of a gentleman. This movement, discomposing his mantle, brought the silver arrow he had won, (which was placed in his girdle) in full view of the assailants. At the same time they caught sight of the badge on his hat. These intimidated their ardour more than the drawn poniard.

"A Nevile!" said one, retreating, "And the jolly marksman who beat Nick Alwyn," said the other, lowering his bludgeon, and doffing his cap. "Gentle sir, forgive us, we knew not your quality. But as for the girl —your gallantry misleads you."

"The Wizard's daughter! ha! ha!—the Imp of Darkness!" screeched the timbrel girls, tossing up their instruments, and catching them again on the points of their fingers. "She has enchanted him with her glamour. Foul is fair! Foul fare thee, young springal, if thou go to the nets. Shadow and goblin to goblin and shadow! Flesh and blood to blood and flesh!"—and dancing round him, with wanton looks and bare arms, and gossamer robes that brushed him as they circled, they chanted—

"Come kiss me, my darling,
Warm kisses I trade for;
Wine, music, and kisses—
What else was life made for!"

With some difficulty, and with a disgust which was not altogether without a superstitious fear of the strange words and the outlandish appearance of these loathsome Dalilahs, Marmaduke broke from the ring with his new charge; and in a few moments the Nevile and the maiden found themselves, unmolested and unpursued, in a deserted quarter of the ground; but still the scream of the timbrel girls, as they hurried, wheeling and dancing, into the distance, was borne ominously to the young man's ear,—"Ha, ha! the witch and her lover! Foul is fair!—foul is fair! Shadow to goblin, goblin to shadow —and the devil will have his own!"

"And what mischance, my poor girl," asked the Nevile, soothingly, "brought thee into such evil company?"

"I know not, fair Sir," said the girl, slowly recovering herself; "but my father is poor; and I had heard that, on these holiday occasions, one who had some slight skill on the gittern might win a few groats from the courtesy of the bystanders. So I stole out with my serving-woman, and had already got more than I dared hope, when those wicked timbrel players came round me, and accused me of taking the money from them. And then they called an officer of the ground, who asked me my name and holding; so when I answered, they called my father a wizard, and the man broke my poor gittern—see!"—and she held it up, with innocent sorrow in her eyes, yet a half smile on her lips—"and they soon drove poor old Madge from my side; and I knew no more, till you, worshipful Sir, took pity on me."

"But why," asked the Nevile, "did they give to your father so unholy a name?"

"Alas, Sir! he is a great scholar, who has spent his means in studying what he says will one day be of good to the people."

"Humph!" said Marmaduke, who had all the superstitions of his time, who looked upon a scholar, unless in the Church, with mingled awe and abhorrence, and who, therefore, was but ill satisfied with the girl's artless answer,—

"Hmmph! your father—but"—checking what he was about, perhaps harshly to say, as he caught the bright eyes and arch intelligent face lifted to his own—"but it is hard to punish the child for the father's errors."

"Errors, Sir!" repeated the damsel, proudly, and with a slight disdain in her face and voice. "But yes, Wisdom is ever, perhaps, the saddest Error!"

This remark was of an order superior in intellect to those which had preceded it: it contrasted with the sternness of experience the simplicity of the child; and of such contrasts, indeed, was that character made up. For with a sweet, an infantine change of tone and countenance, she added, after a short pause—"They took the money!—the gittern,—see, they left that, when they had made it useless."

"I cannot mend the gittern, but I can re-fill the gipsire," said Marmaduke.

The girl coloured deeply. "Nay, Sir, to earn is not to beg."

The pride of the young gallant at last took alarm at the sneers of the passing revellers, who contrasted his gallant appearance with that of the poor girl he escorted, and he said in haste,—

In a dry and altered voice—"My good damsel, you are now, I think, out of danger; it would ill beseem you, so young and so comely, to go further with one not old enough to be your protector; so, in God's name, depart quickly, and remember me when you buy your new gittern—poor child!" So saying, he attempted to place a piece of money in her hand. She put it back, and the coin fell on the ground.

"Nay, this is foolish," said he.

"Alas, Sir!" said the girl, gravely, "I see well that you are ashamed of your goodness. But my father begs not. And once—but that matters not."

"Once what?" persisted Marmaduke, interested in her manner, in spite of himself.

"Once," said the girl, drawing herself up, and with an expression that altered the whole character of her face—"the beggar ate at my father's gate. He is a born gentleman and a knight's son."

"And what reduced him thus?"

"I have said," answered the girl, simply, yet with the same half scorn on her lip that it had before betrayed—"he is a scholar, and thought more of others than himself."

"I never saw any good come to a gentleman from those accursed books," said the Nevile; "fit only for monks and shavelings. But still, for your father's sake, though I am ashamed of the poorness of the gift——"

"No—God be with you, Sir, and reward you." She stopped short, drew her wimple round her face, and was gone. Nevile felt an uncomfortable sensation of remorse and disapproval at having suffered her to quit him while there was yet any chance of molestation or annoyance, and his eye followed her till a group of trees veiled her from his view.

The girl sate down under a distant oak, and wept. Her mental condition is thus finely described:—

In our earlier years, most of us may remember, that there was one day which made an epoch in life—the day that separated Childhood from Youth; for that day seems not to come gradually, but to be a sudden crisis, an abrupt revelation. The buds of the heart open to close no more. Such a day was this in that girl's fate. But the day was not yet gone! That morning, when she dressed for her enterprise of filial love, perhaps for the first time Sybill Warner felt that she was fair—who shall say, whether some innocent, natural vanity had not blended with the deep, devoted earnestness, which saw no shame in the act by which the child could aid the father? Perhaps she might have smiled to listen to old Madge's praises of her winsome face—old Madge's predictions that the face and the gittern would not lack admirers on the gay ground. Perhaps some indistinct, vague forethoughts of the Future, to which the sex will deem itself to be born, might have caused the cheek—no, not to blush, but somewhat to take a rosier hue, and the pulse to beat quicker, she knew not why. At all events, to that ground went the young Sybill, cheerful and almost happy, in her inexperience of actual life, and sure, at least, that youth and innocence sufficed to protect from insult. And now, she sat down under the leafless tree, to weep; and in those bitter tears, childhood itself was laved from her soul for ever.

"What ailest thou, maiden?" asked a deep voice; and she felt a hand laid lightly on her shoulder. She looked up in terror and confusion, but it was no form or face to inspire alarm that met her eye. It was a cavalier, holding by the rein a horse richly caparisoned, and though his dress was plainer and less exaggerated than that usually worn by men of rank, its materials were those which the sumptuary laws (constantly broken, indeed, as such laws ever must be) confined to nobles. Though his surcoat was but of cloth, and the colour dark and sober, it was woven in foreign looms—an unpatriotic luxury, above the degree of knight—and edged deep with the costliest sables. The hilt of the dagger, suspended round his breast, was but of ivory, curiously wrought; but the scabbard was sown with large pearls. For the rest, the stranger was of ordinary stature, well knit, and active rather than powerful, and of that age (about thirty-five) which may be called the second prime of man. His face was far less handsome than Marmaduke Nevile's, but infinitely more expressive, both of intelligence and command; the features straight and sharp, the complexion clear and pale; and under the bright grey eyes a dark shade spoke either of dissipation or of thought.

"What ailest thou, maiden?—weepest thou some faithless lover? Tush! love renews itself in youth, as flower succeeds flower in spring."

Sybill made no reply; she rose, and moved a few paces, then arrested her steps, and looked around her. She had lost all clue to her way homeward, and she saw with horror, in the distance, the hateful timbrel girls, followed by the rabble, and weaving their strange dances towards the spot.

"Dost thou fear me, child? there is no cause," said the stranger, following her. "Again, I say, 'What ailest thou?'"

This time his voice was that of command, and the poor girl involuntarily obeyed it. She related her misfortunes, her persecution by the tymbesteres, her escape—thanks to the Nevile's courtesy—her separation from her attendant, and her uncertainty as to the way she should pursue.

The nobleman listened with interest: he was a man sated and wearied by pleasure and the world, and the evident innocence of Sybill was a novelty to his experience; while the contrast between her language and her dress moved his curiosity. "And," said he, "thy

protector left thee, his work half done;—fie on his chivalry! But I, donzell, wear the spurs of knighthood, and to succour the distressed is a duty my oath will not let me swerve from. I will guide thee home, for I know well all the purlieus of this evil den of London. Thou hast but to name the suburb in which thy father dwells."

Sybill involuntarily raised her wimple, lifted her beautiful eyes to the stranger, in bewildered gratitude and surprise.—Her childhood had passed in a court—her eye, accustomed to rank, at once perceived the high degree of the speaker; the contrast between this unexpected and delicate gallantry, and the condescending tone and abrupt desertion of Marmaduke, affected her again to tears.

"Ah, worshipful Sir!" she said, falteringly, "what can reward thee for this unlooked-for goodness?"

"One innocent smile, sweet virgin!—for such, I'll be sworn, thou art."

He did not offer her his hand, but hanging the gold-enamelled rein over his arm, walked by her side; and a few words sufficing for his guidance, led her across the ground, through the very midst of the throng. He felt none of the young shame, the ingenuous scruples of Marmaduke, at the gaze he encountered, thus companioned. But Sybill noted that ever and anon bonnet and cap were raised as they passed along; and the respectful murmur of the vulgar, who had so lately jeered her anguish, taught her the immeasurable distance, in men's esteem, between Poverty shielded but by Virtue, and Poverty protected by Power.

But suddenly a gaudy tinsel group broke through the crowd, and wheeling round their path, the foremost of them daringly approached the nobleman, and looking full into his disdainful face, exclaimed—"Tradest thou, too, for kisses? Ha! ha!—life is short—the witch is outwitched by thee! But witchcraft and death go together, as, peradventure, thou mayest learn at the last, sleek wooer." Then darting off, and heading her painted, tawdry throng, the timbrel girl sprung into the crowd, and vanished. . . . . .

On what hazards turn our fate! On that day—a little, and Sybill's pure, but sensitive heart had, perhaps, been given to the young Nevile. He had defended and saved her; he was fairer than the stranger, he was more of her own years, and nearer to her in station; but in showing himself *ashamed* to be seen with her, he had galled her heart, and moved the bitter tears of her pride. What had the stranger done? Nothing, but reconciled the wounded delicacy to itself; and suddenly he became to her one ever to be remembered—wondered at—perhaps more. They reached an obscure suburb, and parted at the threshold of a large, gloomy, ruinous house, which Sybill indicated as her father's home.

Leaving the heart-struck girl gazing unconsciously from the porch of her gloomy residence, we turn to another scene, where the *Trader* and the *Gentle*, the personifications of social change, hold an animated dialogue, shadowing the bent of the new generation.

"No, my dear foster-brother," said the Nevile, "I do not yet comprehend the choice you have made. You were reared and brought up with such careful book-lere, not only to read and to write—the which, save the mark! I hold to be labour enow—but chop Latin and logic and theology with St. Aristotle (is not that his hard name?) into the bargain, and all because you had an uncle of high note in Holy Church. I cannot say I would be a shaveling myself; but surely a monk, with the hope of preferment, is a nobler calling to a lad of spirit and ambition than to stand out at a door and cry, Buy, buy'—'What d'ye lack'—to spend youth as a Flat-cap, and drone out manhood in measuring cloth, hammering metals, or weighing out spices?"

"Fair and softly, Master Marmaduke," said Alwyn, "you will understand me better anon. My uncle, the sub-prior, died—some say of austerities, others of ale—that matters not; he was a learned man and a cunning. 'Nephew Nicholas,' said he, on his death-bed, 'think twice before you tie yourself up to the cloister; it's ill leaping now-a-days in a sackcloth bag. If a pious man be moved to the cowl by holy devotion, there is nothing to be said on the subject; but if he take to the Church as a calling, and wish to march a-head like his fellows, these times show him a prettier path to distinction. The nobles begin to get the best things for themselves; and a learned monk, if he is the son of a yeomen, cannot hope, without a speciality of grace, to become abbot or bishop. The king, whoever he be, must be so drained by his wars, that he has little land or gold to bestow on his favourites; but his gentry turn an eye to the temporalities of the Church, and the Church and the king wish to strengthen themselves by the gentry. This is not all; there are free opinions afloat. The House of Lancaster has lost ground, by its persecutions and burnings. Men dare not openly resist, but they treasure up recollections of a fried grandfather, or a roasted tenth-cousin; recollections which have done much damage to the Henries, and will shake Holy Church itself one of these days. The Lollards lie hid, but Lollardism will never die. There is a new class rising amain, where a little learning goes a great way, if mixed with spirit and sense. Thou likest broad pieces, and a creditable name—go to London, and be a trader. London begins to decide who shall wear the crown, and the traders to decide what king London shall befriend. Wherefore, cut thy trace from the cloister, and take thy road to the shop.' The next day my uncle gave up the ghost.—They had better clary than this at the convent, I must own. But every stone has its flaw!"

"Yet," said Marmaduke, "if you took distaste to the cowl, from reasons that I pretend not to judge of, but which seem to my poor head very bad ones, seeing that the Church is as mighty as ever, and King Edward is no friend to the Lollards, and that your uncle himself was at least a sub-prior——"

"Had he been son to a baron, he had been a cardinal," interrupted Nicholas, "for his head was the longest that ever came out of the north country. But go on; you would say my father was a sturdy yeoman, and I might have followed his calling."

"You hit the mark, Master Nicholas."

"Hout,—man. I crave pardon of your rank, Master Nevile. But a yeoman is born a yeoman, and he dies a yeoman—I think it better to die Lord Mayor of London; and so I craved my mother's blessing and leave, and a part of the old hyde has been sold to pay for the first step to the red gown, which I need not say must be that of the Flat-cap. I have already taken my degrees, and no longer wear blue. I am head-man to my master, and my master will be sheriff of London."

"It is a pity," said the Nevile, shaking his head; "you were ever a tall, brave lad, and would have made a very pretty soldier."

"Thank you, Master Marmaduke, but I leave cut and thrust to the gentles. I have seen enow of the life of a Retainer. He goes out on foot with his shield and his sword, or his bow and his quiver, while Sir Knight sits on horseback, armed from the crown to the toe, and the arrow slants off from rider and horse, as a stone from a tree. . . . . No, no, there's no liberty, no safety, no getting on, for a man who has no right to the gold spurs, but in the guild of his fellows; and London is the place for a born Saxon, like Nicholas Alwyn."

As the young aspirant thus uttered the sentiments, which, though they might not so plainly avow and shrewdly enforce them, tended towards that slow Revolution, which, under all the stormy events that the superficial record we call History alone deigns to enumerate, was working that great change in the thoughts and habits of the people—that impulsion of the provincials cityward—that gradual formation of a class between knight and vassal—which became first *constitutionally* visible and distinct in the reign of Henry VII., Marmaduke Nevile, inly half-regretting and half-despising the reasonings of his foster-brother, was playing with his dagger, and glancing at his silver arrow.

"Yet you could still have enow of the tall yeomen and the stout retainer about you to try for this bauble, and to break half-a-dozen thick heads with your quarter-staff!"

"True," said Nicholas; "you must recollect we are only, as yet, between the skin and the selle—half trader, half retainer. The old leaven will out:—'Eith to learn the cat to the kirn,'—as they say in the North. But that's not all; a man, to get on, must win respect from those who are to jostle him hereafter; and it's good policy to show those roystering youngsters that Nick Alwyn, stiff and steady though he be, has the old English metal in him, if it comes to a pinch; it's a lesson to yon lords too, save your quality, if they ever wish to ride roughshod over our guilds and companies. But enow of me—Drawer, another stoup of the clary.

The conclusion was, that Nicholas resolved to stick to his traffic; while, being the better head of the two, he counselled his foster-brother Marmaduke to give up the Lancastrian faction, which was that of the youth's father, and attach himself to the powerful Warwick, who, though now a Yorkist, was the head of the House of Nevile. The sage counsel of the young goldsmith had its due effect with his gentle foster-brother.

"Truly," said Marmaduke, after a short and rather embarrassed pause, "I am little beholden as yet to the House of York. There, where I see a noble benefactor, or a brave and wise leader, shall I think my sword and heart may best proffer allegiance."

"Wisely said," returned Alwyn, with a slight but half-sarcastic smile; "I asked thee the question because—(draw closer)—there are wise men in our city who think the ties between Warwick and the king less strong than a ship's cable. And if thou attachest thyself to Warwick, he will be better pleased, it may be, with talk of devotion to himself, than professions of exclusive loyalty to King Edward. He that has little silver in his pouch, must have the more silk on his tongue. A word to a Westmoreland or a Yorkshire man is as good as a sermon to men not born so far north. One word more, and I have done. Thou art kind, and affable, and gentle, my dear foster-brother; but it will not do for thee to be seen again with the goldsmith's headman. If thou wantest me, send for me at nightfall; I shall be found at Master Heyford's, in the Chepe. And if," added Nicholas, with a prudent reminiscence, "thou succeedest at court, and canst recommend my master—there is no better goldsmith—it may serve me when I set up for myself, which I look to do shortly."

"But, to send for thee, my own foster-brother, at nightfall, as if I were ashamed!"—

"Hout, Master Marmaduke, if thou wert not ashamed of me I should be ashamed to be seen with a gay springal like thee. . . . . Better as it is; after this day's work, they will gossip about both of us, and we shall meet many who know my long visage on the way back. God keep thee, and avise me how thou prosperest."

So saying, Nicholas Alwyn walked off, too delicate to propose to pay his share of the reckoning with a superior. But when he had gone a few paces, he turned back, and accosting the Nevile, as the latter was rebuckling his mantle, said—"I have been thinking, Master Nevile, that these gold nobles, which it has been my luck to bear off, would be more useful in thy gipsire than mine. I have sure gains and small expenses—but a gentleman gains nothing, and his hand must be ever in his pouch—so——"

"Foster-brother!" said Marmaduke, haughtily, "a gentleman never borrows—except of the Jews, and with due interest. Moreover, I too have my calling; and as thy stall to thee, so to me my good sword. God keep thee! Be sure I will serve thee when I can."

"The devil's in these young strips of the herald's tree," muttered Alwyn, as he strode off; "as if it were dishonest to borrow a broad piece without cutting a throat for it! Howbeit, money is a prolific mother; and here is enow to buy me a gold chain against I am Alderman of London. Hout, thus goes the world—the knight's baubles become the alderman's badges—so much the better!"

These are not among the highly-wrought and passionate scenes of the Romance, nor yet of its ambitious delineations; but neither are they least characteristic. In retiring from this convivial meeting, Marmaduke was set upon by a band of ruffians, not the less dangerous that they were soldiers, and partisans of the House of Lancaster. From their merciless attack he was rescued by the opportune appearance of their captain, the redoubted Robin of Redesdale, who, fancying him still alive, carried the wounded youth to an adjoining house, crying, in a sharp clear voice,

"Open, for the love of Christ!"

A head was now thrust from the lattice—the light vanished—a minute more, the door opened; and Robin, as if satisfied, drew hastily back, and vanished—saying to himself, as he strode along, "A young man's life must needs be dear to him; yet, had the lad been a lord, methinks I should have cared little to have saved for the people one tyrant more."

After a long interval, Marmaduke again recovered, and his eyes turned with pain from the glare of a light held to his face.

"He wakes, father!—he will live!" cried a sweet voice.

"Ay, he will live, child!" answered a deeper tone; and the young man muttered to himself half audibly, as in a dream, "Holy Mother be blessed! it is sweet to live!"

The room in which the sufferer lay, rather exhibited the remains of better fortunes than testified to the solid means of the present possessor. The ceiling was high and groined, and some tints of faded, but once gaudy painting, blazoned its compartments and hanging pendants.

But the author has carefully studied the outward shows of the fifteenth century; and, in *costume*, is, we presume, in all points unimpeachable. The living inmates of that gloomy and dilapidated chamber are of more interest than their clothes or its furniture.

By the bedside stood a personage, who, in reality, was but little past the middle age, but whose pale visage intersected with deep furrows, whose long beard and hair, partially grey, gave him the appearance of advanced age: nevertheless there was something peculiarly striking in the aspect of the man. His forehead was singularly high and massive, but the back of the head was disproportionately small, as if the intellect too much preponderated over all the animal qualities for strength in character and success in life. The eyes were soft, dark, and brilliant, but dreamlike and vague; the features in youth must have been regular and beautiful, but their contour was now sharpened by the hollowness of the cheeks and temples. The form, in the upper part, was nobly shaped, sufficiently muscular, if not powerful, and with the long throat and falling shoulders, which always give something of grace and dignity to the carriage; but it was prematurely bent, and the lower limbs were thin and weak, as is common with men who have sparely used them; they seemed disproportioned to that broad chest, and still more to that magnificent and spacious brow. The dress of this personage corresponded with the aspect of his abode. The materials were those worn by the gentry, but they were old, threadbare, and discoloured with innumerable spots and stains. His hands were small and delicate, with large blue veins, that spoke of relaxed fibres, but their natural whiteness was smudged with smoke-stains, and his beard—a masculine ornament utterly out of fashion among the younger race in King Edward's reign, but when worn by the elder gentry, carefully trimmed and perfumed—was dishevelled into all the spiral and tangled curls, displayed in the sculptured head of some old Grecian sage or poet.

On the other side of the bed, knelt a young girl, of about sixteen, with a face exquisitely lovely in its deli-

cacy and expression. She seemed about the middle stature, and her arms and neck, as displayed by the close-fitting vest, had already the smooth and rounded contour of dawning womanhood, while the face had still the softness, innocence, and inexpressible bloom of the child. There was a strong likeness between her and her father, (for such the relationship,) despite the difference of sex and years—the same beautiful form of lip and brow—the same rare colour of the eyes, dark-blue, with black fringing lashes—and perhaps the common expression, at that moment, of gentle pity and benevolent anxiety contributed to render the resemblance stronger.

"Father, he sinks again!" said the girl.

"Sybill," answered the man, putting his finger upon a line in a manuscript book that he held, "the authority saith, that a patient so contused should lose blood, and then the arm must be tightly bandaged. Verily, we lack the wherewithal."

Old Madge, in times when every woman was somewhat of a leech, and flesh-wounds and broken heads no rare sight in merry England, showed better skill in surgery than the philosopher her master. Marmaduke speedily recovered; and with health came a lusty appetite, which Sybill, in her deep poverty, could only stay by the sale of her chief valuable, her cherished gittern. And the sacrifice was freely made, though her secret thoughts were not of Marmaduke Nevile, young and handsome as he was. While Madge was abroad, selling the instrument, that she might purchase food and wine for the invalid guest with its price, we may look in upon Adam Warner in his den or workshop; for, though he often degenerates into a Dominie Sampson, without the Dominie's pathetic simplicity and consistency of character, the philosopher is somewhat imposing at first; and he should be seen to give full effect to his charming daughter. There is often, too, something impressive and even sublime in the abstracted man's complete and enthusiastic devotion to Science, which lifts him far above the level of the learned Dominie; while surrounded by misery,—steeped to the lips in poverty, the absorbed, solitary student pursues, with unabated ardour, the Idol—Knowledge, which had wrecked him and his. To external circumstances Adam Warner was, indeed, insensible, wrapped up in the glorious idea of his *Eureka*, as he had fondly named the machine which revealed to him glorious visions of the triumph of mind over matter, and which had already grown beneath his hand, and sprung from his brain into no faint prefigurement of the modern steam-engine, impelling powerful and complicated machinery. Adam Warner's room, the apartment which, with its various equipments, obtained for him the character of a wizard,—

Contained a strong furnace, and a rude laboratory. There were several strange-looking mechanical contrivances scattered about, several manuscripts upon some oaken shelves, and a large panier of wood and charcoal in the corner. In that poverty-stricken house, the money spent on fuel alone, in the height of summer, would have comfortably maintained the inmates; but neither Sybill nor Madge ever thought to murmur at this waste, dedicated to what had become the vital want of a man who drew air in a world of his own. This was the first thing to be provided for; and Science was of more imperative necessity than even Hunger.

Adam Warner was indeed a creature of remarkable genius—and genius, in an age where it is not appreciated, is the greatest curse the iron Fates can inflict on man. . . . . .

In applying mathematics to the practical purposes of life, in seeing its mighty utilities to commerce and civilisation, Adam Warner was driven to conjoin with it, not only an extensive knowledge of languages, but many of the rudest tasks of the mechanist's art; and chemistry was, in some of his researches, summoned to his aid. By degrees, the tyranny that a man's genius exercises over his life, abstracted him from all external objects. He had loved his wife tenderly; but his rapid waste of his fortune in the purchase of instruments and books, then enormously dear, and the neglect of all things not centred in the hope to be the benefactor of the world, had ruined her health and broke her heart. Happily, Warner perceived not her decay till her death. . . . .

. . . . Sybill, at the age of ten, six years before the date the story enters on, and two years prior to the fatal field of Touton, which gave to Edward the throne of England, had been admitted among the young girls whom the custom of the day ranked amidst the attendants of the Queen; and in the interval that elapsed before Margaret was obliged to dismiss her to her home, her mother died. She died without foreseeing the reverses that were to ensue, in the hope that her child, at least, was nobly provided for, and not without the belief (for there is so much faith in love!) that her husband's researches, which, in his youth, had won favour of the Protector-Duke of Gloucester, the most enlightened Prince of his time, would be crowned at last with the rewards and favours of his King. That precise period was, indeed, the fairest that had yet dawned upon the philosopher. Henry the Sixth, slowly recovering from one of those attacks which passed for imbecility, had condescended to amuse himself with various conversations with Warner, urged to it first by representations of the unholy nature of the student's pursuits; and, having satisfied his mind of his learned subject's orthodoxy, the poor Monarch had taken a sort of interest, not so much, perhaps, in the objects of Warner's occupations, as in that complete absorption from actual life which characterized the subject, and gave him in this a melancholy resemblance to the King. While the House of Lancaster was on the throne, the wife felt that her husband's pursuits would be respected, and his harmless life safe from the fierce prejudices of the people; and the good Queen would not suffer him to starve, when the last mark was expended in devices how to benefit his country:—and in these hopes the woman died!

A year afterwards, all at Court was in disorder—armed men supplied the service of young girls, and Sybill, with a purse of broad pieces, soon converted into manuscripts, was sent back to her father's desolate home. There had she grown a flower amidst ruins—with no companion of her own age, and left to bear, as her sweet and affectionate nature well did, the contrast between the luxuries of a court and the penury of a hearth, which, year after year, hunger and want came more and more sensibly to invade.

Sybill had been taught, even as a child, some accomplishments little vouchsafed, then, to either sex—she could read and write; and Margaret had not so wholly lost, in the sterner north, all reminiscence of the accomplishments that graced her father's court, as to neglect the education of those brought up in her household. Much attention was given to music, for it soothed the dark hours of King Henry; the blazoning of missals or the lives of saints, with the labours of the loom, were also among the resources of Sybill's girlhood; and by these last she had, from time to time, served to assist the maintenance of the little family of which, child though she was, she became the actual head. But latterly—that is, for the last few weeks, even these sources failed her; for as more peaceful times allowed her neighbours to interest themselves in the affairs of others, the dark reports against Warner had revived. His name became a by-word of horror—the lonely light at the lattice burning till midnight, against all the early usages and habits of the day—the dark smoke of the furnace, constant in summer as in winter, scandalized the Religion of the Place far and near; and finding, to their great dissatisfaction, that the King's government and the

Church interfered not for their protection, and unable themselves to volunteer any charges against the recluse, (for the cows in the neighbourhood remained provokingly healthy,) they came suddenly, and, as it were, by one of those common sympathies which in all times the huge Persecutor we call the PUBLIC manifests, when a victim is to be crushed,—to the pious resolution of starving where they could not burn. Why buy the quaint devilries of the wizard's daughter?—no luck could come of it. A missal blazoned by such hands—an embroidery worked at such a loom, was like the Lord's Prayer read backwards. And one morning, when poor Sybill stole out as usual to vend a month's labour, she was driven from door to door with oaths and curses.

Though Sybill's heart was gentle, she was not without a certain strength of mind. She had much of the patient devotion of her mother, much of the quiet fortitude of her father's nature. If not comprehending to the full the loftiness of Warner's pursuits, she still anticipated from them an ultimate success which reconciled her to all temporary sacrifices. The violent prejudices—the ignorant cruelty, thus brought to bear against existence itself, filled her with sadness, it is true, but not unmixed with that contempt for her persecutors which, even in the meekest tempers, takes the sting from despair. But hunger pressed. Her father was nearing the goal of his discoveries; and in a moment of that pride which in its very contempt for appearances braves them all, Sybill had stolen out to the pastime-ground, with what result has been seen already. Having thus accounted for the penury of the mansion, we return to its owner.

Warner was contemplating with evident complacency and delight the model of a machine which had occupied him for many years, and which he imagined he was now rapidly bringing to perfection. His hands and face were grimed with the smoke of his forge, and his hair and beard, neglected as usual, looked parched and dried up, as if with the constant fever that burned within.

"Yes—yes," he muttered—"How they will bless me for this! What Roger Bacon only suggested I shall accomplish! How it will change the face of the globe! What wealth it will bestow on ages yet unborn!"

"My father," said the gentle voice of Sybill—"my poor father, thou hast not tasted bread to-day."

Warner turned, and his face relaxed into a tender expression as he saw his daughter.

"My child," he said, pointing to his model, "the time comes when *it will live!* Patience—patience!"

"And who would not have patience with thee, and *for* thee, father?" said Sybill, with enthusiasm speaking on every feature. What is the valour of knight and soldier—all statues of steel—to thine! Thou, with thy naked breast, confronting all dangers—sharper than the lance and shrive, and all——"

"All to make England great!"

"Alas! what hath England merited from men like thee! The people, more savage than their rulers, clamour for the stake, the gibbet, and the dungeon, for all who strive to make them wiser. Remember the death of Bolingbroke*—a wizard, because, O father!—because his pursuits were thine!"

Even Marmaduke Neville, the guest cherished by his hospitality, suspected the harmless Philosopher of being some species of conjuror or necromancer; an idea which Adam's extraordinary absence of mind and incoherent and unintelligible speeches strongly countenanced. One has heard so many well-authenticated anecdotes of the remarkable absence of mind, and the gross ignorance of common things, of great mathematicians, that Adam Warner cannot be called a caricature; though there may be some question of his adaptation, at all times, to the serious purposes of fiction. He, however, serves to throw forward, in beautiful relief, the lovely and exquisite nature of Sybill; and venerable in himself, from the lofty character of his pursuits and an entire forgetfulness of the selfish and the earthly, he becomes beloved through her. Adam could not tear himself from his own absorbing affairs even to discharge the customary rites of hospitality; and Sybill, when he stole away to his Eureka, tried to cover the unintentional discourtesy by redoubled attention to the young stranger. One day that Adam had mysteriously disappeared unobserved while the young cavalier was in the full career of talk to him of weapons and of war, Marmaduke, missing him, and somewhat alarmed, said—

"I crave pardon for my blindness, gentle damsel, but your father was here anon."

"His mornings are so devoted to labour," answered Sybill, "that he entreats you to pardon his discourtesy. Meanwhile, if you would wish to breathe the air, we have a small garden in the rear;" and so saying, she led the way into the small withdrawing-room, or rather closet, which was her own favourite chamber, and which communicated, by another door, with a broad, neglected grass-plot, surrounded by high walls, having a raised terrace in front, divided by a low stone gothic palisade from the green sward.

On the palisade sate droopingly, and half asleep, a solitary peacock; but when Sybill and the stranger appeared at the door, he woke up suddenly, descended from his height, and with a vanity not wholly unlike his young mistress's wish to make the best possible display in the eyes of a guest—spread his plumes broadly in the sun. Sybill threw him some bread, which she had taken from the table for that purpose; but the proud bird, however hungry, disdained to eat, till he had thoroughly satisfied himself that his glories had been sufficiently observed.

"Poor proud one," said Sybill, half to herself, "thy plumage lasts with thee through all changes."

"Like the name of a brave knight," said Marmaduke, who overheard her.

"Thou thinkest of the career of arms."

"Surely—I am a Nevile!"

"Is there no fame to be won but that of a warrior!"

"Not that I weet of, or heed for, Mistress Sybill."

"Thinkest thou it were nothing to be a minstrel, that gave delight!—a scholar, that dispelled darkness?"

"For the scholar; certes, I respect holy Mother Church, which they tell me alone produces that kind of wonder with full safety to the soul, and that only in the higher prelates and dignitaries. For the minstrel, I love him—I would fight for him—I would give him at need the last penny in my gipsire. But it is better to do deeds than to sing them."

Sybill smiled, and the smile perplexed, and half displeased the young adventurer. But the fire of the young man had its charm.

By degrees, as they walked to and fro on the neglected terrace, their talk flowed free and familiar; for Marmaduke, like most young men, full of himself, was joyous with the happy egotism of a frank and careless nature. He told his young confidante of a day his birth, his history, his hopes and fears; and in return he learned in answer to the questions he addressed to her, so much, at least, of her past and present life—as the reverses of her father, occasioned by costly studies—her own brief sojourn at the court of Margaret—and the solitude, if not the struggles, in which her youth was consumed. It would have been a sweet and grateful sight to some kindly bystander to hear these pleasant communications between two young persons so unfriended, and to imagine that hearts thus opened to each other might unite in one. But Sybill, though she listened to him with interest, and found a certain sympathy in his aspirations, was ever and anon secretly comparing him to one, the charm of whose voice still lingered in her ears; and her

* A mathematician, accused as an accomplice, in sorcery, of Eleanor Cobham, wife of Humphrey duke of Gloucester, and hanged upon that charge. His contemporary (William Wyrcestre) highly extols his learning.

intellect, cultivated and acute, detected in Marmaduke the deficient education—and that limited experience, which is the folly and the happiness of the young.

On the other hand, whatever admiration Nevile might conceive, was strangely mixed with surprise, and, it might almost be said, of fear. This girl, with her wise converse and her child's face, was a character so thoroughly new to him. Her language was superior to what he had ever heard, the words more choice, the current more flowing—was that to be attributed to her court-training, or her learned parentage?

"Your father, fair mistress," said he, rousing himself in one of the pauses of their conversation—"your father, then, is a mighty scholar, and I suppose knows Latin like English?"

"Why a hedge priest pretends to know Latin," said Sybill, smiling;" my father is one of the six men living who have learned the Greek and the Hebrew."

"Gramercy!" cried Marmaduke, crossing himself. "That is awsome indeed! He has taught you his lere in the tongues?"

"Nay, I know but my own and the French; my mother was a native of France."

"The Holy Mother be praised!" said Marmaduke, breathing more freely; "for French I have heard my father and uncle say is a language fit for gentles and knights, specially those who come, like the Neviles, from Norman stock.

While still sojourning with the imagined wizard, and his fascinating daughter, for whose spiritual weal Marmaduke became deeply concerned, his foster-brother, the goldsmith, on being apprised by Madge of where he was, came to visit him. To the shrewd and better educated Nicholas he imparted his various trifling calamities and distresses from the robbers and other causes; but these were not the worst.

"I would that were the worst," continued Marmaduke, solemnly, and under his breath; and therewith he repeated to Nicholas the adventure on the pastime-ground, the warnings of the timbrel-girls, and the "awsome" learning and strange pursuits of his host. As for Sybill, he was evidently inclined to attribute to glamour the reluctant admiration with which she had inspired him. "For," said he, "though I deny not that the maid is passing fair, there be many with rosier cheeks, and taller by this hand!"

Nicholas listened, at first, with the peculiar expression of shrewd sarcasm which mainly characterized his intelligent face; but his attention grew more earnest before Marmaduke had concluded.

"In regard to the maiden," said he, smiling and shaking his head, "it is not always the handsomest that win us the most—while fair Meg went a maying, black Mog got to church; and I give thee more reasonable warning than thy timbrel-girls, when, in spite of thy cold language, I bid thee take care of thyself against her attractions; for, verily, my dear foster-brother, thou must mend, and not mar thy fortune, by thy love matters; and keep thy heart whole for some fair one with marks in her gipsire, whom the earl may find out for thee. Love and raw pease are two ill things in the porridge-pot. But, the father!—I mind me now that I have heard of his name, through my friend Master Caxton, the mercer, as one of prodigious skill in the mathematics. I should like much to see him, and, with thy leave, (an' he ask me,) will tarry to supper. But what are these?"—and Nicholas took up one of the illuminated MSS. which Sybill had prepared for sale. "By the blood! this is couthly and marvellously blazoned."

The book was still in his hand when Sybill entered. Nicholas stared at her, as he bowed with a stiff and ungraceful embarrassment, which often at first did injustice to his bold, clear intellect, and his perfect self-possession in matters of trade or importance.

"The first woman face," muttered Nicholas to himself, "I ever saw that had the sense of a man's. And, by the rood, what a smile!"

The MSS. had been illuminated by the dexterous and delicate hands of Sybill.—It was, Nicholas said, "Master-hand—Lord Scales, or the Earl of Worcester, had scarce a finer in their Collections." Sybill was gratified by the young goldsmith's admiration of her handiwork; and forgiving him its espial, invited him, in her father's name, to stay and sup with his friend.

Nicholas bowed low, and still riveted his eyes on the book with such open admiration, that Marmaduke thought it right to excuse his abstraction; but there was something in that admiration which raised the spirits of Sybill; which gave her hope when hope was well-nigh gone; and she became so vivacious, so debonnair, so charming, in the flow of a gaiety natural to her, and very uncommon with English maidens, but which she took partly, perhaps, from her French blood, and partly from the example of girls and maidens of French extraction in Margaret's court, that Nicholas Alwyn thought he had never seen any one so irresistible. Madge having now served the evening meal, put in her head to announce it, and Sybill withdrew to summon her father.

"I trust he will not tarry too long, for I am sharp set," muttered Marmaduke. "What thinkest thou of the damozel?"

"Marry," answered Alwyn, thoughtfully, "I pity and marvel at her. There is enow in her to furnish forth twenty court beauties. But what good can so much wit and cunning do to an honest maiden?"

"That is exactly my own thought," said Marmaduke; and both the young men sunk into silence, till Sybill reentered with her father.

To the surprise of Marmaduke, Nicholas Alwyn, whose less gallant manner he was inclined to ridicule, soon contrived to rouse their host from his lethargy, and to absorb all the notice of Sybill; and the surprise was increased, when he saw that his friend appeared not unfamiliar with those abstruse and mystical sciences in which Adam was engaged.

"What!" said Adam; "you know, then, my deft and worthy friend Master Caxton. He hath seen notable things abroad."

"Which he more than hints," said Nicholas, "will lower the value of those manuscripts this fair damozel has so couthly enriched; and that he hopes, ere long, to show the Englishers how to make fifty, a hundred—nay, even five hundred exemplars of the choicest book, in a much shorter time than a scribe would take in writing out two or three score pages in a single copy."

"Verily," said Marmaduke, with a smile of compassion, "the poor man must be somewhat demented."

Adam becoming excited, spoke of his own invention, as one that would multiply books without hands, works of craft without prentice or journeyman, move wagons and litters without horses, and impel ships without sails!

"But, alack! it is not yet complete, and, for want of means, it never may be."

Sybill still kept her animated countenance fixed on Alwyn, whose intelligence she had already detected, and was charmed with the profound attention with which he listened. But her eye glancing from his sharp features to the handsome, honest face of the Nevile, the contrast was so forcible that she could not restrain her laughter, though, the moment after, a keen pang shot through her heart. The worthy Marmaduke had been in the act of conveying his cup to his lips—the cup stood arrested midway, his jaws dropped, his eyes opened to their widest extent, an expression of the most evident consternation and dismay spoke in every feature, and, when he heard the merry laugh of Sybill, he pushed his stool from her as far as he well could, and surveyed her with a look of mingled fear and pity.

"Alas! thou art sure my poor father is a wizard now!"

"Pardie!" answered the Nevile. "Hath he not said so? Hath he not spoken of wagons without horses—

ships without sails? And is not all this what every dissour and jongleur tells us of in his stories of Merlin?"

Is the character of the young candidate for arms and knighthood pushed too far?—is his diverting superstition incredible? We must remember the age in which he lived, and the class to which he belonged, which was neither that of the learned clerks nor merchants, who, between them, engrossed most of the knowledge of the age. Nicholas, with considerable delicacy, offered, at parting, to take charge of the illuminated MSS., with the hope of their advantageous disposal to the Lord Hastings, who was himself a ripe scholar, and an ardent collector of the treasures of literature.

"Master Alwyn," said Sybill, suppressing her tears, "it was for my father's sake that these labours were wrought. We are poor and friendless. Take the manuscripts, and sell them as thou wilt, and God and St. Mary requite thee!"

"Your father is a great man," said Alwyn, after a pause.

"But, were he to walk the streets, they would stone him," replied Sybill, with a quiet bitterness.

Marmaduke commissioned his friend to buy him a *gittern*—and a brave one—as a parting gift to the damozel who was too proud to take money, and who, moreover, needed it not, as she had a father who could turn his hose into rose nobles, if he lacked gold.——Before Marmaduke Nevile had left his place of shelter, the dwelling was attacked by a furious mob, inflamed by hatred and superstition, and the harmless philosopher was only saved from destruction by the interference and prowess of the ubiquitous Robin Hilyard. The scene between the persecuted philosopher and philanthropist and his devoted child, while he is writhing under an awakened sense of the cruelty and malice of those he laboured but to benefit and bless, is delicately painted; but his solitary ruminations before his Model—his Eureka—"the source of all his bliss and all his woe," are of the deepest pathos. The *Model* was finally forgiven,—the bitter remembrance of the hootings and peltings of the brutal rabble were forgotten. Adam Warner was again absorbed in his dumb Idol of iron and the element, and Marmaduke Nevile, fast recovering from the effects of his wounds, was falling under the spells of Sybill.

Marmaduke, in the solitude of his confinement, was not proof against the temptation which one so young and so sweetly winning brought to his fancy or his senses. The poor Sybill—she was no faultless paragon—she was a rare and singular mixture of many opposite qualities in heart and in intellect! She was one moment infantine in simplicity and gay playfulness—the next, a shade passed over her bright face, and she uttered some sentence of that bitter and chilling wisdom, which the sense of persecution, the cruelty of the world, had already taught her. She was, indeed, at that age when the Child and the Woman are struggling against each other. Her character was not yet formed—a little happiness would have ripened it at once into the richest bloom of goodness. But sorrow, that ever sharpens the intellect, might only serve to sour the heart. Her mind was so innately chaste and pure, that she knew not the nature of the admiration she excited. But the admiration pleased her as it pleases some young child—she was vain then, but it was an infant's vanity, not a woman's. And thus, from innocence itself, there was a fearlessness, a freedom, a something endearing and familiar in her manner, which might have turned a wiser head than Marmaduke Nevile's. And this the more, because, while liking her young guest, confiding in him, raised in her own esteem by his gallantry, enjoying that intercourse of youth with youth, so unfamiliar to her, and rendering herself the more to its charm from the joy that animated her spirits, in seeing that her father had forgotten his humiliation, and returned to his wonted labours—she yet knew not for the handsome Nevile one sentiment that approached to virgin love. Her mind was so superior to his own, that she felt almost as if older than him, and in their talk, her rosy lips preached to him in grave advice.

A dialogue, full of the character of the speakers, and shadowing the changes of the age, when the middle-class was shrewdly galling the kibes of the gentry—held at the open window, where the convalescent amused himself by watching the lively world beyond—ended thus:—

"Ay!" said the Nevile, "the parings of the gentry begin to be the wealth of the varlets."

"Little ought we to pine at that," returned Sybill, "if the varlets were but gentle with our poverty; but they loathe the humbled fortunes on which they rise, and while slaves to the rich, are tyrants to the poor."

This was said so sadly, that the Nevile felt his eyes overflow; and the humble dress of the girl, the melancholy ridges which evinced the site of a noble house now shrunk into a dismal ruin, the remembrance of the pastime-ground, the insults of the crowd, and the broken gittern, all conspired to move his compassion, and to give force to yet more tender emotions.

"Ah!" he said, suddenly, and with a quick faint blush over his handsome and manly countenance—"ah, fair maid—fair Sybill!—God grant that I may win something of gold and fortune amidst yonder towers, on which the sun shines so cheerly. God grant it, not for my sake—not for mine; but that I may have something besides a true heart and a stainless name to lay at thy feet. Oh, Sybill! By this hand—by my father's soul—I love thee, Sybill! Have I not said it before? Well, hear me now—I love thee!"

As he spoke, he clasped her hand in his own, and she suffered it for one instant to rest in his. Then withdrawing it, and meeting his enamoured eyes, with a strange sadness in her own darker, deeper, and more intelligent orbs, she said—

"I thank thee—thank thee for the honour of such kind thoughts; and frankly I answer as thou hast frankly spoken. It was sweet to me, who have known little in life not hard and bitter—sweet to wish I had a brother like thee, and, as a brother I can love and pray for thee. But ask not more, Marmaduke. I have aims in life which forbid all other love!"

"Art thou too aspiring for one who has his spurs to win?"

"Not so; but listen. My mother's lessons and my own heart have made my poor father the first end and object of all things on earth to me. I live to protect him, work for him, honour him; and for the rest—I have thoughts thou canst not know—an ambition thou canst not feel. Nay," she added, with that delightful smile which chased away the graver thought which had before saddened her aspect, "what would thy sober friend Master Alwyn say to thee, if he heard thou hadst courted the wizard's daughter!"

"By my faith," exclaimed Marmaduke, "thou art a very April—smiles and clouds in a breath! If what thou despisest in me be my want of book-craft, and such like, by my halidame I will turn scholar for thy sake; and——"

Here, as he had again taken Sybill's hand, with the passionate ardour of his bold nature, not to be lightly daunted by a maiden's first "No," a sudden shrill, wild burst of laughter, accompanied with a gusty fit of unmelodious music from the street below, made both maiden and youth start, and turn their eyes: there, weaving their immodest dance, tawdry in their tinsel attire, their naked arms glancing above their heads, as they waved on high their instruments, went the timbrel girls.

"Ha! ha!" cried their leader, "see the gallant and the witch-leman! The glamour has done its work! Foul is fair!—foul is fair! and the devil will have his own!"

But these creatures, whose bold license the ancient chronicler records, were rarely seen alone. They haunted parties of pomp and pleasure; they linked together the extremes of life—the grotesque Chorus that introduced the terrible truth of foul Vice and abandoned Wretchedness in the midst of the World's Holiday and Pageant.

. . . . . Suddenly, as the company, two by two, paced up the street, Sybill uttered a faint exclamation, and strove to snatch her hand from the Nevile's grasp. Her eye rested upon one of the horsemen who rode last, and who seemed in earnest conversation with a dame, who, though scarcely in her first youth, excelled all her fair companions in beauty of face, and grace of horsemanship, as well as in the costly equipments of the white barb that caracoled beneath her easy hand. At the same moment the horseman looked up and gazed steadily at Sybill, whose countenance grew pale, and flushed in a breath. His eye then glanced rapidly at Marmaduke—a half-smile passed his pale firm lips; he slightly raised the plumed cap from his brow—inclined gravely to Sybill—and, turning once more to his companion, appeared to answer some question she addressed to him, as to the object of his salutation; for her look, which was proud, keen, and lofty, was raised to Sybill, and then dropped somewhat disdainfully, as she listened to the words addressed her by the cavalier.

The lynx eyes of the tymbesteres had seen the recognition; and their leader, laying her bold hand on the embossed bridle of the horseman, exclaimed, in a voice shrill and loud enough to be heard in the balcony above, "Largess! noble lord, largess! for the sake of the lady thou lovest best!"

The fair equestrian turned away her head at these words, the nobleman watched her a moment, and dropped some coins into the timbrel.

"Ha! ha!" cried the tymbestere, pointing her long arm to Sybill, and springing towards the balcony—

"The cushat would mate
Above her state,
And she flutters her wings round the falcon's beak;
But death to the dove
Is the falcon's love—
Oh, sharp is the kiss of the falcon's beak!"

Before this rude song was ended, Sybill had vanished from the place; the cavalcade had disappeared. The timbrel-players, without deigning to notice Marmaduke, darted elsewhere to ply their discordant trade, and the Nevile, crossing himself devoutly, muttered, "Jesu defend us! Those she Will-o'-the-wisps are enow to scare all the blood out of one's body. What—a murrain on them!—do they portend, flitting round and round, and skirring off, as if the devil's broomstick was behind them! By the mass! they have frighted away the damozel, and I am not sorry for it. They have left me small heart for the part of Sir Launval."

His meditations were broken off by the sudden sight of Nicholas Alwyn, mounted on a small palfrey, and followed by a sturdy groom on horseback, leading a steed handsomely caparisoned. In another moment, Marmaduke had descended—opened the door—and drawn Alwyn into the hall.

The cavalier recognised by Sybill was the Lord Hastings; and when Nicholas wished to communicate the success of his commission, "Mistress Sybill" was ill, and unable to see him.

Alwyn looked disconcerted at this intelligence, but, drawing from his girdle a small gipsire, richly broidered, he prayed Madge to deliver it to her young mistress, and inform her that it was the fruit of the commission with which she had honoured him. "It is passing strange," said he, pacing the hall alone, "passing strange, that the poor child should have taken such hold on me. After all, she would be a bad wife for a plain man like me. Tush! that is the trader's thought all over. Have I brought no fresher feeling out of my fair village-green? Would it not be sweet to work for her, and rise in life, with her by my side? And these girls of the city—so prim and so brainless!—as well marry a painted puppet. Sybill! Am I dement? Stark wode! What have I to do with girls and marriage? Humph! I marvel what Marmaduke still thinks of her—and she of him."

And thus ends the First Book, with a view of Adam Warner in full career on his *Eureka;* the hideous aspect of which alarmed Marmaduke far more than becomes a gallant soldier. The Second Book introduces the reader to the court of Edward the Fourth and to the puissant King-maker. The character of Warwick, if less original,—for, with slight artistic embellishments, he is the Warwick of history,—is better sustained, because more consistent, than that of the Philosopher, alternately a divinity and an imbecile. Marmaduke Nevile had now found a patron in Warwick, and at his first interview we see the powerful Baron in the midst of his family, playfully conversing with his beautiful daughters; and learn the secret springs of his public conduct, and of his changing feelings towards Edward. Magnanimous, frank, liberal, of the most engaging manners and generous temper, we also learn the secret of Warwick's universal popularity. The scenes at the court of the luxurious and profligate Edward, if not so pleasing, are even more skilfully depicted; save that the character of that comely and good-sort-of-a-woman, the Queen—Elizabeth Woodville, is, we opine, unduly lowered. Yet why should we expect imaginative writers to keep free from unconscious prepossessions, when philosophers, writing history five centuries after the events, will incline, some to the House of York, and others to that of Lancaster,—ay, even those among the sage chroniclers who might be expected to say, "a plague o' both your houses!" Let us, in our turn, confess a preconceived dislike to the very gentle and charming creature whom Sir E. Bulwer presents to us as Anne Nevile, Warwick's youngest daughter; conceived, probably, from the same facile Anne of Shakspere,—the same Anne who, when the widow of the murdered Prince Edward, yields so easily to the flattery and cozening of Richard the Third. There is no getting rid of such feelings. Readers are not Judges, not cold abstractions of impartiality, any more than are historians. It is probably from some feeling of this nature that we fancy the young Duke of Glo'ster, the future Richard the Third, painted in this romance in fairer colours than either history or Shakspere warrants. Upon the outline of Richard the author has evidently bestowed great pains. His Richard, however, is of a much earlier date than Shakspere's, though the elements and tendencies of his dark, ambitious, and remorseless character are already beginning to be developed.

We cannot give the faintest idea of the dramatic developement of the character of the principal personage,—of Warwick,—in his mixed moods of generous ire and irritated tenderness. The hot and high-spirited chief, to whom the interests of Edward were precious, at the close of a long political discussion with the king preferred the claim of his new retainer and kinsman, Marmaduke Nevile, for a place at court, and had been taunted with his protégé being the son of a Lancastrian. He retorted,—

"I should have remembered me that his name of Nevile would have procured him a taunt in the place of advancement."

"Saw man ever so froward a temper!" cried Edward, not without reason. "Why, Warwick, thou art as shrewish to a jest as a woman to advice. Thy kinsman's fortunes shall be my care. Thou sayest thou hast enemies—I weet not who they be. But to show what I think of them, I make thy namesake and client a gentleman of my chamber. When Warwick is false to Edward, let him think Warwick's kinsman wears a dagger within reach of the King's heart day and night."

This speech was made with so noble and touching a kindness of voice and manner, that the Earl, thoroughly subdued, looked at his sovereign with moistened eyes, and only trusting himself to say—"Edward, thou art king, knight, gentleman, and soldier; and I verily trow that I love thee best when my petulant zeal makes me anger thee most,"—turned away with evident emotion, and passing the queen and her ladies with a lowlier homage than that with which he had before greeted them, left the garden. Edward's eye followed him, musingly. The frank expression of his face vanished, and, with the deep breath of a man who is throwing a weight from his heart, he muttered—"He loves me—yes; but will suffer no one else to love me. This must end some day. I weary of the bondage." And sauntering towards the ladies, he listened in silence, but not apparently in displeasure, to his queen's sharp sayings on the imperious mood and irritable temper of the iron-handed builder of his throne.

The solitary cell of the student, for the sake of the affectionate maiden who ministered to him in the holy relation of his only and devoted child, has, however, far more attraction than the glittering scenes of the court. Though Sybill had rejected the proferred love of her father's young guest, the scene at his departure,—his abrupt change of tone, his broken words and confusion, so soon succeeding his passionate declaration,—had deeply wounded her pride, "that pride of woman which never sleeps till modesty is gone," and which will long lingeringly survive the claims of woman to respect.

But this made the least cause of the profound humiliation which bowed down her spirit. The meaning taunt, conveyed in the rhyme of the tymbesteres, pierced her to the quick; the calm indifferent smile of the stranger, as he regarded her; the beauty of the dame he attended, woke mingled and contrary feelings, but those of jealousy were, perhaps, the keenest; and in the midst of all she started to ask herself—if indeed she had suffered her vain thoughts to dwell too tenderly upon one from whom the vast inequalities of human life must divide her evermore.—What to her was his indifference? Nothing—yet had she given worlds to banish that careless smile from her remembrance.

Shrinking, at last, from the tyranny of thoughts till of late unknown, her eye rested upon the gipsire [purse or pouch] which Alwyn had sent her by the old servant. The sight restored to her the holy recollection of her father, the sweet joy of having ministered to his wants. She put up the little treasure, intending to devote it all to Warner; and, after bathing her heavy eyes, that no sorrow of hers might afflict the student, she passed, with a listless step, into her father's chamber.

There is, to the quick and mercurial spirits of the young, something of marvellous and preternatural in that life within life, which the strong passion of science and genius forms and feeds—that passion so much stronger than love, and so much more self-dependent—which asks no sympathy, leans on no kindred heart—which lives alone in its works and fancies, like a god amidst His creations. . . . . Sybill seated herself abstractedly on a heap of fagots, piled in the corner, and seemed busy in framing characters on the dusty floor with the point of her tiny slipper. So fresh, and fair, and young she seemed, in that mirky atmosphere, that strange scene, and beside that worn man, that it might have seemed to a poet as if the youngest of the Graces were come to visit Mulciber at his forge.

The man pursued his work—the girl renewed her dreams—the dark evening hour gradually stealing over both. The silence was unbroken; for the forge and the model were now at rest, save by the grating of Adam's file upon the metal, or by some ejaculation of complacency now and then vented by the Enthusiast. So, apart from the many-noised, gaudy, babbling world without, even in the midst of that bloody, turbulent, and semi-barbarous time, went on (the one neglected and unknown, the other loathed and hated) the two movers of the ALL that continues the airy life of the Beautiful from age to age—the Woman's dreaming Fancy, and the Man's active Genius.

For two or three days nothing disturbed the outward monotony of the Recluse's household. Apparently all had settled back as before the advent of the young cavalier. But Sybill's voice was not heard singing, as of old, when she passed the stairs to her father's room. She sate with him in his work, no less frequently and regularly than before; but her childish spirits no longer broke forth in idle talk or petulant movement, vexing the good man from his absorption and his toils. The little cares and anxieties, which had formerly made up so much of Sybill's day, by forethought of provision for the morrow, were suspended; for the money transmitted to her by Alwyn, in return for the emblazoned MSS., was sufficient to supply their modest wants for months to come. Adam, more and more engrossed in his labours, did not appear to perceive the daintier plenty of his board, nor the purchase of some small comforts unknown for years. He only said, one morning—"It is strange, girl, that as *that* gathers in life, (and he pointed to the model,) it seems already to provide, to my phantasy, the luxuries it will one day give to us all in truth. Methought my very bed last night seemed wondrous easy, and the coverings were warmer, for I woke not with the cold!"

"Ah!" thought the sweet daughter, smiling through moist eyes—"while my cares can smooth thy barren path through life, why should I cark and pine!"

Their solitude was now occasionally broken in the evenings by the visits of Nicholas Alwyn. The young goldsmith was himself not ignorant of the simpler mathematics; he had some talent for invention, and took pleasure in the construction of horologes, though, properly speaking, not a part of his trade. His excuse for his visits was the wish to profit by Warner's mechanical knowledge; but the student was so wrapt in his own pursuits, that he gave but little instruction to his visiter. Nevertheless, Alwyn was satisfied, for he saw Sybill. He saw her in the most attractive phase of her character—the loving, patient, devoted daughter, and the view of her household virtues affected more and more his honest English heart. But, ever awkward and embarrassed, he gave no vent to his feelings. To Sybill he spoke little, and with formal constraint; and the girl, unconscious of her conquest, was little less indifferent to his visits than her abstracted father.

But Warner's dwelling had other visiters:—thither came Robin Hilyard, who had been Adam's school-fellow in happier days,—widely as their paths had since lain asunder. His tale—the events which had made him a wretched, a desperate, and lawless man—is as truthful an illustration of the character of that age of civil wars and rebellions as anything to be found in the romance. It was thus that he told his sad tale to his school-fellow—

"Thou knowest, peradventure, that my race dates from an elder date than these Norman nobles, who boast their robber-fathers. From the renowned Saxon Thane, who, free of hand and of cheer, won the name of Hildegardis, our family took its rise. But under these Norman Barons, we sank with the nation to which we belonged. Still were we called gentlemen, and still were dubbed knights. But, as I grew up to man's estate, I felt myself more Saxon than gentleman, and, as one of a subject and vassal race, I was a Son of the Saxon People. My father, like thee, was a man of thought and bookcraft. I dare own to thee, that he was a Lollard, and with the religion

of those bold foes to priest-vice, goes a spirit that asks why the people should be evermore the spoil and prey of lords and kings. Early in my youth, my father, fearing rack and fagot in England, sought refuge in the Hanse Town of Lubeck. There I learned grave truths—how liberty can be won and guarded. Later in life I saw the Republics of Italy, and I asked why they were so glorious in all the arts and craft of civil life, while the braver men of France and England seemed as savages by the side of the Florentine burgess, nay, the Lombard vine-dresser. I saw that, even when those republics fell a victim to some tyrant or podesta, their men still preserved rights and uttered thoughts which left them more free and more great than the Commons of England, after all their boasted wars. I came back to my native land and settled in the North, as my franklin ancestry before me. The broad lands of my forefathers were devolved on the elder line, and gave a Knight's fee to Sir Robert Hilyard, who fell afterwards at Touton for the Lancastrians. But I had won gold in the far countree, and I took farm and homestead near Lord Warwick's tower of Middleham. The feud between Lancaster and York broke forth; Earl Warwick summoned his retainers, myself amongst them, since I lived upon his land; I sought the great Earl, and I told him boldly—him whom the Commons deemed a friend, and a foe to all malfaisance and abuse—I told him that the war he asked me to join seemed to me but a war of ambitious Lords, and that I saw not how the Commons were to be bettered, let who would be King. The Earl listened and deigned to reason; and when he saw I was not convinced, he left me to my will; for he is a noble chief, and I admired even his angry pride, when he said, 'Let no man fight for Warwick whose heart beats not in his cause.' I lived afterwards to discharge my debt to the proud Earl, and show him how even the lion may be meshed, and how even the mouse may gnaw the net. But to my own tragedy. So I quitted those parts, for I feared my own resolution near so great a man: I made a new home not far from the City of York. So, Adam, when all the land around bristled with pike and gisarme, and while my own cousin and namesake, the head of my house, was winning laurels and wasting blood—I, thy quarrelsome, fighting friend—lived at home in peace with my wife and child, for I was now married, and wife and child were dear to me—and tilled my lands. But in peace I was active and astir, for my words inflamed the bosoms of labourers and peasants, and many of them, benighted as they were, thought with me. One day—I was absent from home, selling my grain in the marts of York—one day there entered the village a young captain, a boy-chief, Edward earl of March, beating for recruits. Dost thou heed me, Adam? Well, man—well, the peasants stood aloof from tromp and banner, and they answered, to all the talk of hire and fame, 'Robin Hilyard tells us we have nothing to gain but blows—leave us to hew and to delve.' Oh! Adam, this boy—this chief—the Earl of March, now crowned King Edward, made but one reply—'This Robin Hilyard must be a wise man— show me his house.' They pointed out the ricks, the barns, the homestead, and in five minutes all —all were in flames. 'Tell the hilding, when he returns, that thus Edward of March, fair to friends, and terrible to foes, rewards the coward who disaffects the men of Yorkshire from their chief.' And by the blazing rafters, and the pale faces of the silent crowd, he rode on his way to battle and the throne!"

Hilyard paused, and the anguish of his countenance was terrible to behold.

"I returned to find a heap of ashes—I returned to find my wife a maniac—I returned to find my child—my boy—great God!—he had run to hide himself, in terror at the torches and the grim men—they had failed to discover him, till, too late, his shrieks, amidst the crashing walls, burst on his mother's ear;—and the scorched, mangled, lifeless corpse, lay on that mother's bosom!"

Adam rose; his figure was transformed—not the stooping student, but the knight-descended man, seemed to tower in the mirky chamber; his hands felt at his side, as for a sword; he stifled a curse, and Hilyard, in that suppressed low voice which evinces a strong mind in deep emotion, continued his tale.

"Thank the Mother of our God, the mother of the dead died too! Behold me, a lonely, ruined, wifeless, childless wretch! I made all the world my foe! The old love of liberty (alone left me) became a crime; I plunged into the gloom of the forest, a robber-chief, sparing—no, never—never—never!—one York captain —one spurred knight—one belted lord! But the Poor, my Saxon countrymen, *they* had suffered, and were safe!

"One dark twilight—thou hast heard the tale—every village minstrel sets it to his viol—a majestic woman—a hunted fugitive—crossed my path; she led a boy in her hand, a year or so younger than my murdured child. 'Friend!' said the woman, fearlessly, 'save the son of your King: I am Margaret queen of England!' I saved them both. From that hour, the robber-chief, the free Republican, the Lollard's son, became a Queen's friend. Here opened, at least, vengeance against the fell destroyer."

In this, as in other instances, the author has skilfully availed himself of actual events. Queen Margaret and her son thus threw themselves upon the generosity of a free-booter; and Adam Warner has a prototype in Stacey and Bolingbroke—learned men persecuted to death as necromancers. Partly through his generous natural feelings, and also from his strong desire to obtain gold to carry out his great discovery to perfection, the simple philosopher was tempted, by his friend Robin of Redesdale, to become the medium of intelligence between Henry VI., then languishing in the prison of the Tower, and Queen Margaret and the Lancastrian party; of which Robin was the indefatigable agent, for he believed that, with the triumph of this party, the popular interest was identified. It was contrived that the Eureka should be introduced into the prison as if to amuse the royal captive, who had heard of the wonderful invention; and in its intricate chimneys and tubes the written communications to Henry were to be secreted. This purpose Hilyard prevailed on the philosopher to conceal from Sybill, whose pity was strongly moved by the idea of the late-haughty Margaret of Anjou now desolate and subdued, and languishing for tidings of the health of the unfortunate husband she had once despised. When Robin had laid his plan before Sybill in the light which he desired her to view it, he farther entreated her personal aid;—

"Wilt thou so far aid the charitable work as to seek the Lord Hastings, and crave the necessary license! Thou seest that thy father has wayward and abstract moods; he might forget that Henry of Windsor is no longer king, and might give him that title in speaking to Lord Hastings—a slip of the tongue which the law styles treason."

"Certes," said Sybill, quickly, "if my father would seek the poor captive, I will be his messenger to my Lord Hastings. But oh, Sir! as thou hast known my father's boyhood, and as thou hopest for mercy in the last day, tempt to no danger one so guileless!"

Hilyard winced.

But he had gained his object; and now the devoted maiden is before the man who was to be her fate:—before the accomplished Hastings. On the character of Hastings his emblazoner has bestowed elaborate pains, which, as the man to whom Sybill gave the rich treasure of her virgin love, he was artistically bound to do. Yet he has not succeeded in commending this happy combination of the "courtier and the scholar" to the affections of the

reader—well-adapted as the mingled character and conflicting passions of Hastings are to the purposes of the fictionist. Assuming much of the character of the Hastings of the romance to be ideal—the pure creation of the artist, which it indubitably is,—those who look to the moral tendencies of works of fiction will, in this delineation, find more to cavil at, than in all the other personages put together. They may fancy that they have a right to demand, why did Sybill love this man? and there is no answer ready, save the very unsatisfactory one,—to them, at least,

> "Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still:
> Is human love the growth of human will?"

Hastings, moreover, is, in his own age, but a type of the *Pelhams* of our times. With his great capacities as a soldier and statesman, we are told, were united "modest and manly manners," and those simple, unostentatious tastes which make men popular with the lowly, and welcome to the great. "But, in that day, a certain mixture of vice was necessary to success, and Hastings wounded no self-love by the assumption of unfashionable purism." And no such assumption was required; the vice was genuine, though,—

Profligacy, with Hastings, had the excuse of ardent passions: he had loved deeply, and unhappily, in his earlier youth, and he gave into the dissipation of the time with the restless eagerness common to strong and active natures when the heart is not at ease; and under all the light fascination of his converse, or the dissipation of his life, lurked the melancholic temperament of a man worthy of nobler things. Nor was the courtly vice of the libertine the only drawback to the virtuous character assigned to Hastings by Comines. His experience of men had taught him something of the disdain of the cynic, and he scrupled not at serving his pleasures or his ambition by means which his loftier nature could not excuse to his clear sense. Still, however, the world, which had deteriorated, could not harden him. Few persons so able acted so frequently from impulse; the impulses were, for the most part, affectionate and generous: but then came the regrets of caution and experience; and Hastings summoned his intellect to correct the movement of his heart—in other words, reflection sought to undo what impulse had suggested. Though so successful a gallant, he had not acquired the ruthless egotism of the sensualist; and his conduct to women often evinced the weakness of giddy youth rather than the cold deliberation of profligate manhood. Thus in his veriest vices there was a spurious amiability—a seductive charm; while in the graver affairs of life, the intellectual susceptibility of his nature served but to quicken his penetration and stimulate his energies; and Hastings might have said, with one of his Italian contemporaries,—"That in subjection to the influences of Women he had learned the government of Men." . . . . . Hastings was alone in the apartments assigned to him in the Tower, when his page, with a peculiar smile, announced to him the visit of a young donzell, who would not impart her business to his attendants.

The accomplished Chamberlain looked up somewhat impatiently from the beautiful MS., enriched with the silver verse of Petrarch, which lay open on his table, and, after muttering to himself—"It is only Edward to whom the face of a woman never is unwelcome," bade the page admit the visiter.

The damsel entered, and the door closed upon her.

"Be not alarmed, maiden," said Hastings, touched by the downcast bend of the hooded countenance, and the unmistakable and timid modesty of his visiter's bearing. "What hast thou to say to me?"

At the sound of his voice Sybill Warner started, and uttered a faint exclamation. The stranger of the pastime-ground was before her. Instinctively she drew the wimple yet more closely round her face, and laid her hand upon the bolt of the door as in the impulse of retreat.

The nobleman's curiosity was roused. He looked again and earnestly on the form that seemed to shrink from his gaze; then rising slowly, he advanced, and laid his hand on her arm—"Donzell, I recognise thee," he said, in a voice that sounded cold and stern—"what service wouldst thou ask me to render thee? Speak! Nay! I pray thee, speak."

"Indeed, good my lord," said Sybill, conquering her confusion; and, lifting her wimple, her dark-blue eyes met those bent on her, with fearless truth and innocence. "I knew not, and you will believe me—I knew not till this moment that I had such cause for gratitude to the Lord Hastings. I sought you but on the behalf of my father, Master Adam Warner, who would fain have the permission accorded to other scholars, to see the Lord Henry of Windsor, who was gracious to him in other days, and to while the duress of that princely captive with the show of a quaint instrument he has invented."

"Doubtless," answered Hastings, who deserved his character (rare in that day) for humanity and mildness—"doubtless it will pleasure me, nor offend his Grace the King, to show all courtesy and indulgence to the unhappy gentleman and lord, whom the weal of England condemns us to hold incarcerate. I have heard of thy father, maiden, an honest and simple man, in whom we need not fear a conspirator; and of thee, young mistress, I have heard also, since we parted."

"Of me, noble Sir?"

"Of thee," said Hastings, with a smile; and, placing a seat for her, he took from the table an illuminated MS. "I have to thank thy friend, Master Alwyn, for procuring me this treasure!"

"What, my lord!" said Sybill, and her eyes glistened, "were you—you the—the——"

"The fortunate person whom Alwyn has enriched at so slight a cost. Yes. Do not grudge me my good fortune in this. Thou hast nobler treasures, methinks, to bestow on another!"

"My good lord!"

"Nay, I must not distress thee. And the young gentleman has a fair face; may it bespeak a true heart!"

These words gave Sybill an emotion of strange delight. They seemed spoken sadly—they seemed to betoken a jealous sorrow—they awoke the strange, wayward, *woman-feeling*, which is pleased at the pain that betrays the woman's influence: the girl's rosy lips smiled maliciously. Hastings watched her, and her face was so radiant with that rare gleam of secret happiness—so fresh, so young, so pure, and withal so arch and captivating, that hackneyed and jaded as he was in the vulgar pursuit of pleasure, the sight moved better and tenderer feelings than those of the sensualist. "Yes," he muttered to himself, "there *are* some toys it were a sin to sport with and cast away amidst the broken rubbish of gone passions!"

He turned to the table, and wrote the order of admission to Henry's prison; and as he gave it to Sybill, he said, "Thy young gallant, I see, is at the Court now. It is a perilous ordeal, and especially to one for whom the name of Nevile opens the road to advancement and honour. Men learn betimes in courts to forsake Love for Plutus, and many a wealthy lord would give his heiress to the poorest gentleman who claims kindred to the Earl of Salisbury and Warwick."

"May my father's guest so prosper," answered Sybill, "for he seems of loyal heart and gentle nature!"

"Thou art unselfish, sweet mistress," said Hastings; and, surprised by her careless tone, he paused a moment, "or art thou, in truth, indifferent? Saw I not thy hand in his, when even those loathly tymbesteres chanted warning to thee for loving, not above thy merits, but, alas, it may be, above thy fortunes!"

Sybill's delight increased. Oh, then, he had not applied that hateful warning to himself! He guessed not her secret. She blushed; and the blush was so chaste and maidenly, while the smile that went with it was so

ineffably animated and joyous, that Hastings exclaimed, with unaffected admiration, "Surely, fair donzell, Petrarch dreamed of thee, when he spoke of the woman-blush and the angel-smile of Laura. Woe to the man who would injure thee. Farewell! I would not see thee too often, unless I saw thee ever."

He lifted her hand to his lips, with a chivalrous aspect, as he spoke, opened the door, and called his page to attend her to the gates.

Sybill was more flattered by the abrupt dismissal than if he had knelt to detain her. How different seemed the world as her light step wended homeward!

With his own creations, and in the private life of all his personages, the artist, as he has the right, deals as it pleases him; while in public affairs he never outrages, and, in general, follows, almost literally, the current of history, and adheres to those broad outlines of character, which historians have transmitted, though he has his favourites, and his likings and dislikes. His portraiture of Edward IV. is as much too favourable, as that of his Queen, Elizabeth, is unjust. Again we must leave to casuists and moralists the question of whether unbridled lust, or the intemperance of the table, be the worst vice in a Prince. Our author considers gross epicurism the more destructive. But with all these, and other debasing vices, Edward —what we cannot well comprehend—is represented as thoroughly—

The cavalier, deeply imbued with the romance of chivalry, and, while making the absolute woman his plaything, always treating the ideal woman as a goddess. A refined gallantry—a deferential courtesy to dame and demoiselle—united the language of an Amadis with the licentiousness of a gaoler; and a far more alluring contrast than the court of Charles II. presented to the grim Commonwealth, seduced the vulgar in that of this most brave and most beautiful prince, when compared with the mournful and lugubrious circles in which Henry VI. had reigned and prayed.

Adam Warner and his Eureka, in the meanwhile, were, in virtue of the warrant of Hastings, admitted to the captive Henry, and the object of Robin of Redesdale was thus far accomplished. It is now that the future Richard the Third, then the youthful Duke of Glo'ster, and his minion, Catesby, are brought forward. Richard's shrewd suspicions pointed to something so near the truth, that the Philosopher was brought into imminent peril. Even after his infernal machine had happily exploded, and put in danger the whole of the frightened court, the doubts of Richard remained, and, left alone with Warner and his Iron Idol, the poor Student was menaced with the rack, unless he revealed what he had, in fact, wholly forgotten—the secret purpose of his errand to King Henry, and the place in which the papers were concealed. While in this extremity, a retainer of Robin Hilyard, who had carried the machine, luckily escaped, and informed his captain, who took the bold resolution of at once throwing the Lancastrian party upon the generosity of Hastings, the favourite and High Chamberlain of Edward of York. While Adam Warner was employed in his important mission, Sybill, in order to be as near him as possible, was directed, by Robin Hilyard, to remain with the noble and widowed Dame of Longueville, a zealous adherent of Margaret of Anjou, although, in her impoverished widowhood, fain to accept the kindness of Hastings, who had been enriched with the confiscated estates of her husband. In this noble lady Sybill did not, at first sight, recognise one who had been kind to her in childhood, when at the court of Margaret. —The scene is sweet in itself, and it helps on the main interest of the plot;—the destiny of Sybill.

The old lady looked up from her embroidery-frame, as Sybill sate musing on a stool before her; she scanned the maiden with a wistful and somewhat melancholy eye.

"Fair girl," she said, breaking a silence that had lasted for some moments, "it seems to me that I have seen thy face before. Wert thou never in Queen Margaret's court?"

"In childhood—yes, lady."

"Do you not remember me, the Dame of Longueville?"

Sybill started in surprise, and gazed long before she recognised the features of her hostess; for the Dame of Longueville had been still, when Sybill was a child at the court, renowned for matronly beauty, and the change was greater than the lapse of years could account for. The lady smiled sadly: "Yes, you marvel to see me thus bent and faded. Maiden, I lost my husband at the battle of St. Alban's, and my three sons in the field of Towton. My lands and my wealth have been confiscated to enrich new men; and to one of them—one of the enemies of the only king Alice de Longueville will acknowledge, I owe the food for my board, and the roof for my head. Do you marvel now that I am so changed?"

Sybill rose and kissed the lady's hand, and the tear that sparkled on its surface was her only answer.

"I learn," said the Dame of Longueville, "that your father has an order from the Lord Hastings to see King Henry. I trust that he will rest here as he returns, to tell me how the monarch-saint bears his afflictions. But I know: his example should console us all." She paused a moment, and resumed: "Sees your father much of the Lord Hastings?"

"He never saw him that I weet of," answered Sybill, blushing; "the order was given, but as of usual form to a learned scholar."

"But given to whom?" persisted the lady.

"To—to me," replied Sybill, falteringly.

The Dame of Longueville smiled.

"Ah, Hastings could scarcely say no to a prayer from such rosy lips. But let me not imply aught to disparage his humane and gracious heart. To Lord Hastings, next to God and His saints, I owe all that is left to me on earth. Strange, that he is not yet here. . . . .

While Sybill, with enchanted sense, was listening to the praise of Hastings, a low knock at the door was succeeded by the entrance of that nobleman himself. Not to Elizabeth, in the Alcoves of Shene, or on the dais of the palace hall, did the graceful courtier bend with more respectful reverence than to the powerless widow, whose very bread was his alms; for the true high-breeding of chivalry exists not without delicacy of feeling, formed originally by warmth of heart; and, though the warmth may lose its glow, the delicacy endures; as the steel, that acquires through heat its polish, retains its lustre, even when the shine but betrays the hardness.

"And how fares my noble lady of Longueville? But need I ask? for her cheek still wears the rose of Lancaster. A companion? Ha! Mistress Warner, I learn now how much pleasure exists in surprise!"

"My young visiter," said the dame, "is but an old friend; she was one of the child-maidens reared at the court of Queen Margaret."

"In sooth!" exclaimed Hastings; and then, in an altered tone, he added, "but I should have guessed so much grace had not come all from nature. And your father is gone to see the Lord Henry, and you rest, here, his return? Ah, noble lady, may you harbour always such innocent Lancastrians."

The fascination of this eminent person's voice and manner was such, that it soon restored Sybill to the ease she had lost at his sudden entrance. He conversed gaily with the old dame upon such matters of court anecdote as, in all the changes of state, were still welcome to one so long accustomed to court air; but from time to time he addressed himself to Sybill, and provoked

replies which startled herself—for she was not yet well aware of her own gifts—by their spirit and intelligence.

The prolonged conversation, the entire scene, deepened in the young heart of Sybill the impression already received from Hastings, with whom she was brought into more frequent contact, from her father and his beloved *Eureka* being received into the household of the Duchess of Bedford, the mother of Edward's Queen. The Duchess, who dabbled or believed in the transmutation of metals, and who kept a certain Friar Burgey as a domestic chaplain of the Black Art, had conceived a vast opinion of the supernatural powers of Warner, from having been present when his machine so critically exploded at the moment when its creator had been menaced by the Duke of Glo'ster: which the wily and stately dame imputed not to accident, but to the influence and bidding of its potent master. Warner was beyond measure elated with the royal patronage which promised gold for the completion of his invention; but he remembered that he had a child,—and Sybill, in order to secure her father as an alchymist, was received as a waiting-damsel into the household of the Duchess, to whom Marmaduke Nevile was now a page. A change had also taken place in the fortunes of Nicholas Alwyn the shrewd young goldsmith; who, no longer the headman of another, came to court, to display his own gems and trinkets for the temptation of the ladies; and who was as deeply versed in the policy and foreign and domestic intrigues of the time, as ever a courtier among them. On one of Alwyn's business-errands, he made his way into the laboratory in which Adam Warner was hard at the new, and, to him, hateful work of attempting to change copper into gold. The philosopher—would not the monomaniac be the fitter appellation for one living on the narrow isthmus which divides Genius from Madness?—had completely forgotten the goldsmith, whom he mistook for some gentleman of the court, who had stood by when Glo'ster had menaced him with the rack, and his Eureka with destruction.

"I am not a gentleman," said Nicholas; "and I should have been loth to stand idly by when the torture was talked of, for a free-born Englishman, let alone a scholar. And where is your fair daughter, Master Warner? I suppose you see but little of her now she is the great dame's waiting-damsel?"

"And why so, Master Alwyn?" asked a charming voice; and Alwyn, for the first time, perceived the young form of Sybill, by the embrasure of a window, from which might be seen in the court below, a gay group of lords and courtiers, with the plain, dark dress of Hastings, contrasting their gaudy surcoats, glittering with cloth of gold. Alwyn's tongue clove to his mouth; all he had to say was forgotten in a certain bashful and indescribable emotion.

The alchymist had returned to his furnace, and the young man and the girl were as much alone as if Adam Warner had been in heaven.

"And why should the daughter forsake the sire more in a court, where love is rare, than in the humbler home, where they may need each other less?"

"I thank thee for the rebuke, mistress," said Alwyn, delighted with her speech; "for I should have been sorry to see thy heart spoiled by the vanities that kill most natures." Scarcely had he uttered these words, than they seemed to him over-bold and presuming; for his eye now took in the great change of which Marmaduke had spoken. Sybill's dress beseemed the new rank which she held: the corset, fringed with gold, and made of the finest thread, showed the exquisite contour of the throat and neck, whose ivory it concealed. The kirtle of rich blue became the fair complexion and dark chestnut hair; and over all she wore that most graceful robe called the sasquenie. . . . . She looked as if born to the air of courts; still modest, indeed, and simple—but with a consciousness of dignity, and almost of power; and, in fact, the Woman had been taught the power that Womanhood possesses. She had been admired, followed, flattered; she had learned the Authority of Beauty. Her accomplishments, uncommon in that age among her sex, had aided her charm of person: her natural pride, which, though hitherto latent, was high and ardent, fed her heart with sweet hopes—a bright career seemed to extend before her; and, at peace as to her father's safety—relieved from the drudging cares of poverty—her fancy was free to follow the phantasms of sanguine youth through the airy land of dreams. And therefore it was that the maid was changed.

At the sight of the delicate beauty—the self-possessed expression—the courtly dress—the noble air of Sybill—Nicholas Alwyn recoiled, and turned pale—he no longer marvelled at her rejection of Marmaduke, and he started at the remembrance of the bold thoughts, when recalling her poor and friendless, he had dared himself to indulge.

The girl smiled at the young man's confusion.

"It is not prosperity that spoils the heart," she said, touchingly, "unless it be mean, indeed. Thou remembereest, Master Alwyn, that when God tried his saint, it was by adversity and affliction."

"May thy trial in these last be over!" answered Alwyn. "But the humble must console their state by thinking that the great have their trials too; and, as our homely adage hath it, 'That is not always good in the maw which is sweet in the mouth.' Thou seest much of my gentle foster-brother, Mistress Sybill?"

"But in the court dances, Master Alwyn; for most of the hours in which my Lady Duchess needs me are spent here. Oh, my father hopes great things! and now at last fame dawns upon him."

"I rejoice to hear it, mistress; and so, having paid ye both my homage, I take my leave, praying that I may visit you from time to time, if it be only to consult this worshipful Master, touching certain improvements in the Horologe, in which his mathematics can doubtless instruct me—Farewell. I have some jewels to show to the Lady of Bonville."

"The Lady of Bonville!" repeated Sybill, changing colour; "she is a dame of notable loveliness."

"So men say—and mated to a foolish lord; but scandal, which spares few, breathes not on her—rare praise for a court dame. Few houses can have the boast of Lord Warwick's—'that all the men are without fear, and all the women without stain.'"

"It is said," observed Sybill, looking down, "that my Lord Hastings once much affectioned the Lady Bonville. Hast thou heard such gossip?"

"Surely, yes: in the city we hear all the tales of the Court; for many a courtier, following King Edward's exemplar, dines with the citizen to-day, that he may borrow gold from the citizen to-morrow. Surely, yes; and hence, they say, the small love the wise Hastings bears to the stout Earl."

"How runs the tale? Be seated, Master Alwyn."

"Marry, thus: when William Hastings was but a squire, and much favoured by Richard duke of York, he lifted his eyes to the Lady Katherine Nevile, sister to the Earl of Warwick; and in beauty and in dower, as in birth, a mate for a king's son."

"And, doubtless, the Lady Katherine returned his love?"

"So it is said, maiden; and the Earl of Salisbury her father, and Lord Warwick her brother, discovered the secret, and swore that no New Man, (the stout Earl's favourite word of contempt,) though he were made a duke, should give to an upstart posterity the quarterings of Montagu and Nevile. . . . . Duke Richard sent Hastings to Ireland, and a month after, the Lady Katherine married Lord Bonville's son and heir—so, at least, tell the gossips and sing the ballad-mongers

Men add, that Lord Hastings still loves the dame, though, certes, he knows how to console himself."

"Loves her! Nay, nay—I trow not," answered Sybill, in a low voice, and with a curl of her dewy lip.

At this moment the door opened gently, and Lord Hastings himself entered. He came in with the familiarity of one accustomed to the place.

"And how fares the grand secret, Master Warner?—Sweet mistress! thou seemest lovelier to me in this dark chamber than outshining all in the galliard. Ha! Master Alwyn, I owe thee many thanks for making me know first the rare arts of this fair emblazoner. Move me yon stool, good Alwyn."

As the goldsmith obeyed, he glanced from Hastings to the blushing face and heaving bosom of Sybill, and a deep and exquisite pang shot through his heart. It was not jealousy alone; it was anxiety, compassion, terror. The powerful Hastings,—the ambitious lord,—the accomplished libertine,—what a fate for poor Sybill, if for such a man the cheek blushed, and the bosom heaved!

"Well, Master Warner," resumed Hastings, "thou art still silent as to thy progress."

The philosopher uttered an impatient groan.

"Ah, I comprehend. The gold-maker must not speak of his craft before the goldsmith. Good Alwyn, thou mayest retire. All arts have their mysteries."

Alwyn, with a sombre brow, moved to the door.

"In sooth," he said, "I have over-tarried, good my lord. The Lady Bonville will chide me; for she is of no patient temper."

"Bridle thy tongue, artisan, and begone!" said Hastings, with unusual haughtiness and petulance.

"I stung him there," muttered Alwyn, as he withdrew. "Oh! fool that I was to—nay, I *thought* it never, I did but *dream* it. What wonder we traders hate these silken lords. They reap, we sow,—they trifle, we toil,—they steal with soft words into the hearts which—Oh! Marmaduke, thou art right,—right!—Stout men sit not down to weep beneath the willow. But she,—the poor maiden!—she looked so haught and so happy. This is early May; will she wear that look when the autumn leaves are strewn?"

At a court revel, Hastings, piqued by the haughty coldness of the Lady Bonville, so openly paid homage to her lovely rival, that the enchanted Sybill began to dream she might yet be esteemed no unworthy mate of the "new lord." Many political intrigues were now afloat. The fickle Edward was alienated from Warwick, who chafed at the ingratitude of the king whom he had made; and fiercely vowed to stand, at all hazards, by his Order, which Edward wished to curb and control. These scenes are effective; but they change, and we see the Last of the Barons in his ancestral halls, and rural England in the middle ages. This is a charming division of the romance; but from all these things, the descriptions of the growing dissensions of the nobles, and the account of those causes which led to the destruction of the potent Warwick, and the total ruin of the house of Lancaster, we are drawn by the gentle Sybill, and by the two "world-betterers," the Philosopher, and the Man of the People, Robin of Redesdale. Neither of them were one step nearer the grand object at which he aimed, after the conflict of years; and they now stood gazing on each other, half in sympathy, and half in contempt.

Adam toiled on, but the gold came not, nor did the neglected Eureka advance to perfection. He longed to escape from the court, and from his bondage. The thrall of the Duchess of Bedford was sick at heart. Premature age and disease were stealing on him. One calm and genial day, his daughter led him to the ramparts of the fortress-palace.

The father and child seated themselves on the parapet, and saw, below, the gay and numerous vessels that glided over the sparkling river, while the dark walls of Baynard's castle, the adjoining bulwark and battlements of Montfichet, and the tall watch-tower of Warwick's mighty mansion, frowned, in the distance, against the soft blue sky.

"There," said Adam, quietly, and pointing to the feudal roofs, "there seems to rise Power—and yonder, (glancing to the river,)—yonder seems to flow Genius! A century or so hence, the walls shall vanish, but the river shall roll on. Man makes the castle, and founds the power—God forms the river, and creates the genius. And yet, Sybill, there may be streams as broad and stately as yonder Thames, that flow afar in the waste, never seen, never heard by man. What profits the river unmarked?—what the genius never to be known?"

It was not a common thing with Adam Warner to be thus eloquent. Usually silent and absorbed, it was not his gift to moralize or declaim. His soul must be deeply moved before the profound and buried sentiment within it could escape into words.

Sybill pressed her father's hand, and, though her own heart was very heavy, she forced her lips to smile, and her voice to soothe. Adam interrupted her.

"Child, child, ye women know not what presses darkest and most bitterly on the minds of men. You know not what it is to form out of immaterial things some abstract but glorious object—to worship—to serve it—to sacrifice to it as on an altar, youth, health, hope, life—and suddenly, in old age, to see that the idol was a phantom, a mockery, a shadow laughing us to scorn, because we have sought to clasp it."

"Oh yes, father, women have known that illusion."

"What! Do they study?"

"No, father, but they feel!"

"Feel! I comprehend thee not."

"As man's genius to him, is women's heart to her," answered Sybill, her dark and deep eyes suffused with tears. "Doth not the heart create—invent? Doth it not dream? Doth it not form its idol out of air? Goeth it not forth into the Future, to prophesy to itself? And, sooner or later, in age or youth, doth it not wake itself at last, and see how it hath wasted its all on follies? Yes, father, my heart can answer, when thy genius would complain."

"Sybill," said Warner, roused, and surprised, and gazing on her wistfully, "time flies apace. Till this hour I have thought of thee but as a child—an infant. Thy words disturb me now."

"Think not of them, then. Let me never add one grief to thine."

"Thou art brave and gay in thy silken sheen," said Adam, curiously stroking down the rich, smooth stuff of Sybill's tunic; "her Grace the Duchess is generous to us. Thou art surely happy here!"

"Happy!"

"Not happy!" exclaimed Adam, almost joyfully, "wouldst thou that we were back once more in our desolate ruined home?"

"Yes, oh yes!—but rather away, far away, in some quiet village, some green nook; for the desolate ruined home was not safe for thine old age."

"I would we could escape, Sybill," said Adam, earnestly, in a whisper, and with a kind of innocent cunning in his eye, "we and the poor Eureka! The palace is a prison-house to me. I will speak to the Lord Hastings, a man of great excellence, and gentle too. He is ever kind to us."

"No, no, father, not to him," cried Sybill, turning pale,—"let him not know a word of what we would purpose, or whither we would fly."

"Child, he loves me, or why does he seek me so often, and sit and talk not?"

Sybill pressed her clasped hands tightly to her bosom, but made no answer. . . . . .

Wherefore is Sybill sad? Some short months since, and we beheld her gay with hope, and basking in the

sunny atmosphere of pleasure and of love. The mind of this girl was a singular combination of tenderness and pride—the first wholly natural, the last the result of circumstance and position. She was keenly conscious of her gentle birth, and her earlier prospects in the court of Margaret; and the poverty and distress and solitude in which she had grown up from the Child into the Woman, had only served to strengthen what, in her nature, was already strong, and to heighten whatever was already proud. Ever in her youngest dreams of the Future, ambition had visibly blent itself with the vague ideas of love. The imagined wooer was less to be young and fair, than renowned and stately. She viewed him through the mists of the Future, as the protector of her persecuted father—as the rebuilder of a fallen House—as the ennobler of a humbled name. And from the moment in which her girl's heart beat at the voice of Hastings, the ideal of her soul seemed found. And when, transplanted to the Court, she learned to judge of her native grace and loveliness, by the common admiration they excited, her hopes grew justified to her inexperienced reason. Often and ever the words of Hastings, at the house of the Lady Longueville, rang in her ear, and thrilled through the solitude of night—"Whoever is fair and chaste, gentle and loving, is, in the eyes of William de Hastings, the mate and equal of a king." In visits that she had found opportunity to make to the Lady Longueville, these hopes were duly fed; for the old Lancastrian detested the Lady Bonville, as Lord Warwick's sister. . . . . .

But more, far more than Lady Longueville's assurances, did the delicate and unceasing gallantries of Hastings himself flatter the fond faith of Sybill. True, that he spoke not actually of love, but every look implied, every whisper seemed to betray it. And to her he spoke as to an equal, not in birth alone, but in mind; so superior was she in culture, in natural gifts, and, above all, in that train of high thought, and elevated sentiment, in which genius ever finds a sympathy, to the court-flutterers of her sex, that Hastings, whether or not he cherished a warmer feeling, might well take pleasure in her converse, and feel the lovely infant worthy the wise man's trust. He spoke to her without reserve of the Lady Bonville, and he spoke with bitterness. "I loved her," he said, "as woman is rarely loved. She deserted me for another—rather should she have gone to the convent than the altar: and now, forsooth, she deems she hath the right to taunt and to rate me, to dictate to me the way I should walk, and to flaunt the honours I have won."

"May that be no sign of a yet tender interest?" said Sybill, timidly.

The eyes of Hastings sparkled for a moment, but the gleam vanished. "Nay, you know her not. Her heart is marble, as hard and as cold. Her very virtue but the absence of emotion—I would say of gentler emotion—for, God wot, such emotions as come from ire and pride and scorn, are the daily growth of that stern soil. Oh, happy was my escape!—happy the desertion, which my young folly deemed a curse. No!" he added, with a sarcastic quiver of his lip—"No; what stings and galls the Lady of Harrington and Bonville—what makes her countenance change in my presence, and her voice sharpen at my accost, is plainly this: in wedding her dull lord, and rejecting me, Katharine Nevile deemed she wedded power, and rank, and station; and now, while we are both young, how proves her choice!" . . . . . And if, in the heat and passion that such words betrayed, Sybill sighed to think that something of the old remembrance yet swelled and burned, they but impressed her more with the value of a heart, in which the characters once writ endured so long,—and roused her to a tender ambition to heal and to console.

Then looking into her own deep soul, Sybill beheld there a fund of such generous, pure, and noble affection—such reverence as to the fame—such love as to the man, that she proudly felt herself worthier of Hastings than the haughty Katherine.

But why was Sybill sad?

But few months had elapsed, ere Sybill's fabric of hope fell to the dust. For Hastings spoke for the first time of love—for the first time knelt at her feet—for the first time, clasping to his heart that virgin hand, poured forth the protestation and the vow. And oh! —woe—woe! for the first time she learned how cheaply the great man held the poor maiden's love; how little he deemed that purity and genius and affection equalled the possessor of fame and wealth and power; for plainly visible, boldly shown and spoken, the love that she had foreseen as a glory from the Heaven, sought but to humble her to the dust.

The anguish of that moment was unspeakable—and she spoke it not. But as she broke from the profaning clasp, as escaping to the threshold, she cast on the unworthy wooer one look of such reproachful sorrow, as told at once all her love and all her horror—the first act in the eternal tragedy of man's wrong and woman's grief was closed. And therefore was Sybill sad.

But Hastings came again, and was again forgiven; nor would he permit the simple philosopher to leave the court, to which Anne Nevile, the younger daughter of Warwick, had lately come, on a visit to the Queen, and as a pledge of the reconciliation of the Last of the Barons with Edward.

For the defection of Warwick from Edward IV., many of the causes of which remain involved in obscurity, Sir E. Bulwer has found or imagined a reason, for which, however, there is some foundation in the contemporary chronicles. The unprincipled and licentious Edward is represented as having attempted the honour of the daughter of his noble friend. Whatever the fact may have been, the tradition affords dramatic scope to the fictionist.——When both were children at the court of Margaret of Anjou, and when Warwick was still a zealous Lancastrian, the gentle Anne Nevile had dearly loved the little Sybill, and the affection was warmly renewed, when the young girls again met. On the first night that the foul passion of Edward led him stealthily to the chamber of his innocent guest, Anne was found asleep in the arms of her friend Sybill; and the enraged and baffled ravisher withdrew ere he had been detected, vowing revenge on the wizard and his child. But another night came—

King Edward feasted high, and Sybill sate in her father's chamber—she silent with thought of love, Adam silent in the toils of science. The Eureka was well-nigh finished—rising from its ruins, more perfect, more elaborate, than before. Maiden and Scholar, each seeming near to the cherished goal—to the one Love's genial Altar, to the other Fame's lonely shrine.

Evening advanced—night began—night deepened. King Edward's feast was over, but still in his perfumed chamber the wine sparkled in the golden cup. . . .

The night deepened still—the wine is drained in King Edward's goblet—King Edward has left his chamber—and Sybill, entreating her father, but in vain, to suspend his toil, has kissed the damps from his brow, and is about to retire to her neighbouring room. She has turned to the threshold, when,—hark!—a faint, a distant cry, a woman's shriek, the noise of a clapping door! The voice—it is the voice of Anne! Sybill passed the threshold—she is in the corridor—the winter moon shines through the open arches—the air is white and cold with frost. Suddenly the door at the farther end is thrown wide open, a form rushes into the corridor, it passes Sybill, halts, turns round—"Oh, Sybill!" cried the Lady Anne, in a voice wild with horror, "save me—aid—help! Merciful heaven, the King!"

Instinctively, wonderingly, tremblingly, Sybill drew Anne into the chamber she had just quitted, and as they gained its shelter—as Anne sunk upon the floor, the

gleam of cloth of gold flashed through the dim atmosphere, and Edward, yet in the royal robe in which he had dazzled all eyes at his kingly feast, stood within the chamber. His splendid countenance was agitated with passion, and its clear hues flushed red with wine. At his entrance, Anne sprang from the floor, and rushed to Warner, who in dumb bewilderment, had suspended his task, and stood before the Eureka, from which steamed and rushed the dark rapid smoke, while round and round, labouring and groaning, rolled its fairy wheels.

"Sir," cried Anne, clinging to him convulsively, "you are a father—by your child's soul, protect Lord Warwick's daughter!"

Roused from his abstraction by this appeal, the poor scholar wound his arm round the form thus clinging to him, and raising his head with dignity, replied, "Thy name, youth, and sex protect thee!"

"Unhand that lady, vile sorcerer," exclaimed the King—"*I* am her protector. Come, Anne, sweet Anne, fair lady—thou mistakest—come!" he whispered. "Expose not to these low natures matter for guesses that but shame thee. Let thy King and cousin lead thee back to thy sweet rest."

He sought, though gently, to loosen the arms that wound themselves round the old man; but Anne, not heeding, not listening, distracted by a terror that seemed to shake her whole frame, and to threaten her very reason, continued to cry out loudly upon her father's name—her great father, wakeful, then, for the baffled ravisher's tottering throne!

Edward had still sufficient possession of his reason to be alarmed lest some loiterer or sentry in the outer court might hear the cries which his attempts to soothe but the more provoked. Grinding his teeth, and losing patience, he said to Adam, "Thou knowest me, friend—I am thy King. Since the Lady Anne, in her bewilderment, prefers thine aid to mine, help to bear her back to her apartment; and thou, young mistress, lend thine arm. This Wizard's den is no fit chamber for our high-born guest."

"No, no; drive me not hence, Master Warner. That man—that King—give me not up to his—his ——"

"Beware!" exclaimed the King.

It was not till now that Adam's simple mind comprehended the true cause of Anne's alarm, which Sybill still conjectured not, but stood trembling by her friend's side, and close to her father.

"Do not fear, maiden," said Adam Warner, laying his hand upon the loosened locks that swept over his bosom; "for though I am old and feeble, God and his angels are in every spot where Virtue trembles and resists. My Lord King, thy sceptre extends not over a human soul!"

"Dotard, prate not to me!" said Edward, laying his hand on his dagger.

Sybill saw the movement, and instinctively placed herself between her father and the King. That slight form, those pure, steadfast eyes, those features, noble at once and delicate, recalled to Edward the awe which had seized him in his first dark design; and again that awe came over him. He retreated.

"I mean harm to none," said he, almost submissively; "and if I am so unhappy as to scare with my presence the Lady Anne, I will retire, praying you, damsell, to see to her state, and lead her back to her chamber when it so pleases herself. Saying this much, I command you, old man, and you, maiden, to stand back while I but address one sentence to the Lady Anne."

With these words he gently advanced to Anne, and took her hand; but, snatching it from him, the poor lady broke from Adam, rushed to the casement, opened it, and seeing some figures indistinct and distant in the court below, she called out, in a voice of such sharp agony, that it struck remorse and even terror into Edward's soul.

"Alas!" he muttered, "she will not listen to me, her mind is distraught! What frenzy has been mine! Pardon—pardon, Anne—oh, pardon!"

Adam Warner laid his hand on the King's arm, and he drew the imperious despot away as easily as a nurse leads a docile child.

"King!" said the brave old man, "may God pardon thee! for if the last evil hath been wrought upon this noble lady, David sinned not more heavily than thou."

"She is pure—inviolate—I swear it!" said the King, humbly. "Anne, only say that I am forgiven."

But Anne spoke not; her eyes were fixed—her lips had fallen—she was insensible as a corpse—dumb and frozen with her ineffable dread.

In a chapter headed "The Lover and the Gallant. Woman's choice," the lover is found to be honest, sagacious, manly, and true-hearted Nicholas Alwyn, the Trader; the gallant, the "woman's choice," is Lord Hastings. Why should it have been so? Let Hastings state the reason, and let women judge of it:—

"Thou canst not succeed, man, nor couldst if William Hastings had never lived. The eyes of women, accustomed to gaze on the gorgeous externals of the world, are blinded to plain worth like thine. It might have been different had the donzell never abided in a palace; but, as it is, brave fellow, learn how these wounds of the heart scar over, and the spot becomes hard and callous evermore. What art thou, Master Nicholas Alwyn, (continued Hastings, gloomily, and with a withering smile,) what art thou, to ask for a bliss denied to me—to all of us—the bliss of carrying poetry into life—youth into manhood, by winning—the FIRST LOVE? But think not, Sir Lover, that I say this in jealousy or disparagement. Look yonder, by the leafless elm, the white robe of Sybill Warner. Go and plead thy suit."

"Do I understand you, my Lord?" said Alwyn, somewhat confused and perplexed by the tone and the manner Hastings adopted. "Does report err, and you do not love this maiden?"

"Fair Master," returned Hastings, scornfully, "thou hast no right that I trow of, to pry into my thoughts and secrets; I cannot acknowledge my judge in thee, good jeweller and goldsmith—enough, surely, in all courtesy, that I yield thee the precedence. Tell thy tale, as movingly, if thou wilt, as thou hast told it to me; say of me all that thou fanciest thou hast reason to suspect; and if, Master Alwyn, thou woo and win the lady, fail not to ask me to thy wedding!"

There was in this speech, and the bearing of the speaker, that superb levity, that inexpressible and conscious superiority,—that cold ironical tranquillity—which awe and humble men more than grave disdain or imperious passion. Alwyn ground his teeth as he listened, and gazed in silent despair and rage upon the calm Lord. Neither of these men could strictly be called handsome. Of the two, Alwyn had the advantage of more youthful prime, of a taller stature, of a more powerful, though less supple and graceful, frame.

It should have been said, that on this day Lord Hastings had sought an interview with Sybill, to say for ever—farewell. His "honour," his worldly prospects, presented insuperable difficulties to the prosecution of the humble love, "rashly expressed but not deeply felt." Could Sybill have overheard the discourse which led to the approach of the goldsmith, let us hope, for the honour of womanhood, that the "woman's choice," had not been the gallant. While revolving how he might best say *farewell* to the humble trysted maiden, who was already waiting his coming, Hastings had been thus accosted by the goldsmith.

"My lord, may I make bold to ask, for a few moments, your charitable indulgence to words you may deem presumptuous."

"Be brief, then, Master Alwyn—I am waited for."

"Alas, my lord, I can guess by whom!—by the one whom I seek myself—by Sybill Warner!"

"How, Sir Goldsmith!" said Hastings, haughtily, —"what knowest thou of my movements, and what care I for thine!"

"Hearken, my Lord Hastings—hearken!" said Al-

wyn, repressing his resentment, and in a voice so earnest that it riveted the entire attention of the listener—"and judge not as noble judges craftsman, but as man should judge man. As the saw saith, 'We all lie alike in our graves.' From the first moment I saw this Sybill Warner I loved her. Yes; smile disdainfully, but listen still. She was obscure and in distress. I loved her not for her fair looks alone—I loved her for her good gifts, for her patient industry, for her filial duty, for her struggles to give bread to her father's beard. I did not say to myself, 'This girl will make a comely fere—a delicate paramour!' I said, 'This good daughter will make a wife whom an honest man may take to his heart and cherish.'" Poor Alwyn stopped, with tears in his voice, struggled with his emotions, and pursued: "My fortunes were more promising than hers; there was no cause why I might not hope. True, I had a rival then, young as myself—better born—comelier; but she loved him not. I foresaw that his love for her—if love it were—would cease. Methought that her mind would understand mine; as mine—verily I say it—*yearned* for hers! I could not look on the maidens of mine own rank, and who lived around me, but what—Oh, no, my lord, again I say, not the beauty, but the gifts, the mind, the heart of Sybill, threw them all into the shade. You may think it strange that I—a plain, steadfast, trading, working, careful man—should have all these feelings; but I will tell you wherefore such as I sometimes have them, nurse them, brood on them, more than you lords and gentlemen, with all your graceful arts in pleasing. *We know no light loves!* no brief distractions to the one arch passion! We sober sons of the stall and the ware are no general gallants—we love plainly, we love but once, and we love heartily. But who knows not the proverb, 'What's a gentleman but his pleasure?'—and what's pleasure but change? When Sybill came to the palace, I soon heard her name linked with yours; I saw her cheek blush when you spoke. Well—well—well! after all, as the old wives tell us, 'blushing is virtue's livery.' I said, 'She is a chaste and high-hearted girl.' This will pass, and the time will come when she can compare your love and mine. Now, my lord, the time *is* come—I know that you seek her. Yea, at this moment, I know that her heart beats for your footstep. Say but one word—say that you love Sybill Warner with the thought of wedding her—say *that*, on your honour, noble Hastings, as gentleman and peer, and I will kneel at your feet, and beg your pardon for my vain follies, and go back to my ware, and work, and not repine. Say it! You are silent! Then I implore you, still as peer and gentleman, to let the honest love save the maiden from the wooing that will blight her peace and blast her name! And now, Lord Hastings, I wait your gracious answer."

The sensations experienced by Hastings, as Alwyn thus concluded, were manifold and complicated; but at the first, admiration and pity were the strongest.

"My poor friend," said he, kindly, "if you thus love a demoiselle deserving all my reverence, your words and your thoughts bespeak you no unworthy pretender; but take my counsel, good Alwyn. Come not—thou from the Chepe—come not to the Court for a wife. Forget this phantasy."

"My Lord, it is impossible! Forget, I cannot—regret, I may."

It has already been shown how the haughty noble, the proud gallant, too conscious of his own power, sent the humbler suitor to try his fortunes—to "plead his suit." And eloquently Alwyn pleaded it.——The first embarrassments over—"Look—look, Sybill!" he said,

Pointing to Hastings—"look! that man you believe loves you!—if so—if he loved thee, would he stand yonder—mark him—aloof, contemptuous, careless—while he knew that I was by your side!" . . . .

Never was wooing more strangely circumstanced than this—the one lover pleading while the other was in view—the one, ardent, impassioned; the other, calm and passive—and the silence of the last, alas! having all the success which the words of the other lacked. It might be said that the choice before Sybill was a type of the choice ever given, but in vain, to the Child of Genius. Here a secure and peaceful life—an honoured home—a tranquil lot, free from ideal visions, it is true, but free also from the doubt and the terror—the storms of passion;—there the fatal influence of an affection, born of imagination, sinister, equivocal, ominous, but irresistible. And the Child of Genius fulfilled her destiny!

"Master Alwyn," said Sybill, rousing herself to the necessary exertion, "I shall never cease gratefully to recall thy generous friendship—never cease to pray fervently for thy weal below. But for ever and for ever let this content thee—I can no more."

Impressed by the grave and solemn tone of Sybill, Alwyn hushed the groan that struggled to his lips, and gloomily replied—"I obey you, fair mistress, and I return to my work-day life; but ere I go, I pray you misthink me not if I say this much;—not alone for the bliss of hoping for a day in which I might call thee mine have I thus importuned—but, not less—I swear not less—from the soul's desire to save thee from what I fear will but lead to woe and wayment, to peril and pain, to weary days and sleepless nights. 'Better a little fire that warms than a great that burns.' Dost thou think that Lord Hastings, the vain, the dissolute——"

"Cease, Sir!" said Sybill, proudly; "me reprove if thou wilt, but lower not my esteem for thee by slander against another!"

"What!" said Alwyn, bitterly; "doth even one word of counsel chafe thee? I tell thee that if thou dreamest that Lord Hastings loves Sybill Warner as man loves the maiden he would wed,—thou deceivest thyself to thine own misery. If thou wouldst prove it, go to him now—go and say, 'Wilt thou give me that home of peace and honour—that shelter for my father's old age under a son's roof which the trader I despise proffers me in vain?'"

"If it were already proffered me—by *him*?" said Sybill, in a low voice, and blushing deeply.

Alwyn started. "Then I wronged him; and—and——" he added, generously, though with a faint sickness at his heart, "I can yet be happy in thinking *thou* art so. Farewell, Lady, the saints guard thee from one memory of regret at what hath passed between us!"

Hastings did not forego his purpose in seeking this meeting; but he had no heart to utter it. The stroke came full soon. The now widowed Lady Bonville, to whom the memory of early and baffled love, and the promptings of restless ambition gave redoubled fascinations, sought back and easily won her first lover;—and what Sir E. Bulwer morbidly and uniformly terms, "the fate of Genius," remained for Sybill.

We have attached ourselves to one humble family among the numerous and brilliant groups, ranged around the lofty central figure, Warwick; and are impelled to follow the fortunes of the Father and Child to the close. Warwick was now in open rebellion, and, returned to his ancient allegiance, was the champion of Henry. He had fled to France with his family, and his son-in-law the Duke of Clarence, for one daughter was already wedded to this brother of Edward; and the younger, the gentle Anne, was united to Prince Edward, the son of the captive Henry, and the heir to his lost throne. After details of endless and complicated intrigues, in which figure the brave and gallant Montagu, the brother of Warwick, and also his Jesuitical brother the Archbishop; "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," and the dark Duke of Glo'ster, with the King of France and his courtiers, and many subordinate personages, England is invaded; the standard of rebellion is raised, and

havoc rages until the close of all, when the fate of the last of the Barons, and that of his Order were sealed on the memorable field of Barnet. These latter battle chapters are peculiarly graphic and spirited. To the last breath the heroic character of Warwick is nobly sustained. There is a breadth, force, majesty and massiveness around *The Last of the Barons*, which illustrates his Order, and gives a new triumph to the author of the romance. If (probably for the personal reasons we have noticed) the story is felt to drag in the middle parts, there is no languor at its close. But as we have not intermeddled in any way with the general movement of the Tale, neither shall we allude to those rapid and grand final events which must, and we now speak literally, be perused with breath-suspending interest.

Let us then take leave of the little detached group with which we set out. The battle of Barnet is over; the triumphant Edward and his royal brothers, "false" Clarence, and plotting, guileful Glo'ster, are preparing to ride back to London; the dead bodies of the heroic Warwick and his faithful brother Montagu, are lying on the bier on which they are to be conveyed to St. Paul's for brutal exhibition. Alwyn the goldsmith, in an age when every man bore arms at need, was now a captain in the Yorkist bands; the citizens of London being mostly all partisans of Edward; who, by his popular manners, and encouragement of commerce, had gained their favour. It is matter of history, that at the Battle of Barnet, the man, half knave, half dupe, named Friar Bungey, enacted the part usually held by the cunning priests and sorcerers of barbarous tribes, in the battles they wage with each other; and that to his incantations on the field, the triumph of the Yorkists,—to which many accidental circumstances contributed,—was attributed by the superstitious. He is made to conjure up mists to mislead the Lancastrians; to exorcise guns; and completely defeat the horrible machinations of the Lancastrian wizard, Adam Warner. Near the spot where the Friar had played his part, —a young Yorkist captain passed with a prisoner he had captured, and whom he was leading to the tent of the Lord Hastings, the only one of the commanders from whom mercy might be hoped, and who had tarried behind the King and his royal brothers to make preparations for the removal of the mighty dead.

"Keep close to me, Sir Marmaduke," said the Yorkist. "We must look to Hastings to appease the King; and, if he hope not to win your pardon, he may, at least, after such a victory, aid one foe to fly."

"Care not for me, Alwyn," said the Knight; "when Somerset was deaf, save to his own fears,—I came back to die by my chieftain's side, alas, too late—too late! Better now death than life! What kin, kith, ambition, love, were to other men, was Lord Warwick's smile to me!"

Alwyn kindly respected his prisoner's honest emotion, and took advantage of it to lead him away from the spot where he saw knights and warriors thickest grouped. . . . . He pushed through a humbler crowd of peasants, and citizens, and women with babes at their breast; and suddenly saw a troop of timbrel women dancing round a leafless tree, and chanting some wild, but mirthful and joyous doggerel.

"What obscene and ill-seasoned revelry is this?" said the Trader to a gaping yeoman.

"They are but dancing, poor girls, round the wicked Wizard, whom Friar Bungey caused to be strangled,—and his witch daughter."

A chill foreboding seized upon Alwyn; he darted forward, scattering peasant and tymbestere, with his yet bloody sword. His feet stumbled against some broken fragments; it was the poor Eureka, shattered, at last, for the sake of its diamond! . . . . .

From the leafless tree was suspended the dead body of a man; beneath, lay a female, dead too; but whether by the hand of Man, or the mercy of Heaven, there was no sign to tell. Scholar and Child, Knowledge and Innocence, alike were cold; the grim Age had devoured them as it devours ever those before, as behind, its march,—and confounds, in one common doom, the too guileless and the too wise!

"Why crowd ye thus, knaves?" said a commanding voice.

"Ha, Lord Hastings!—approach!—Behold!" exclaimed Alwyn.

One could have wished a more poetic death for the philosopher. He might have been saved, if not from the blood-thirsty cruelty of superstition, then from the last brutal indignity, by dying before he was suspended.

Independently of its merits as a work of imagination, *The Last of the Barons* will allure the attention of many to a remarkable period of the annals of England; and there may be worse methods of studying the History of England, than, like Chatham, in Shakspere's plays. It ought to be noticed that, though in the usual number of three volumes, the work would in fact make five or six of the ordinary Circulating-Library dimensions. Readers in the country, who like novels in many volumes, may thus promise themselves, in every sense, a good spell. Though we have hinted at repletion of some things, it is more certain that there is deficiency of middle-class and common-place characters, and of those of homely life, to give a complete picture of the manners of the age; yet, as historians and chroniclers are nearly all silent about the People, the author might have been withheld by substantial reason from the attempt.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Wives of England, their Relative Duties, Domestic Influence, and Social Obligations. By the Author of "The Women of England." Fisher & Co.

This new volume will hardly finish the cycle which Mrs. Ellis appears to have prescribed for herself. She has specially addressed the Women, the Daughters, and Wives of England; but Widows, Mothers, and Old Maids, remain, and will perhaps be found as deserving of a separate treatise.

Her disquisitions, or practical sermons, on the duties of Wives, are, upon the whole, as it strikes us, fully more fresh and pithy than her former more discursive discourses. She keeps closer to her text. They are divided into twelve chapters, with such headings as

Characteristics of Men, Behaviour to Husbands, &c.; one, entitled the *First Year of Married Life*, might, we had fancied, have referred to, at least in part, early matrimonial squabbles or quarrels; the first year being frequently, as it is understood, alternately halcyon and squally; but it merely treats of the wife setting out well and wisely in her domestic and social relations. Mrs. Ellis, as an instructor of women in the varied duties of life, ought to be an especial favourite with the "nobler sex," to which she never fails to ascribe all fitting honour, and intellectual and social supremacy; however, in this new work, she insists that the married woman has some domestic rights—"a little sphere of her own," which ought not to be trenched upon, either by a reasonable husband, or a husband's relatives. These last, it is laid down, should abdicate the moment the new wife crosses the threshold. Mrs. Ellis is an enlightened and a strenuous advocate for economy; of the true nature of which she has a just idea; and for a dignified contempt of the petty ambitions about dress and appearance, which degrade so many of the vain of the sex. On this and cognate topics, many of her remarks, as, for instance, the following, are well worthy the study of married women:—

We find, in spite of popular prejudice against a simple dress, or a homely way of living, that respectability and genuine worth of character are able not only to give dignity to any position in society, but also to command universal respect from others; and that, while few are bold enough to imitate, there is no small proportion of the community who secretly wish they were like those noble-minded individuals, who dare to aim at a true standard of excellence in the formation of their own habits, and the general conduct of their families.

The following may, with advantage, be copied out, and, somehow or other, smuggled under the notice of those—and we trust they are not very many—whom it concerns:—

A wife should, in all respects, be the mistress of her own house. If, therefore, the husband's relations have been accustomed to take part in his domestic concerns, it is highly important that they should do so no longer. Correct-minded persons will need no hint of this kind from the wife herself. Such persons will be sufficiently aware, that the interior of her establishment must be kept sacred to her alone; and that, while the greatest freedom is maintained, both in asking and in granting favours, there must be no intrusion on their part into the mysteries of the kitchen, the store-room, or the pantry, without an invitation from the mistress, either expressed or implied.

Should there be wanting in the husband's relatives this peculiar kind of delicacy of feeling, it will be necessary to devise some plan calculated not to offend, by which they may be made to understand that you do not wish them, in your own house, entirely to share all things in common; for let the degree of kindness on both sides be what it may, your education and their's will, in all probability, have been so different, that circumstances must necessarily arise, calculated to draw forth remarks which cannot always be acceptable; and it is therefore your wisest plan, to draw the line of demarcation on the side of safety. . . . . .

I have said that all women have their rights, and it would be wise to begin, early in married life, to act upon the principle which allows to every wife a little sphere of domestic arrangements with which the husband shall not feel that he has any business to interfere, except at her request, and into which a reasonable man would not wish to obtrude his authority, simply because the operations necessary to be carried on in that department of his household, are alike foreign to his understanding and his tastes. To submit every little act of domestic management to the opinion of a husband, would be unquestionably to have one-half of them, at least, either defeated in their object, or immediately put a stop to, from no other reason than pure ignorance of their nature, cause, and effect. Thus, unless a husband can feel sufficient confidence in his wife, to allow her to rule with undisputed authority in this little sphere, her case must be a pitiable one indeed.

There are a few other cases, in which Mrs. Ellis allows that the wife's temper may be sorely tried. Here are some of them, and they are also from among the best—as the most directly practical, and least declamatory of her exhortations:

I have always been accustomed to consider it as the severest trial to the temper of a married woman, to have an idle husband; and if in addition to neglecting his business, or such manly occupations as an exemption from the necessities of business would leave him at liberty to pursue, he is personally idle, sitting slipshod at noontime, with his feet upon the fender, occasionally jarring together the whole army of fire-irons with one stroke of his foot, agitated at intervals by the mere muscular irritation of having nothing to do, or not choosing to do anything; and if he should happen to have chosen for his wife a woman of active bustling character, as such men not unfrequently do, I believe I must, as in some other instances, leave it to the reader to suggest some possible means by which such a woman may at all times control her temper, and keep the peace at her own fireside.

Here, too, we might mention as pre-eminent amongst the trials of married life, though I question whether it operates so immediately upon the temper as some others, the ruinous propensity inherent in the nature of some men, to spend their own money, and sometimes the money of their friends, in vague speculations and visionary schemes.

The man who is possessed with this mania, for in certain cases it deserves no other name, is neither to be convinced by argument nor experience, that after ninety-nine failures, he is not very likely to succeed the hundredth time; and the wife who knows that the maintenance of herself and her family is entirely dependant upon him, has abundant need for supplies of strength and patience beyond what any earthly source can afford. . . . . It is a well-known fact, that men in general appear to consider themselves justly entitled to the privilege of being out of humour about their food. Thus the whole pleasure of a social meal is sometimes destroyed by some trifling error in the culinary department, or the non-appearance of some expected indulgence. But here again, our forbearance is called into exercise, by remembering the probability there is, that such men have had silly mothers, who made the pleasures of their childhood to consist chiefly of such as belong to the palate; and here too, if the wife cannot remedy this evil, and in all probability it will be beyond her power to do so, she may, by her judicious efforts to promote the welfare of the rising generation, impart to the youthful minds committed to her care, or subject to her influence, a juster estimate of what belongs to the true enjoyment of intellectual and immortal beings.

With all occasions of domestic derangement, such as washing-days, and other renovations of comfort and order, some men of irritable temperament wage open and determined war. But, may we not ask, in connexion with this subject, whether their prejudices against these household movements have not been remotely or immediately excited, by the extreme and unnecessary confusion and disturbance with which they are too frequently accompanied? For I cannot think that a reasonable man, on comparing an English home with a French one, for instance, would desire to be altogether exempt from such domestic purifications; and if properly managed, so as to interfere as little as possible with his personal comfort, and conducted with general cheerfulness and good humour, such a man might easily be brought to consider them as necessary to the good of his household, as the refreshing shower is to the summer soil.

A causeless and habitual neglect of punctuality on

the part of the master of a house, is certainly a grievance very difficult to bear; because, as he is the principal person in the household, and the first to be considered, the whole machinery of domestic management must necessarily be dependent upon his movements; and more especially, since it so happens, that persons who are the most accustomed to keep others waiting, have the least patience to wait for others. Thus it not unfrequently occurs, that a wife is all day urging on her servants to a punctual attention to the dinner-hour appointed by her husband; and when that hour arrives, he has either forgotten it himself, or he allows some trifling hinderance to prevent his returning home until one, or two hours later. Yet the same man, though in the habit of doing this day after day, will be excessively annoyed, if for once in his life he should be punctual to the appointed time, and not find all things ready on his return.

Perhaps, too, the master of a family, on days of household bustle, when extra business has to be done, will not choose to rise so early as usual; or he will sit reading the newspaper while his breakfast waits, and thus keep every member of his family standing about unoccupied, with all the business of the day before them. Or, he may be one of those who like that women should be always ready long before the necessary time, and thus habitually name an hour for meeting, or setting out from home, at which he has not the remotest intention of being ready himself.

Now, as the time of women, if properly employed, is too precious to be wasted, something surely may be done, not by endeavouring to control the movements of such a man so as to make him true to his own appointment, but by convincing him that common honesty requires him simply to state the actual time at which he does intend to be ready. And here we see at once one of those numerous instances in which a reasonable man will listen, and endeavour to amend; while an unreasonable man will either not listen, or not take the slightest pains to improve.

Again, there are men who like the importance, and the feeling of power and decision which it gives them, to set out on a journey as if upon the spur of the moment, without having communicated their intentions even to the wife, who is most interested in making preparations for such a movement. And there are others who, when consulted about anything, cannot be brought to give either their attention or their advice, so as to assist the judgment of a wife, who would gladly give satisfaction if she could; yet, when the time to act upon their advice is past, will bestow their attention a little too severely upon the unfortunate being who, consulting her own judgment as the only guide she had, will most probably have done exactly what they did not wish. But it would be an endless task to go on enumerating instances of this description. I have merely mentioned these as specimens of the *kind* of daily and hourly trials which most women have to expect in the married state; and which, as I have before stated, may be greatly softened down, if not entirely reconciled, by the consideration already alluded to. Besides which, it is but candid to allow, that the greater proportion of these offences against temper and patience, originate in one of those peculiarities in the character of man which I have omitted to mention in its proper place. I mean the incapability under which he labours, of placing himself in idea in the situation of another person, so as to identify his feelings with theirs, and thus to enter into what they suffer and enjoy, as if the feeling were his own.

This alleged "incapacity" of sympathetic feeling—a very grave charge preferred against all mankind, which we cannot admit—must, we presume, be forgiven to Mrs. Ellis, in consideration of her nearly unbounded exaltation of reasoning, self-sufficing man, whose worst errors, in relation to his helpmate, are traced to foolish and indulgent mothers; vain, ignorant, and capricious sisters; and the corruption of public schools; "where the influence, the character, and the very name of women, are a by-word for contempt." Wherever these schools may be, and, we trust, they are rare, if to be found at all, the maidens of England ought to eschew husbands who have been trained at them. This over-indulgent judge finds that—

Such men are very unjustly blamed for being selfish, domineering, and tyrannical to the other sex. In fact, how should they be otherwise? It is a common thing to complain of the selfishness of men; but I have often thought, on looking candidly at their early lives, and reflecting how little cultivation of the heart is blended with what is popularly called the best education, the wonder should be, that men are not more selfish still.

We cannot admit this apology for "selfish, domineering, tyrannical" husbands. Man may, to a certain extent, be the "creature of circumstance," but he is also, and far more powerfully, the creature of reason and conscience.

Men may be found fallible and erring, it appears from Mrs. Ellis, in many small particulars, though they are so nearly perfect in the general. They are, she affirms, bad economists; but she ought to have added, in matters of which they are ignorant, and much as women are bad economists: the husband being certainly the better economist in the factory—the wife, *probably*, in the kitchen, the larder, and female wardrobe. Of men we are told—

Even the most penurious, the very misers of whom we read such extraordinary accounts, appear to have had a very mistaken idea of the best means of ensuring the great object of their lives. Thus, while most anxious to avoid the least unnecessary expense, some men greatly increase the waste and the outlay of money in their household arrangements, by not allowing a sufficient number of implements, utensils, or other conveniences, and means, for the purpose of facilitating domestic operations, by making each individual thing supply the place for which it is most suitable, and best calculated to secure against absolute waste. The master of a family is quite capable of perceiving that money for domestic purposes is often in demand; and that, through some channel or other, it escapes very rapidly; but he is altogether incompetent—and would that all men would believe it!—to judge of the necessity there is for each particular sum, or how the whole, in the end, must unavoidably be increased, by making every article of household use answer as many purposes as it is capable of, without regard to fitness, durability, or strength. But if, on the one hand, our first wish for the increased happiness of the homes of England would be, that men should let these things alone; our next, and, perhaps, it ought to stand first,—and be still more earnest than the other,—is this, that all women should be so educated, and so prepared by the right disposition of their own minds, as to afford their husbands just grounds for perfect confidence in their understanding and right principle, with regard to these important affairs. . . . .

With all this, however, and often in connexion with the most rigid notions of economy, men are fond of personal indulgences; nor ought they ever to be absolutely denied so reasonable a means of restoring their exhausted energy and cheerfulness, more especially, because those who are connected in any way with business, or who have to provide by their own efforts for the maintenance of their families, are generally so circumstanced through the greater portion of each day, as to be as far removed as posible from all opportunity of personal enjoyment.

It would, indeed, be a hard thing to refuse to the husband who returns home from his desk, his counter, or his fields, the best seat, or the choicest food, with any other indulgence his circumstances may afford. Here, however, in certain families, exists a great difficulty; for some men, and I need not say they are of the *unreasonable* class, are determined to have the indulgences, and yet are unwilling to incur the expense. From their habit of disregarding things in detail, and looking upon them only as a whole, they are utterly unconscious of the importance of every little addition, in the shape of luxury, to the general sum; and thus the wife is placed

in the painful dilemma, either of denying her husband the gratification of his tastes and wishes, or of bearing all the blame of conducting her household expenses on too extravagant a scale. There are few situations, in the long catalogue of female perplexities, more harassing than this; for it must ever be borne in mind, that men have a tendency to dislike the immediate instrument of their suffering or privation.

Let us commend to the few who require such exhortations this lady's judicious remarks on those caressing or fondling wives, whose actively demonstrative tenderness for their wedded partners become a positive nuisance to their friends. By all means, let the signs and symbols of "the holy and blessed mystery" be kept for the privacy of their own firesides. Mrs. Ellis can scarcely bring herself to believe, that any married woman will so degrade herself and her condition as to coax, and wheedle, and weep, or fall into hysterics, trusting to her blandishments, and the influence of her personal charms, to gain some selfish end, or object of paltry ambition, which her husband, if consulting his reason, ought to refuse. Like her, we trust that there are few, or none of such low-minded and artful creatures honoured to bear the sacred name of wife.

It would be unnecessary to notice Mrs. Ellis' strictures on the intolerable grievance of morning visitors, were it not that she suggests a remedy, on which we propose to move a slight amendment. Her scheme is, that one hour a-day shall be set apart for receiving the skirmishing morning squadrons. Would not two, or even three hours on two or three days of the week be an improvement on this plan; as it would leave some days sacred and unbroken to duty, to domestic business, to rational and refining pursuits, and to the reception of those entitled to the entrée at all times, and at all times kindly welcome? But we must not forget that, where ceremonious or gossiping morning callers are the pest of a single Mrs. Ellis, who knows so well how to employ her time, they are the delight, one of the first social pleasures of twenty frivolous and idle women; an absolute necessary of life, indeed, as society is at present constituted. Morning visiters never, we fear, can be got rid of, until social evening parties are put upon the easy, rational, inexpensive footing of those of France and Germany; and women better educated.

Domestic management, and conduct to servants, are each well-handled; and, upon the whole, the Wives of England may peruse the counsels of their accomplished sister and adviser with both profit and pleasure. Though this volume may not run through "*seventeen editions*," like the well-titled "Women of England," it is really a better book.

Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands. By Mrs. Sigourney. With Illustrations from Drawings by Roberts, Turner, Cresswick, &c. London: Tilt & Bogue.

A charming book is this; made up of pleasant, desultory prose sketches; poetic gems; and of pretty engravings, not the less attractive that they are chiefly taken from memorable Scottish scenes. But the "Memories" refer to England and France, as well as to Scotland. Mrs. Sigourney believes that there are plenty of satirical, caustic, and gossiping American travellers that visit and report on Europe, though she should not add to the number; and she accordingly sets out on the principle of dwelling only upon the bright side, and seeing, or at least of commemorating nothing save the good and the beautiful. Her landing at Liverpool was made under very impressive circumstances, as the ship, after a most prosperous voyage, was in imminent danger of being wrecked in St. George's Channel. From Liverpool Mrs. Sigourney entered Scotland by the Lake country and Carlisle; and even at the outset she indited verses to ancient Chester—to Kendal, the town of Catherine Parr—to Winandermere—and Grasmere and Southey; and the same chain of bright poetic links marks her entire progress through Britain, and in Paris. The work is, however, as a whole, much better adapted to the writer's native land, than to this country; where, unfortunately, few of us have anything more to learn of Holyrood, and Abbotsford, Stratford, and Westminster Abbey; of Mrs. Fry in Newgate, or Poet Rogers amid his collection of literary and other nick-nacks. Instead of the loftier national themes which Mrs. Sigourney has chosen for the expression of her pleasant memories, we, as a fair sample, copy out the following sweet lines, which have a true relish of Auld langsyne;—

SHEEP AMONG THE CHEVIOTS.

Graze on, graze on, there comes no sound
Of Border warfare near,
No slogan-cry of gathering clan,
No battle-axe, no spear;
No belted knight, in armour bright,
With glance of kindled ire,
Doth change the sparts of Chevy Chase
To conflict stern and dire.
Ye wis not that ye press the spot
Where Percy held his way
Across the marches in his pride
The "choicest harts to slay;"
And where the stout Earl Douglas rode
Upon his milk-white steed,
With "fifteen hundred Scottish spears,"
To stay the invader's deed.

Ye wis not that ye press the spot
Where, with his eagle-eye,
King James and all his gallant train
To Flodden-field swept by.
The Queen was weeping in her bower
Amid her maids that day,
And on her cradled nursling's face
The tears like pearl-drops lay;
For madly 'gainst her native realm
Her royal husband went,
And led his flower of chivalry,
As to a tournament,
He led them on in power and pride;
But ere the fray was o'er
They on the blood-stained heather slept,
And he returned no more.

Graze on, graze on; there's many a rill
Bright sparkling through the glade,
Where you may freely slake your thirst,
With none to make afraid.
There's many a wandering stream that flows
From Cheviot's terraced side,
Yet not one drop of warrior's gore
Distains its crystal tide.

For Scotia from her hills hath come,
And Albion o'er the Tweed,
To give the mountain breeze the feud
That made their noblest bleed;
And like two friends, around whose hearts
Some dire estrangement run,
Love all the better for the past,
And sit them down as one.

This will not be considered among the best of Mrs. Sigourney's poetical Memories, but the theme is less hackneyed than other things of more ambitious character.

The Americans, if the most truthful, are certainly also the most *outspoken* of people. Nothing should be communicated to one of that nation which one does not wish proclaimed on the house-top—made patent to all Europe.

Sure we are that Mrs. Southey, who never saw Mrs. Sigourney between the eyes, could have had no idea of the following most affecting and confidential communication being made public; yet we know not how to regret that the American lady's failure of what, perhaps falsely, is considered amongst us strict propriety or proper delicacy, has revealed so much of whatever is most beautiful in human nature. She tells "From Wordsworth I received the first information of Southey's melancholy state of health and intellect, and resigned, though reluctantly, my intention of going to Keswick to see him. . . . . A letter the ensuing spring from his wife, so widely known by her name of Caroline Bowles as the writer of some of the truest and most pathetic poetry in the language, made me still more regret that the short time which then remained to me in England, rendered it impossible to visit Greta-Hall. I trust I may be forgiven for selecting from one of her more recent letters a few passages, &c. &c." It is these passages to which we have referred, and now quote.

"You desire to be remembered to him who sang 'of Thalaba, the wild and wondrous Tale.' Alas! my friend, the dull cold ear of death is not more insensible than his, my dearest husband's, to all communications from the world without. Scarcely can I keep hold of the last poor comfort of believing that he still knows me. This almost complete unconsciousness has not been of more than six months' standing, though more than two years have elapsed since he has written even his name. After the death of his first wife, 'the Edith' of his first love, who was for several years insane, his health was terribly shaken. Yet for the greater part of a year, which he spent with me in Hampshire, my former home, it seemed perfectly reëstablished; and he used to say 'It had surely pleased God that the last years of his life should be happy.' But the Almighty willed otherwise. The little cloud soon appeared which was soon to overshadow all. In the blackness of its shadow we still live, and shall pass from it only through the portals of the grave. The last three years have done on me the work of twenty. The one sole business of my life is that which I verily believe keeps the life in me,—the guardianship of my dear, helpless, unconscious husband."

We imagine that no travelled American lady would be longer honoured as "a *postess* in her own country" who ventured home without being able to tell something of Miss Mitford. It does not appear that Mrs. Sigourney actually made the customary pilgrimage to *Three-Mile-Cross*; but she must have been in correspondence with the lady whose filial devotion she eulogizes as adding lustre and grace to the rich imagery of her pages. Of Miss Mitford she writes,—"An aged father, of whom she is the only child, is the object of her constant cherishing care. Years have elapsed since she has left him, scarcely for an evening; and she receives calls only during those hours in the afternoon when he regularly takes rest upon his bed. She is ever in attendance upon him; cheering him by the recital of passing events, and pouring into his spirit the fresher life of her own. . . . I cannot withhold a sweet picture drawn by her pen, though sensible that she had no intention of its meeting the public eye. 'My father,' Miss Mitford writes, 'is a splendid old man, with a most noble head, a fine countenance full of benevolence and love, hair of silvery whiteness, and a complexion like winter berries. I suppose there never was a more beautiful embodiment of healthful and virtuous old age. . . . How to promote his comfort in his advanced years and increasing infirmities, occupies most of my thoughts. It is my privilege to make many sacrifices to this blessed duty; for, with my dearest father, should I be so unhappy as to survive him, will depart all that binds me to this world.'"

Miss Mitford has sustained this misfortune, aggravated we deeply regret to learn, by other circumstances, painful to every one, but doubly so to fine and sensitive minds. Owing to the long and expensive illness of her father, and the consequent suspension of those literary labours which have communicated delight to the Old and to the New world, Miss Mitford, at the death of her father, found herself involved in debts to the amount of between £800 and £900. After having relinquished her mother's large fortune in behalf of her other parent, besides several legacies left exclusively to herself, she has had the additional misfortune of losing a sum equal to the half of her embarrassments, by the failure of a publisher; and is thus left without any available means, save the pension of £100 a-year, granted her some years since by the Queen. Miss Mitford was preparing to meet this heavy responsibility as she best might,—at whatever sacrifice, and by whatever exertion,—when some of her friends, to whom the circumstances became known, interfered, and proposed an appeal to the public, for the purpose of paying debts incurred in supplying the wants of the aged and infirm father, who had long engrossed all her time, and all her care. We think too well of the British, and, we may add, of the American public, to believe that this appeal will be made in vain. Thousands, and tens of thousands, have felt and owned the charm of her writings, and they have now an opportunity of repaying some small part of their debt,—of shedding returning peace and sunshine over that once sunny and cheerful spirit, which has long diffused an affluence of refined enjoyment, and ministered to the sweetest affections of our common nature.

Criticisms on Art, and Sketches of the Picture Galleries of England. By William Hazlitt. Edited by his Son, with Catalogues of the principal galleries, now first collected, 12mo, pp. 434. London: Templeman.

This must prove a valuable acquisition not less to the student of Art, than to the Amateur.

Sometimes querulous or wayward, but much more frequently liable to the generous error of being carried away by his own enthusiasm, there is yet no English critic on works of Art to be compared with Hazlitt. His soul was imbued with passionate love of Painting; and however faulty and deficient in manual execution, certainly no artist ever conceived finer ideas of the beautiful in Art, or with the pen expressed them half so forcibly. It is often quite as good, and sometimes better, to contemplate a picture in the powerful and glowing imagery of his page than on the real canvass. He is then like the poet exalting and embellishing the charms of his mistress from the rich exuberance of his own imagination. He has, for example, in his masterly criticism on Hogarth, discovered a thousand beauties and minute strokes of genius which the artist probably never dreamed of.

Of the principal piece in this volume, *The Essay on the Fine Arts*, originally published in the Encyclopædia Britannica, we had lately occasion to speak, and in those terms of warm commendation which its unmatched excellence must command from every ingenuous mind. Besides this master-piece, the present volume contains Hazlitt's cursory but spirited criticisms on the pictures in the principal galleries of England; Mr. Angerstein's, now in the National Gallery; the Collection at Dulwich College; the Stafford Gallery, the Grosvenor Collection, the Pictures at Petworth, Oxford, Blenheim, Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, Burleigh House, and in other

places of less note. An Essay on the Elgin Marbles, of which Hazlitt was a fanatical admirer, is taken from the extinct *London Magazine* in its palmy days; and the elaborate review of Flaxman's Essays on Sculpture, —another Treatise on the Fine Arts—from the *Edinburgh Review*. Such are the rich contents of this volume; and we know not of one better calculated to excite and guide an uninstructed admirer of Art. The Editor, in an Appendix, has given catalogues of the pictures of all the galleries described, as they are arranged at the present time; and in foot-notes corrected either the inaccuracies into which his father had fallen respecting the locality of particular pictures, or noticed the places in which they are now to be found.

We wish that it were possible, in few words, to give amateurs an idea of the varied contents of the volume, and of its suggestive value to artists. There are few artists who may not benefit by pondering such brief and pithy remarks, or artistic canons, as the following: "The highest Art is the imitation of the finest nature; or in other words of that which conveys the strongest sense of pleasure or power, of the sublime or beautiful."

In speaking of a picture of groups of girls, which, having been painted in the "fashion of the time," had not the free look of nature, and had become obsolete, uncouth, old-fashioned, and *rubbishy*; he makes this general remark on costume, "Dress a figure in what costume you please, (however fantastic, and however barbarous,) but add the expression which is common to all faces; the properties which are common to all drapery in its elementary principles, and the picture will belong to all times and places. It is not the addition of individual circumstances, but the omission of general truth that makes the little, the deformed, and short-lived in art." But it is still more grateful to listen to Hazlitt expatiating upon those pictures which enchanted him. We select two in different styles, the originals of which are in the Dulwich Gallery. "Look at the Cuyp next the door. [9] It is woven of ethereal hues. A soft mist is on it, a veil of subtle air, the tender green of the valleys beyond, the gleaming lake, the purple light of the hills, have an effect like the down on an unripe nectarine. You may lay your finger on the canvass; but miles of dewy vapour are between you and the objects you survey. It is almost needless to point out that the cattle and figures in the foreground, like dark transparent spots, give an immense relief to the perspective." . . . . . .

. . . . . "No. 283, Spanish Beggar Boys, by Murillo, is the triumph of this Collection, and almost of painting. In the imitation of common life nothing ever went beyond it; or as far as we can judge, came up to it. A Dutch picture is mechanical and mere *still life* to it. But this is life itself. The boy at play on the ground is miraculous. It is done with a few dragging strokes of the pencil, and with a little tinge of colour; but the mouth, the nose, the eyes, the chin, are as brimful as they can hold of expression, of arch roguery, of animal spirits, of vigorous, elastic health. The vivid, glowing, cheerful look is such as could only be found beneath a southern sun. The fens and dykes of Holland (with all our respect for them) could never produce such an epitome of the vital principle. The other boy, standing with the pitcher in his hand, and a crust of bread in his mouth, is scarcely less excellent. His sulky, phlegmatic indifference speaks for itself."—— An estimate of Holbein, as a painter, concludes: "Holbein's heads are to the finest portraits what state-papers are to History." From the remarks on the two celebrated *Claudes*, in the possession of Lord Radnor, of which everybody has, at least, seen prints, we copy this other canon of high Art. "In the cool of the evening, some cattle are feeding on the brink of a glassy stream that reflects a mouldering ruin on one side of the picture; and so precise is the touch, so true, so firm, is the pencilling, so classical the outline, that they give one the idea of sculptured cattle, biting the short, green turf, and seem an enchanted herd! They appear stamped on the canvass to remain there for ever; or as if nothing could root them from the spot. *Truth with beauty suggests the idea of immortality.* No Dutch picture ever suggested this feeling. The objects are real, it is true; but not being beautiful or impressive, the mind feels no wish to mould them into a permanent reality, to bind them fondly to the heart, or lock them in the imagination." We might multiply such passages without end.——As this is the season when *Exhibitions* of paintings are open in the great towns, when Art-Unions, and all the benumbing and blighting influences of psuedo-patronage, are in full activity, the following remarks, whatever opinion is formed of their correctness, are, at all events, opportune. Hazlitt entirely believed that patronage and progress in Art were diametrically different. "When the real lover of Art looks round and sees the works of Hogarth and Wilson—works which were produced in obscurity and poverty—and recollects the pomp and pride of patronage under which these works are at present recommended to public notice, the obvious inference which strikes him is, how little the production of such works depends on 'the most encouraging circumstances.' The visits of the gods of old did not always add to the felicity of those whose guests they were. Nor do we know that the countenance and favours of the great will lift the Arts to the height of excellence, or will confer all those advantages which are expected from the proffered boon. The Arts are of humble growth and station; they are the product of labour and self-denial; they have their seat in the heart of man, and in his imagination. It is there they labour, have their triumph there, and, unseen and unthought of, perform their ceaseless task. Indeed, patronage, and works of Art deserving patronage, rarely exist together; for it is only when the Arts have attracted public esteem, and reflect credit on the patron, that they receive this flattering support; and then it, in general, proves fatal to them. We do not see how the man of genius should be improved by being transplanted from his closet to the antechambers of the great, or to a fashionable rout. He has no business there—but to bow, to flatter, to smile, to submit to the caprice of taste, to adjust his dress, to think of nothing but his own person and his own interest, to talk of the antique, and furnish designs for lids of snuff-boxes and ladies' fans. . . . . With regard to the supposed pecuniary advantages arising from the public patronage of the Arts, the plan, unfortunately, defeats itself; for it multiplies its objects faster than it can satisfy their claims, and raises up a swarm of competitors for the prize of genius from the dregs of idleness and dulness. The real patron is anxious to reward merit, not to encourage gratuitous pretenders to it; to see that the man of genius *takes no detriment;* that another Wilson is not left to perish for want; not to propagate the breed, for that he knows to be impossible. But there are some persons who think it essential to the interests of art, to keep up "an aerie of children,"—the young

fry of embryo candidates for fame,—as others think it essential to the welfare of the kingdom, to preserve the spawn of the herring-fisheries. In general, public, that is, indiscriminate patronage, is, and can be nothing better than a species of intellectual seduction, by administering provocatives to vanity and avarice; it is leading astray the youth of this nation, by fallacious hopes which can scarcely ever be realised; it is beating up for raw dependents—sending out to the highways for the halt, the lame, and the blind, and making a scramble among a set of idle boys for prizes of the first, second, and third class, like what we make among children for gingerbread toys." There is much more in the same strain. If true twenty years since, when they were written, how much more emphatically true are these observations now, when every town and village has its annual exhibition, its picture-lottery, and junta of critics and patrons.

The Highland Note-Book; or, Sketches and Anecdotes, &c. By R. Carruthers. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

Literature, in these latter times, is able to maintain,—in a corps of clever, and often accomplished newspaper editors,—a sort of permanent staff, or chain of posts, in the provinces. They are never better, and seldom half so pleasantly employed, as regards distant readers, than when describing the natural scenery, or local antiquities, of their respective districts; or in telling the historical traditions and romantic legends, and embalming the memories of the Worthies of their counties. The Highland Note-Book, in substance, and, we presume, nearly in form, appeared in this manner in the Author's excellent newspaper, *The Inverness Courier*. He is to be considered as peculiarly fortunate in his locality, which is the centre of a wide region, of which much remained to be told, and much to be explored. Mr. Carruthers, selecting his subjects with good judgment and taste, has contrived, in a series of years, to throw together a delightful *melange* of description, anecdote, tale, and tradition, which well merited the preservation it has found. Nor are his sketches limited to the Highlands and the Highland border; though, with his foot on the heather, we like him best. His Highland readers may give their preference on quite opposite grounds. An evident warm attachment to elegant literature, and love of literary allusion, gives a farther charm to his work. He has also—for "the hand of the diligent maketh rich"—been able, in the Far North, to rescue from oblivion some original letters of Thomson, Armstrong, Scott, and Allan Ramsay, which are both curious and characteristic. As brief specimens of one style of these pleasing and graceful Notes, we select a few samples.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

Somewhat more than half-way to the Fall, we come to the inn, or change-house of Whitebridge, a small but decent hostelrie, which is welcome as the shining forehead of a star in that gloomy wild. Having seen your horse cared for—and oats as well as hay can be had—you should walk over the hills to the south, a distance of five miles, to see the Vale of Killin, a Highland Paradise, which has not unaptly been termed "The Happy Valley." It is an extensive shealing, encompassed by steep mountains, producing the richest pasture, and frequented for summer-grazing by all the *crofters* and their cattle. Many a Celtic beauty here trims her snood, and trills a song to please her swain. The plain, two miles in length, is dotted all over with temporary huts; some hundreds of cows are kept from June till August, and the land flows with milk, if not with honey. The verdant turf is sacred from the plough, *rastroque intacta*; a high mural rock bulwarks it in on one side, with lesser subsidiaries of the same character; and a lake, with a stream oozing out of it, waters and encloses the other side. Fragments of Celtic song and music have been preserved by this rural carnival in the Vale of Killin; and an eminent composer of these national melodies derived some of his sweetest strains from this pastoral source.

RANDOLPH'S HALL IN DARNAWAY CASTLE.

We pass from the modern rooms into an apartment such as few castles can boast—Randolph's Hall, a state-room, about a hundred feet long, forty broad, and ninety high. This hall is of great antiquity. It was built by Randolph, the first Earl of Moray, the friend, and nephew, and fellow-warrior of Robert Bruce, and afterwards Regent of Scotland, who died in 1331. The walls of the hall are cased on the outside with the same stone as the new castle, and it is plastered and whitewashed inside, and lighted with modern windows! These sins against good taste resemble the barbarous anachronism of the old players, (Garrick among the number,) who used to represent Lear and Macbeth in a tie-wig, and the cast-off court dresses of the nobility. The oak roof of this ancient hall still remains untouched; and it is impossible to enter the vast apartment, looking down its extensive area, and up to its magnificent roof, dim with age, recalling, at the same time, its warlike founder and his compatriots, Bruce, the Black Douglas, and others, who must often have sat within its walls, without experiencing a thrilling sensation approaching to awe and fear. Randolph was a brave soldier, as his conquest of Edinburgh Castle and his conduct at Bannockburn testified. He was also, as regent, a just, but a severe judge. "Having, on one occasion, sent his coroner before him to Ellandonan Castle, in the Highlands, to execute certain thieves and robbers, that officer caused their heads to be hung round the walls of the castle, to the number of fifty. When Randolph came down the lake in a barge, and saw the castle adorned with these grim and bloody heads, he said, 'He loved better to look upon them than on any garlands of roses he had ever seen.'" Doubtless his hall at Darnaway was sometimes adorned with such garlands! The last historical association connected with this apartment is the circumstance of Mary queen of Scots holding a council here, in her progress to the north, in the autumn of 1562. The hall still contains a few relics of the olden time. There is a carved chair which belonged to Randolph, with a thistle rudely cut on it; also a few massive oaken tables, that may have borne a banquet, spread even for the nobles of Robert Bruce. Across one of the windows are placed the colours of the Sutherland Fencibles regiment, torn and shattered at the engagement of Vinegar Hill: of this corps the late Lord Moray's brother was sometime commander.

We have lingered too long amidst the gloom and vastness of this old hall; and as the sun is now shining brightly over the trees, we shall take a plunge into the woods—the Forest of Darnaway. A noble forest! Entering it at a point called Dorsella, the tourist may pass over, in a circuitous line, until he quits the woods at Earlsmill, a circle of twenty miles—an extent of woodland which, as surrounding the residence of any one nobleman or gentleman in Scotland, is, perhaps, unexampled. The absolute value of the woods of Darnaway, in 1830, was £130,000. The annual increase in growth, of oak and fir, exceeds, in a threefold ratio, the amount of timber thinned and copsed every year; and as the system pursued is, for every fir that is cut down to plant two oaks, in the course of fifty years the whole forest of Darnaway will be one mass of oak. . . . . .

On the west bank of the river is an ancient and interesting object, a heronry. From time immemorial—most probably since the days of Randolph, first Earl of Moray—a colony of herons has congregated on the spot. Their nests are built on the branches of some old oak trees, overhanging the dark and rapid stream. As many as forty nests are on one tree, and there are from two to three hundred birds. In the bed of the river, the birds may be seen, with their tall figures, long necks, and blue wings, fishing patiently for food, or rising slowly up to begin their flight. When the stream is swollen by the autumn floods, the herons, debarred their

usual employment of fishing in its stony bed, repair to the shores of the firth for food. Their number here is on the increase, probably because the noble proprietor is anxious to protect the once royal birds in their present inglorious retirement, and because the river and firth afford abundance of small trout and fry. On the opposite bank of the Findhorn is a steep, precipitous bank of light sandstone, with numerous holes and fissures, in which some scores of jackdaws have taken up their abode. These light infantry sometimes make war on the stately ranks of the herons, occasioning a din and a turmoil that resound through the forest like the noise of artillery, and they sometimes find their way into the tree-rocked nests and steal the eggs.

Another picturesque point here is formed by what are termed the *Esses*, or salmon leaps, where the rocks in the bed of the river suddenly converge, leaving narrow passes and falls, up which the fish try to ascend.

In one spot, perched on a high green bank, is a solitary church, where a congregation of Scottish Dissenters has assembled for upwards of a hundred years. On a calm summer Sunday, the door is thrown open, and the sound of the psalm-singing mingles in a solemn and pleasing tone with the noise of the burn and the notes of the wood-pigeon. Scenes of this kind have a peculiarly Scottish character; they remind us alternately of the old Covenanters who assembled on the hill side, and of the deep religious feeling which still pervades the scattered dwellings of our rural population.

The rookery at Brahan, the seat of the chief of the Mackenzies, is a fit *pendant* to the heronry of the puissant lords of Moray.

A colony of rooks has long been established at Brahan, and attempts have lately been made to lessen the number. The reason assigned is, that the nests of the birds injure the trees. The nests are strongly made, vigorous, compact, and durable—for the rook is an admirable architect and builder—but they get filled with rain, which is constantly overflowing in times of storm and tempest, and thus the branches of the trees become decayed. There seems something in this *dictum*, though we never heard it propounded before. But the rook is as strongly attached to the tree on which it has been cradled, as the salmon is to his native stream, and it will be no easy task to dislodge him. He is also so interesting a fellow, when wheeling about with his companions, in his usual picturesque style, before going to rest on a calm summer's evening, that we should be sorry to see the social tribe driven from their old immemorial haunts.

The Cold-Water System: an Essay, exhibiting its real merits, &c. &c. By Thomas J. Graham, M.D., Graduate of Glasgow.

When the cold-water cure was first heard of in this country, we prophesied—and, indeed, no prophet was required—that it would make a vast sensation—and that there would forthwith be numerous Hydropathic Establishments in England. And so there are; and there might, beyond doubt, be much worse places of resort for the numerous wealthy, and often imaginary invalids, of this wealthy country. The author of this Essay has opened a Hydropathic Establishment near London. He is avowedly a regular cold-water practitioner, though he has not altogether renounced his faith in the moderate use of medicine. His cold-water remedies are precisely those employed by the Father of the system—Priessnitz, though he may not carry the use of some of them to the same extent. Nor does he claim universality for his panacea; the cases in which he has found the cold-water treatment efficacious, being, at present, merely "Indigestion, Costiveness, Asthma, Cough, Consumption, Gout, Rheumatism, Ulceration," &c., which *et cetera* may, however, comprehend a good many other diseases. The author, as a professional man, claims superiority to cold-water ignoramuses like Priessnitz; and from being able to combine the *hydriatic* method of treatment with the skilful prescription of medicine; now this is an equivocal good, as getting entirely rid of drugs is held one main advantage of the new system. Dr. Graham gives numerous cases of cures effected by him, in letters from the patients. Perhaps the really valuable part of the Essay is that in which the abuses of the new method of cure are pointed out. According to Mr. Claridge, Priessnitz never failed. Here we find many instances of his temerity and consequent fatal failure. After all, we are warranted to hope that Dr. Graham avails himself of the novelty of the cold-water system to attract notice, and employs it discreetly, adopting what is good, and discarding what is dangerous.

Titian; a Romance of Venice. By R. Skelton Mackenzie, LL.D. Three Volumes. Bentley.

The author of TITIAN claims for his romance the distinction of being the first *Art-novel* which has appeared in England. The *Art-novel* is a term now as distinctly recognised in France and Germany as the Historical, the Domestic, or the sentimental novel. We have no desire to quarrel with the name, though preferring, in the structure of every prose fiction that is of any length, those broad and free views of many-coloured life, which, in subservience to good taste and sound judgment, comprehend and harmonize in one all the different styles. It is more to the purpose that *Titian*, though strictly an Art-novel, is an exceedingly attractive romance, and a piece of elegant and scholar-like composition. Assuming the known biography of Titian as the ground-work of the story, the adventures of the great Painter are amplified and embellished in a graceful, if not peculiarly interesting tale, illustrative of the struggles and fate of Genius and the course of true love; while ingenious criticisms on painting, and eloquent disquisitions on the principles and influences of the Fine Arts, give unity of purpose and solidity to the work. The only great Artist is *Titian;* but we have, in Cornelius Agrippa, a philosopher and man of science. Their mistresses are lovely and high-born maidens of Venice. Of the condition of the Republic, and the most romantic of cities, we picturesquely see and learn a great deal, as the scene seldom changes from Venice. Many fine verses are interspersed through the romance, and with good effect. On the whole, however, we are compelled to fear that Titian will be received with more favour by cultivated readers, than by the circulating-library devourers of marvellous incidents, and admirers of burlesque characters.

First Lessons in Geography, for the Use of Schools. By George Rae. Stereotyped edition, enlarged and improved. Edinburgh: Macredie.

A useful, and well-filled cheap compendium.

The Gardener and Practical Florist. First volume. London: Groombridge.

There is much excellent, practical matter in this book.

Raymond; a Tale of Truth. 1 volume. Saunders & Otley.

In spite of our superabounding good-nature, we are not able to say much for Raymond, as a literary production; but, as there was never yet any kind of story which did not find admirers suited to its character, we shall not despair for Raymond in this latter respect.

NEW POEMS.

Poems of the Fancy and Affections. By William Sinclair. Edinburgh: Tait.

Besides a piece of some length, entitled "The Maiden's Dream of Death," which displays tenderness and grace-

ful fancy, this volume consists of numerous miscellaneous poems, generally on sentimental themes; and more distinguished by cultivated taste, gentleness, and softness, than by passion or vigour. Many of them are, indeed, truly sweet and engaging. Among our favourites are—*The Highland Girl's Letter to her Sister*—*The Rose in the Burial Ground*, and *Lines suggested by Harvey's Painting, The Castaway*. The volume is inscribed to Delta, with whose genius that of its author has a close affinity.

Poems—Tributes to Scarborough, Odes to Wellington and Napoleon, &c. &c. By Ben. Fenton. Saunders & Otley.

Papers of Regnault. Edward Bull.

SERIAL WORKS.

The Pictorial Edition of Shakspere. Shakspere; a Biography, Part 6; of the general Work, Part LII. In this new portion of this pleasant, though two-thirds imaginative and imaginary biography, we have Shakspere in London, and in contact with Raleigh, Greene, Peele, Lodge, Lyly, Marlowe, and other illustrious literary contemporaries. There is thus unbounded scope for the conjectural biography, which also forms a kind of dramatic literary history of the Elizabethan era.

Cumming's Fox's Book of Martyrs. Part XXI., with a View of Naples. This Part treats of the first years of the reign of Edward VI., when, if persecution had ceased, the spirit of intolerance was not inactive.

Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland. Part XXII. This Part contains two fine and characteristic plates, Devenish Island in Lough Erne, a beautifully lucid view; and *Taking a Stag near Derrycunnihy Cascade*, a striking scene, finely depicted. The other plates are fair enough, but inferior to these in subject and handling.

Thornton's History of British India. Volume IV.; Parts 4th & 5th.

The Phreno-Magnet, and Mirror of Nature, &c., &c. Edited by Spencer T. Hall. No. I. This new periodical is intended to form a record of Facts, Experiments, and Discoveries in Phrenology and Magnetism, which are henceforth, we presume, to be regarded, if not as twins, then as intimate auxiliaries or allies. Phreno-Magnetism has its root in the United States, where it is at present a favourite pursuit, these two new sciences being held to prove each other.

Chambers' Cyclopedia of English Literature. Part IV.

Popular Cyclopedia of Natural Science. Part III. *Mechanical Philosophy.*

German Amaranths. No. II.

Jessy Phillips; a Tale of the New Poor Law. Part III.

Martin Doyle's Practical Husbandry. Part XI.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

A Dream of a Queen's Reign.—This is an ingenious production, written by a philanthropic and patriotic individual, who has adopted the machinery of a Vision to arrest attention. The queen is Queen Victoria, who with *Religion, Justice*, and *History*—three most illustrious ladies—holds discourse on many subjects of deep interest to the community. How far the living, impatient, and earnest generation—earnest from suffering—may relish the machinery of these *Visions*, we are not prepared to say; though we must heartily approve of the writer's attempt to win the ear of the public to the grave and pressing truths which he has to propound.

England and her Interests—and "The Times" Considered. By John White, A.M.—The writer is all for the Anti-Corn Law League, and decidedly hostile to "The Times" newspaper.

The Duty of Excommunicating the "Moderate" Ministers of the Church of Scotland.

War and Peace—the Evils of the First, and a Plan for Preserving the Last. By William Jay.—This is a reprint of the Essay of Judge Jay, issued by those of the friends of Peace who form the committee of the London Peace Society. We are glad to learn that a Peace Convention, in terms of a previous arrangement, is to be held in London in June next. Before that time, Judge Jay's pamphlet may have done something to promote the spread of the fundamental principle of this association—namely, "that war is inconsistent with Christianity, and the truest interests of mankind."

Victoriaism; or, a Re-Organization of the People, Moral, Social, and Political, &c. &c. &c., in Letters to Sir Robert Peel.

Letters on Free Trade, addressed to Lord John Russell. By Walter Fletcher, Liverpool.—An excellent pamphlet, by a *genuine* free-trader, though some of his remedies may be questioned. Trade ought not only to be free, but every man should be free to exercise his trade, untaxed. Now, Mr. Fletcher proposes, as a source of revenue, and substitute for the income-tax, to license all trades and professions, as attorneys and hawkers are licensed at present.

Machinery, its Tendency Viewed, particularly in reference to the Working Classes. By an Artisan.

An Exposure of Female Prostitution in London, Leeds, and Rochdale, but especially in Glasgow. By William Logan, City Missionary; with an Introduction, by the Rev. William Anderson of the Relief Church, John Street, Glasgow.—Another horrible record; but with fewer incredible-looking general averments and inferences than we have seen in works of this nature, written as if for the purpose of producing a startling effect. This City missionary, who ought to have good opportunities of accurate knowledge, says, "I have seen procuresses going to church in this city, dressed so modestly that no person could imagine that they were looking out for good-looking girls for the purpose of decoying them." In another place he says, *Tracts* are often seen in the kitchens of brothels; and that, at the last annual meeting of the Church of England Missionary Society, held in Glasgow, he observed two first-class harlots attending. There have surely now been enough and too many publications exposing the fearful extent and wide-spreading evils of prostitution. The remedies are what society longs to hear of. Magdalene Asylums do not meet a hundredth part of the evil, although in this case, above all others, prevention were not infinitely better than any remedy whatever. "If," says this pamphlet, "one-fourth of the time and money were appropriated for the detection of procuresses and supporters, government would not be called upon for so many grants for erecting Prisons and Penitentiaries."

Conservative System of Joint Stock and Commercial and Industrial Associations. This is a modification of Owen's Social Communities; but somewhat more rational.

The Drainage of Lands and Sewerage of Towns, with a few suggestions previous to the passing of any act for draining and sewerage. A reprint from *The Westminster Review*, containing many useful suggestions.

Printed by William Tait, 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1843.

LAYS OF THE WOULD-BE LAUREATES.

CONTRIBUTED BY BON GUALTIER.

We were contemplating the perpetration of certain elegiac stanzas, in the style of Spenser, upon the demise of our recently-departed laureate. Our study was darkened; a branch of cypress nodded over our mantelpiece; our shirt-collar hung loosely from our neck; our eyes were beginning to roll with true poetic frenzy; we had actually nibbed a new pen, and written the preliminary "Oh," when the entrance of the servant with a gigantic packet interrupted our proceedings. The mystic letters, "ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE," printed upon the back of the packet, before the direction "*For Bon Gualtier, Old Nick Street, Edinburgh*," interested our attention forthwith. We felt a proud consciousness that we had never been of the slightest service to the Conservative party—rather the reverse; but as this seems—to judge by some recent Scotch appointments—to be a recommendation rather than otherwise, we were not without a hope, that the envelope might contain our nomination to some snug place,

> Where labours light, and very ample pay,
> Might give us cause to bless each quarter-day.

In fact we had made up our minds to decline anything short of a thousand a-year, and to spurn at a baronetcy, if that should happen to be the contents of the despatch,—when a shower of manuscripts falling from the interior of the packet, relieved us from all apprehensions upon either point.

It is not, of course, for us to reveal the particulars of that official communication, though it bore indisputable evidence of our being honoured with the confidence of her Majesty's government. Suffice it, that the Sybilline leaves which had dropped from the official cover, were neither more nor less than the various applications that had been made to the Home Secretary for the vacant laurel. Unable to rely on his own judgment, and seeing, that as Mr. Wakley had not a seat in the government, he could not have the benefit of his fine poetical discrimination, Sir James Graham had brought his difficulty under the notice of her Majesty. We shall not repeat her Majesty's remarks on the occasion: all that it is necessary for us to observe is, that the despatch of the documents to us was the result. Blushing from the roots of the hair to the points of our great-toes at the unlooked-for honour, we at once flung our abortive elegiacs in the fire, and proceeded to the perusal of these multiform effusions of the British Helicon.

We have said that the Home Secretary had not the benefit of Mr. Wakley's fine poetical discrimination to direct his judgment. It would appear, however, that even although Mr. Wakley had been familiar with the official red tape, personal considerations would have warped his usually-acute perceptions of the beautiful. He is himself a candidate for the office; and his application puts his views, as to poetry and poets, in so clear a light, that it were superfluous to add one word upon the subject. Here it is:—

THE CORONER'S CORONAL.

What's a poet? One who writes
  What nobody ever reads;
One who raves about moonlights,
  Dicky-birds and flowery meads;
One to whom a pretty woman
Is a being superhuman,—
A sort of cross-breed, gay and airy,
'Twixt an angel and a fairy.
  That's a poet!

What's a poet? One you'll see
  By the side of murmuring brooks,
Looking so, you'd swear that he
  Is a patient from St. Luke's;
One who maunders through the town
With long hair and collar down;
By the heath of Highgate lingers,
Counts his feet upon his fingers.
  That's a poet!

What's a laureate? One whose lays
By a pension are inspired,
Who wears a thing they call the bays,
And writes an ode when he's desired.
What's an ode? I'm noways clear
What an ode may be, but hear
'Tis some stuff about the Queen;
Long lines, with shorter lines between.
That's an ode!

Poets, laureates, odes, and all,
Are sheer humbug, that's a fact;
Young and aged, great and small,
All your rhyming birds are crack'd.
There is Wordsworth, doting elf,
I could write as well myself,
In domestic medicine's praises,
As he of buttercups and daisies.
That I could!

Give me but the laureate's place,
Soon my genius shall enhance it;
Songs each Crowner's 'Quest shall grace,
I shall versify the *Lancet*.
Give me but the laureate's pay,
Ballad-singers all the day
Shall have matter for their chimes,—
"Wakley's Royal Nursery Rhymes,
By the yard!"

A very concise exposition of Mr. Wakley's poetical creed, certainly. Government should take him at his offer, and engage him to put Buchan's Domestic Medicine and The London Pharmacopeia into octosyllabics for the use of schools. We should soon have the whole faculty following his example. Pills and poetry would be blended in one prescription. Instead of the cabalistic scrolls, garnished with snakes' tails and triangles, in which our leeches now issue their fiats to the apothecaries, we should have some such graceful mandate as this:—

When life appears a sullen waste,
And the mouth feels a nauseous taste—
When you abhor the genial cup, or
Breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper,—
To the next chemist swift repair,
And tell him to compound, with care,
Eight drachms of colocynth with two
Of those fine pills which men call blue.
These swallow ere you go to bed.
Next day will find you well, or dead.

Such verses would take even the bitterness of quassia out of a patient's mouth.

We are naturally of a humane disposition, and should, therefore, have much pleasure in handing over the modest author of the following rhapsody to the trenchant scalpel of Mr. Wakley. Few men have written more verses—few less poetry, than Mr. Robert Montgomery, who realizes to the letter the

Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines

of Pope. In the following effusion, he has out-Montgomeried Montgomery. If our readers feel any surprise at not understanding it, they can know little of his "*Omnipresence*" or his "*Satan*." It wants a title. We shall give it one.

MONTGOMERY. A POEM.

Like one who, waking from a troublous dream,
Pursues with force his meditative theme;
Calm as the ocean in its halcyon still,
Calm as the sunlight sleeping on the hill,
Calm as at Ephesus Great Paul was seen
To rend his robes in agonies serene,
Calm as the love that radiant Luther bore
To all that lived behind him, and before;
Calm as meek Calvin, when, with holy smile,
He sang the mass around Servetus' pile;
So once again I snatch this harp of mine
To breathe rich incense from a mystic shrine.
Not now to whisper to the ambient air
The sounds of Satan's Universal Prayer;
Not now to sing, in sweet domestic strife,
That woman reigns the Angel of our life;
But to proclaim the wish with pious art,
Which thrills through Britain's universal heart,
That on this brow, with native honours graced,
The Laureate's chaplet should at length be placed!

Fear not, ye maids, who love to hear me speak:
Let no desponding tears bedim your cheek!
No gust of envy, no malicious scorn,
Hath this pure heart of mine with phrenzy torn.
There are who move so far above the great,
Their very look disarms the glance of hate.
Their thoughts, more rich than emerald or gold,
Enwrap them like the prophet's mantle's fold.
Fear not for me, nor think that this our age,
Blind though it be, hath yet no Archimage.
I, who have bathed in bright Castalia's tide,
By classic Oxford, and more classic Clyde;
I, who have handled, in my lofty strain,
All things divine, and many things profane;
I, who have trod where seraphs fear to tread;
I, who on mountain—honey dew have fed;
I, who, undaunted, broke the mystic seal,
And left no page for prophets to reveal;
I, who in shade portentous Dante threw;
I, who have done what Milton dared not do,—
I fear no rival for the vacant throne.
No mortal thunder shall eclipse my own.

Let dark Macaulay chant his Roman lays,
Let Monckton Milnes go maunder for the bays,
Let Simmons call on great Napoleon's aid,
Let Lytton Bulwer seek his Aram's aid,
Let Wordsworth ask for help from Peter Bell,
Let Campbell carol Copenhagen's knell,
Let Delta warble through his Delphic groves,
Let Elliott shout for pork and penny loaves:
I care not, I—resolved to stand or fall,
One down, another on, I'll smash them all.

Back, ye profane! this hand alone hath power
To pluck the laurel from its sacred bower;
This brow alone is privileged to wear
The ancient wreath o'er hyacinthine hair;
These lips alone may quaff the sparkling wine,
And make its mortal juice once more divine.
Back, ye profane! And thou, fair queen, rejoice,
A nation's praise shall consecrate thy choice.
Thus, then, I kneel, where Spenser knelt before,
On the same spot, perchance, of Windsor's floor,
And take, while awestruck millions round me stand,
The hallow'd wreath from great Victoria's hand.

Good, twanging, sonorous lines, and quite as edifying as sounding brass or tinkling cymbals—quite. Had the author only lived in the days of Elkanah Settle or Shadwell, he might have tried a fall with them for the bays, and not without hope of success. Dryden's panegyric on Macflecknoe might have been written for him.

Others to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Robert never deviates into sense.

This won't do in these days of Penny Magazines and Informations for the People.

After all this grandiloquence something in a lighter vein will not be unacceptable. Here is a graceful set of verses by the author of Lalla Rookh—a faint echo of his early "Kiss be my passport to heaven" style.

OH, WEEP FOR THE HOURS.

Oh, weep for the hours, when the little, blind boy
  Long held me in thrall in the Paphian bower,
When I dipped my light wings in the nectar of joy,
  And soared in the sunshine, the moth of the hour.
From beauty to beauty I passed like the wind;
  Now fondled the lily, now toy'd with the rose;
And the fair that at morn had enchanted my mind,
  Was forsook for another ere evening's close.

I sighed not for honour, I cared not for fame,
  While pleasure sat by me, and love was my guest:
They twined a fresh wreath for each day as it came,
  And the bosom of beauty still pillow'd my rest.
And the harp of my country—neglected it slept—
  In hall or by greenwood unheard were its songs;
When love's dream was dispelled, I roused me, and swept
  Its chords as I sang of her glories and wrongs.

But weep for the hour—Life's summer is past,
  And the snow of its winter lies cold on my brow;
And my soul, as it shrinks from each thrill of the blast,
  Cannot turn to a fire that glows inwardly now.
No, its ashes are dead—and, alas! love nor song
  No charm to life's fast-closing shadows can lend,
Like a cup of old wine, rich, mellow, and strong,
  And a seat by the fire *tête-à-tête* with a friend.

This is Cupid on crutches, with a vengeance. The bulk of the verses before us proves very clearly, that the practical tendency of the age has affected even the poets. It is not the laurel wreath,

Disgraced by Cibber, and contemn'd by Gray,

which forms the object of their ambition. That radiant crown is of very secondary importance; and the butt of sherry occupies the first place in the minstrel's affection. Scarcely one of these poems is without allusion, more or less direct, to this interesting source of contemplation. In none of them, however, is it more prominent than in the following:—

THE POET'S MEED.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Southey's dead, and I am drouthy:—
Let me have the post of Southey.

Terse as a Greek epigram; but sensual—very. Mr. Hood should take a hint from the confectioners, who never issue their dishes of preserved ginger without a becoming garnish of bay leaves. The same tendency is very palpable in the following spirited lines by a poet, who is a great favourite of ours. They are in his early or middle style, rather than his later; but they are not the less pleasing on that account.

THE LAUREATE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Who would not be
The laureate bold,
With his butt of sherry
To keep him merry,
And nothing to do but to pocket his gold!

'Tis I would be the laureate bold!
When the days are hot, and the sun is strong,
I'd lounge in the gateway all the day long,
With her Majesty's footmen in crimson and gold.
I'd care not a pin for the waiting-lord;
But I'd lie on my back on the smooth, green sward,
With a straw in my mouth, and an open vest,
And the cool wind blowing upon my breast,
And I'd vacantly stare at the clear blue sky,
And watch the clouds as listless as I,
  Lazily, lazily!

And I'd pick the moss and the daisies white,
And chew their stalks with a nibbling bite;
And I'd let my fancies roam abroad
In search of a hint for a birth-day ode,
  Crazily, crazily!

——Oh, that would be the life for me,
With plenty to get, and nothing to do,
But to deck a pet poodle with ribbons of blue,
And whistle all day to the Queen's cockatoo,
  Dreamingly, dreamingly.
Then the chamber-maids, that clean the rooms,
Would come to the windows, and rest on their brooms,
With their saucy caps, and their crispèd hair,
And they'd toss their heads in the fragrant air,
And say to each other—"Just look down there
At the nice young man, so tidy and small,
Who is paid for writing on nothing at all,
  Handsomely, handsomely!"
They would pelt me with matches and sweet pastilles,
And crumpled up balls of the royal bills,
Giggling and laughing, and screaming with fun,
As they'd see me start, with a leap and a run,
From the broad of my back to the points of my toes,
When a pellet of paper hit my nose,
  Sneezingly, sneezingly.
Then I'd fling them bunches of garden flowers,
And hyacinths plucked from the Castle bowers,
And I'd challenge them all to come down to me,
And I'd kiss them all, till they kissèd me,
  Laughingly, laughingly.

Oh, would not that be a merry life,
Apart from care, and apart from strife,
With the laureate's wine and the laureate's pay,
And no deductions at quarter-day!
Oh, that would be the post for me,
With plenty to get, and nothing to do,
But to deck a pet poodle with ribbons of blue,
And whistle a tune to the Queen's cockatoo,
And scribble of verses remarkably few,
And at evening empty a bottle or two,
  Quaffingly, quaffingly!

  Oh, 'tis I would be
  The laureate bold,
  With my butt of sherry,
  To keep me merry,
  And nothing to do but to pocket my gold!

The man who appreciates a sinecure so well, ought certainly to have it.

Turn we now to Windsor, of whose festive board we are furnished with a delightful glimpse in the following ballad, written apparently by one of the footmen, to judge by the name attached to it.

THE ROYAL BANQUET.

BY JOSEPH JENKINS.

The Queen, she kept high festival in Windsor's lordly hall,
And round her sate the gartered knights, and ermined nobles all;
There drank the valiant Wellington, there fed the wary Peel,
And at the bottom of the board Prince Albert carved the veal.

"What, pantler, ho! remove the cloth! Ho! cellarer, the wine,
And bid the royal nurse bring in the hopes of Brunswick's line!"
Then rose with one tumultuous shout the band of British peers,
"God bless her sacred Majesty! Let's see the little dears!"

Now, by Saint George, our patron saint, 'twas a touching sight to see
That iron warrior gently place the Princess on his knee,

To hear him hush her infant fears, and teach her how to gape,
With rosy mouth expectant for the raisin and the grape!

They pass'd the wine, the sparkling wine—they filled the goblets up,
Even Brougham, the cynic anchorite, smiled blandly on the cup,
And Lyndhurst with a noble thirst, that nothing could appease,
Proposed the immortal memory of King William on his knees.

"What want we here, my gracious liege," cried good Lord Aberdeen,
"Save gladsome song and minstrelsy to flow our cups between!
I ask not now for Goulburn's voice or Knatchbull's warbling lay,
But where's the Poet Laureate to grace our board to-day?"

Loud laugh'd the Knight of Netherby, and scornfully he cried,
"Or art thou mad with wine, Lord Earl, or art thyself beside!
Eight hundred Bedlam bards have claim'd the Laureate's vacant crown,
And now like frantic Bacchanals run wild through London town!"

"Now glory to our gracious Queen,!" a voice was heard to cry,
And dark Macaulay stood before them all with phrenzied eye,
"Now glory to our gracious Queen, and all her glorious race!
A boon, aboon, my sovran liege! Give me the Laureate's place!

"'Twas I that sang the might of Rome, the glories of Navarre;
And who could swell the fame so well of Britain's Isles afar!
The hero of a hundred fights—" Then Wellington up sprung,
"Ho, silence in the ranks, I say! Sit down, and hold your tongue.

"By heaven, thou shalt not twist my name into a jingling lay,
Or mimic in thy puny song the thunders of Assaye!
'Tis hard that for thy lust of place in peace we cannot dine.
Nurse, take her Royal Highness here! Sir Robert, pass the wine!"

"No laureate need we at our board!" then spoke the Lord of Vaux,
Here's many a voice to charm the ear with minstrel song, I know,
Even I myself—" Then rose the cry—"A song, a song from Brougham!"
He sang,—and straightway found himself alone within the room.

Brougham singing! No wonder the royal party absconded so rapidly! We are sorry for Macaulay. The Duke, we think, took him up on this occasion rather snappishly. However, we trust he will take his revenge by turning a few of the incidents in the "iron warrior's" life into Lays. He might have worse employment, even at "The Windsor Castle."

The next poem we take up is by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, and is in a more stately vein. Sir Edward, reversing the usual order of literary progression seems of late to have abandoned the Kennington Common of prose for the Tempe of poetry. Far be it from us to chide him for the defection. Messrs. Saunders & Otley know best whether the three-volume system may be profitably continued. But as to an undivided flirtation with the muses, we certainly think that Sir Edward is rather old for the task. It is quite legitimate for boys

—— To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair.

But, when gentlemen are verging on the forties, it is quite a different affair.

A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

BY SIR E. L. BULWER.

Fill me once more the foaming pewter up!
Another board of oysters, ladye mine!
To-night Lucullus with himself shall sup:
These mute inglorious Miltons are divine!
And as I here in slipper'd ease recline,
Quaffing of Perkins' Entire my fill,
I sigh not for the lymph of Aganippe's rill.

A nobler inspiration fires my brain,
Caught from Old England's fine time-hallow'd drink.
I snatch the pot again and yet again,
And, as the foaming fluids shrink and shrink,
Fill me once more, I say, up to the brink!
This makes strong hearts—strong heads attest its charm—
This nerves the might that sleeps in Britain's brawny arm!

But these remarks are neither here nor there.
Where was I? Oh, I see old Southey's dead.
They'll want some bard to fill the vacant chair,
And drain the annual butt—and oh, what head,
More fit with laurel to be garlanded,
Than this, which, curl'd with many a fragrant coil,
Breathes of Castalia's streams, and best Macassar oil!

I know a grace is seated on my brow,
Like young Apollo's with his golden beams.
There should Apollo's bays be budding now;—
And in my flashing eyes the radiance beams,
That marks the poet in his waking dreams,
When, as his fancies cluster thick and thicker,
He feels the trance divine of poesy and liquor.

They throng around me now, those things of air,
That from my fancy took their being's stamp:
There Pelham sits and twirls his glossy hair,
There Clifford leads his pals upon the tramp:
There pale Zanoni, bending o'er his lamp,
Roams through the starry wilderness of thought,
Where all is everything, and everything is nought.

Yes, I am he, who sung, how Aram won
The gentle ear of pensive Madeline,
How love and murder hand in hand may run,
Cemented by philosophy serene,
And kisses bless the spot where gore has been;—
Who breathed the melting sentiment of crime,
And for the assassin waked a sympathy sublime.

Yes, I am he who on the Novel shed
Obscure philosophy's enchanting light,
Until the public, wilder'd as they read,
Believed they saw that which was not in sight.
Of course 'twas not for me to put them right;
For in my inmost heart convinced I am,
Philosophy's as good as any other flam.

Novels three-volumed I shall write no more;
Somehow or other now they will not sell,
And to invent new passions is a bore.
I find the Magazines pay quite as well.
Translating's simple, too, as I can tell,
Who 've hawked at Schiller on his lyric throne,
And given the astonish'd bard a meaning all my own.

Moore, Campbell, Wordsworth, their best days are grass'd;
Battered and broken are their early lyres;

Rogers, a pleasant memory of the past,
Warmed his young hands at Smithfield's martyr fires,*
And, worth a plum, nor bays nor butt desires.
But these are things would suit me to the letter,
For, though this Stout is good, old Sherry's greatly better.
A fico for your small poetic ravers,
Your Hunts, your Tennysons, Mackays and these!
Shall they dispute with him who wrote Maltravers,
Sequel to Alice or the Mysteries?
No! Even now my glance prophetic sees
My own high brow girt with the bays about.
What ho, within there, ho! another pint of Stout!

Majestic as these stanzas are, Sir Edward's vision of the bays must, we fear, remain a strictly poetical one, as we see no chance of her majesty converting it into a reality.

Our next selection shall be a poem by the bard, who murmurs his lyric notes by the banks of the fragrant Molendinar, investing his native Gorbals in—

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

The transition from the stately cadence of the stanzas just quoted to the terse downrightness and simple Doric of what we are about to quote, is somewhat abrupt. But the contrast may serve to bring out in more engaging relief the beauties of

I'M YER MAN.

BY SANDY RODGER.

What means a' this stir an this quarrel?
It's just about naething ava',
A wheen silly leaves o' green laurel,
That are no worth the neb of a craw!
Awa' wi' yer nonsense an' havers,
O' fame, an' renown, an' the like—
The chiel that wad trust to sic clavers
Will dee at the back o' a dyke!
"Gude sake, man, ye're unco mistaken,
I warn ye weel for to try;
There's hantle o' bannocks and bacon,
And a barrel o' gude wine forbye!
There's walth, Sirs, o' eatin' an' drinkin',
Ye're verra weel paid for yer sangs,
And no muckle fash about thinkin',
It's e'en just like rattlin' the tangs!"
Ou then they may mak' me the Laurat,
There's nane half sae gude as mysel';
I'll screech a' the day like a parrot,
An' hammer oot odes by the ell!
But, loch, to toom wine by the bicker
Wad mak' me uncommonly husky,
Sae maybe they'll alter the liquor,
And gie me a hogshead o' whusky.

There cannot be a doubt that her majesty's government will accede to so truly national a request, whenever they decide upon bestowing upon Mr. Rodger the laurel leaves, which he holds in such proper contempt—not sooner. Passing by a sheaf of applications in similarly classical strains by the Parnassus of poets, to whom *Whistle Binkie* is the *Magnus Apollo*, we come at once to a ballad in the stirring and graphic style, which we confess has a charm for us above every other.

THE LAUREATES' TOURNEY.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

"What news, what news, thou pilgrim grey, what news from southern land?
How fare the bold Conservatives, how is it with Ferrand?
How does the little Prince of Wales—how looks our lady Queen,
And tell me, is the gentle Brough. once more at Windsor seen?"

"I bring no tidings from the court, nor from St. Stephen's hall.
I've heard the thundering tramp of horse, and the trumpet's battle call,
And these old eyes have seen a fight, which England ne'er hath seen,
Since fell King Richard sobb'd his soul through blood on Bosworth Green.

He's dead, he's dead, the Laureate's dead! 'twas thus the cry began,
And straightway every garret roof gave up its minstrel man.
From Grub Street, and from Houndsditch, and from Farringdon Within,
The poets all towards Whitehall pour'd on with eldritch din.

Loud yell'd they for Sir James the Graham: but sore afraid was he:
A hardy knight were he that might face such a minstrelsie.
"Now by St. Giles of Netherby, my patron saint, I swear,
I'd rather by a thousand crowns Lord Palmerston were here!—

"What is't ye seek, ye rebel knaves, what make you there beneath?"
"The bays, the bays, we want the bays! we seek the laureate wreath!
We seek the butt of generous wine that cheers the sons of song:
Choose thou among us all, Sir Knight—we may not tarry long!"

Loud laughed the good Sir James in scorn—"Rare jest it were, I think,
But one poor butt of Xeres, and a thousand rogues to drink!
An' if it flowed with wine or beer, 'tis easy to be seen,
That dry within the hour would be the well of Hippocrene.

"Tell me, if on Parnassus' heights there grow a thousand sheaves,
Or has Apollo's laurel bush yet borne ten hundred leaves?
Or if so many leaves were there, how long would they sustain
The ravage and the glutton bite of such a locust train?

"No! Get ye back into your dens, take counsel for the night,
And choose me out two champions to meet in deadly fight.
To-morrow's dawn shall see the lists marked out in Spitalfields,
And he who wins shall have the bays, and he shall die who yields!"

Down went the window with a crash—In silence and in fear
Each ragged bard looked anxiously upon his neighbour near.
Then up and spake young Tennyson—"Who 's here that fears for death?
'Twere better one of us should die than England lose the wreath!

"Let 's cast the lots among us now, which two shall fight to-morrow;—
For armour bright we 'll club our mite, and horses we can borrow.
'Twere shame that bards of France should sneer, and German *Dichters* too,
If none of British song would dare a deed of *derring-do!*"

"The lists of love are mine," said Moore, "and not the lists of Mars;"
Said Hunt, "I seek the jars of wine, but shun the combat's jars!"

* Sir Edward has, by this fine line, fixed a date for Rogers' birth, which hitherto has been a desideratum in literary history. It was generally believed that the date of this event had perished in the obscurity of the middle ages.

"I'm old," quoth Samuel Rogers.—"Faith," says Campbell, "so am I!"
"And I'm in holy orders, Sirs!" quoth Tom of Ingoldsby.
"Now out upon ye, craven loons!" cried Moxon, good at need,—
"Bide, if ye will, secure at home, and sleep while others bleed.
I second Alfred's motion, boys,—let 's try the chance of lot,
And monks shall sing, and bells shall ring for him that goes to pot."

Eight hundred minstrels slunk away—two hundred stayed to draw,—
Now heaven protect the daring wight that pulls the longest straw!
'Tis done! 'tis done! And who hath won? Keep silence, one and all,—
The first is William Wordsworth hight, the other Ned Fitzball!"

FYTTE THE SECOND.

Oh, bright and gay hath dawn'd the day on lordly Spitalfields,—
How flash the rays with ardent blaze from polish'd helms and shields!
On either side the chivalry of England throng the green,
And in the middle balcony appears our gracious Queen.

With iron fists, to keep the lists, two valiant knights appear,
The Marquis Hal of Waterford, and stout Sir Aubrey Vere.
"What ho, there, herald, blow the trump! Let 's see who comes to claim
The butt of golden Xeres, and the Laureate's honour'd name!"

That instant dash'd into the lists, all arm'd from head to heel,
On courser brown, with vizor down, a warrior sheath'd in steel.
Then said our Queen—"Was ever seen so stout a knight and tall.
His name?—his race?"—"An't please your Grace, it is the brave Fitzball.

"Oft in the Melodrama line his prowess hath been shown,
And well throughout the Surrey side his thirst for blood is known.
But see, the other champion comes."—Then rung the startled air
With shouts of, "Wordsworth, Wordsworth, ho! the bard of Rydal's here."

And lo, upon a little steed, unmeet for such a course,
Appeared the honour'd veteran: but weak seem'd man and horse.
Then shook their ears the sapient peers, "That joust will soon be done:
My Lord of Brougham, I'll back Fitzball, and give you two to one!"

"Done!" quoth the Brougham,—"and done with you!"
"Now, minstrels, are you ready?"
Exclaimed the Lord of Waterford,—"you'd better both sit steady.
Blow, trumpets, blow the note of charge! and forward to the fight!"
"Amen!" said good Sir Aubrey Vere, "Saint Schism defend the right!"

As sweeps the blast against the mast, when blows the furious squall,
So started at the trumpet's sound the terrible Fitzball:
His lance he bore his breast before,—Saint George protect the just,
Or Wordsworth's hoary head must roll within the shameful dust!

"Who threw that calthrop? Seize the knave!" Alas, the deed is done;
Down went the steed, and o'er his head flew bright Apollo's son.
"Undo his helmet! cut the lace! pour water on his head!"
"It ain't no use at all, my lord; 'cos vy? the covey's dead!"

Above him stood the Rydal bard—his face was full of woe,—
"Now there thou liest, stiff and stark, who never feared a foe.
A braver knight, or more renowned in tourney and in hall,
Ne'er brought the upper gallery down than terrible Fitzball!"

They led our Wordsworth to the Queen—she crown'd him with the bays,
And wish'd him many happy years, and many quarter-days,—
And if you'd have the story told by abler lips than mine,
You've but to call at Rydal Mount, and taste the Laureate's wine!

We have a legion of poems still before us. Hunt gives us some "stout notions on the rhyming score." Campbell, with a burst of his old inspiration, sings,—

Macaulay, Macaulay! beware of the day,
When we meet to compete for the laureate's bay.

Knowles, Talfourd, and the author of Martinuzzi, put in their oars,—but our readers have had enough of verse for one bout, and we would wish to conclude with the music of Macaulay's ballad twanging in our ears. It is a stirring picture—full of life and colour—like one of Rubens. But no, one little sonnet yet remains—the votive offering of the "hierophant of nature," whom Apollo so miraculously preserved from the fatal lance of the author of Zazezizozu. Tarry then with us yet a moment, gentle reader, and muse over the following apostrophe of conscious greatness.—

Non sine Dis animosus.

Bays, which in former years have graced the brow
Of some, who lived and loved, and sung and died;
Leaves, that were gathered on the pleasant side
Of old Parnassus, from Apollo's bough:
With palpitating hand I take ye now,
Since worthier minstrel there is none beside,—
And, with a thrill of song, half deified,
I bind them proudly on my locks of snow.
There shall they bide, till he who follows next,
Of whom I cannot even guess the name,
Shall by Court favour, or some vain pretext
Of fancied merit desecrate the same,—
And think, perchance, he wears them quite as well
As the sole bard who sang of Peter Bell.

We were so much affected by the noble simplicity of these lines, that we wrote, in strong terms, to the Home Office. The immediate installation of the bard of Rydal in the vacant place was the result.

SURFACEISM; OR, THE MANŒUVRES OF THE WORLD AND ITS WIFE.

BY MRS. GORE.

(*Concluded from page 232 of our April Number.*)

Few themes on which mankind have exercised their eloquence more fluently than the inconstancy of woman!—In prose and verse, romance and reality, it has been agreed for ages, that the uncertainty of the wind is steadiness itself compared with the fickleness of the sex.

Yet, whenever some warm-hearted girl like Louisa Hardingston, on being thrown off by the man who has deliberately engaged her affections, finds it difficult to recall the rich treasure so fatally thrown away, how little are her sufferings compassionated! That she should presume to persist in loving the man who has ceased to love *her*,—or rather ceased to *pretend* to love her,—is treated as an impertinence,—as want of knowledge of the world,—as "missishness." Having once received notice, in the altered attitude of the man so long enchained at her feet, that her affection has become importunate, she is expected to surmount, in a day, a feeling which, but a few days before, she was implored to perpetuate for life;—a feeling that has become part of herself,—vivifying every pulse of her existence, and tinging it with bitterness or joy.

When, in the course of the evening following their mutual explanations, Mr. Hardingston received a letter from Sidney Hammond, expressing deep regret that the limited nature of Louisa's fortune, combined with her habits of life, and the education she had received, must prevent him from realizing "the dearest wish of his heart," the infuriated father seemed to expect that a few execrations bestowed upon the name of the man he had hitherto praised so highly, would suffice to alter in a moment the feelings of his daughter; whereas at first, poor Louisa had naturally perfect faith in the sincerity of her lover's regrets, and saw in his conduct only the inevitable result of the deception practised upon him. The desperate nature of her father's position being still a secret, there was no reason to mistrust Sidney Hammond's professions of being unwilling to tear her from the comforts of such a home as hers, in order to share the privations of a man of humble fortune.

Under such circumstances what grounds had she for withdrawing her affections? On the contrary, while regretting her father's disappointment at the discovery of her lover's want of property, she saw only a stronger cause for attaching herself to the man so much less prosperous than she had supposed. He had become "poor Sidney" in her secret prayers and aspirations, in a very different sense from that assigned to the disparaging appellation by the Countess of Taunton.

But all this was nothing to the Surfaceite. Throughout the affair, *he* never gave a second thought to the feelings of the girl who believed herself a first object to him. All he considered was, the aspect the affair would assume in the eyes of the Taunton set;—and by what adroit colouring he might best disguise the nature of his disappointment. Nay, before three days had elapsed from the withdrawal of his pretensions to the hand of Louisa, he was looking around him for a fresh heiress. The season was only beginning. Before its close, some opportunity might be found to recommend himself anew to the favour of the Countess of Taunton.

Among the monied people with whom he had lately permitted himself to associate, were several families on which it would have suited him well enough to engraft himself. But he was afraid of the attempt. Though there was nothing in his conduct which Mr. Hardingston was, as a father, entitled to resent, it was impossible to guess in what light the city merchant might choose to represent it. Better turn to a new orbit for the furtherance of his projects.

To be deceived a second time with respect to the solidity of the fortune of his future wife, would have been too annoying; for "poor Sidney" could not afford to throw away his time as he had lately done, in fruitless speculations. When, therefore, he made up his mind to try his luck with a certain pretty little Irish widow, a Lady Lætitia de Burgh, who, on seeing him on such familiar terms at Altamont House with the fashionable Lady Taunton, had expressed a wish to make his acquaintance, and who was reported to have a jointure of two thousand a-year, and a reversion of considerable magnitude secured to her on the death of an elderly relative,—he was careful to obtain as much information concerning the will of the late Sir Cornelius de Burgh, as Doctors' Commons is always ready to supply for twelvepence lawful coin of the realm.

The result was satisfactory; *so* satisfactory that Hammond, free from all scruples of delicacy towards the Hardingstons, (by one of whom at least he pretended to think himself unhandsomely used,) lost no time in devoting himself to the lively widow. Lady Lætitia was an accomplished horsewoman; and well was it worth his while (having no further measures to keep with a city man by pretended attention to his profession) to exchange his showy phaeton for a good park-horse, to parade the dusty lengths of Rotten Row; where, at that period, female equestrians were as one to fifty in the present day. He was aware of appearing to great advantage on horseback, like most men who have not acquired a good seat and slouching gait by feats of sportsmanship; and became all the more delighted with the fair one to whom he was dedicating his time and attention, when he found himself shining in the eyes of the world; which perfectly approved that, having no duties to perform either at Brookes', White's, OR the House of Commons, he should devote his leisure to so pretty a woman.

And what a relief to his feelings was the pleasant company of a rattle like Lady Lætitia, after the dull formalities of the society in which he had been recently martyrized! The Irish widow was one who "said everything;" and of whom "everything" was accordingly said in return; but turning a deaf ear to the sayings that regarded her, Sidney Hammond listened solely to her own. Fresh from the court of Dublin, at a period when Dublin still possessed what might be called a court, she was full of pleasant anecdotes of pleasant people; and even the Prince was supposed to take delight in the laughing eyes and merry repartees of Lady Lætitia.

London, as if in revenge upon the stiff etiquettes of the court, still permitted itself the indiscretion of masquerades; and the Pantheon and Argyle Rooms were propitious scenes for his new courtship, of a nature so far more free and unguarded than it would have been permitted him to devote to the young daughter of Mr. Hardingston. Of Lady Lætitia's house, he had the unlimited entrée; frequently invited to dinner, and regular in his morning attendance as her horse and groom. It is true, the envied privilege was shared with half-a-dozen other admirers,—*not* good men and true, but, like himself, bad men and false. But he had little fear of even the most attractive among them; and would probably have hazarded his proposals after a very short acquaintance, but that he feared deference to the opinion of the world might prompt her to refuse an offer so rashly hazarded; whereas, by coquetting a little with the pretty widow, he trusted that his hand and heart would acquire double value in her sight.

To all appearance, these amiable intentions were reciprocal. As regarded coquetry, Lady Lætitia was fully a match for any Sidney Hammond in the land; and but that her ladyship's days of sunshine were so bright and pleasant, he would scarcely have found patience for the frequent storms that darkened his atmosphere, or darted around him their sinister corruscations. But "poor Sidney's" course of seasoning in the Taunton set, having accustomed him to such caprices, Lady Lætitia could scarcely have selected a more patient *souffre douleur*. He was, in fact, far better pleased to be made the butt of her good or ill-humour,—alternately coaxed or scolded,—than to share the calm indifference of her deportment towards others of her admirers; more especially Lord Robert de Burgh, a grave cousin of her late husband, and Sir Henry Winston of the Guards, whom every one but Lady Lætitia called Harry Winston, but whom *she*, as if the more to mark her displeasure at his assiduities, invariably addressed with coldness and reserve.

Even in Lady Lætitia's most whimsical moments, Sidney Hammond would have been sorry to exchange entreatment with Sir Henry. For "poor Sidney" was apparently ignorant of the aphorism, that love converts a prude into a coquette,—a coquette into a prude,—the grave to gay, the gay to grave;—and that the passion so apt to revolutionize human nature, may be estimated in force by such an influence over the character. A man less pre-absorbed by his own interests, would have inferred from the exceptions made by Lady Lætitia in favour of Lord Robert de Burgh and Sir Henry, that their influence over her feelings was far more considerable than his own.

To Lady Taunton, meanwhile, he gave himself the airs of having reluctantly renounced the Hardingston connexion, "in consequence of the extent of sacrifices exacted of him;" the word "sacrifices" being a favourite one with the Surfaceites, as equally vague and comprehensive. Her ladyship was, of course, at liberty to infer, that Miss Hardingston had demanded the "sacrifice" of memories of former attachment; or that her father, who was an ultra-Tory, (as yet Conservatives were not,) the "sacrifice" of his liberal political associates. To which alternative she leaned, it is needless to conjecture; but when, shortly afterwards, she beheld the perfidious Sidney performing the part of Master of the Horse to the rich widow, she decided that either he wished to conceal from the world his disappointment as regarded his pretty *fiancée*, or—that he was becoming a regular fortune-hunter.

Of Louisa's disappointment, *who* thought, or *who* cared?—Indignant against himself for having been, as he considered it, taken in, Mr. Hardingston visited upon the poor girl the irritation of his spirit; accusing *her* of the vexation and expense he had wantonly incurred; but, above all, exacting her unhesitating encouragement of the addresses of an elderly Portuguese merchant of considerable fortune, to whose addresses he had hitherto turned a deaf ear. Vainly did Louisa Hardingston plead that her affections were engaged! She was told that a girl endowed with becoming feminine modesty does not bestow her affections till she gives them at the altar; and on remonstrating that, right or wrong, she *had* infringed this severe prohibition, she was taunted with her want of pride in continuing to love the man who had so readily cast her off,—who had never been sincerely attached to her,—who had sought her only in the belief that she was rich and prosperous.

Still, these threats and tauntings on the part of Mr. Hardingston availed him nothing; for in the innocent heart of his daughter, abided the pure and fervent faith of woman's love: and she was incapable of surmising the treachery which might have justified a change in her feelings. As she neither rode, nor frequented Pantheon masquerades, nor the brilliant circles in which "poor Sidney" was now devoting himself to the Irish widow, her ignorance of his proceedings left her still a pretext for affection.

Sidney Hammond, meanwhile, was becoming inaugurated into a wholly different species of existence. Instead of the prudent, good sense of Miss Hardingston, he had to deal with the thoughtless whims of a madcap; who, from mere indiscretion, did not hesitate to accept trifling obligations from one having the habits and pretensions of a man of fortune. Lady Lætitia had not time to take heed of such trifles; and the ever-ready suitor was daily and hourly despatched for the execution of commissions,—to fetch boxes for the play or opera,—to order new whips, new saddles, new

books, new engravings, as if he were already an accepted lover, or rather as if Lady Lætitia already wrote herself Hammond instead of De Burgh; while Sir Henry Winston, so far from being honoured with her ladyship's commissions, was allowed to remain all day unnoticed in her drawing-room, while the fortunate Sidney scoured all London in her behalf;—nay, more than London, for he was occasionally despatched as far as Hammersmith, to Lee and Kennedy's, in search of some rare exotic for her fanciful ladyship's bouquet.

A pleasant task enough, to become courier to so fine a lady, in weather *as* fine. But at the end of the first month's courtship, though Lady Lætitia's variability of temper had prevented any positive advances in her favour,—since she frowned back the latter part of the week the very assiduity she had sanctioned in the commencement,—poor Sidney found himself a quarter of a year's income out of pocket; for the commissions, however costly, imposed upon him, gallantry, of course, forbad him to leave to the credit of his liege lady. But all this mattered nothing. "To angle with a golden hook," though contrary to the policy of Julius Cæsar, is a favourite tenet of Surfaceism; and the rich jointure and reversion glittering before his eyes, would have determined him to make the hundreds expended, thousands, in the service of Lady Lætitia de Burgh.

Engrossed by his new pursuit, Sidney Hammond took no further thought of the Hardingstons than if London had not contained such a spot as Harley Street; though, had the old phaeton still remained in his service, the horses, more faithful than their master, would probably have been unable to pass through Cavendish Square without pulling towards the former scene of their daily attendance. But though secure among his present associates from collision with the city set, at places of public resort he occasionally came in contact with those who, ignorant of the rupture, *would* inquire of him after the friends who were no longer so much as his acquaintance!

One night, at Ranelagh, for instance, when, after escorting Lady Lætitia to her carriage, he returned a moment to the fête in search of Lord Robert de Burgh, who had promised him a place in *his*, as far as Brookes',—he was accosted by a young man, whose exaggerated style of dress rendered him an unwelcome companion to such a maccaroni as Sidney was becoming, even had he not pestered him with inquiries of "When he had last seen the Hardingstons;" and whether "he did not agree in his opinion, that even the Bristol waters would be ineffectual in restoring the lost bloom and broken health of poor Louisa?"

Even on hearing this, the seared conscience of Sidney Hammond felt no shame! It was not *his* fault if her father were so shabby a fellow as to render impossible a marriage that would have secured Miss Hardingston's happiness, and forestalled all necessity for Clifton. It was not *his* fault if a disappointed Marylebone Miss, desirous of shining in the great world as his wife, were suffering from the effects of an ambition thrown into the system.

With the most complete *sang froid*, accordingly, and still looking around him through his eye-glass for "his friend, Lord Robert," he expressed his regret to hear of Miss Hardingston's indisposition, and cited various instances of cures effected by the Hot-wells. "In *his* opinion, her father could not do better than take her to Clifton!"

Though Lady Taunton perfectly approved the projected union of her protégé, which would entitle her to patronize his wife, she was less pleased on learning and perceiving the favour in which he stood with the pretty little Irish widow, patronized by the Prince. Nevertheless, her mind misgave her that, even with Lady Lætitia's ignorance of the London world, she would scarcely throw away her brilliant advantages by a marriage with a young Templar of such moderate condition; and it was more for the gratification of her curiosity on this point than from a feeling of jealousy, that the Countess, whose acquaintance with her was slight, invited her one evening to Taunton House.

Sidney Hammond literally trembled when he heard of the invitation! Two imminent risks awaited him. Lady Lætitia, who had not yet set foot within the sanctuary of the *élite* of London society, would either command triumphant success, and acquire ambitions fatal to his prospects; or her brogue and oddities of manner and idea would expose her to ridicule,—a ridicule necessarily extending to her admirers. To prevent her accepting the invitation, however, he was too cunning to attempt;—having learned from experience, the efficacy of opposition, on all occasions, in confirming the intentions of the wilful little beauty.

Neither acquiescence nor remonstrance, however, would, on this occasion, have altered Lady Lætitia's intentions. Enchanted to find herself sought by those whose acquaintance all London was seeking, she repaired to Taunton House, highly amused at "poor Sidney's" irritation at the neglect of his former friends.

Allusion has been already made to the unfavourable influence exercised in society by the excessive rigour of Queen Charlotte in the formation of such opposition circles as the Taunton set. But the high colouring of this little group of pretty and witty *vauriens* was colourless beside the dare-all doings of the Vice-regal Court, from which Lady Lætitia de Burgh had recently emanated; and welcome indeed was the accession of so lively and reckless a member to the circle whose factitious spirits were somewhat apt to flag. Having laughed at the wit of Fox, Hare, and Sheridan, till they were tired,—the blunders, brogue, and audacity of Lady Lætitia were a charming relief.

From the conversation of Sidney Hammond she had gathered sufficient information concerning the secrets of her new associates, to render the edge of her irony somewhat alarming; and the moment Lady Lætitia discovered, from an indiscreet remark of General Fitzpatrick's, that she had been invited to make sport for the Philistines, she retorted with a more than sufficient share of national humour.

It happened that, at the moment she entered the room, three of the most fashionable beauties present were laughing immoderately at the recollection of an insult they had offered from Lady Taunton's box at Covent Garden, the preceding night, to that accomplished actress Miss Brunton,—(an object of jealousy to one of the party,)—by which she had been so much overcome as to burst into tears.

"Sure ye remind me," cried Lady Lætitia, exaggerating her usual brogue, for the gratification of their malice,—"of a scane that happened in our own Theatre-royal, Dublin,—where three women of *ton*, as they called themselves, (the top o' the tree, —like yerselves,) were in the stage-box, whooping and coughing, and laughing their hearts out, till they made a poor young cratur of an actress who was playing Lady Towneley, stop short in her part.—'Pon which, a young student of the univarsity,—neither more nor less than the present Sir Paul J——, jumped up in the middle o' the pit, t' address the audience; and says he, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, I insist upon it,' says he, 'and I know you'll maintain me in the proposition, that *those three drunken officers dressed up as ladies*, in the stage-box,' says he, 'be turned out of the house!'"*

A dead silence followed this daring sally. But Lady Taunton, not choosing to accept the covert affront, soon recovered herself sufficiently to laugh off the attack.

"You surprise me, my dear Lady Lætitia," cried she. "I had always heard your countrymen cited as remarkable for their chivalry. And to sanction a public attack upon three women!—I never should have expected it."

"Surely not,—if they *had* been women," cried Lady Lætitia, with unabated spirit. "But those who dared to insult a poor cratur of their own sex, in an infarior station, surely forfeited all claim and privilege belonging to it: and the audience was of the same way o' thinking; for, without more ado, they set set up three cheers for Sir Paul; —and, betwixt you and I, the drunken officers in women's clothes, as they were called by the people, had a hard matter to get out of the house without mobbing."

The entrance of Tommy Townshend, one of the brilliant luminaries of the Taunton set, fortunately diverted the attention of those who had some right to be offended at the impertinence (by inference) of the Irish widow; for all ears and voices became absorbed in a discussion of the stormy proceedings of the House of Commons the preceding night, concerning some increase of the establishment of the Prince of Wales.—A change of administration was even anticipated from the measure; and it was confidently asserted that ministers had resigned!

From the politics connected with the affairs of the Prince, the transition was easy to his follies; and though Lady Lætitia had taken no share in the discussion of the discomfiture of Charles Jenkinson and his junta, she was quite ready to discuss the white satin hangings† of Perdita's opera-box, which, at that moment, excited a general outcry against the weakness of the Heir-apparent in ministering to her profligate extravagance.

"For my part," said Lady Lætitia, "I think Mrs. Robinson *perfectly* right to distinguish her box from those of her *collagues*!—The Prince has so many favourites among the women of character, that, in chintz, THE Sultana might have been overlooked!"

Again did a dead silence prevail in the little circle; and the Taunton set were perhaps of opinion that, for once, the Irish shamrock might have borrowed the motto usually accompanying the Scottish thistle. At all events they refrained from all further attempts to meddle with or show up the Dublin belle; but fell upon a subject which the recent confirmation of the Independence of America brought as much under discussion as *now*,—the boundary line of the States,—which the entrenchments of Boston rendered somewhat more definite than an Ashburton treaty.

The following day Sidney Hammond discerned in a moment, from even Lady Lætitia's slight and careless sketch of the amusements of Taunton House, that though she had made enemies of all those it was his desire to conciliate, she had obtained among them a degree of ascendancy more valuable than popularity. No fear of their receding from Lady Lætitia Hammond! On the contrary, he was convinced that they would rejoice in the expectation of taming down the rampancy of one who attacked them in so audacious a spirit, by the influence of one of their most zealous ædiles; and on receiving from the Irish beauty an invitation to accompany her the following night to Vauxhall, then in the zenith of its fashion, he determined on bringing matters to a crisis with the woman who had subdued those of whom he stood so much in awe.

In the interim, however, he was fated to be startled by an event inducing him to believe himself an especial favourite of the blind goddess. By some miracle he had escaped an avalanche, and been held back by a single hair on the brink of a precipice! The name of "JOHN ELRAZAR HARDINGSTON, Merchant," appeared that day in the London Gazette!

"You *knew* it: I am convinced you were aware of what was coming, and on that account declared off!" whispered Lady Taunton, stopping to accost him a moment, as she was hurrying to her chair after the opera, but rather to afford an opportunity for conversation between the Marquis and her daughter, who were following her, than for any interest she took in the affairs of "poor Sidney." "Accept my hearty congratulations on your foresight; but, *entre nous*, take care that your Irish widow do not prove an equally slippery bargain!"

As he was about to request an explanation of this ambiguous phrase, the Taunton party passed hastily on, and, a moment afterwards, the footmen, brandishing their flambeaus before the sedan of the Countess, threw the light upon her face sufficiently to prove, that the bitter smile with which she uttered her mysterious warning, was in no haste to vanish from her features.

* Fact. † Fact.

While still deliberating, next day, over her ladyship's adjuration, he had the vexation to receive a few lines from Mr. Hardingston, dated from his villa at Fulham, and earnestly requesting a few minutes' conversation: for Sidney Hammond had flattered himself, on perusing the announcement in the Gazette of the preceding evening, that he was on sufficiently bad terms with the father of Louisa, to be exonerated from the necessity of so much as inquiring after him under his misfortunes; and to be thus speedily addressed by the bankrupt, was a most disagreeable surprise! He could have little doubt, that to request pecuniary assistance, must be the object of the distressed man,—assistance he had never felt less inclined to concede, than to one who had so nearly allured him into the bosom of a ruined family. Or, perhaps, Mr. Hardingston intended to offer him the hand of Louisa—insisting on his often-repeated declarations, that it would suffice, portionless, to his happiness; and assuring him that, in the altered state of the affairs of the family, *any* establishment he might be able to accomplish, would suffice the modest views of the bankrupt's daughter, whose small fortune, secured by her mother's settlement, was intangible by the creditors.

To expose himself to the annoyance of having to declare the insincerity of former protestations, was, in Sidney's opinion, superfluous; more especially as the father might so persist as to necessitate an explanation of his new views and entanglements. He contented himself, therefore, with a formal expression of regret that the multiplicity of his engagements prevented his driving so far as Fulham, and requesting to know, by letter, Mr. Hardingston's "commands."

To this harsh letter, he somewhat anxiously expected the answer; dreading that it might convey overtures impossible to accept, and unpleasant positively to reject. But when two days passed over without a reply of any description, he began to hope that the ruined merchant considered him unworthy of further notice; or that, amid the press of business attending his bankruptcy, he had received succours from truer friends, or found means to dispense with them.

Sidney Hammond was only the more at leisure to concert plans for his anxiously-expected explanations with Lady Lætitia; who, throughout the evening at Vauxhall, chose to adhere as closely to the arm of her kinsman Lord Robert de Burgh, as a limpet to a rock;—and who, the season being far advanced, was already talking of a migration to the little fishing-town of Brighthelmstone, now frequented by all the Taunton set; in emulation of the Prince, who was beginning to spend all his leisure on those burning cliffs at the feet of one already talked of as clandestinely his wife.

He was uncertain, moreover, at that moment, of being able to procure an invitation to a select supper party, to be given that night by Lady Clermont, at her charming house in Berkeley Square, and a message having been announced to him, which, believing it to regard the supper party, he chose to receive in person. Great was his vexation on discovering that the man described to him as one of the helpers of the Taunton House stables, was simply an errand-man from some Fulham coach-office. Mr. Hardingston, unwilling, apparently, to write a second time, had despatched this unceremonious messenger, as fast as his cart could bring him, to entreat Mr. Hammond would lose no time in hastening to Fulham.

Either the man understood not the purport of the message, or the recipient was too proud to make inquiries;—for, in the unchanged belief that the application was that of a drowning man catching at a straw, and making a few last appeals to the generosity of his friends, Sidney Hammond despatched an answer that might have been termed brutal, had it emanated from the lips of a less practised man of the world.—

"His compliments, and he would ride down to East Lodge the first cool day. But having no close carriage, the present state of the weather rendered riding impossible."

This pretext he conceived to be a safe put-off; for, on a favourable change of weather, Lady Lætitia was to leave town for her new residence on the Steyne, to which she had consented, or to which he *fancied* she had consented, that he should bear her company. No fear, therefore, that he should be compelled to fulfil his indefinite engagement to the troublesome people at East Lodge; and his last reflection concerning the Hardingstons that night, when, by a tardy and grudging invitation from the fastidious Viscountess, he was entitled to join the brilliant party in Berkeley Square, was, that it is very odd, when people are ruined, they cannot be ruined and have done with it, without boring all their acquaintance with their misfortunes. For next to the troublesome ghost of man or wife, returning to their *lares* and *penates* at the close of the vidual year, the most importunate of visitations is that which comes to remind the heart of man of its fickleness to the vows it has sworn, and the fidelity it has outraged. The name of Hardingston was now every way most offensive to "poor Sidney!"

That night,—a dewy delicious summer night, such as so often crowns a midsummer day,—Lady Clermont had caused her fine apartments to be profusely decorated with flowers; and the windows being thrown open to the utmost, the scent of vegetation arising from the gardens of the Square, as well as from those nearly adjoining, of Lansdowne and Devonshire houses, created an atmosphere as nearly resembling the freshness of the country, as a metropolis can well afford;—and at the close of that brilliant supper, a whispering conversation commenced at table between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, (and between Colonel St. Leger and Lady Taunton, by way of keeping them in countenance,) which drove all the good courtiers present to the remoter windows. *There* it was that Sidney Hammond, while pretending, like the rest, to listen to the rustling of the abele trees in the moonlight, and enjoy the calm and dewy fragrance, so welcome after the heats of a London day, fancied he had perceived, on his sudden approach, the hand of Lady Lætitia de Burgh gently withdrawn from that of Sir Henry Winston! To be withdrawn,

however, it must for a time have rested there; a cruel contingency for the surmises and susceptibility of even a fortune-hunting lover!

To remonstrate in the midst of such a circle, would have been fatal to his interests; and Hammond was thankful to a cloud which at that moment lightly veiled the brightness of the moon, so as to conceal his confusion of countenance. Moreover, as is usually the case where moonlight, fine ladies, and fine gentlemen, are suited together,—particularly after a due allowance of chicken, lobster salad, and champagne,—a prodigious deal of nonsense was in process of emission concerning that changeable luminary, such as served to excuse the silence of the usually voluble Sidney; whose thoughts, by some strange coincidence, were carried back just then to the image of poor Louisa! —For it had been one of the favourite visions of their courtship to anticipate the summer evenings they should enjoy together in the beautiful gardens of her father's villa; and it was almost with shame he recalled to mind the strength and fervour of the protestations he had both made and exacted, of the eternal fidelity which was to sanctify those midnight moonlight rambles. A momentary chill seemed to run through his frame, as he gazed upon the dewy grass, and reflected how lonely must be the walks of the gentle and unhappy creature, whose destinies he had blighted!

But his compassion was thrown away!—He had NOT blighted them!—At the very moment that icy thrill pervaded his frame, the spotless soul of Louisa Hardingston had entered into its rest. While he, the worldling, stood there amid that titled horde of the vain and worthless,—women of doubtful, and men of more than doubtful character—yet despised even by *them*,—*she* was ascending to the realms of light, the appropriate atmosphere of her enfranchised and purified spirit.

The hurried letter, addressed to him a few days before by Mr. Hardingston, had been written by Louisa's bed-side, and by her desire, on the first intimation of the physician that her hours were numbered. By such an announcement, the seal was removed from her lips; and she addressed her father in terms which caused even *his* hardened heart to tremble within him.—Not that she upbraided him—not that she spoke harshly; but there were daggers in the gentle resignation with which she recapitulated the brief, but fatal, story of her life. She spoke of herself and *him* as martyrs to appearances,—to Surfaceism; *imploring*, rather than exhorting him, to turn to the True and Real, as the only certain sources of happiness, here or hereafter.

But above all, she entreated permission to send for the man she had so dearly loved, that she might implore and warn him too,—"lest he also should come to that place of torment;" and Hardingston, who, like Felix, "trembled, rebuked by judgment to come," instantly acquiesced in her dying prayer. He wrote, but he wrote in vain; and his surprise almost equalled his disappointment. For he had forgotten, in the anguish of his daughter's deathbed, the ill savour of poverty attached to his name. Even he—the speculator,—the heartless, callous mercenary, forgot, as he wiped the dews from that sweet and wistful face, that he was *now* "Hardingston the bankrupt!"

Sidney Hammond's reply reached him on the spot from which he seldom stirred; and Louisa, on recognising that well-known handwriting, asked to look upon it for the last time. Too late to refuse,—though her father bitterly upbraided himself, while noting the change that came over her countenance during the perusal of the note. She said not a word, however, but closed her eyes, as if composing herself to sleep,—probably to avoid her father's commentaries on the conduct of one who to *her* was all in all. But during her seeming slumbers, her lips were still moving;—either quivering with inward anguish, or articulating a repressed prayer for heavenly mercy towards him who had embittered her days with such gratuitous cruelty!

"There are so many women of the world, on whom he might have practised his deceptions without danger!" murmured the dying girl; "but I, —I had nothing but my warm affections!—And how freely I gave them to him.—But not—but *not for this!*"

At length she *really* slept; and in her almost delirious dreams, her tongue was loosed, and all she had been thinking and feeling burst incoherently, though faintly, from her lips; and the tears of the ruined man came down uncontrolled and unheeded, as he sat listening by that solitary bedside, and knew how wantonly he had sacrificed the happiness of his only child.

It was two days after this, on finding her still weaker and more desponding, while watching the silent tears glide down her wan cheeks, and believing, and with truth, that they flowed chiefly from the dread of leaving the object of her faithful love unwarned by a word from her dying lips, that Mr. Hardingston (in the excitement of beholding his poor Louisa revive from a state of insensibility which he had bewailed as death) despatched his abrupt message to Sidney Hammond. At the moment of sending it, the scarcely-conscious form of his child was resting in his arms; and even the servant to whom it was given, was too deeply touched by the plight of her lamented young mistress, to take heed to what manner of man the commission was entrusted, so that he promised to be faithful and expeditious; and the messenger was accordingly ignorant of the purport of his errand.

When the chilling answer to those agonized entreaties for his instant presence at length arrived, no one was cruel or careless enough to repeat them in the chamber of death. In answer to Mr. Hardingston's reiterated inquiries, the waiting-woman continued to reply, that "Mr. Hammond was coming,"—that "Mr. Hammond was expected every moment;"—rightly conjecturing that the fruitless hopes she thus inspired would solace rather than disturb the last moments of the sweetest angel that ever fell a victim to the worldliness of social life.

For the spirit of the dying Louisa was as serene and subdued as that of her brighter days;—no restlessness—no peevishness—no accusation. So long as her powers of sight were unimpaired, she

lay watching the door;—so long as her powers of hearing were available, she listened for the footsteps she loved so dearly.—But there came a time when the powers of life were gradually extinguished; when there was no longer sight in those helpless eyes, or sound in those powerless ears; though still there abided an inward steadfastness of love, which concentred the last thoughts of the dying girl into a prayer for *him*. Her life had been a life of Faith, Hope, and Charity,—these three.—But Hope was the last survivor;—even the hope that she was hastening to eternal happiness, and that the object of her yearning affection might still be redeemed from evil to come.

Throughout that interminable evening, her father sat by her side, listening to her impeded respiration, and occasionally moistening her parched lips, or wiping her moistened brow. Louisa had entreated, ere consciousness and utterance forsook her, that the windows might be left open, to refresh her chamber with the summer sweetness of the gardens; and even that the watchlight might be removed, to enable her to enjoy unmolested the chastened moonlight gleaming upon her pillow;—so that the self-same light which called forth the wanton jests of the Taunton set, shone like a halo round the head of the dying girl,—till at last, and with a more subdued and deferential radiance, it fell upon the sacred features of the dead!

Then came the unrestrained gush of sorrow of the conscience-struck father,—and the few faithful attendants who knew her excellence, and had watched over her sufferings. Then came the muttered curses of old Hardingston, which, but for the presence of death, would have deepened into frantic execrations on the name of the man who had embittered her last moments by withholding the poor alleviation of one word of sympathy!—At that moment, he felt that Sidney Hammond *had killed his child*,—yea, *killed her*, as with the edge of a sword!

As the bankrupt only retained possession of his villa by virtue of the medical certificate, which declared that removal would be instant death to his daughter, it was necessary to accelerate, as far as decency would allow, his preparations for the humble funeral his present means enabled him to supply to her he had so long pampered in the lap of luxury; nor was it judged necessary for the newspapers to announce the decease of one rich only in beauty and virtue. The death of Louisa was consequently as little known or noted as that of some flower of the field; and the world went on,

> Without one laugh the less, one tear the more,
> That she was gone who joined its mirth before.

Nor was "poor Sidney" ever in greater spirits than on the very evening the undertakers were closing in for ever the now solemn face whence the tears were wiped for evermore.

That night, while the watch-lights were being set round the coffin of Louisa Hardingston, he was the gayest guest at a supper given by Lady Lætitia de Burgh, to assemble around her the little knot of friends about to be dispersed by her departure for Brighthelmstone the following day.

As the merry little banquet drew to a close, Hammond, who was seated beside the lady of the house, grew more than ever tender in his professions, more sanguine than ever in his hopes. The time was not far distant, he hoped, when that agreeable house and well-ordered establishment would be submitted to his authority,—that massive plate—those generous wines—and last, (and least,) that pretty little woman, be all his own.—It was a pleasant prospect;—and, combined with copious draughts of sparkling champagne, enhanced by the exquisite singing of the Sheridans, who, with Lady Taunton and her daughter, were of the party, melted his soul within him, almost to ecstasy.

Under the influence of such feelings, he pressed and pressed, with tenderest whispers, for a favourable answer to his petition for a place in the carriage of Lady Lætitia to Brighton, the following day.

"You must ask permission of Sir Harry Winston," was, at last, her undaunted reply. "Bridegrooms are not apt to encourage the presence of a third person *quite* so early in the honeymoon. Nay, I might say a fourth; for, let me claim your congratulations on the only obstacle to this happy marriage being removed, by Lord Robert de Burgh's having consented to leave me the sole guardianship of my little girl!—The opposition of the executors of my late husband's will, has alone retarded the avowal of my approaching union with my dear Harry. But Lord Robert, having satisfied himself, by the habits of intimacy on which we have recently lived, that Harry will make the best of fathers to the dear child, has actually proposed to the chancellor my nomination as co-guardian with himself; and I am now the happiest creature in the world! By the way, I may thank *you*, my dear Mr. Hammond, for some portion of my good fortune; for had you not examined and given me your legal opinion upon my rights, or rather *want* of rights under the will, and advised me to surrender the guardianship of my poor little Augusta, I should not have seen the necessity of conciliating Lord Robert; without which, matters would never have reached their present happy state of pacification."

Eager congratulations from Lady Taunton and the rest of the party, recalled "poor Sidney"—(now poor Sidney, *indeed!*)—to the necessity of putting a good face upon the matter; and he soon began to talk of a visit to the Steyne at the end of the honeymoon, and of completing the *partie carrée* by pairing off with little Augusta, as if he had been fully prepared for the thunder-clap which had suddenly exploded over his head.

Nevertheless, though he was the first to propose healths, and perpetrated, in the course of the last few minutes he was ever to spend in the Taunton set, two bon-mots which provoked the laughter of Hare and the approving smile of Brinsley, Lady Taunton, an experienced judge of such symptoms, noticed that, though he had been tossing off glasses of iced champagne enough to produce a burning fever, his hands, when he assisted to put on her cardinal as she stepped into the carriage, were cold as marble!

That was an accursed night to Sidney Ham-

mond. On his return to his chambers he found his table covered with the season's bills, which the announcement of his intended departure to Brighton had caused to be sent in,—a somewhat substantial reminder of the ruinous extent to which he had carried his matrimonial speculations: for he had grudged himself neither enhancement nor adornment; and Lady Lætitia, heaven knows, had spared the designing barrister no expense in the prosecution of his interested suit at Love.

And now, what was to become of him? So far from having progressed a single step towards reconcilement with the Taunton set, he had rendered himself so ridiculous in their eyes by his recent defeat, as to have lost even his honorary grade as a fashionable young man about town, ambitious of becoming somewhat more. A defeated man is ever an object of contempt, let the object he has attempted to conquer be what it may; and, even in those days, administrations were careful against attaching to themselves any member peculiarly vulnerable to the shafts of ridicule;—to be laughed at, being one of the most critical perils of a public man.

He was accordingly worse off than after his banishment from the Paradise of Taunton House. Poor Sidney had nothing in enjoyment,—nothing in prospect;—no pleasant country houses,—no excursion to Brighton,—no anything. Even the Bedford Square uncles would be less attainable now that rumours of his conduct towards the Hardingstons were beginning to transpire; the Harley Street set having, since the bankruptcy, of course, attributed his precipitate retreat to a rat-like instinct, forewarning him of the fate of the house. With diminished means and deteriorated reputation he was consequently worse off than ever.

"At all events," muttered the apostle of Surfaceism, in the course of that sleepless night, "I will take care the world do not find out the extent of my disappointment. I must continue to pass for having been in Lady Lætitia's secrets; and impress people with an idea of my being on good terms with those unfortunate Hardingstons. I will ride down to Fulham this very morning—(for the sooner I get Saladin to Tattersall's the better, as I have no longer any use for him in the park.) Yes! I will ride down to Fulham, pretending to drop into breakfast in a friendly way. The air will do me good. I fear I drank too much champagne last night,—for I am deucedly feverish. Champagne! Ay, ay.—Long enough, I suspect, before I enjoy one of those charming *petits soupers* again!"

That summer morning was worthy to follow that summer night. The villa gardens of the suburbs were in their fullest bloom, with thousands of roses dispensing their fragrance to the air, and the acacia trees shedding their profuse white blossoms like a pearly shower. Nothing could be sweeter or more genial than the season and the scene.

"What a heavenly refreshment, after the heated atmosphere of the gorgeous fêtes I have been frequenting!"—mused "poor Sidney," while, leaving the rein on Saladin's neck, he took his way along a narrow lane, bordered on either side by beautiful gardens, with the birds singing in snatches in the shrubberies, and the bees humming among the flower-beds. "How cheerful yet how quiet these pleasant retreats! How welcome after the noise, and jostle, the insolence and scorn of the throng I have sacrificed so much to propitiate; and among whom, at two-and-thirty, I have not made a single friend! If, at this moment, I were to throw myself into the river which I see glittering yonder between the willows, not a human being would deign to notice my exit, beyond wondering at my folly—and observing, perhaps, that I was always a little wrong-headed!—Yes—*one!* That poor girl, I verily believe, *really* liked me; naturally enough, for I was the first man who ever paid her attention, and certainly took some pains to recommend myself;—more, perhaps, than I ought. But it was no fault of mine if her father thought proper to live beyond his means!"

At that moment, the sweetness and freshness and verdure of the winding lane seemed suddenly obscured by a gloomy object that took possession of the pathway skirting the palings. The startled birds instantly deserted the shrubberies for a securer retreat; and, lo! the white acacia flowers, which before had fallen on the ground, now dropped upon the mourning cloaks and velvet pall of a funeral that was passing along the road;—a walking funeral—followed by a single chief mourner, and one or two sobbing women, apparently servants.

"I thought I heard the sound of a funeral bell pealing along the water from Fulham Church!" mused Sidney Hammond, as the gloomy procession came in view,—about which, from its want of funeral pomp, he concerned himself no more than he would have done for some pauper's burial emerging from an hospital.

Apprehensive, however, that the sable array, in so confined a space, might startle his high-bred horse, (accustomed only to the pleasant sights and sounds of the ring and a London afternoon,) he drew up, and turned the tossing head of Saladin towards the opposite palings, a movement *apparently* suggested by feelings of respect towards the mournful procession.

But the spirited horse being thus reined in, all was silence in that secluded spot; so that the tramp of the approaching coffin-bearers, conveying the child of clay to a still more silent home, became painfully audible; and there seemed to be a sad incongruity between that measured tread and black array, and the green and sunny scene constituted by the Almighty for pleasant sights and associations. A feeling of terror and loathing, like the sickening awe that arises in the heart of childhood in contemplating a funeral, oppressed the usually callous heart of Sidney Hammond; and but that the garden-paling restrained his movements, and thrust him almost into contact with the sable mutes preceding the coffin, he would have hurried from the spot.

But what were his emotions, what his self-rebuking, when, as the coffin borne past him seemed for a moment to shut out the sunshine from his eyes, he recognised in the chief mourner the wasted person and altered countenance of the bankrupt Hardingston!

No need to inquire, as Laertes concerning the gentle

Ophelia, the name of her they were conveying to the grave. A thousand voices seemed to shriek it into his ears; and a still small whisper to echo that fatal cry with still more solemn adjuration!—*Louisa was dead!* He had murdered her!—and all he could do in token of his tardy reverence for her sufferings, was to raise his hat from his head, as her neglected corpse went by!

Whatever might be the inward emotions of Sidney Hammond at this unexpected termination of one of the episodes of his career of Surfaceism, he was careful to return to town with an unabashed and unmoved countenance; for he felt that, were he to betray unusual emotions on the wedding-day of Lady Lætitia Winston, the world to which he bowed the knee, would attribute his afflicted air to mortification. On entering his club that afternoon, therefore, he arrayed himself in his usual pearly smiles, and talked of his intended departure for the Isle of Wight, as if he had only remained in town to do honour to the nuptials of two of his intimate associates.

Some one present happened to mention, among the gossip of the day, the death of the only daughter of Hardingston the member,—"Hardingston the bankrupt."

"The poor girl, it seems, could not survive her father's downfall. Women have seldom courage to look ruin in the face," added the talker of small-talks;—"they are so cursedly selfish,—so wedded to their own little comforts.—Miss Hardingston is far from the only fine lady who would sooner die than live without a carriage and opera-box. After all, I suppose her death will be rather a relief to her father, who has not a rap left."

"He was always an extravagant man," muttered Sidney Hammond,—to whom these observations were pointedly addressed. "But I confess I thought his daughter had more strength of mind."

"One must not trust to appearances, my dear fellow,"—replied his companion. "We all thought *you* the pet of Taunton House, the lord and master (or slave) elect of Lady Lætitia de Burgh; yet how plaguily were we mistaken!—For your own sake, Sid., I trust you may not have shared our error!"

To demonstrate that he had NOT, became, of course, the immediate object of Sidney Hammond. In order to prove himself heart-whole and pocket-whole,—that he had been dismissed neither by a fair Countess, nor rich widow,—he took care to flutter that autumn, the gayest of the gay, at a variety of public resorts. He appeared at Buxton, Harrowgate, Scarborough,—which, as yet, had not ceded their vogue to the Spas of the Continent,—and spent the winter at Bath, distinguished alike by his minuet and his rubber.

His pains, however, were thrown away. Before the opening of a new London season, the Taunton set was broken up. His Countess having married her lovely daughter to her satisfaction, was gone to repair, by a couple of years' retrenchment on the Continent, her costly series of London pleasures. The Winstons, too, were in Ireland; and, by the mere ordinary course of fashionable rotation, Sidney Hammond, without legitimate pretensions to a solid footing in the world of *ton*, found himself distanced by the new sets succeeding to the one, to establish himself in which, he had sacrificed so largely.

A few casual invitations, a few passing nods and salutations, were all that remained to him of his former brilliant popularity. Having been once or twice seen looking somewhat seedy on the *pavé*,—without a phæton,—without a horse,—without a seat in anybody's opera-box,—people began to discover that he had little or nothing to recommend him; that "poor Sidney" had no "speciality" to entitle him to favour,—was not superlatively witty, superlatively well-looking, or superlatively well-bred, to excuse his want of birth and fortune; and, accordingly, when next they met this mediocre Mr. Sidney Hammond, they passed by on the other side.

At five-and-thirty, when crows'-feet begin to pucker the eyes, and silver hairs to blanch the head of a man about town, he loses the spirit and resolution indispensable to better the condition which the world has ascertained to be so meagre. Thwarted in his deep-laid projects, disappointed and peevish, Hammond had ceased to look forward, but contented himself with spending his life in small change, living from day to day, making as good a figure as he could, and avoiding, as far as he was able, the whips and scorns of the more insolent portion of society. He stuck to London, because London still afforded him a few pleasant invitations; and, by sordid economy the rest of the year, contrived to make the sort of show, during the season, of which a good club and good tailor afford the groundwork.

Every year, however, the invitations grew fewer and further between, and the show, such as it was, more difficult of accomplishment. By furnishing himself from second-rate shops, he was beginning to acquire the quizzical look which a man of forty, or five-and-forty, is sure to contract, if he affect juvenility of dress and manner, though unable to support the pretension by the fashionable cut of his clothes, the excellence of his horse, or the eminence of his social position. Many people began to call Sidney Hammond a bore, a prig, an old quiz;—for, instead of contenting himself with the matter-of-fact conversation current in the humdrum society into which he was progressing, he was always relating anecdotes and facetiæ of the Taunton set, now a thing of tradition;—and a man who invariably prefaces his remarks with "I remember some years ago," is sure to end with passing for superannuated:—anything older than of yesterday being obsolete in London small-talk.

Moreover, the order of people and order of things which his reminiscences regarded, was already out of favour with the world. There had been a great reaction in the opinions of society. The French Revolution, with its concatenation of horrors, had intervened; and the vulgar, unapt to mark their discrimination of shades and degrees of error, thought they could not protest too loudly their hatred and abhorrence of the liberalism which *they* chose to regard as the cause of the martyrdom of the king and queen of France, of the innocent

Madame Elizabeth, and thousands of victims equally inoffensive. And thus the Whigs were, for a moment, in disrepute, because Robespierre was a ruffian.

Loudest, of course, among the disclaimers was the voice of Sidney Hammond; for in the Church-and-State class of roast-beef and plum-pudding fanatics, into which he had fallen from his high and palmy state, the name of Fox was as that of Antichrist. As to Horne Tooke and his pupil Sir Francis, Sidney Hammond knew that to avow the smallest sympathy with such godless and lawless individuals, would be to take leave of turbot and saddles of mutton from Christmas to Midsummer. Like Peter, therefore, he denied his Master; and thenceforward set up a sort of modest "Toryism on conviction," which he knew would bring him in a yearly revenue of twenty dinners, between the Inns of Court and Bloomsbury; twenty more sober dowagerly entertainments; besides the *pis aller* of an indefinite number of miscellaneous but highly-respectable family dinners where the grace was long and commons short.

Not perhaps that Sidney ratted *solely* and wholly on the temptation of so many five-and-sixpences saved in his club account. He might possibly have persisted in dining virtuously seven days in the week on a fried whiting and cutlets, moistened by a glass or two of Bucellas, but that, among the Bedford Square uncles, there was a surly old bachelor, as stiff in Toryism as the clay of his Lincolnshire estate could make him, who had been toasting Billy Pitt in crusty old port till his temper resembled his potations. During "poor Sidney's" youthful infatuation in the Taunton set, old Bob Hammond was never known to name him otherwise than "my ass of a nephew;" nor was it till he had persisted, for a series of years, in calling in Bedford Square every time the crusty old port and the gout got the better of the crusty old gentleman, (who pleaded guilty to the Income-tax Commissioners to the possession of eight thousand per annum,) that he was induced to admit of his nephew, that, if

> "Thebes did his weak unknowing youth engage,
> He chooses Athens in his riper age."

Sidney was now all for Bloomsbury and the Heaven-born minister; and Bloomsbury accepted its proselyte.

Had old Robert resided on Paddington Green instead of in Bedford Square, his prudent nephew would have found it equally convenient to "drop in" at the testy old gentleman's Sunday dinner-time, and fight over the debates of the week; allowing himself constantly to be defeated by his host, fencing with the arguments of Pitt, (which fitted him much as the seven-league boots of the ogre fitted Hop-o'-my-Thumb, because they possessed the magic faculty of contracting to the size of the meanest capacity;) and, having suffered himself to be gradually converted by the zeal of the heirless uncle, he followed up his game by renouncing such of his former high associates as had not been at the trouble of forgetting him. With such an object in view as the heirship of eight thousand per annum, it was worth his while to give up his whole time to study the caprices and prejudices of a man who was now little more than a bundle of prejudice and caprice.

The old gentleman meanwhile could not fail to be pleased with the conversion he had effected in his "ass of a nephew." To be secure of a partner at picquet and backgammon half the nights in the week, saved him a world of outlay in toadyism; which he had hitherto found almost as expensive an article to lay in, for home consumption, as the crusty old port. He had no longer any need to purchase the evening visits of his apothecary, or of a few humble friends, of whom a gouty chair had taught him the value. It is true, the needy and sneaking nephew, whom May Fair now regarded as a prig and a quiz, appeared to *him*, in spite of his crows'-feet and suit of pepper and salt, a very frisky young fellow. But, as he often observed, "a man must have time to sow his wild oats"—and having been young himself, old Bob, at seventy-eight, had indulgence for the follies of old Sidney at eight-and-forty. It obviated, moreover, all his scruples about absorbing the leisure evenings of his nephew, to think of the serious advantage enjoyed by the recent convert, in spending his idle time with "a man whose principles were in the right place, instead of lounging it away among a set of mischievous democrats, like those with whom he had formerly consorted." Sidney Hammond could not but agree with him. It *was* a very *serious* advantage to him indeed! More especially when the old gentleman discovered that there were six evenings in the week to be devoted to backgammon, and one to family-prayers, in which his nephew's services as reader, had become indispensable, so that the Tory proselyte had no longer a minute any more than an opinion he could call his own.

Strange to tell, no sooner had the old gentleman squabbled and lectured his submissive nephew into the adoption of his principles than he seemed to grudge them as though they were too good for him; for he lectured and squabbled quite as much now that poor Sidney was bowing the knee to Baal by his side, as when he had withheld his worship. He was so little pleased to see an indigent kinsman enjoying the excellent political faith which was the best to be had for love or money, by himself, a man of ten thousand a-year, that he made the new faith as irksome to his neophyte as lay in his power; and, if poor Sidney did but repeat a few of the dogmas conned out of his book, would turn short round upon him with inquiries of "what the devil *he* should know about the matter?"

Still, his cross must be borne. Sidney Hammond had left himself nothing for it but submission. In betaking himself to Toryism and Bedford Square, he had burnt his ships and blown up the bridge behind him. His hopes and fears, and the whole future of his worthless existence, were now invested in the contingencies of a last will and testament; and he must not, in a fit of petulance, blow over his house of cards.

Byron has assured us, that—

> "People living on annuities
> Are longer-lived than others;"—

but there is a tortoise-like longevity in elderly relatives,

"Like to a step-dame or a dowager
Long-withering out a young man's revenue;"—

withering it out, in fact, till the said *young* man becomes old in his turn. Sidney Hammond, accordingly, waited and waited, with his hopes deferred and heart sick, watching the bilious complexion and palsied hand of the old man; who, in return, watched his watchfulness with unsuspected shrewdness. Though old and infirm, the Bloomsbury uncle was sufficiently widely awake to discriminate between the adulation of a legacy-hunter, and the vigilance of kinsmanly regard. For Sidney was not a solitary adulator. "Where the carcase is, there shall the vultures be gathered together;" and there were divers pitiful fellows besides the needy nephew, who accommodated their ambitious appetite to the meagre fare of the invalid and his stuffy apartments.

Among these, was a man, high in the councils of the king, (who was now once more exercising his regal functions and presiding over the terrors of the war raging between England and France,) and, despite of the sanguinary and tumultuous nature of those councils, what is called a saint. In the intervals of official labour, however, he made it an act of charity to bestow his tracts and company on the old valetudinarian, with whom he had become accidentally acquainted in the course of his public career; and of all his rivals, *this* was the man most feared and loathed by Sidney Hammond. There was something feline in his sleekness and meekness, which roused the kindred mistrust of the legacy-hunter.

One day, having surprised his Whitehall competitor at the close of a visit to the sick man, (which had evidently been long and soothing, for there was a book of sermons, with certain leaves folded down, on the table between them, and the high sharp nose of the official was still bestridden by spectacles as though he had been reading to the invalid,) scarcely had he taken his glozing soft-voiced leave, when the old gentleman, turning abruptly to Sidney, suddenly addressed him:—

"That is a godly and a tender-hearted man, if ever there breathed one!" said he. "He has pointed out to me, my dear nephew, circumstances concerning *you* which I own had escaped my attention. From your frugal habits of life, and shabby appearance, (you will excuse my coming to the point,) he is convinced you are in less prosperous circumstances than your friends could desire."

A flush to which they had been long unaccustomed overspread the sallow features of Sidney Hammond. Was it possible that the man he had suspected of secretly undermining his prospects, had done him so good a turn as recommend his necessities to the sympathy of his rich uncle; and was old Hammond about to make a settlement upon him at last?

"With a degree of consideration, for which I can never sufficiently thank him," resumed the querulous treble of the old man, "he has consequently offered me for you, an appointment which has luckily fallen vacant in his department;—an all-but sinecure,—attendance six hours or so a-day five times a-week at the Treasury, and a salary of two hundred a-year!—just the sort of thing which you were telling me the other day formed the limit of your wishes; and I can tell you, Sir, that though he presses it on your acceptance, there are two hundred names on his list of men highly recommended to him for clerkships!"

Sidney Hammond's heart swelled within him! For so many years past had he considered himself on the brink of eight thousand a-year, that at nine-and forty to find himself rated at the value of a clerkship of two hundred, was almost an insult.—Nevertheless, small as was the salary, it considerably exceeded the modicum into which his own income had dwindled; and even had the offer been more modest, he felt that to refuse a favour provided for him by his uncle, such as it was, might perhaps deprive him of more important benefits. It was difficult, however, to assume the air of radiant gratitude expected at his hands.

"For my part," faltered the old man, "I know not how to be sufficiently thankful to my illustrious friend for his kind and noble consideration of me and mine. To my thinking, there cannot be a more decided proof of greatness of mind, than the acuteness of observation which led him to discover, without a hint on *our* part, the necessities of a perfect stranger."

Sidney Hammond longed to be affronted, and explode.—But a legacy-hunter may be defined, according to Champfort's definition of a courtier, "homme sans *humeur* et sans honneur;" and it was his cue to submit.

"So judicious, moreover," observed the old gentleman, "to secure for you not only an increase of income, but an occupation for your time. He has probably noticed the quantity of leisure you have on your hands, as proved by the frequency of your visits here; and has wisely decided that it is as great an act of Christian charity to provide work for an idle man in this dissolute metropolis, where

Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,—

as to augment your means of worldly comfort."

Sidney Hammond sighed deeply as he tried to infuse proper ardour into his acknowledgments. To a man hungering after a fat legacy, it was a hard thing to be belaboured by so meagre a benefit; but alas! his future fortunes depended on his grateful acceptance. At all events, the duties imposed on him by his new place exonerated him from one-half of his attendance upon his uncle; and of two disagreeable things, it was less laborious to sign his name three thousand times a-day on Government paper, than listen for the three-thousandth to the history of the ailments and infirmities of Robert the Endless.

In spite of his good wishes, however, the valetudinarian went ailing and wailing on; and the office which Sidney Hammond fancied himself to be accepting for a term of months, had galled and thwarted him for years; when by the blessing of Providence, a severe winter set in;—the price of

coals rose, quicksilver fell;—and with it, the wealthy old bachelor of Bedford Square.

On receiving the intimation of his decease early one January morning from his uncle's apothecary, who had been sent for in the night, and as his note expressed it, "only to find the vital spark extinct,"—Sidney Hammond hastily accoutred himself in the customary suit of solemn black, which he had kept by him for twelve years past, to be in readiness to express his grief for his departed kinsman, even till the cut thereof reminded the looker-on, more distinctly than pleasingly, of the exploded fashion of the last century;—and hurried to Bedford Square.

His official patron, however, was there before him; looking like a walking Book of Lamentations, and sadly inclined to expatiate, in lengthier prose than could be acceptable to the next of kin to a wealthy defunct awaiting the opening of a will, upon the transient nature of sublunary things.—Nay, there was a third person on the spot, with whose presence he could have equally dispensed;—the man of business of his late uncle,—the custodian of his testamentary dispositions,—being no other than the individual who had apprized him at Ranelagh, three-and-twenty years before, of Miss Hardingston's illness; and who, having put away boyish things for the realities of life, was now one of the leading solicitors of the day.

Let us spare our readers the recital of the will; for it is tedious enough to listen to the technicalities of such instruments, even when we trust to find our names therein inscribed, in a manner satisfactory to our sense of personal merit. Suffice it that, after a preamble of the lengthiest, during the reading of which Sidney Hammond's ears became of the colour of red sealing-wax with excitement, the late "Robert Opman Hammond of Puckerfen Hall, Lincolnshire, being in a sound state of body and mind, did appoint his illustrious friend the official, sole executor of that his last will and testament; whereby was bequeathed to him the whole estate of the testator, real and personal, in trust for the charities afterwards enumerated." In consideration of the trouble certain to accrue to him from such a trust, and of the liberal kindness with which he had studied the interests of the Hammond family, by bestowing a suitable provision on his dear nephew, he was, moreover, constituted residuary legatee: and had Sidney presumed to resent this most Christian-like distribution of the family property, he must have been an ungrateful fellow;—for so far from omitting his name from the will, his affectionate uncle had bequeathed him £200 as a mark of attachment, in addition to one of twenty mourning rings!

Poor Sidney!—poor *old* Sidney!—In this instance, the Surfaceites had been two to one against him!—This last and worst disappointment occasioned a severe attack of nervous fever; which brought down his grey hairs in sorrow, not to the *grave*, but the *ground*; adding a caoutchouc wig to the number of his grievances. He survived, however, till within the last few years. Many of our readers must have noticed a spare, meagre, fractious official, whose deafness and blindness rendered him, till a short time ago, one of the many public nuisances of the Treasury. In his efforts to appear twenty years younger and more active than he really was, his blunders were incessant. Just, however, as the spruce, well-brushed, but nearly imbecile old clerk, was on the point of being superannuated, he died suddenly of a cramp in the stomach, from attempting to eat an ice at Graup's among his younger colleagues, when a hot jelly would have been more suitable to his years and the weather.

"From loveless youth to unrespected age,"

from unrespected age to an unlamented grave, was only a natural progress for the shallow egotist, who had commenced life with good abilities, a good reputation, and sufficient fortune. But he had lived *for* shadows,—*with* shadows,—deaf to the severer truths of life, and inaccessible to its more solid pleasures; till at the close of life, there was not a human soul,—no, not even the Temple laundress, who laid out his remains,—to shed a tear over the unregretted disciple of Surfaceism!

TEXIANA.

RIDES, RAMBLES, AND SKETCHES IN TEXAS.

BY CHARLES HOOTON, ESQ.

(*Continued from page* 192 *of our March Number.*)

Having already mentioned the bowie-knife as not only so common, but so formidable a weapon both in Texas and the whole South-west, the reader will, perhaps, not be displeased to hear a little more of it; the various tragical hand-to-hand exploits, which have been from time to time performed even amongst the "highest circles" of that quarter of the world, through its agency, having conferred upon it a degree of bloody and horrible distinction never yet acquired by many of its elder brethren of the same craft. Let it not, however, be regarded altogether in the light of an engine of human slaughter; since, in many other respects, it is one of the most useful of articles to the settler and frontiersman. Like the Highlander's *skien dhu*, the same blade which this morning, perhaps, was buried to the hilt in the body of an enemy, or, it may be, of a friend with whom its owner had a "difficulty," will also serve to-night to carve the venison for supper—to skin and cut up the hunter's game—to extract hooks from the gullets of ponderous red fish, when its master goes a-fishing; or to supply any other need, no matter how small, (if not too small for its own size,) for which a knife can possibly be required.

In short, Butler has accurately pre-described its various uses, aided, no doubt, by a wonderful spirit of poetical prophecy, in the following charming portrait of the dagger of his "Sir Knight:"—

> It was a serviceable dudgeon,
> Either for fighting or for drudging.
> When it had stabbed, or broke a head,
> It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
> Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
> To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.

Some of the tribe, nevertheless, are too exalted for these menial offices, and imbued with a spirit akin to that of many heroic men in our own times, who hold nothing worthy of themselves but "glorious war;" and would rather rust in sulky repose for ever, than for an instant condescend even to think of becoming useful in any other and probably better capacity. But Captain Marryat has given us the whole history of the parentage and uses of the bowie-knife.

I have heard it stated that a blow from one, well wielded, is sufficient to break a man's arm. Certain it is, that I have myself seen skulls of Mexicans brought from the battle-ground of San Jacinto, on which Texas gained her independence, that were cleft nearly through the thickest part of the bone *behind*, evidently at one blow, and with sufficient force to throw out extensive cracks like those of a starred glass. This is more true to fact than complimentary to Mexican valour. At the same time, it proves that old adages may occasionally be mistaken. "He that fights and runs away" does not always "*live* to fight another day." Colonel Bowie went to Texas during the troubles which preceded the independence of that country, and was lying sick in bed at the fortress of the Alamo when, on the 6th of March, 1836, it was stormed by Santa Anna, and taken. Bowie was murdered there upon his pillow.—The hand that formed the dreadful knife could no longer wield it. The celebrated Colonel Crocket of Tennessee—of whose unmatched huntings and bear-excursions few readers but must have a vivid recollection—also fell in the battle of the Alamo. The authorities say he was found almost buried amid the corses of Mexican soldiers whom he had slain before he himself fell.

Perhaps I ought scarcely to have mentioned this circumstance, which is to be found in most histories; only, that I wished to add to it the pleasing fact, that Crocket's favourite watch, which he had disposed of to a gentleman in the States during his lone tramp through prairie and forest to the Texan frontier, was recently, and with generous consideration, returned to the Colonel's widow, when the possessor, for the first time, heard of his death.

Although the act of carrying arms in secret is held to be illegal, yet it is quite general, I believe, unless perhaps with the immediate inhabitants of a tolerably-well populated town. They are generally at hand in the majority of stores,—in liquor shops either placed under the counter, or more usually behind the bar upon the wall, within reach of the individual attending, and immediately before the eyes of the customer. When openly carried, the knive is in a sheath attached to a body belt; when secretly, either in a narrow pocket purposely made down the straight part of the trousers' thigh, so that the bending of the body is not incommoded nor the weapon discovered; or in a similar casing down the back between the shoulders. It is hence considered by some individuals as sufficiently indicative of evil intentions on the part of an opponent, if, in the event of a warm dispute, or of presumed offence given, you see him pretend to scratch the back of his head, or make any other equally genteel and polite attempt to conduce to his own personal comfort and private satisfaction, in that significant and suspicious region of a loafer's earthly tenement of clay.

Besides the free use of the Bowie knife, another peculiar characteristic of the state of refinement and social intercourse amongst the people of this country is, their inveterate habit of swearing and cursing. I say *peculiar*, because though no unusual thing elsewhere, yet its very excess, its depth and recklessness, constitute its singleness and singularity there. To return to my personal adventures:—

Scarcely had we been located many hours, after our arrival, in the habitation of an English lady, (Mrs S.,) whose husband was then in England on business, than accounts began to pour upon us of the unhealthiness of the climate; and no trifling fund of anticipatory pity was exhausted upon us for the disappointments and miseries which we all were doomed to endure. The almost inevitable fatality of the main-land, and of those parts of the interior most particularly—Brazoria and the Brazos for instance—where at present the greatest quantity of cotton is produced, was strongly dwelt upon: *unless* the northern emigrant who purposed settling on the land had taken the precautionary measure of becoming "acclimated" by a year or so's residence on the island. . . .

Notwithstanding all this, we could not believe. The books said otherwise. . . . .

Perhaps Messrs. Newell, Lawrence, and Kennedy, who know so well the healthful properties and the virtues of Texan air, will endeavour to reconcile these facts to the satisfaction of that public whom hitherto they have so woefully misled. At the same time, the charges of *doctors* (eight in ten at least of whom never had their diplomas) are most enormous. It is no uncommon thing to hear a labouring man state something to the effect that,—"It's of no use working here; for if one contrives to save seventy or eighty dollars beforehand, and then gets 'chill-and-fever' for two or three weeks, it all goes in physic, and then one's just as forward as when one started."

And such, in fact, is the case. While patients decline *in purse*, doctors acquire a highly-healthy action of the same vital organ: and though hundreds of the medically *advised* drop into their graves, I do not believe that Galveston Island can yet boast of containing the honoured bones of one solitary medical *adviser*. Like tarantulas, they can kill anybody except themselves. Should the inquisitive and curious reader wish to know why *they* especially contrive to escape, while other people are seized; I reply, Because they supply themselves, out of the pockets of their patients, with innumer-

able comforts and conveniences calculated in that climate to mitigate or ward off disease, which the poor suffering patients, who have to work for their living, cannot, in nineteen cases out of twenty, supply themselves with. Individually, I was cognisant of the fact, that a common seaman before the mast was charged by one of these biting prussic-acid rascals no less a sum than seventy dollars—about £14 English—for somewhere near three-weeks' attendance, draughts and boluses included! Jack, however—(*Tom*, I ought to say, for that was his name,—Tom Allen, a Scot)—Tom swore he would never pay it; and Texan society may confidently repose its faith in his promise: he is sure to keep it, for the best of reasons,—because he never could pay. Incidentally, I may give a sketch of this man's career in Galveston. He was a seaman on board the ship Francis, in which we left England, and was, beyond comparison, the most able navigator on board. He had been to almost all parts of the known world,—had fought as a pirate amongst the Turks,—and had every nook and corner of the earth beneath his eye far more clearly than many a well-schooled student at twenty, with all his globes, his geographies, and his tutors. The Captain quarrelled with Tom on the voyage, because Tom grumbled at short commons and no grog. A regular cat-and-dog, or dog-and-badger life did they, in consequence, lead of it, until our passage was concluded. The Captain used to threaten to shoot Tom through the head; a threat to which Tom replied, by coolly reminding the old skipper, that "two could play at that game." As, in truth, they could, had it been tried; for the latter had too much of the old pirate in him not to keep a "bosom friend" of that kind with him ever after hostilities commenced. When we arrived in port, and the cargo was begun to be unladen, Tom discovered various casks of bottled London porter stowed away in the hold, belonging to his old enemy, the Captain. This was a glorious revelation. He now determined to be revenged for the short allowance and grog-stopping, to which the crew had been subjected at sea, by discussing this identical porter while engaged with the rest of the men in unlading. He accordingly broke open the casks, took out the bottles, knocked the necks off, and drank the contents along with his comrades, singing out—"yeo, oh—oh,—he—ave—oh!" all the while, to divert the attention of the first mate, who stood at the head of the hatchway on deck, superintending the delivery of those portions of the cargo taken from below. By afternoon, all the men below (in the hold) were gloriously drunk, and, long before sunset, totally unable to work. The mate found fault,—Tom grew rebellious and independent: the men backed him up, and eventually a desperate and bloody fray took place on the wharf, in which Tom was worsted, and for which he was afterwards lugged off to prison. On the following day he was tried and convicted in a tolerably heavy fine; which being paid out of his wages, left him at liberty again, and he returned to the ship. That same night, however, he and two others—one, the cook, named Harry, and the other, another Tom, a ship-boy, called, for distinction, *young* Tom—contrived a plan of escape from the ship altogether. At midnight they executed it so well, that, by getting on board a fisherman, bound towards Houston, they were sailing up Buffalo Bayou before the old skipper of the Francis knew where to look for them. *Young* Tom made, however, a grand mistake. He left, in the hurry, his trunk on the wharf; and when he next heard of it, it was found to have nothing inside, although it was quite full of new clothes when he left it there! Tom Allen and Harry obtained employment in the construction of a boat for some settler upon the Bayou; while young Tom (who eventually left his bones to bleach and dry in Galveston sand, under circumstances of a very pitiable nature) rambled off over the prairie in quest of adventures and a living, and finally got elected to the office of cow-herd to a gentleman squatter, who, after the accustomed Texan fashion, never paid him a penny for his service.

Tom Allen, that hardy seaman,—he it was who was suspended by ropes for half-a-day together, with his lower extremities dangling in the sea, while he fixed our jury-rudder, after getting aground, as before related; and that at a time when every other man on board positively refused to do it, from dread of sharks which abound in the Gulf;—Tom Allen, I repeat, soon fell sick; and subsequently, after the departure of the old ship for England, was brought down to the island more dead than alive. Then it was that he swallowed, in the course of so brief a period, seventy dollars' worth of doctor. After that he got into the dock-yard; and in case the intermittent fever does not cause his promotion to heaven, or his degradation to the other place, I should feel inclined to conclude that, in the long-run, he is destined to become a shining light, a sort of sea gem, upon the naval arm of Texas.

The reason why all that low, flat portion of the main-land, before alluded to, should not only be less salubrious than the island,—and indeed that its unhealthiness should increase in some given ratio to its distance from the sea, is plain enough. It is almost entirely attributable to the fact, of its being less under the influence of those fine sea breezes which almost constantly blow from the south,—tempering the burning atmosphere as they pass,—conferring most life where most strong, but dying away altogether long before they have reached a hundred miles inland; and thus leaving the dead, swampy level to reek and steam in a sweltering calm, and under an almost vertical sun, between which and the rank earth below, perhaps not once a-month is seen a single passing cloud. To any man who knows what kind of soil and temperature are required for a good rice-land, the simple fact, that all these levels and bottoms are considered eminently fitted for the cultivation of that hot-and-wet growing grain, will suffice as a more than necessary proof of its generally total unfitness as a location for emigrants from any temperate region, and most especially for the natives of such a climate as this of Great Britain.

Any person rising from the perusal of such works as Mr. Kennedy's, would naturally conclude, that

an emigrant had nothing to do but select his locality in any part of this paradise he pleased, and squat down upon it in the same conscious security as though he were going upon the occupancy of a new farm in his own straggling parish.

One would be inclined to take it for granted, that a horse with a man on his back, may travel from Arkansas to Coahuila, and from Galveston to Santa Fé, without risk or peril from either biped, quadruped, centipede, or snake.

So far, however, from this facility of location in the "Garden" of Texas being matter of fact, the truth is, that a tolerably round party, well armed, accoutred, and provisioned, is required, *even* with absolute safety *to go and look at it*. These precautions are necessary, both for mutual protection and the sustentation of life in that wilderness of sweets,—that land flowing with milk and honey!

It was in consequence of this insecurity, arising from the unpopulated and unsettled state of the country, that several gentlemen, both English and American, joined the recent celebrated Texan Santa Fé "trading" Expedition, by way of escort, and were afterwards captured by the Mexicans, deprived of their arms, papers, and beasts of burden, and marched barefoot some thousands of miles down to the city of Mexico; where those that survived this perilous journey were subjected to every indignity and barbarity that the low revenge of Santa Anna (President of Mexico) could suggest; and in the end barely escaped with their lives. When in Galveston I was invited to join the party which was then in course of formation: but independently of other minor considerations, I ascertained so much concerning its outfitting, as left no doubt whatever on my mind, that something else besides trading in the ordinary way for Mexican bullion and peltries was in contemplation; and hence luckily declined to form one of the number. The assertion that hostilities of any kind were meditated has, I am aware, been strongly denied by the Texans since the total failure of the expedition itself; but assuredly — whatever might be the meaning of the leaders and captains, there were many amongst them who conceived it at least within the bounds of possibility that a *leetle* plunder might by chance happen to be brought back again. Mr. Kendall, one of the editors of the New Orleans *Picayune* newspaper,—having obtained all necessary passports, &c., from the Mexican Consul in New Orleans, to enable him to penetrate into Mexico with security, joined the Expedition because of the protection it afforded in passing through the whole extent of the Texan paradise against wild Indians, roving Mexican marauders, and other nameless dangers. He, along with the greater part of the band, fell into the hands of the Mexicans before they reached Santa Fé, and performed the journey to Mexico as above stated. His passports afforded him no protection:—they were violently taken from him, and, in conjunction with all other papers found on the persons of individuals forming the party, were burned before their faces in the public square. Since his return home, that gentleman has published some highly interesting and vivid sketches both of inland Texan scenery, and of the melancholy march to Mexico, with the adventures that attended it. One of them, both for its brevity and its strikingly Mexican character, I may venture to relate; premising only that Salezar mentioned in the extract, was captain of the prisoners' escort. Mr. Kendall says,—"As we were about starting, after the events I have just detailed, a man named John M'Allister, a native of Tennessee, and of an excellent family, complained that one of his ancles was sprained, and that he could hardly walk. He was nearly lame in the other ancle, and could never walk without limping. On starting, he was allowed to get into a cart which had been employed to carry some of the more feeble of our men; but finding it too heavy loaded, after being a mile on the road he was ordered out and told to limp along the best way he could. Salezar had frequently told those who were unable to keep up that he would shoot them rather than have the march delayed. Although he had already struck and severely beat several of the sick and more unfortunate, we could not believe him brute enough to murder a man in cold blood, whose only crime was that he was lame; but in this we were mistaken. On being driven from the cart, M'Allister stated his inability to proceed on foot. Salezar told him to hurry on. Again the unfortunate man declared himself utterly unable to walk, and this in the presence of half a dozen of his comrades. The worse than brutal captain, now wound up to a pitch of fury, commanded him to follow the cart or he would order him to be shot. 'Then shoot!' said M'Allister, throwing open his blanket, 'and the sooner the better!' Salezar took him at his word; and a single ball sent as brave a man as ever trod the earth into eternity. His ears were then cut off, his blanket and pantaloons stripped from him, and his body thrown by the road-side as food for the wolves!"

The reader will, after this, agree with me that I have since had good cause to congratulate myself on not having saddled a mule or a mustang, (wild horse,) and joined the expedition to Santa Fé. He will also conclude, that settling in the richest and only (to northern people) valuable—because only healthy—part of this magnificent country, is not quite such an easy, quiet, pleasant summer-day's job as some writers, who have never tried it, would fain persuade their more uninformed countrymen that it is. High time enough, indeed, will it be to invite poor emigrants into these flowery wastes when the government of the country possesses something like power and means to protect them when there.

Connected with matters of a sanatory nature, I must not forget to add that Mr. Kennedy has mentioned the existence in Galveston of a General Hospital for the reception of the sick. Whether it be a junior St. Bartholomew's, or a Guy's, we are not informed; nor did I ever ascertain whether any saint in the calendar had or had not any patronage over it. Of this fact I am certain: that, as the juveniles of Cocaigne have it, it was a "regular *Guy*" to look at. A mile and a half from any human habitation, it stood alone in the desert—

dead, silent, and seemingly aloof from all living and active Christian sympathy. It was nothing more than a long and ordinary weather-boarded and shingled house, one storey high, raised on cedar blocks, about two or three feet from the ground, with two windows in front, a door in the middle, and a flight of four or five wooden steps by which to communicate within and without. On one side it looked out upon a landscape of wild sea swamp, covered with hundreds of shrieking and screaming aquatic birds; while an old and ruined wooden fort, combined with the wrecks of once-gallant sailing vessels now fast embedded in the sands of the bay, formed the background. On the other hand, the prospect was that of a wide flat wilderness of sandy shore, upon which the breakers of the gulf, whether at ebb or flow of tide, were everlastingly casting the foam of their madness, and chanting to the ears of the poor, sick, and dying within, day and night, the doleful and solemn song of eternity.

Would that I could now lay before the reader a drawing, made by my own hand, of this veritable hospital, as it stood at midsummer in the year of our Lord 1841! It now lies before me, and calls vividly to recollection many a mad hunting-expedition, many a "wild-goose chase" in reality; many a desperate fishing-bout, and many a sad musing melancholy walk that I have had with some now dead, within the reach of its dreary and fevered eye! Ruin and wreck are painful landmarks; but somehow that poor hospital—that shell of misery—that great coffin of the unburied dead—seen over the prairie from afar, was to me, a rambler in the waste, a far more melancholy landmark than either wreck or ruin.

Towards the maintenance of this deplorable caricature, every emigrant is compelled to contribute one dollar, payable to the mayor of the city. In default of this, the captain of the vessel in which such emigrant arrived, is held liable; and is, farther, empowered to detain the baggage of passengers until the "hospital-money" shall be paid. Even a regular citizen and inhabitant of Texas, coming from a visit to the United States, or any foreign country, is obliged to pay this tribute over again, as often as he goes away and returns.*

Bilious fevers, of different degrees of intensity; ague and fever, producing irrecoverable prostration of the system, delirium, and eventually death; with cholera in different mitigated stages, constitute the general diseases in Texas of a formidable character. At the town of Houston, which is admirably situated in a swamp, the latter malady most extensively prevails; and numbers die there every season.

To return to my story:—Out of the thirty individuals who went out in the same vessel with myself, not more than three entertained, for a moment, any other views than those of obtaining land either by purchase or through the medium of the government grants; of squatting upon it, and becoming, for the remainder of their natural lives, good citizens of the new republic. Look at the result! Of all this number, NOT ONE succeeded in effecting the object for which he had left home and country, crossed thousands of miles of ocean, and gone to Texas. Before Christmas of the same year, some of them had returned home or gone into the United States; some were dying, some dead, and some almost perishing from sheer want, either because they could get nothing to do, or were too sick and reduced to work at all; and some others, alas, were imprisoned upon the island merely because, their resources being completely exhausted, they had not left the means wherewith to get away.

When occasion shall call for the relation of some of their stories more in detail, the public will perceive how easily, and by what a rapid process of transition, the earthly paradise of a couple of octavo volumes may be converted, by disease and anxiety, into a bodily and mental pandemonium. May I never again see such ruin of body and fortune, such wreck of heart, as it was my fate to witness in Texas!

Acting upon the medical advices of the people with whom chance brought me into contact, in conjunction with the practical lessons taught me by a few weeks' experience, I soon resolved to remain (at least for the present) in the island;—to abandon all immediate intentions of penetrating into the interior, to await the result of farther knowledge; and profit, if possible, by the experiences of those who, in this particular, were more sanguine and venturous than myself. Accordingly,—while the various members of our emigrant party were dispersed far and wide, some in one way and some in another,—I myself rented a cottage, with a large enclosure of garden ground attached, about half a mile from the "city," and upon the border of a large bayou† about half way across the island, between the Bay and the Gulf. Some two or three weeks previous to my entry upon it, this cottage had been fairly lifted off its foundations by a tremendous "norther," and carried a couple of yards backwards; but deposited again upon the ground as level and uninjured as before. It consisted of two large rooms, open to the ridge inside, and constructed with the doors and windows opposite each other, north and south, for the benefit of the air. Daylight shone here and there through the cracks and ill-fitting joints of the

* Our contributor's description of this forlorn hospital is highly graphic; but we must be just. There might be worse institutions in a new colony than this; and of the tax for its support, until other means are found for its improvement and proper maintenance, we must entirely approve. The alleged overcharges of the doctors render such an institution doubly necessary; and its spectral exterior has nothing to do with its interior usefulness.—*E. T. M.*

† A bayou (or biou, as it is pronounced) is a long, narrow, and tortuous water-course, like a natural canal, which derives its origin from the sea, and runs inland like a small river, to the length, not unfrequently, of some miles. One of these completely separates Galveston island, and is pretty deep. Numerous others, generally fordable, intersect it in all directions, and render travelling a rather embarrassing business to any individual unacquainted with their position and depths. They abound with small fish and crabs, and, consequently, are the grand resort of all descriptions of wading birds, which afford such excellent sport to the fowler.

plank walls; and on the beams and rafters which supported the shingled roof, various colonies of a gigantic sort of wasp had established their homesteads in the shape of large masses of mud filled with holes of a geometrical figure, like those of a honeycomb. Mice also had built their nests on the cross-timbers ten or twelve feet from the ground; and a small republic of fierce and warlike rats had additionally declared their independence of the tenant below, and hoisted the liberal flag of Rat's-tail on the roof and upper beams of the building. Behind was a detached kitchen, which stood about two feet from the ground upon four legs, like a stool. The enclosure in which all this was situated had once been cultivated, but was now "an unweeded garden,"—a waste more rankly luxuriant by far than the open prairie itself;—for such all neglected land becomes, after the spade or plough has thrown up hitherto buried soil to the action of the sun and air. Snakes and lizards had made their choice dwellings in it, and the melancholy blue marsh-bittern sometimes paid it a brief visit of inspection at the hour of twilight. Close behind us, the bayou expanded into a large shallow pool, about two feet deep,—one foot of mud and one of water,—which, morning and night, and frequently throughout the day itself, unless too much disturbed by the sportsman's gun, was the constant resort of hundreds of wading and fishing birds of all sizes, from the snowy crane, whose breadth of pinion is six or seven feet, the large blue crane, of still more ample dimensions, the gigantic wood-ibis, and the magnificent roseate spoonbill, down through all gradations of size to some even more diminutive than a sparrow. On some low sandhills beyond, our prospect that way was terminated by the melancholy remains of an unenclosed grave-yard,—the remote and barren resting-place of all who fell by the pestilent yellow fever, when Galveston was visited by it in 1839. Just by way of illustrating the indifference which prevails there on this subject, as well as what little regard is commonly had to the ordinary observances of decent sepulture, a little incident may be mentioned which, at the time of its occurrence, shocked my feelings considerably. At some recent period subsequently to the burial of the fevered corses in these dry sandhills, a road had been formed,—not dug, but trampled,—across the prairie, and directly through the centre of this dreary grave-place, leading to the shore of the Gulf. The first time I walked along this track, and was passing between the banks formed by the divided ridge of hills, my attention was arrested by the appearance of some object protruding out of the sand on one side, of a somewhat unusual character. On stepping up to it, I found it was no other than the upper end of a rough coffin, the lid of which had been pulled aside by the hand of some one curious in the investigation of nature's laboratory of decomposition, and there left as too troublesome to be replaced. The loose fine dry sand had run down from above, and nearly filled up the vacancies of the inside; while, from amidst a mass of poor grave-clothes and sand intermixed, stared forth a dry and withered head, yet covered with long black hair; upon which corruption had not taken place, owing to the total absence of all moisture and the excessive heat of the climate; but which appeared not unlike that of an Egyptian mummy, or the preserved head of a New Zealander. A small but horrible kind of land-crab, found amongst these arid places, had left the claw-marks of its journeying to and from the coffin upon the smoothly drifted sand; and now and then the filthy carrion-eating turkey-buzzard might be seen hovering about the place or perching on the top of some adjoining wooden tomb. Nothing else of life was to be seen from one horizon to the other. The waste amid which the corpse lay seemed as dreary and as dead as the corpse itself. I turned away half heart-sick:—my dog ran towards it, snuffed up the air, and turned away also. I believe it lay in that exposed manner a week or ten days; when some one possessing more respect for the remains of man's mortality than fear of recalling buried fever from the grave, placed some thorns upon the coffin, and covered the whole up again: though still it stood out upon the line of road like a large mole-hill. The landscape, I had forgotten to say was embellished from this grave-yard view by a fine prospect of the gallows upon which a "nigger" had once been hung, I think for murder. With the exception of hemp, all the requisite machinery was in perfect readiness for the next volunteer.

My next-door neighbour in this retreat was Major A——, a Kentuckian by birth,—a hero of the Revolution, and mayor of the city of Galveston. Possessed of all the half-savage characteristics both of his origin and of Texan society generally, he yet was, both in manners and education, a gentleman. The propinquity of our dwellings soon placed us upon the footing of familiar acquaintances, and thus helped to beguile many of those tedious and listless hours which in a hot climate, and amidst a coarse illiterate people, will inevitably steal a march upon any man whose tendencies and tastes, unluckily, chance to require mental provender of a rather more dainty quality than the intellects of a population of carpenters, blacksmiths, and petty shop-keepers, are in general empowered to furnish.

It was, I think, in the "merry month of May," that I first set to work upon Galveston soil, and began to put to the test of practical experiment the boasted productiveness of its never-fading gardens. "Nearly every month"—so writes the Rev. A. B. Lawrence's protégé—"can furnish fine lettuce, radishes, beets, and peas; and thus regale the appetite of the northern traveller, as he arrives on the coast in winter, with the luxuries of his own summer season."

Having got my ground in order, I planted three favourite kinds of English peas, Brussels sprouts, French beans, parsley, raddishes, carrots, onions, garlics, and shallots. Lest, however, these should, like many other flattering Texan promises, chance to fail, I also put in a number of seeds which we had brought from the Isle of St. Thomas's, West Indies;—consisting of mangoes, mammæ apple, soursops, mespils, shaddocks, and a large brown

bean which I found growing upon the rocks of the bay. The season being dry—so dry indeed that nearly all the wells in the island failed—I had these seeds watered with persevering constancy whenever they required it, but always before sunrise and after sunset. Eventually the largest kind of pea (which in England grows to an enormous size,) grew from three to four inches high, flowered, and bore pods little more than an inch long, with one or two perfectly-matured peas in each. The other kinds did not even show their noses above ground. While of *all* the other English seeds, as well as West Indian, not a single one came up at all.

I re-dug my whole garden, and tried a second experiment with sweet-potatoes and water-melons of various kinds. These succeeded to admiration; and I had the daily pleasure of seeing my melon vines stretching over the soil at the rate of little less than a foot in twenty-four hours.

With great care and attention some two or three hundred fine melons were produced and approaching to ripeness, when, one dire black day,—a day that "stands aye accursed in the (gardening) calendar"—I betook myself to a deer-hunt some twelve or fifteen miles down the island,—was out one day and two nights,—and on my return home found Gay's fable of the pig in the tulip-garden realized amongst my crop of water-melons. As this matter, slight as it may seem, subsequently caused my life to be openly threatened, the reader will excuse such particulars as it may appear necessary to give.

Any gentleman who happens to be enthusiastic in natural history, as displayed in the grunting genus of animals, ought to go to Galveston forthwith; since no place can be named where greater facilities for study in that particular department of science may be enjoyed. Parson Trulliber would have been in greater ecstasies there than ever he was, even when he pushed his brother Adams into the hog-stye, since the pigs are not only amazingly numerous, but remarkably acute and sharp; and in their industrious researches after the various edible delicacies of the island, display a degree of sagacity and discernment eminently calculated to redeem the character of their whole race from that odium of proverbial stupidity which, by the common consent of mankind, has been fixed upon it. Enjoying, unchecked, the republican freedom of going at large wherever they please, both town and prairie are overrun by numberless herds of them. Useful as aids and assistants to the turkey-buzzard, in clearing away all descriptions of refuse and offal, they likewise exert all their powers of nose and teeth, in smelling out and destroying snakes of all kinds, which they devour with surprising avidity. In fact, through their instrumentality mainly, is the eastern end of the island, upon which the city stands, indebted for its comparative freedom from those annoying and dangerous reptiles. The pig catches a serpent, by placing his foot upon it, and pinning it to the ground in the division of his hoof. Both day and night do they hunt about, over miles of ground, though most generally during the day. Early in a morning, almost before daylight, they may be seen setting out from the town in the greatest of all possible hurries, and in distinct droves, towards the prairie-swamps and sides of the bayous,—calling at every detached settlement in their way, to pick up what may chance to have been thrown outside the enclosure;—not omitting to walk into your garden, if entrance can be found, and no human creature can be seen; but carefully abstaining from any attempt of the latter kind, should a two-legged enemy, either in trousers or petticoat, appear to have an eye upon them. In this case, they content themselves with a longing peep through the palings, just by way of seeing when your sweet potatoes are likely to be ready, or your water-melons getting towards ripe. One very large, old sow, in particular, I remember, that used to pay a visit to my neighbour, Major A——'s garden about two o'clock in the morning—lift the gate off the latch with her nose, and deliberately walk in to devour whatever freshly-grown greens the Major and his gardener had contrived to raise. Our separation-fence was in indifferent repair, and, consequently, I also became occasionally victimised through the same channel. At first I contented myself with driving the pigs out, and securing my fences, but, on the solemn advice of the Mayor, resolved afterwards to shoot every pig found within my horticultural territory.

"D—— 'em, Hooton!" said the Major, "shoot every one of them, and send me in a piece of the pork. I shall do the same thing, and we will at least have bacon for our greens, if we can get nothing else."

As this advice came from no less a personage than the mayor of the city, and he promised to see me out of all trouble, in case any indictment for pig-slaughter should be brought against me, I did not, for a moment, hesitate to take it. Still, I adopted all preventive measures within my power, as loath to get into a "difficulty," if it could be avoided; and knowing, at the same time, that pig-shooting, in Texas, is about as dangerous a crime to the individual perpetrating it as manslaughter or wilful assassination.

As my melons grew towards ripeness, the temptation to the enemy without grew greater and greater, as evinced in the increased numbers of swinish inquiries that were daily and nightly made through the apertures of the external fences. Still, in spite of all precautions, occasional watchers would get in for a few minutes, and retire again, with a charge of buck-shot more than they calculated on. But on that sad and unlucky day in which I left the place to take care of itself for a while, a whole legion of them took advantage of my absence,—wrenched the palings off with their flexible snouts, and were actually revelling amongst melons and sweet potatoes, at the identical time when I returned home. The garden was totally destroyed,—trampled down, eaten, and grubbed into enormous hills and hollows of lifeless waste, after a fashion that would have made Abercrombie or Mr. Loudon frantic.

So intent were many of them upon their feast, that I slipped into the house unobserved, and,

in addition to a charge of shot already in my fowling-piece, loaded with a pistol-ball and two triangular pieces of rough lead; being determined to bring down my game, if possible. Major A—— was looking over his fence, and smiling at these preparations as he pointed out to me the principal offender and ringleader of the herd. It was no other than his night-visiter the old sow. At a distance of about thirty yards, she received the whole contents of the gun upon the side of the head, or neck, I could not tell which, owing to the dusk of night which was then approaching. She spun round two or three times and fell. I ran into the house for a bowie-knife to finish the business, but before I could return, she had got up, and trotted away. I gave up all attempts at gardening for the future, and endeavoured to satisfy my feelings of mortification and revenge by shooting every head of swine that came into my waste, whether by day or by night. Still, out of at least a round dozen that were *well* shot, I did but succeed in converting one into pork,—a piece of sporting experience which warrants me in stating, for the information of old shots in England, that, to kill a pig by one discharge of powder and lead, is next to impossible, unless a particular spot can with certainty be selected.

It soon afterwards appeared that these proceedings were creating me no very desirable fame; as an acquaintance of mine who resided in the town called upon me one afternoon for the especial purpose of communicating the information, that the owner of a large old sow which had been twice shot (she was shot once by the major) by me, he believed, had expressed his fixed intention to *shoot me* the first time he happened to see me. Having some reason to repose a little confidence in this Texan promise, I thought it quite as well to be on my guard; and having occasion that very day to go into the town, I placed a brace of pistols in my pocket, with the firm resolve to have the *first* shot (if I could get it) in case any one should make a hostile demonstration towards me. Happily, however, the threat was for once not carried into execution.

Redress in any other way for destruction of this kind is totally out of the question; as, in the first place, it is impossible to trace individual travelling swine to their owners; and, in the next, if that could be done, the only answer a man would receive would be something to the effect that "he should make his fences stronger."

Directly or indirectly these filthy animals are the cause of more private animosity and personal mischief than almost anything else that could be named. Nay, during the same summer of which I have been speaking, the shooting of one belonging to the French Consul in Houston, under circumstances similar to those I have detailed, led to a great political difficulty, and at one time rather seriously threatened a rupture between the two countries! The Texan government, however, made the *amende honorable* as well as it could; and thus most happily averted what might have proved a painful and prolonged warfare between the advocates of gardens and the numerous and savage supporters of the constitutional and inalienable rights of pigs.

Cats also constituted another terrible source of annoyance and destruction upon our premises. In consequence of the weather, it is impossible to shut up your kitchen, or place where meat is kept, even during the night. Our kitchen had a window at each end, both of which were always left open for the air. The feline tribes in the neighbourhood soon discovered this interesting fact, and made great profit of it, by nightly devouring our fish and meat, and concluding by licking the dishes off the shelves to the floor, and then flying at a maniacal speed from the clatter of their own raising. It required considerable address to drop upon these alert and soft-footed gentry; especially during the dead of night, when, in white nightcap and bedgown, the sportsman has to turn out at a moment's warning, and creep upon them with sufficient caution to get within shot. The nights, however, in that climate, can never be called dark, like these in this country, unless some northern storm be drifting along the sky, in which case they are as black as the bottom of the Dead Sea. In consequence of this, I could frequently get to one window, while some thievish Tom or Tabby was, perhaps, hesitating suspiciously and reluctantly on the sill of the other. By thus shooting through the kitchen, I eventually relieved the neighbourhood of some of its finest midnight prowlers, and provided many excellent morsels for the buzzards, which never failed to come and decently inter the corpses in their own stomachs. Luckily for the welfare of my face and head of hair, there were few or no old maids in Galveston: women being so remarkably scarce, that a maid is hardly to be met in a day's march; and widows of any mark or likelihood, are either pestered to death by loafers of all descriptions, or compelled to get married again, if only as a stroke of good policy, and in sheer self defence.

(To be continued.)

HERO AND LEANDER. (WRITTEN TO ILLUSTRATE A PICTURE.)

What hadst thou been to fame without thy woes,
Immortal maiden of the Ocean Tower!
Who would thy classic story all disclose,
Not longest lingers on the enhanced hour,
When frenzied billows, vanquish'd by the power
Of love armipotent, yon shore was won,
And thy wave-worn Leander, midst a shower
Of passionate caresses, drooped upon
The bosom with new life instinct for him alone.

Dear is this picture—but a deeper gaze
Dwells on the after-vision of affright;—
That torch not always lent its guiding blaze,
Though, ere it faded from his straining sight,
Long strove the tempest vainly of that night,
When thy expanded arms, and fluttering heart,
Received no visitant of love—the might—
The gloom—the rush of waters—all impart—
Too dread for thought—'tis o'er—'neath Helle's wave thou art.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF FRANCIS HORNER.*

From causes much more natural than creditable to the zeal of friendship in certain parties unnamed, the Memoirs of Horner have been very long delayed; yet we should imagine, that the interest connected with his name and era cannot have subsided in the lapse of twenty-six years. Francis Horner was not one of those men whose reputation starts up in a day, and declines with its close. To those who best knew him, whether personally, or by the high character which he had established on the most solid foundation, the interest of his brief history must, we believe, be still fresh and vital as at the moment of his premature and lamented death; while to young men of superior abilities and generous ambitions, who have never yet heard of his name, his example must be found replete with the noblest lessons, and the best encouragement. With the exception of Romilly,—who was a man of much longer standing—there was, perhaps, no contemporary public and literary character of whom the judgments of men were, on all points, so unanimous in approbation. Nor did Horner owe this universal suffrage in his favour either to those brilliant intellectual powers and accomplishments which often, for a time, dazzle and mislead the sober judgments of men, or to any fortuitous circumstance in his career, but solely to great personal worth, and sweetness and amiability of disposition, combined with sound abilities highly cultivated and directed to excellent ends; and, above all, to that happy and well-balanced, though indescribable, mental constitution which was his prime characteristic, and which, without art or effort, stamped him, on the threshold of life, a general favourite.

About the time that Mr. Horner concluded his academical studies, the fanciful and captivating theory of Lavater was in high vogue; and while some of his friends were adepts, he appears to have been tinctured with, or a sort of half-believer in the physiognomical doctrines. His own sensible, serene, and mild countenance, as seen in an engraving from a portrait by Raeburn, in the front of the Memoirs, is a fair index to the character of the man. There is nothing in those benignant features, heroic, daring, or exalted; nothing to startle or perplex. The expression is quiet and simple, indicating mental power, but displaying more strikingly the harmony of moral excellence; truth, candour, kindness, benevolence, repose—that quality generally the most wanting in active and prominent public characters. One of the earliest among Horner's eminent literary friends, the Rev. Sydney Smith, said of him shortly after his death, with all the point, and more than the truth, which sometimes distinguishes his good sayings, "The commandments were written on his face; and I have often told him there was not a crime he might not commit with impunity, as no judge or jury who saw him would give the smallest credit to any evidence against him; there was in his look a calm settled love of all that was honourable and good—an air of wisdom and of sweetness: you saw at once that he was intended for a great man, whom nature intended for a leader of human beings." There is in this much less of the partiality of friendship than one usually expects in posthumous eulogies; and the fact is clear that Horner, much less, than the great majority of men, required the indulgent judgments of friends at any period, or for any act of his public or private life. There are, indeed, few partakers of this frail humanity whose blood and judgment were so well commingled. If not "intended for a leader of human beings," then he was eminently fitted for an instructor and active benefactor of human beings; and that in no narrow sphere.

For these Memoirs of an individual, whom we consider even more estimable for his virtues than he was eminent for intellectual superiority and the effective achievements of his brief public life, we are indebted to his younger brother, Mr. Leonard Horner, on whom, (by good luck,) after the long delays and subsequent failure of other friends, devolved the natural duty of editing, or rather compiling the work. This has been done from ample and valuable materials; namely, the private journals and correspondence of the subject of the Memoirs; and in that happy mode which has been adopted of late, in the instance of the sons of Romilly and of Wilberforce, of the Editor making the man tell his story; converting the Memoirs, in short, into an autobiography.

British society has passed through many trying and exciting scenes and changes since the death of Horner; but the impelling causes were in full activity during his lifetime, and his penetration and cognizance of the springs of coming events often impart an historical interest to his Memoirs. They belong to a memorable period at home and abroad. They go back to nearly the commencement of the liberticide wars waged by the combined Sovereigns of Europe, and reach to the ominous period of the Holy Alliance and the Restoration of the Bourbons. They trace what in them is of far deeper interest, the growth and developement of one superior and virtuous mind; showing step by step how the youth, Francis Horner, became what the world is now pretty well agreed in esteeming him. The Memoirs also give considerable insight into the workings and by-play of political factions; with, what will be more generally attractive, a great deal of literary gossip, and of the secret history of Reviewing; many piquant transcripts from what may be called the State Papers of the Reviewer's Office: more of these indeed than may be altogether approved of in the interested quarters, though not more than will be found highly entertaining and edifying to the uninitiated and profane vulgar. Such accessories must, we should imagine, render the Memoirs on which we are now about to give some commentary

* Two volumes octavo; edited by Leonard Horner, Esq. London: John Murray.

generally popular, independently of their higher and intrinsic merits.

Francis Horner was the eldest son of a highly respectable and intelligent manufacturer in Edinburgh. He was born on the 12th of August 1778. By the way this same 12th of August is the natal day of distinguished men, to an extent which might startle a modern astrologer. It is a white or a chosen day in the calendar. In extreme childhood, little Horner toddled on the pavement about the corner of St Andrew's Square with another urchin, by name Master Henry Brougham; the young playmates being about the respective ages of twelve or eighteen months. Whether Master Harry, doubtless the brisker though younger of the two, thrashed the gentler Master Frank, or tripped up his heels, we are not informed. Horner was long a weakly child; and his mother, who was his first instructor, fancied him dull; but at six years of age, at the English school, he gained some reputation; and at the High School attained the enviable Edinburgh distinction of being "Dux of the Rector's class." His first Latin master was the eccentric William Nicoll, the convivial friend of Burns, who appears to have had the whipping of all the clever boys of that generation; but "the Rector" was then the learned and excellent Dr. Alexander Adams, for whom Horner retained, until that venerable scholar's death, a warm and grateful affection. Horner's schoolfellow and fellow-student, from the spelling-book to the conclusion of his studies, and his most intimate, cordial, and cherished friend, in boyhood and through life, was John Archibald Murray, the present Lord Murray, one of the Judges in the Supreme Court of Scotland. It is rare, indeed, out of a man's own family, to find the friendships of boyhood and youth carried into active and mature life with the same degree of sustained warmth, and affectionate confidence and cordiality, which are seen in the whole tenor of the correspondence between Mr. Murray and Mr. Horner. It is even more delightful from its unworldliness than from its rarity; and we remember nothing like it in modern biography—if we except Cowper's Joseph Hill. Though Horner had a host of distinguished and estimable friends, there was no one for whose society he was always longing, and whom he was constantly planning to meet in his brief intervals of leisure for an interchange of mind and of social affection, save Murray. It is with true propriety that Mr. Leonard Horner has dedicated the memoirs of his brother to this most intimate and beloved friend.

A casual, flattering expression of Mr. Blair, afterwards President of the Court of Session—"You must bring up that boy to the bar,"—probably gave the first hint to parental ambition; and after young Horner left the University, and had spent some time with a private tutor in England, the Rev. John Hewlett of Shacklewell, the Scotch bar seemed to be his understood destination.

The period of Horner's attendance at the Edinburgh University was memorable in the history of that seminary, whether we regard the professors or the students. Robertson the historian was still the Principal; and the respective chairs were filled by Professors Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Joseph Black, John Robison, Blair, Dalziel, Monro, and Gregory. The conjunction was rare.

By the early letters, from England, of Horner to his "Honoured Father,"—such being still the formal style of that day,—and his freer correspondence with his friend Mr. Murray, we learn his progress at Shacklewell. Though the main object of his residence in England was the acquisition of a purely English accent, his studies with Mr. Hewlett appear to have been profitable in many other ways. The whole of the correspondence at this period must impress the reader with a respectful idea of the attainments and character of Horner's parents, and of the sterling good sense and prudence which guided and qualified his own early ambition.

While still in England acquiring a pure accent, and adding to, and methodizing, his fund of general knowledge, Horner commenced the study of Civil Law; though it must be confessed, that the favourite pupil of Dugald Stewart, the juvenile member of the Literary and Speculative, and half-a-dozen other of the learned societies of the ingenuous youth of Edinburgh, was at this time a somewhat remiss law-student, and but a desultory student of any science. His time and mind must have been a good deal frittered away among the diversity of his pursuits, and by aiming at too much; though this may have been counterbalanced by that stimulus to activity which his intellect probably required. At all events, the results were good. To be a mere lawyer, however professionally eminent, could never have satisfied his liberal desires; and if he did not realize his own exalted ideal of the man who should unite, in the first degree, literature and philosophy with law, and make the wide domains of all human knowledge his own, his aims were true as well as high, and his attainments were as much above the measure of ordinary men, as they unavoidably fell below his own vast and lofty aspirations. This must ever be the fate of intellectual ambition. What man, deserving the name of *great*, ever yet realized the tithe of his own imaginings of perfection?

From Horner's private Journal, commenced shortly after his return from England, and when he ought to have been diligently studying the Scots Law, we see much of the inward promptings of his ambition of distinction in philosophy and science; and also of those natural misgivings, and that over-conscientiousness, despondency, and low self-estimation, which beset the most vigorous minds, and which would be very unfairly taken, if assumed as a measure of the real capacities, or even of the actual industry of the man. The most active and persevering minds are, in general, the most apt to bewail their indolence and their failures; as men of the most pure and holy lives are the most sensitive to their own sins and short-comings. It is, however, more hazardous with one order of critics for a man modestly to doubt and to depreciate himself than to indulge in egotism and vain-glory. We should no more take Horner at his word for his vast aspirings and small performances, than chime

in with Scott's probably sincere lamentations over his own early neglect of classical learning and the physical sciences, while in the full triumph of what many will deem a higher knowledge. The magnificent plans of study which young Horner was continually chalking out for himself, show at once the fitful activity, and the generous ambition of his nature; and also say something for the society in which he habitually lived, and from which he gained impulse. One of his grand difficulties, at a period when, in his circle, every science was ardently cultivated, was to resist the temptations of desultory study, and desultory reading.

Shortly after his return from England, we find him, at the age of twenty, sketching a plan of studies, which, though somewhat too comprehensive, is yet well worth the attention of aspirants in the same line; of young lawyers who would be something more than mere technical machines.

"As my summer course of study commences this day, I shall here sketch the plan I should wish to pursue, and enumerate the objects I am solicitous to attain. I have already more than once experienced my inability to keep to such plans; but I am not the less satisfied of the great benefit that is to be derived from them, if resolutely followed out. Have I not firmness to bind myself by a few rigid rules, to allow no prospect of a new speculation, however inviting, to draw me aside from the route I had chalked out? I fear not—I shall try.

"My different objects may be arranged under four heads, viz. Law, Physical Science, Political Philosophy, and English Composition.

"1. I propose to give at least three hours every day to *Law*, viz. from breakfast to one o'clock; after the month of August, for a reason that will immediately appear, I may add a fourth hour to this allowance. Till the end of June, I shall be occupied with *civil* law. The four succeeding months will be free for *Scots* law, in the study of which my best plan will be to write out as much of Hume's lectures as I shall find convenient, to study the principles in those notes and in Erskine, confining myself for decisions to Kilkerran and Kames's first collection, which afford the best models (though models of a different kind) for Scots law ratiocination; and, if I can accomplish all this, to read Craig 'De Feudis.'

"2. In *Physical Science* I must restrict myself. I shall attend Allen's lectures on the *Animal Economy*, in order to acquire some general notion of a subject, on which I have at present no knowledge whatever. But that this may not encroach on my more necessary occupations, I vow never to meddle with the subject, either in the way of completing my notes from his lectures, or reading books connected with the subject, except before breakfast. I have never been in the regular practice of rising early in the morning; so I hope that this new and interesting science may stimulate me to that healthy and valuable habit. The lectures are from one to two o'clock; and as regular exercise ought to accompany regular study, I shall have, for this purpose, the interval between two o'clock and dinner time.

"The course will be over in three months. I wish I could bring within these three months a perusal of Euclid's Elements, and of the first volume of Euler's Algebra; but they must not, by breaking in irregularly on my physiological studies, spoil my progress in both.

"3. Next to law, *Political Philosophy*, *History*, and *Natural Jurisprudence*, are to be my principal objects of pursuit. To these I shall give most of my evenings for six months to come. Two evenings in the week, indeed, must be subtracted, one for the meeting of the Academy; the other I mean to reserve for exercises in style: and I shall put them together, that the train of inquiry may be broken in upon as little as possible.

"With respect to these studies, I am engaged in the first place by an essay on *Population* for the Academy; this I wish to finish as soon as possible, in order that I may proceed to a regular and systematic study of Political Philosophy. I shall begin with reading most accurately and analyzing *Montesquieu's* Spirit of Laws; this will probably suggest a variety of subjects for investigation, one or two of the most general of which I shall prosecute and write on. Nothing contributes so much as original composition, to fix the principles of a science familiarly in one's mind. I shall study and analyze, in the same manner, the *Wealth of Nations*; to complete the study of which, it will be necessary to examine, in the best of their own writings, the system of the French Economists. After so much general inquiry, it would be right, in order to correct the habit of mind that may thereby be formed, to give a little time to the perusal of books of fact, such as a few of the most classical histories, and one or two of the most judicious travellers. Returning to the science, the last general branch is that of natural jurisprudence, where I shall have rather to think for myself, than derive much light from books. I understand from Reddie, that the best he has met with is a treatise by Cocceius, published in his edition of Grotius. This I shall read; and just as I have time, the work of Grotius himself. If I get through these three standard books with their proper accompaniments, I ought to proceed to English history, and prosecute that study of the government and constitution, in which I made some little progress towards the end of last summer.

"4. With respect to *composition*, I wish I could allot more time to it than I have reserved. The single evening in the week will be laid out to best advantage in translation, or the studious and critical perusal of a few of the best English authors. When Allen's course expires, I shall have the hours before breakfast of the remaining three months to give to Cicero's Orations, and perhaps I may add those of Demosthenes. I shall take an opportunity, also, in such intervals as will sometimes occur, in the prosecution of my political studies, to give an evening or two at a time to the composition of essays on popular topics of morals and criticism.

"A vast plan this, exceeding, I suspect, my powers of execution. But I have never known yet what study is; I have never made a real effort of persevering resolution. How many blockheads of the commentator tribe have gone through ten times the labour in the space that I propose. Perhaps brains of such texture are the best fitted for toil. But it is not the fact; read the accounts that are handed down to us of the diligence of Demosthenes, Cicero, Hale, Boyle, Turgot, Jones, Gibbon, &c., not to mention the long series of illustrious mathematicians."

One must sympathize with the young student, both in his aspirations and his short-comings. In one place we find his industry stimulated to enthusiasm by the marvels told of the prodigies of study performed by one of our modern Admirable Crichtons, Sir William Jones; and after one day reading the *eloge* of Haller, in the Memoirs of the French Academy, he enters in his Journal—"I never rise from an account of such men as Haller without a sort of thrilling palpitation about me, which I know not whether I should call admiration, ambition, or despair." It was a compound of all the three. The example of Gibbon excited the same feelings, and also the conversation of Mackintosh. How "to unite the business of a Scotch lawyer with an ardent and steady pursuit of science, as well as the cultivation of taste," became to him an anxious and "formidable problem."

To improve himself in composition, he systematically studied the purest English classics, and exercised himself in translating from good French authors. He seems to have acquired considerable knowledge of Italian and Spanish without the assistance of masters. The historians, philosophers, and economists, at all times, stood higher in his

favour than the poets and imaginative writers. At this period of life, Bacon was the object of his fond enthusiasm and unbounded admiration; a greater, to Horner at the age of twenty-two, than even Dugald Stewart, which is saying much. At this time of life we find him thus journalizing—

"PLAN.—I have long been feeding my ambition with the prospect of accomplishing, at some future period of my life, a work similar to that which Sir Francis Bacon executed almost two hundred years ago. It will depend upon the success and the turn of my speculations, whether they shall be thrown into the form of a discursive commentary on the '*Instauratio Magna*' of that illustrious author, or shall be entitled to an original form, under the title of a 'View of the Limits of Human Knowledge, and a System of the Principles of Philosophical Inquiry.' I shall say nothing at present of the audacity of such ambition. No presumption is culpable, while it only stimulates to great undertakings; it becomes excessive when it appears ridiculous by the inadequacy of what is performed, when contrasted with what is attempted. If I have vanity enough to think myself—I do not say *equal* to such a scheme, but *capable* of rendering myself equal to it, I trust I shall retain pride and discretion enough to be conscious all along how far my acquisitions are adequate to my aims. . . . It is proper for me to know how much I should aspire to, and then to arrange the order of my journey. At present, I am of all men that pretend to be informed the most superficial: I have dabbled in languages, mathematics, mechanics, chemistry, metaphysics, the fine arts, even physiology and physiognomy: on all of them I can talk very fluently before the ignorant, but on none of them am I profoundly, or even accurately, informed, or capable of thinking for myself, either with originality or with precision. I see, therefore, what yet remains to be done, viz. to take up one science after another, and work doggedly through its details."

This seems the difficult and happy medium between presumption and despondency. About this time, Lord Webb Seymour, a younger brother of the Duke of Somerset, and a remarkable man for one of his rank, after having finished his education at Oxford, came to Edinburgh, to devote himself to study, attracted by the brilliant reputation of the Professors of that period. In this young nobleman Horner found a congenial mind, and a warm friendship arose between them. They read together, discussed metaphysics and mathematics together, attended lectures, and walked together, and served each other as intellectual whetstones. Horner considered himself greatly indebted to Lord Webb's example and counsels, and the advantage must have been reciprocal. Many of his happiest hours were now spent "with Bacon and Seymour."

Horner appears, at an early age, to have been led to those pursuits on which his reputation as a public man afterwards rested. Dugald Stewart about this time, in addition to his ordinary academic course of Moral Philosophy, began to give Lectures on Political Economy, then a new science, at least in name, and thus the attention of Horner was more closely directed to those investigations in which Adam Smith had triumphantly led the way. Turgot became with him a favourite writer, and he was certainly much more delighted with Turgot's *Lettres sur les Grain*, and treatises of kindred character, than with *Les Jardins*, of Delille, and the other works of elegant literature then in vogue which he read. All this while his studies of Scots and Civil Law were in progress; and his was no vulgar idea of a lawyer's qualifications. At the age of twenty, when occasionally attending the Scotch Supreme Court, to learn what was then and there considered the best style of bar oratory, we find him saying—

In order to be a barrister of *any* eminence, I can perceive that two requisites are indispensable; in the first place, an accurate and comprehensive acquaintance with all the points of law which, in the discussion of any cause, may be brought into the argument; and secondly, the talent of detailing the narrative and arguments of a speech in that distinct order which most properly belongs to them, so that every hearer may not only be enabled to follow them as the speaker goes along, but likewise to preserve a clear recollection of the arrangement of all that has preceded. These two points, I apprehend, are absolutely essential to success in pleading at the bar. . . . . "A barrister ought to have all his knowledge and all his talents so ready, that he may at a moment's warning call them into service. This must prove of the first consequence. He should likewise form the habit of complete self-possession, a quality very different from that impudence which is the joke against all the profession, and justly reproached to too many: but I mean that command of temper, in every respect, which is necessary to keep command of the understanding. There are several embellishments which wonderfully set off pleadings at the bar: such as a happy introduction of hypothetical cases, bearing an analogy to that at issue; a successful reference to polite anecdotes and histories; a powerful appeal (in the midst of a legal argument, and in support of it) to the passions of humanity, indignation, generosity, and honour, or to the emotions of ridicule and satire, according as circumstances demand. Such are the notions I have at present with respect to bar eloquence. I suspect they may be inaccurate, I know they are incomplete. . . . . There is nothing deserving the name of eloquence which is not always at command; I do not aim at the talent of making fine holiday speeches upon occasion. . . . . Metaphysics I find a most improving exercise; fixing the powers of attention, and sharpening those of apprehension. Metaphysics and history, says Lord Bolingbroke in a very fine passage of his letters, are the vantage-grounds which a lawyer must seize, if he means to make a science of his profession.

These were not crude notions for twenty. A year later we find him thus forecasting future achievements:—

"If I ever accomplish any scientific work, it will probably be in that line to which I have looked forward for several years; viz. general views of philosophical logic. Previous to any attempt at execution, I must go through the circle of physical, mathematical, and metaphysical sciences. Do I flatter myself with the least approximation to success? This I fear, that, presumptuous as I may be in thinking to get a prospect of the whole land of science, I shall most likely be nothing but a superficial fellow, as to my knowledge of any part of it: I may see the land of self-promise, but most likely shall die like Moses, at a distance. At any rate, let but one science be studied at a time; and always, in each investigation, let me have general principles in view. . . . . .

"To unite the business of a Scotch lawyer with an ardent and steady pursuit of science, as well as the cultivation of taste, especially in composition—a formidable problem."

It is probable that Horner was a *born* Whig; but, at all events, his political opinions were very early made up. He was a constitutional Whig, a Whig of 1688, and a worshipper of Fox; but he was always sage and *safe*, and the reverse, in short, of rash or innovating. We cannot imagine of him boldly plunging with his friend Brougham into a sea of troubles about the *Droits of the Admiralty*, as soon as he got into parliament; or awakening a nest of the most envenomed hornets—to buzz about

his ears, and, if possible, sting him to death,—by disturbing the long and luxurious slumbers of the profiters by the gross abuses of Educational Charities throughout England. His political creed, at twenty-one, and his notions of social conduct, are thus stated :—

I daily find it more necessary to be anxious about the formation and expression of my political opinions. In such times as the present, there is some merit in setting about it in a manly and open manner. On the one hand, the majority of the country runs strongly and implicitly in favour of a minister who has made the greatest inroads on the constitution ; on the other, there is a set of people who, undoubtedly, some from wicked and ambitious, others from honest views, pant after a new and republican order of things. Between these two fires, there is some courage in pleading the cause of our neglected constitution ; it must of course be a most unpopular engagement ; but there is so much the more satisfaction to one's self in maintaining a firm post against such variety of assailants. . . . . There is a style of behaviour with which I am not at all acquainted, but which I should aim at, as an invaluable possession, by which it is possible to keep certain sentiments within one's own breast, or at least within the circle of a few friends, and at the same time fall into no corrupt hypocrisy or unmanly acquiescence in the opinions of whatever company we may happen to meet.

The Rev. Sydney Smith had come to Edinburgh with his pupils, about the same time with Lord Webb Seymour ; and on their second appearance we find Horner journalizing—

"My two English friends, the Rev. Sydney Smith and Lord Webb Seymour, are again come to Edinburgh for the winter; and I promise myself much pleasure and much instruction from their conversation. I shall perhaps improve my powers of argumentative dexterity, which are still very low ; and, at any rate, I cannot but learn candour, liberality, and a thirst for accurate opinions and general information, from men who possess in so remarkable a degree these valuable dispositions."

The Speculative Society was also at this time a useful exercising-ground to the young law-student; and we find him often at "the Society," discussing points with some able competitor, or listening to the discussions of "Brougham and Jeffrey," on such points as "colonial establishments." On these Brougham was already diligently writing. Horner for one of his subjects chose the *circulation of money*. In conjunction with the late Dr. Thomas Brown, and some others, Horner was at this time engaged in translating the political and philosophical works of Turgot, which were afterwards published.

In the Summer of 1800, Mr. Horner stood the usual trials and passed as Advocate ; while probably his knowledge of Scots law was not the most copious or profound. But he had abundant time "to add and eke ;" though, indeed, in Scotland he never seems to have taken heartily to his profession. The routine of irksome drudgery to which every young Scottish lawyer must submit, whether fee'd or briefless, appears to have early disgusted him. His daily attendance in the "Outer House," gave him a constant headach ; and he conceived it time unpleasantly wasted. Of this drudgery he says—

"For some days past my hours have been pretty regularly distributed between idleness and occupation. To the former side of the account, I must place the whole morning spent in the Parliament House; and which I can only occasionally relieve by attending a pleading, or by reading a law paper. On the other side, I may note a couple of hours devoted, after my return home, to the economical details of the corn trade: an hour immediately after dinner, while the rapid progress of digestion clouds the powers of apprehension, employed in the lighter labour of culling flowers from the style of Gibbon ; and the remainder of the evening filled up with the study of my friend Bell's new publication on the bankrupt law." . . . . . .

"*January 22d.*—After waiting the whole morning, my pleading did not take place. My only recompence for a constant and ever-during headach, consists in hearing a few important questions well discussed, out of a vast mass of cases which are either not important or do not receive an interesting discussion." . . . . . .

"The composition of Session papers for the Outer House sickens me to nausea. Self-denial, perseverance, inflexible assiduity, what virtues you are ! but what exertions you require ! That ambition, which can submit to present mortification, and to long dull drudgery, for the attainment of remote honour, is like that fortitude which can reason in the midst of danger, the attribute not of man, but of a god."

Far different were the golden evenings spent at the Speculative Society. The discussion there on a particular evening has a present and lively interest—

"I went to the speculative Society this evening, where I heard a very indifferent discussion of one of the most interesting subjects which can engage the attention of a political philosopher ; the consequences of a free commerce and intercourse between China and the rest of the civilized world. There cannot be a more splendid prospect, than that of this new world being unfolded to the curiosity and the observation of European science. The discovery which Columbus achieved, hitherto the most magnificent event in the revolutions of the globe, suffers immensely in the comparison. That world, which he found at the western extremity of the Atlantic, was thinly peopled by scattered families of naked barbarians ; who, except in one or two spots, were in the earliest infancy of the political order. But that world, which is detached from Europe by the wilds of Siberia and Tartary, exhibits the sublime spectacle of an incalculable population, which, during a long succession of ages, has been disciplined into all the arrangements of the social union, and by a gradation, of which the steps are unknown to the historians and philosophers of Europe, has attained a high pitch of civilisation, industry, and refinement. What an immense accession to the science of human nature, will be furnished by the results of an insulated experiment performed on so large a scale ! But it is not upon the gratification of curiosity, to the philosopher either of Europe or of China, that our anticipations are most fondly allured to dwell : our fancy is still more powerfully engrossed, by the prospect of a change which will be accomplished, soon after a free intercourse, in the moral situation both of China and of Europe. The mutual collision of diversified manners, opposing opinions, separate experience, will strike a reciprocal stimulus into each ; the impulse will pervade the whole system of the earth, accumulating force in the course of its progress ; new sciences will spring up, and new arts ; new powers will develope themselves, of which man is yet unconscious : but even then the career of human kind will still appear infinite, and their prospects without a close."

To make amends for dull forenoons spent in walking the Court, were evenings worthy of the gods, "with Smith, Playfair, and Alison." Mixed society Horner did not find so agreeable ; or he was probably not yet formed to it. He says—

"I have mingled more of late, than I had been accustomed, with the society of that description of women, who were so agreeable to David Hume ; but after I deduct a few exceptions, where personal preference has fixed a charm, I confess that I rather yield to the speculative anticipation that pleasure ought to be derived, than to the remembrance of pleasure actually experienced. . . . . Indeed, from what I have seen, the inhabitants of this place have very little taste in conversation ; if a few of those be excepted, who, either by their rank or by their literary pursuits, have viewed more of the

world than can be seen within Scotland. I talk chiefly of that form of company in which men and females are intermingled; for in the male parties, there is always information at least to be got, though very rarely conveyed in an agreeable form."

Horner was new to mixed polite society though old to science, when at twenty-three he wrote somewhat pedantically :—

The chemical paper before the Society was an analysis of Scheele's famous theory of phlogiston and fire, which it cost me much pains to follow throughout, from my ignorance of his terms, as well as from my familiarity with a different nomenclature. From these diversified exercises, I transported myself to a scene of a different kind; where I was seated for two hours at the *whist* table; a game, the ingenious combinations of which interest me enough to rouse my attention, but puzzle me enough to make that attention an effort.

Though the following year saw some progress made in the general knowledge of law, it likewise added to the young lawyer's dislike of the practice and usages of the Scots Court; and, after having walked the boards for above a year, we find this grave enunciation made :—

There are certain circumstances positively disagreeable both in the manner in which business is conducted, and in the manner in which success is attained; and these disadvantages are rendered the less tolerable, after comparison with the courts of the South. To speak out at once, therefore, whether it be foolish restlessness or ambition, I have for some time entertained serious thoughts of removing to another sphere of action, and of staking my chance in the great but hazardous game of the English bar.

In the spring of the following year he actually went to London to reconnoitre, and there found friends who probably helped to fix his purpose. Among these were Mr. Abercromby—now Lord Dunfermline,—Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr. Hallam. His Journal during this visit contains many such piquant morsels as the following :—

"I have been once to the Royal Institution, and heard Davy lecture on animal substances to a mixed and large assembly of both sexes to the number, perhaps, of three hundred or more. It is a curious scene; the reflections it excites are of an ambiguous nature; for the prospect of possible good is mingled with the observation of much actual folly. The audience is assembled by the influence of fashion merely; and fashion and chemistry form a very incongruous union. At the same time, it is a trophy to the sciences; one great advance is made towards the association of female with masculine minds in the pursuit of useful knowledge; and another domain of pleasing and liberal inquiry is included within the range of polished conversation. Davy's style of lecturing is much in favour of himself, though not, perhaps, entirely suited to the place; it has rather a little awkwardness, but it is that air which bespeaks real modesty and good sense; he is only awkward because he cannot condescend to assume that theatrical quackery of manner, which might have a more imposing effect. This was my impression from his lecture. I have since (April 2d) met Davy in company, and was much pleased with him; a great softness and propriety of manner, which might be cultivated into elegance; his physiognomy struck me as being superior to what the science of chemistry, on its present plan, can afford exercise for; I fancied to discover in it the lineaments of poetical feeling.

"I have occasionally attended both the Court of Chancery and the Cockpit. In the former I have heard Mansfield, a vigorous old man, and Romilly, who stands at the head of the profession (as I am informed by every one,) both in point of legal accomplishments, general information, and respectability. In consequence of a letter of introduction from Dugald Stewart, I have seen and conversed with him for a short time at his chambers. I understand he lived very much with literary men in the earlier years of his life, and at the same time gained high reputation as a draughtsman; it is highly gratifying to know, that the two pursuits are not altogether incompatible. At the Cockpit, where a committee of the privy council decide prize appeals, I have heard Dr. Lawrence and the Attorney-General Law.

"*April* 10*th*.—This day I dined at the King of Clubs, which meets monthly at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand. The company consisted of Mackintosh, Romilly, Whishaw, Abercromby, Sharp, Scarlett, &c. Smith is not yet come to town. The conversation was very pleasing; it consisted chiefly of literary reminiscences, anecdotes of authors, criticisms of books, &c. I had been taught to expect a very different scene; a display of argument, wit, and all the flourishes of intellectual gladiatorship: which, though less permanently pleasing, is for the time more striking. This expectation was not answered; partly, as I am given to understand, from the absence of Smith, and partly from the presence of Romilly, who evidently received from all an unaffected deference, and imposed a certain degree of restraint. I may take notice of one or two particulars, which struck me as the characteristic defects of this day's conversation. There was too little of present activity; the memory alone was put to work; no efforts of original production, either by imagination or the reasoning powers. All discussion of opinions was studiously avoided. . . . . I shall only remark farther in this place, that between Sharp and Mackintosh, for example, there seems to me too much of assentation with respect to canons of criticisms, &c.; as if they lived too much together; as if they belonged to a kind of sect; or as if there was something of compromise between them. Their principles of criticism and taste appear to me quite just, and formed very much upon the French school; Racine and Virgil the models of poetical composition, and Cicero the prince of prose writers: at the same time they do not carry the principles, upon which this judgment is founded, to that cold and dull extreme, which limits all excellence to correctness, and allows no relish for the wildness of untamed imagination, or the flights of extravagant eccentric genius. I rather apprehend that they even suffer this indulgence a little farther than is quite consistent with the other ruling principle; their admiration of Burke, for example, is not qualified enough; and their appetite for the nervous or flowing passages that may with toil be detected in the obscure folios of some of our old English writers, '*apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto*,' betrays unquestionably a palate not fully gratified with the milder relish of chastened excellence." . . . .

"If I were to describe the merit of each by a single word, I should say that Scarlett shows subtlety, Smith promptitude, Mackintosh copiousness, and Romilly refinement. I mention in Romilly this distinguishing character, both because I have seen in him a remarkable degree of softness and elegance, and because I was rather hurt by a want of sentimental delicacy in Mackintosh and Smith."

This avoidance of discussion could not be pleasant to a young man fresh from the "Speculative," and from a society in which every coterie was in itself a sort of small "Speculative." Before leaving London, Horner wrote to his father that his mind was finally made up for the English Bar; and by the advice of Romilly he chose his department, and entered himself at Lincoln's Inn before leaving town.

Previous to this trip, the *Edinburgh Review*, of the rise and progress of which the world has lately been informed by the Rev. Sydney Smith, had been projected. Those anxieties and calamities, apparently inseparable from the editorial function, seem to have commenced with Mr. Jeffrey even before the birth of No. I. Of that immortal Number Mr. Smith seems to have considered himself the Editor, nor does he include Horner among the original projectors of *The Review*, though he must have been considered at all times, by Jeffrey, one of the

main props of the concern. The letter from Mr. Jeffrey, of which the following paragraph is an extract, was written about six months before the appearance of *The Review* in November, 1802 :—

I must first tell you about *The Review*, that you may be satisfied it holds the first place in my affection. We are in a miserable state of backwardness, you must know, and have been giving some symptoms of despondency; various measures have been tried, at least, against the earliness of our intended day of publication; and hints have been given of a delay that I am afraid would prove fatal. Something is done, however, and a good deal, I hope, is doing. Smith has gone through more than half his task. So has Hamilton. Allen has made some progress: and Murray and myself, I believe, have studied our parts, and tuned our instruments, and are *almost ready to begin*. On the other hand, Thomson is sick. Brown has engaged for nothing but Miss Baillie's Plays; and Timothy has engaged for nothing, but professed it to be his opinion the other day that he would never put pen to paper in our cause. Brougham must have a sentence to himself; and I am afraid you will not think it a pleasant one. You remember how cheerfully he approved of our plan at first, and agreed to give us an article or two without hesitation. Three or four days ago I proposed two or three books that I thought would suit him; he answered, with perfect good humour, that he had changed his view of our plan a little, and rather thought now that he should decline to have any connexion with it.

I forgot to tell you that I ran away for three days to the Circuit at Glasgow, where I recruited Birkbeck, and Lockhart Muirhead, and my friend Dr. Brown, for our review. They are all so lately enrolled, however, that I doubt if we can expect any active service from them for our first number. Birkbeck talks of going to France in the summer; and Brown, I am afraid, will have but little time to spare from his patients and his botany. We are most in want of a German reviewer at present; without that language it would be ridiculous to pretend that we are to give a passable account of Continental literature.

The individuals above referred to were Sydney Smith, Professor Hamilton, afterwards of Haylesbury, Lord Murray, Dr. Thomas Brown, and Thomas Thomson, Advocate, *alias Timothy*. Before *The Review* appeared Mr. Horner had returned, to Edinburgh, and we find him thus writing to his friend Mr. Allen, previously a surgeon and private lecturer on Physiology and Chemistry in Edinburgh, but shortly before become the private secretary of Lord Holland.*

Our *Review* goes on tolerably well; in consequence of Constable's own arrangement, it is not to appear till the 1st of November, but more than half the first number is already printed. I wish you would advertise the publication in some of the Paris newspapers or journals, in the manner that you shall judge most likely, if there is any chance to excite a little curiosity about it. Jeffrey has written three or four excellent articles; and Brougham is now an efficient and zealous member of the party. We regret your loss to a degree that I shall not express to you, though we do not altogether despair of receiving a few short critiques on such foreign publications as you happen at any rate to read with care. I particularly wish we had had from you a review of Ware's strange paper on the blind boy restored to sight. Brougham has selected from the same volume of the Philosophical Transactions, Herschell's discovery of the sympathy between the spots of the sun and the prices of wheat in Reading market.

In Horner's Journal we are informed—

This Review was concerted, about the end of last winter, between Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and myself. The plan was immediately communicated to Murray, Allen, and Hamilton; Brown, Brougham, and the two Thomsons, have gradually been made parties.

When the first number (a rather indifferent one, by the way) had been published, Horner records—

Upon the whole, I do not think we have gained much character by it: it is considered as respectable enough in point of talents; but the severity, in some of the papers it may be called scurrility, has given general dissatisfaction. In the next number, we must soften our tone, and be more indulgent to folly and to bad taste. Jeffrey is the person who will derive most honour from this publication, as his articles in this number are generally known, and are incomparably the best: I have received the greater pleasure from this circumstance, because the genius of that little man has remained almost unknown to all but his most intimate acquaintances. His manner is not at first pleasing; what is worse, it is of that cast, which almost irresistibly impresses upon strangers the idea of levity and superficial talents. Yet there is not any man whose real character is so much the reverse.

Of the second number he says—

"This day we publish a second number of our Review. I think you will find it free, at least nearly so, from some of the objections that were most strongly, and all of them justly, urged against the former. There are scarcely any insignificant books,—no sermons—few personalities—the general train of criticism less abusive. We are not indeed quite purified of all our gross faults, but the opinion of our friends has made a considerable impression upon us. . . . . I must now set myself to write a few articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, of which engagement I heartily wish I were rid."

Horner after settling in London, and commanding a broader range of the political and literary horizon, was often grievously afflicted by the personalities and partisanship displayed in *The Review*. When six or seven numbers had been published, we find Mr. Jeffrey writing him :—

I am glad there is anything in *The Review* to please your fastidious taste, and most glad to find that you are actually at work upon something to make the next number still better. Yours has been a deplorable desertion, my dear Horner; and has really weighed very heavily upon my spirits: for our sake, for my sake, for your own sake, and for God's sake, do set about Malthus immediately, and by the labour of one week save yourself from the penitence and reproaches of many months. . . . . Brougham, I understand, has emigrated, so he writes me, but with what view he does not explain. He has left a political article for us; and says he has engaged several Royal Society men for others, to the extent of two sheets in all; he fights very well with his own hand, but I do not in general approve of his choice of seconds. . . . . For next number I project great things, though nothing that can afford an important article. I think of giving an analysis of Brougham's Colonial Policy, Richardson's Letters, Barrow's Travels, and Sir W. Jones' Life. When will Wordsworth and Southey come forth! I shall try to give you a little pointed criticism then.

The "pointed" criticism of Wordsworth and Southey, then promised, is hardly yet forgotten.

Of Campbell at this time we learn from Horner—

This morning I returned from a visit to our poet Campbell. He has fixed himself in a small house upon Sydenham Common, where he labours hard, and is perfectly happy with his wife and child. I have seldom seen so strong an argument, from experiment, in favour of matrimony, as the change it has operated on the general tone of his temper and manners. The last little thing he has written is a sea ballad, on Nelson's fight at Copenhagen, most parts of which are very successful.

Horner, like every man who cannot feel poetry, was

* We regret to see the death of this accomplished man announced as this sheet passes through the press. He had for some years been the Master of Dulwich college. —*E. T. M.*

but an indifferent judge of it. He, however, proved a most useful auxiliary to Mr. Jeffrey,—not alone by his own contributions, but by finding able contributors, and by his admirable suggestions. To the last he seems to have felt a warm or paternal affection for *The Review;* though this was more frequently shown in rebuke and remonstrance than in commendation. The combustion, particularly commemorated in Lockhart's Life of Scott, which arose on the publication of the damping and disheartening article on the prospects of Spain, in a number of *The Review*, which appeared while the English national feeling was blood-high, and indignation against Napoleon was boiling over, is thus adverted to in an editorial letter to Horner :—

I see by *The Courier* that the combustion which the review of Cevallos has excited here has spread in some degree to London. I am convinced, too, that it has damaged us a little; and am so much persuaded that it is necessary for us to make more than an ordinary exertion at this crisis, that I take courage to do that which is now very painful to me—to solicit your aid in my day of need. The Tories having got a handle are running us down with all their might; and the ghosts of all the miserables we have slain are rising to join the vengeance. Walter Scott and William Erskine, and about twenty-five persons of consideration, have forbidden *The Review* to enter their doors. The Earl of Buchan, I am informed, opened his street door, and actually *kicked* it out! Then, Cumberland is going to start an anonymous rival; and, what is worse, I have reason to believe that Scott, Ellis, Frere, Southey, and some others are plotting another. You must see, therefore, that it is really necessary for us now to put on a manful countenance, and to call even the *emeriti* to our assistance. I entreat you to do an article for me during the holidays. We shall scarcely be out before the end of January, and I might even give you the whole of that month, if you need it. Now, I do think that you would give me £100, if I was in great need of it; and this will cost you less work than you could do for £50 for any knave of a solicitor: and it is of infinitely more consequence and gratification to me than any £100 could be. Persuade yourself for once then, my dear Horner, that this is not a solicitation of custom, but that I make it with as much real anxiety and earnestness, and as much dread of a refusal, as if I were asking a pecuniary boon. You shall have your choice, of course, of a subject; but I wish you would put your notes and notions of Malthus together at last. It is a fine subject; and you are in a manner pledged to it. But if you can think of anything more popular or striking, take it—only no party politics, and nothing but exemplary moderation and impartiality on all politics. I have allowed too much mischief to be done from my mere indifference and love of sport; but it would be inexcusable to spoil the powerful instrument we have got hold of, for the sake of teasing and playing tricks. Tell me, too, what you think I should do myself. I grow stupid from day to day; but I will cheerfully dedicate the holidays to this service, if you will condescend to guide me.

I would gladly write you something more amusing, but I am over head and ears in session papers, and am dying of sleep. Murray tells me that you have still hopes of Spain. I have despaired utterly, from the beginning; and do not expect that we are ever to see 10,000 of our men back again—probably not 5000. The prospect is monstrous, and startles even my public apathy. . . . . Do send me a line of comfort, and believe me, in infinite haste and stupidity.—Most truly yours, F. JEFFREY.

The article alluded to, "Don Pedro Cevallos on the Usurpation in Spain," was attributed to Brougham, the author of much of the political "devilry," though here the Editor avows the same desponding opinions which rendered the review so obnoxious to the kindling patriotism of Great Britain. Editors are the coolest dunners in the world, and the most pertinacious and intrepid too; but all in modesty, because in virtue of their great office. The following are, we imagine, fair specimens of their applications. Horner had just sent an article, the review of a French translation of Fox's History; for which work, by the way, he seems to have had a most overweening reverence; and Jeffrey writes him—

I have received your article, which is now in the hands of the printer. I am half in hope that when you see yourself once more bound up with your old associates, you will feel your ancient zeal for reviewing revive, and be tempted to resume the character of a contributor. I am sure it must do you a great deal of good, and be very soothing to your conscience, if you would. In the meantime, I thank you with all my heart for what you have done; and shall send you a copy of the number as soon as it is finished. I do the American Epic, Mrs. Montague's Letters, and Hamilton's Parliamentary Logic; all fastidiously.

Upon another occasion, Horner, having promised a *great* or "crack" article on Turgot, is thus solicited in the meanwhile :—

Did you ever doubt, my dear Horner, that you might do Turgot, or anybody else, and to be just as long to him as you thought proper? If you would but feed my daily craving with some little matter in the meantime, I should never quarrel with your long gestation of the *Majora Opera*. For this reason, while I most freely commit Turgot to your discretion, I cannot help putting up a small petition for having your legal article before the end of January; that is to say, if you will not do another article for me by that time, which might probably be more immediately interesting. Murray read me several vehement remarks upon jury trials, from a letter of yours the other day; mixed with some traits of virtuous indignation at my unworthy treatment of that question on a former occasion. Now, why will you not draw up a little clear article on that most important subject? . . . . . I have attacked Playfair for the article you suggest; but am not quite sure of obtaining it; he is very busy with his Huttonianism. Do you think Whishaw could be prevailed on to lend us a few hours' work of his strong and virtuous reason?

This is almost worthy of Pope's Lintot. But the same letter contains better things—as this :—

Do, for Heaven's sake, let your Whigs do something popular and effective this session in Parliament. Cry aloud, and spare not, against Walcheren; push Ireland down the throats of the Court and the country; and do not let us be lost without something like a generous effort, in council as well as in the field. You must lay aside a great part of your aristocratical feelings, and side with the most respectable and sane of the democrats: by so doing, you will enlighten and restrain them; and add tenfold to the power of your reason, and the honour of your cause. Do you not see that the whole nation is now divided into *two*, and only two, parties—the timid, sordid, selfish worshippers of power and adherents of the Court, and the dangerous, discontented, half noble, half mischievous advocates for reform and innovation? *Between* these stand the Whigs; without popularity, power, or consequence of any sort; with great talents and virtues; but utterly inefficient, and incapable of ever becoming efficient, if they will still maintain themselves at an equal distance from both of the prevailing parties. . . . . I will write you a letter of Edinburgh news by and by; at present I have none, but that old Adam, of the High School, is dead; an excellent, simple creature, and exceedingly useful.

Bolingbroke had been suggested to the great critic and editor as a subject for his own fluent pen, on which occasion we find him delivering this somewhat contradictory response : "I think highly of his style, but not quite so highly as you do; it is altogether noble and easy, but wordy, I think, and

weak, and perplexing." This we leave to the learned to settle or reconcile. After the appearance of *The Quarterly*, Mr. Horner became more and more anxious that his Northern friends should conduct themselves with decorum, propriety, and dignity, and eschew newspaper-like political leaders and flippant personalities. Of *The Quarterly* he says—

The Quarterly Review was sure to be right about depreciation; being under the command of Canning, who is under the command of Huskisson. I have heard it is George Ellis, who has set Sir John Sinclair upon his black ram. By the way, I wish you would take Sinclair's *two* pamphlets into your own hands, and make fun of him, in a good-natured way. You would do me a peculiar service, if you will deal with his Currency, as you did with his Longevity. The inconsistency of his opinions at present, with those which he published in 1797, in a pamphlet against the Bank restriction, and which he repeated in the strongest terms in 1803, in the second volume of his History of the Revenue, is rather a matter of grave charge, for which he ought to be put upon the defensive. I am told that George Chalmers has put forth a volume against us, more extravagantly wrong than even Sinclair; perhaps you could contrive to put them side by side into one frame, and exhibit the pair of portraits, like Noodle and Doodle in their old tie and buckle, and in the full complacency of conscious wisdom.

Horner was by this time, though, in the best sense, an able and reputed "Currency Doctor" himself.

While we are about the original projection of literary works, which have since risen to great celebrity and taken a fixed place, it is worth while to commemorate what issued in a work of yet greater importance and permanency than the *Edinburgh Review*; in the new Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, which has since been enriched by many more masterly Treatises than those at first contemplated. This entry is from Horner's Journal for 1804:—

"Mr. Playfair opened a conversation with me first about the scheme which they lately agitated at Edinburgh for a new Encyclopædia, about which he said they were at one time very sanguine, but dropped it at last, from the difficulty of finding a proper person who would undertake the superintendence of the work as editor. The booksellers had made him a very liberal offer; but it was a slavery to which he would not submit. Mr. Stewart had not promised anything specially, but favoured the work generally. Mr. Playfair then went on to say, that Cranstoun had afterwards suggested 'a much prettier thing,' a course of literature to which we should contribute separate treatises on the different departments of science and literature; that he undertook to mention it to me; that Mr. Stewart caught the idea with great favour, and had himself suggested the subject which he should like to treat, *Criticism*; and Mr. Playfair said he spoke more zealously and confidently about this than he was in the habit of doing on such matters. Mr. Playfair suggested likewise to Stewart, a treatise on Logic; but he did not acquiesce. Mr. Playfair said he himself was ready to begin immediately to his department, pure mathematics and physical geography, upon which he was engaged at any rate; but there was a great difficulty in finding persons to fill many of the departments—grammar, for instance, physics, &c. Robison was the man naturally thought of for physics, but he never can bring himself to write in an elementary manner; Mr. Stewart spoke of Dr. Gregory for grammar, but he also writes too much at large, and with bad taste. Mr. Playfair asked me about Brougham, observing very justly that, had he remained at Edinburgh, he would have been the man for editor of the Encyclopædia; I told him fairly, that I should not expect that Brougham would bestow that perseverance in composition and minute execution, on which the merits of elementary treatises must very much depend, and that at any rate he was for the present wholly absorbed in political schemes, with the view of bringing himself into action; though I thought it not an improbable event, if he were disappointed in his immediate views, that he might bury himself for the remainder of his life in retirement, devoted to science and literature, and occupied with some vast scheme of literary ambition.

"For myself, I did not wait to be invited, but without hesitation offered to give elements of political economy, if that subject was not already occupied, which I found it was not, and provided I should not be called upon for some years. This falls in very well with the plan of outlines, which I have long intended to form for my own use, as a sort of systematic common-place book, in which I might register the results either of my own investigations, or of such as are published from time to time. It gives me an opportunity too of associating my name with those of Stewart and Playfair, a greater honour than I ever had boldness to think of."

Of course Mr. Cranstoun's suggestion fell to the ground in form, but exists in substance in the numerous able treatises of the Encyclopædia.

By this time Horner had been for several years in London, pursuing his legal studies, and already an established favourite among the leading Whigs. He was, however, full twenty-seven years of age before it was deemed proper, discreet as he was, to adopt and push him forward. The first decided step was an invitation to a political dinner to be given by Earl Fitzwilliam, with whom he was not then even acquainted. After consulting with his friends, and probably nothing loath, he accepted the invitation, which was a virtual enlistment in the Whig corps, and a taking of the bounty. His feelings and conduct were, however, as independent as those of any man acting with a party ever can be. Among his political sponsors, on this occasion, were Lord Henry Petty and the Earl of Lauderdale. One must think the better of the sagacity and of the sterling principles of Horner from his early and correct estimate of the true character of the latter nobleman,—whose Brummagem gilt passed for sterling coin for a good many years after this period. But the whole passage, the formal profession of the new recruit's political faith, does him honour:—

I am ambitious to coöperate with that party, in labouring to realize those enlightened principles in the government of our own country; however I lament some violences and mistakes in the conduct of Opposition on particular occasions, and however much I suspect the characters of some who have at times been very near Mr. Fox's person. All my feelings carry me towards that party; and all my principles confirm the predilection. Into that party, therefore, I resolutely enlist myself; with very feeble hopes of its ever being for any long period triumphant in power. There is a low prudence, in rearing the fabric of one's fortunes, which fixes the ambition (if it may be called by so proud a name) on the actual possession of places and emolument; and there are some living instances which prove this to be quite a sure game, provided there are never any compunctious visitings of principle or personal regard. There is a more virtuous discretion, which limits a man's schemes of exertion to his professional sphere, and to the honest accumulation of large profits and small praises, such as the English bar seems almost infallibly to bestow on diligent abilities. But there is a more elevated prudence, which does not stop at affluence in its prospect, but ventures to include the chances of lasting service to mankind, and of a good name impressed upon the history of the times. I could not have desired a more respectable channel of introduction to the meetings of the party, than that of Lord Fitzwilliam's house; for

though I have never been made known to that nobleman, I am not ostensibly brought to his house by any other person. I have some reason to believe that Lord Lauderdale may have suggested my name; but I am pleased that I do not enter under his wing, as his is one of those characters in which I have not yet entire confidence.

Again we find him saying to his friend Murray:

Lauderdale, you know, is not a character altogether suitable to my taste, nor have I yet, in spite of his steadiness to an unsuccessful party, entire confidence in the purity of his politics.

In the same epistle he thus explains to Mr. Murray his reasons for adherence to the Whigs, probably feeling that some explanation was required:—

I have always found that anything interesting to me becomes of still more interest, in its relation to myself, after I have imparted it to you. This summer, I have allowed myself to be recognised more expressly as an adherent of the Opposition, than I ever had an opportunity of doing before. I did *not* dine at Carlton House; but at Lord Fitzwilliam's, with a set of partisans, "black spirits and white." The advances were made to me, and after taking the subject into serious deliberation, I resolved to take advantage of them. You have known, as long as myself, the cast of my political opinions, as well as my wish that politics should be joined to law in the occupations of my future life, if indeed my schemes of life shall ever be matured into real occupations. To hold an efficient character in politics, a man must choose a party, if the state presents one to whose leading declarations and views he can honestly subscribe. Now, though there are several parts of the former conduct of Opposition which I cannot approve of, and some men attached to it whom I never can esteem, yet the maxims and principles professed by Mr. Fox are congenial upon all great questions to my feelings and conviction. I am not giving you this as an apology for myself, but as the deliberate mode in which I considered the subject before I came to a resolution. I accepted Lord Fitzwilliam's invitation, and permitted my name to be put down in the list of a new club to which Fox, Windham, Sheridan, &c., belong.

Admission into the Whig Club was then held equivalent to political confirmation: getting into parliament was a natural sequence. Mr. Horner owed his first seat (for St. Ives) to Lord Kinnaird, his next (St. Mawes) to Lord Carrington, or rather to "the Grenville interest." He rather admired rotten boroughs for their good uses to a "Constitutional" Opposition. Horner had before this time appeared as Counsel at the Bar of the House of Peers in Scotch Appeal Cases; and he seems to have soon obtained in this department a large share of professional employment. From his first appearance as a member of the House of Commons, he was recognised as a man of ability and information, and as one likely to rise. Through the patronage of Lord Minto he obtained the place of Commissioner for investigating the affairs of the Nabob of Arcot, but—which is not so explicable to us—received no salary; though other commissioners, to the best of our recollection, were well paid, while that interminable and unterminated business was in progress.

When called to the Bar, Mr. Horner chose the Western Circuit, and he was, though slowly, in the way of obtaining a fair share of business. But his reputation as a Member of Parliament advanced far more rapidly than his celebrity as a lawyer; and this squared with his inclinations and ambition, which had ever strongly prompted him to figure in public life, whatever became of his pecuniary interests.

Before he was offered a seat, but not before he had felt that "a snug family borough, held by stanch Whigs," would be a most desirable possession, we find him thus writing to Lord Webb Seymour, who, no more than Mr. Jeffrey or Mr. Murray, deemed this fast getting a-head in public life a prudent step for a young lawyer:—

After turning it very often in my mind, when I fancied the possibility of such an offer being one day made, I have never succeeded in subduing my strong inclinations, nor even in beating them out of the argument. A risk no doubt there is; but it is the risk inherent in the plan of life which I have long ago sketched for myself, and to which my ambition and my most reflected principles of approbation are steadily attached. A lawyer only, I never could consent to be, no more than to be merely a political adventurer; for mere emolument has no other attraction for me but the independence it gives, and mere office has no attraction at all. To carry on at the same time my professional views, and to bear a share in the great interesting discussions of public business, forms a combination not often tried with success, but which I long ago resolved to try. The question, no doubt, still remains, whether the active union of the two may not be attempted too soon; and if I have solved this question at all to my satisfaction, it is in this way, that I *am* about to begin it somewhat too soon: but opportunity is an element to be calculated in all such reasonings, and is one risk of another sort with which the other must be balanced.

The die was already cast:—the example of Romilly might have had a great and natural influence with Horner; and, whoever disapproved, his father, and at least one other sagacious friend, Mr. Whishaw, approved. Lord Webb finally and rightly calculated both risk and gain; and gave in, saying,

If then you go into Parliament, my prospects respecting you will revert to what they were last summer. I shall look upon you as advancing to fame and to power by steps that are honourable, and more rapid than if you had continued to tread the wearisome path of your profession; but, at the same time, with more hazard to your reputation, and to your integrity and wisdom as a politician.

It is enough that none of the supposed hazards were encountered. Horner had not been long in Parliament, when the death of Fox caused the disruption of the government.——But his public career is to us much less interesting than his personal history; and his social connexion; which from his position, and the universal kindness and confidence of his friends, included the brightest ornaments of the society of the period. This, and not politics, constitutes the charm of these Memoirs.

Horner's valuable efforts, both in Parliament and in *The Edinburgh Review*, for Catholic Emancipation, for Education, and on different financial questions, are, at the passing moment, of less interest than the deliberate convictions on the Corn-Laws of one who was the reverse of a lover of change, or of a bold or rash reformer. It is, too, worth while just now to see that there were sound views on this subject, some quarter of a century before the *League*, which is at present considered a quite novel sort of fiery dragon—a new disease of the body politic—was ever heard of. Of the Corn Bill of his day, of 1815, Horner remarks,—

There is certainly no foundation for the distinction with which I am honoured, it seems, at Edinburgh, of being a convert to the Corn Bill. The more I have read upon the subject, and the more I hear upon it, I get more

firmly fixed in my original opinion, that nothing should be done; of course it will be carried with a loud clamour, and with much abuse of all *lackland* theorists. It would be as absurd to expect men to be reasonable about corn, as to be reasonable in matters of religion.

I do not imagine any new discovery is made about the relation of the price of labour to that of grain, or the effects of scarcity or plenty upon wages. The principles, upon which all such effects must depend, are obvious to every one who understands the operation of demand and supply upon prices; indeed, they are all an application of that single principle. A great many cases are necessary to be put, in order to distinguish the various effects of scarcity or plenty upon wages, according to the nature of the particular employment in which labour is to be paid for; but even when the effects are the most opposite, it is still the operation of the same principle. All this is stated well enough by Adam Smith, towards the end of his chapter on the Wages of Labour.

The most important convert the landholders have got, is Malthus, who has now declared himself in favour of their Bill; and, to be sure, there is not a better or more informed judgment, and it is the single authority which staggers me. But those who have looked closely into his philosophy will admit, that there is always a leaning in favour of the efficacy of laws; and his early bias was for corn laws in particular. It was a great effort of candour, in truth, to suspend his decision upon this particular measure so long.

In a letter addressed to his friend Malthus, who had just put forth a Pro-Corn-Law pamphlet, he remarks,—

If the consequence of "high farming" and curious cultivation be a progressive rise of the price of produce, an importation of partial supplies from countries, which by a ruder agriculture can furnish it cheaper, seems the provision laid by nature for checking too exclusive an employment of capital upon the land least fit for culture. It would be a palpable sacrifice of the end to the means, if, for the sake of extending our most finished husbandry to every sterile ridge that can be forced to yield something, we impose upon the whole body of the people extravagant prices for the necessaries of life. Nor do I see, upon your peculiar principles, what other result there would be, if Dartmoor and Blackstone Edge were laid out in terraces of garden-ground, but a population always in some peril of being starved, if their rulers will not let them eat the superfluity of their neighbours. . .

You state, p. 5., that, by the recent improvements of agriculture, "we had become much less dependent upon foreign supplies for our support." What proof is there of this? . . . In considering the influence of a low price of corn upon the condition and comforts of the labourer, you have wholly omitted this consideration, that such a fall will release thousands and tens of thousands from the parochial pauper list, and restore them to the pride of earning their bread by free labour. I could not read without indignation, in the evidence of Mr. Benett, of Pyt House, who seems the very model of a witness for Corn Committees, his cool statement of the rule he makes, and unmakes, for the distribution of rations of provender and fodder among the prædial slaves of a whole district of Wiltshire. It is this audacious and presumptuous spirit of regulating, by the wisdom of country squires, the whole economy and partition of national industry and wealth, that makes me more keenly averse to this Corn Bill of theirs than I should have been in earlier days of our time, when the principles of rational government were more widely understood, and were maintained by stronger hands at the head of affairs. The narrow conceit of managing the happiness of the labouring population, and of directing the application of industry, as well as the competition of the market, works in the present day upon a much larger scale than when it busied itself with the pedlar items of the foreign trade. . . .

Upon the whole, nothing will contribute so much to keep prices steady as by our leaving our own corn-factors unfettered by restrictions and regulations of our own making; and, without embarrassment from that source, to make their own arrangements for bringing corn, when it is wanted, from the various large and independent markets, of which, in the present circumstances of the world, they have their choice.

We exceedingly regret being under the necessity of garbling the arguments and opinions of one whose judgment is so well entitled to consideration; but our brief extracts may serve to draw attention to this part of the original work. When the landlords' measure was about to be carried, we find Mr. Horner saying,

The Corn Bill has been well discussed, though carried clamorously and precipitately. It is in truth a most unwise measure, though I really believe that most of those who vote for it have brought themselves to believe that it may be serviceable to the agricultural interests of the country; at the same time, the most conscientious of them cannot but know, they will be no losers by it: for if it proves effectual at all, its operation will be merely to save rents a little in their unavoidable fall, and to gain this advantage to landlords, by putting the people upon shorter allowance than they would otherwise have. Petitions are now coming from all quarters, and a good deal of heat is rising in the large towns; but the bill will probably be out of our House, before the petitions can be found in sufficient numbers to intimidate votes; and in the House of Lords, the voice of the people is not likely to be heard. . . . . .

It gives me great pain to hear such distressing accounts as are sent from England and Scotland of the scarcity, and the want of employment for the people. Their sufferings are, I fear, most severe, and will not admit of relief for months to come. In addition to other evils, we shall experience on this occasion one of the worst consequences of that sad job of the country gentlemen, the corn bill; for England will by its operation get no foreign grain till the prices are at the highest, and after all other countries have supplied their wants; and that means nearly all Europe.

When these important, but temporary discussions have long been forgotten in the accomplishment of the important measures to which they led, the literary history and incidental information concerning celebrated public characters, contained in these memoirs, will still retain an interest. With his "earliest friend"—his friend at eighteen months—Henry Brougham, Mr. Horner does not appear to have been, at any period, on terms more intimate than those of young men who are thrown together by vicinity, common acquaintanceships, and the similarity of their pursuits. The years he spent with Mr. Hewlett seem to have estranged him from all his earlier companions, save his chosen friend, Mr. Murray; at least we hear of none else. After his return to Edinburgh, he was admitted a member of the Speculative Society at the same time with Mr. Brougham; and both took an active part in the proceedings of the association. Here is Brougham's first appearance in these Memoirs, and at the age of nineteen or twenty, in a letter to Mr. Hewlett:—

I understand from my friend Mr. Murray, who is at present in London, that he and Mr. Brougham had the pleasure of meeting with you at the Foundling. They were much gratified by your politeness to them, for which you will permit me to thank you, as a kindness done to myself. Had you any conversation with Brougham? He is an uncommon genius of a *composite order*, if you allow me to use the expression; he unites the greatest ardour for general information in every branch of knowledge, and, what is more remarkable, activity in the business, and interest in the pleasures of the world, with all the powers of a mathematical intellect. Did you notice his physiognomy? I am curious to know your observations on it.

We have noticed above that the doctrines of Lavater were then a common topic of discussion. Horner himself appears to have considered Brougham as a kind of prodigy, a "universal genius." We at one time hear of him as a great mathematician, and at another as the individual in Edinburgh best fitted to rouse the spirit of the people by addresses and songs, &c., when invasion was threatened by Napoleon. Horner was at the time in London, arranging for his final residence in the South, and, in reply to a letter from Mr. Murray, he remarks: "Your plan of weekly incitements to patriotism is good, provided you execute them well; coarsely and plainly. *Brougham, I think, will be most successful.* . . . Pray, have you engaged Walter Scott in these patriotic labours? His Border spirit of chivalry must be inflamed at present, and might produce something." Some of our readers may remember that this "Border spirit" produced Scott's song of the Yeomanry Corps; which so far overshot the mark, that when the modest bard produced it, without acknowledging it, at a dinner of the corps, some refined brother in arms abruptly put a stop to the song by bawling out, "Give us Hogg's Donald Macdonald: that's but a drule." And "Donald Macdonald" was certainly better adapted to the end in view than anything that either Scott or Brougham could have produced.——Mr. Horner and Brougham went to London about the same period, and with nearly similar objects and ambitions, whether legal or political. We may be refining too far, but there appears to us, at times, in the correspondence of Horner, the faintest degree, the merest *soupçon* of something like jealousy of his early friend. Perhaps such passages as the following scarcely bear us out in this idea:—

Brougham has concluded a bargain about his book with Longman, who has been here making purchases of that kind; he talks of sending it to the press in about two months. The title, an "Enquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers." That it will do him great credit, I have no doubt; I hope it may be the means of introducing him into a respectable line of political connexions. Old Liverpool wrote himself into notice by a seasonable, though puny, pamphlet on the rights of neutrals. Should an active scene be opened to Brougham, I shall tremble with anxiety for some time, though it is what I very ardently wish. His information on political subjects, especially in some departments, is now immense; his talents are equal to the most effective use and display of that knowledge. But his ardour is so urgent, that I should be afraid of his being deficient in prudence. That he would ultimately become a leading and predominant mind, I cannot doubt; but he might attempt to fix himself in that place too soon, before he had gone through what, I presume, is a necessary routine of subordination. . . . . .

As for the splendid hazardous pursuits of foreign policy and ministerial intrigue into which our friend Brougham is plunging himself, with a resolution to succeed that seems to insure success, and will, at all events, secure distinction, they are as unsuitable to the habits of my mind as to its powers; too bustling for the indolent predilection (which grows upon me hourly) for domestic and confined society, and not of magnitude, I will acknowledge, adequate to my idea of the highest sort of ambition. Lord Bacon and Dugald Stewart have made me a little of a visionary, as I believe you have sometimes thought; I am sure Brougham must have thought so always.

When Mr. Brougham got into Parliament, for which distinction he served a much longer probation than his more discreet and manageable friend, we find Horner speaking of him with what, after the lapse of thirty years, will, by many, be pronounced true insight and discrimination of character:—

I rejoice exceedingly at the news you give me of Brougham's coming into parliament; and I am particularly glad that Lord Holland has had so great a share in effecting it. Brougham never could have found a more fortunate moment for setting out upon his career; which, though it may appear less brilliant at first, on account of the expectations which are formed of him, will be very speedily distinguished; and, upon the whole, I would predict, that, though he may very often cause irritation and uncertainty about him to be felt by those with whom he is politically connected, his course will prove, in the main, serviceable to the true faith of liberty and liberal principles. For him, personally, it will be very fortunate, if he has some probationary years to pass on the Opposition side of the House.

Brougham had neither in the House, nor with the Whig leaders, the early success that marked the prosperous political career of his sage companion. He was left to fight his way, and he was equal to the battle. We find Horner bearing candid testimony to his final triumph:—

I was unluckily prevented from hearing the whole of Brougham's speech last night; what I did hear was most excellent, and the rest, I am told by the best judges, was still better. He has made an impression upon both sides of the House much more near the proportion of his talents and powers, than he had made by any former exertion of them in that place. He has done this, too, upon a subject of the first importance, and which has been waiting some years to be treated by so able a hand.* . . . . . It was objected by some of our critics, that he overcharged his statements; and it is true that his style in general has that fault, with another, which is akin to it, of charging the different parts of his subject and argument with an equal weight of earnestness and emphasis.

About this time, Mr. Brougham, for some cause inexplicable to Horner, showed symptoms of displeasure or alienation: but they seem to have been of short duration, and might be, in part, imaginary. If the sky ever did lour fitfully, no one was more ready than Horner to hail the dispersion of the clouds and returning sunshine and serenity. On his annual journeys to Scotland, we find him an occasional guest at Brougham Hall, where he appears to have felt himself with a friend. In one place we find him writing Mr. Jeffrey—

I am really obliged to you for reporting to me what Brougham has said of me; not only because I love praise dearly, but because it gives me more pleasure to hear of anything like partiality in Brougham about me or anything I have done, than even if I could be convinced that I had deserved his favourable testimony. His alienation from me, for reasons which I never have been able even to guess, is the only considerable misfortune I have ever suffered in my life; and it would take quite a load off my mind, if he would give me a hint to catch at, for forgetting that I ever had suffered it. I have always cherished a hope, that we may in time approximate again. . . . . I had a very agreeable journey with Brougham as far as Preston; nothing could be more entertaining, or in better humour. Indeed, since our old days of careless fellowship, I have never known him in so good a tone of mind, as through the whole of our late visit. After parting with him, I slept at Chorley, a dirty hole—Lancashire and manufactures.

When Brougham lost his election at Liverpool, after a hot contest, we find Horner remarking—

* On the Droits of Admiralty.

If Brougham is to be out of Parliament, which I hope and trust will not be the case, I am very far from being able to accede to your opinion, that this public loss will be counterbalanced by advantages to him, in a private point of view, such as ought to take away all regret from his friends and himself. I cannot conceive any single private advantage he will gain by it, of the least moment. Money, to be sure, he may make in abundance by Parliamentary business; for that loose, rambling sort of practice is richly paid; but no professional fame or science is to be gained in that department; and what are a few hundred acres more in Westmoreland worth to Brougham? Depend upon it, he will not quit politics, even for the time he is out of Parliament; but will exert his boundless activity in another sphere, and in other directions, where his exertions will be probably less advantageous to his own reputation, and to the welfare of the public. I was made quite happy by your account of the manner in which he took leave of the contest when it became hopeless; and I lost no time in communicating your account of it to such of our friends in London as were sure to take a proper interest in what concerns him.

It seems to have been, at all times, taken for granted by Brougham's friends, that, if useful employment could not be found on which that "perturbed spirit" might expend a superabounding mental energy and mobility, he must inevitably fall into some mischievous course of action, merely to get rid of the redundant excess of what we may term the robust animal spirits of the intellect. Happily, he has never lacked a safe and useful sphere of activity, even when, for a brief season, not impounded in Parliament. Of him we hear—

Brougham's success at the bar is prodigious; much more rapid and extensive than that of any barrister since Erskine's starting. I am going down to-morrow to hear him in defence of Hunt, which is a cause of great expectation. . . . The Hunts are convicted; but not without the jury retiring for about ten minutes. Brougham made a powerful speech, unequal, and wanting that unity which is so effective with a jury; some parts rather eloquent, particularly in the conclusion, where he had the address, without giving any advantage, to fasten the words *effeminacy* and *cowardice* where everybody could apply them. One very difficult point of his case, the conduct of the Regent to the Princess, he managed with skill and great effect; and his transition from that subject to the next part of his case was a moment of real eloquence. Lord Ellenborough was more than usually impatient, and indecently violent: he said that Brougham was inoculated with all the poison of the libel, and told the jury, the issue they had to try was, whether we were to live for the future under the dominion of libellers. . . . . There is but one sentiment of condemnation, respecting Lord Ellenborough's intemperate and indecent conduct at Hunt's trial. This is not only universal among the bar, who feel this as a professional concern; but among laymen, of all political denominations.

And at this day Lord Brougham is drawing odium upon himself, by volunteering the defence of Ellenborough's not over popular son. Men of equable tempers, and circumspect understandings, rarely betrayed either by the vivacity of their feelings or the generosity of their hearts, beyond the rigid line, are apt to be quite thrown out by conduct of this "*inconsistent*" sort.

We have expended so much space upon the most brilliant of the circle of Horner's early literary and political associates, that little remains for the rest of the band. It is doubtful if posterity will confirm his judgment of some of them, though his flattering opinions, and that from very natural causes, are rather chargeable with being overweening, than absolutely unjust. The admiration was reciprocal, as is shown in the eloquent tributes to the memory of their friend, paid by Sir James Mackintosh, the Rev. Sydney Smith, and others.

A few paragraphs, selected from Horner's correspondence and Journals, will, however, convey to the reader as fair an idea of the admirable and consistent character of the subject of these Memoirs as any, or all of the posthumous eulogies of his friends. The topics we have chosen, it will be seen, are diversified, and familiar; and the selections may be taken as additions to some of the above specimens of what may be described as Horner's Table-Talk. No attempt is made at classification where the whole specimens are both few and small.

Reynolds' Discourses—

Next to the writings of Bacon, there is no book which has more powerfully impelled me to revolve these sentiments than the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He is one of the first men of genius who have condescended to inform the world of the steps by which greatness is attained: the unaffected good sense and clearness with which he describes the terrestrial and human attributes of that which is usually called inspiration, and the confidence with which he asserts the omnipotence of human labour, have the effect of familiarizing his reader with the idea that genius is an acquisition rather than a gift; while with all this there is blended so naturally and so eloquently the most elevated and passionate admiration of excellence, and of all the productions of true genius, that upon the whole there is no book of a more *inflammatory* effect.

Hint to a quizzical reviewer—

If you could review Mrs. Hutchinson without quizzing her, which I rather doubt, you might give a very gratifying and useful impression of the practicability of accommodating even to the sternest times of civil war, the same domestic virtues, and the same love of letters and the arts, which thrive best, no doubt, in tranquillity. I do not mean that those times are coming to us; we shall live on in the tranquillity of a vulgar servitude and degeneracy. In the spring you will have many fine subjects; Campbell, I am told by his friends, Richardson and Charles Bell, has written a charming poem of narrative and description; and Scott, of course, will be very vehement with irregular success.

The readers of *The Edinburgh Review* will remember that, instead of being quizzical, Mr. Jeffrey, in this instance, went to the opposite and better extreme of an enthusiasm not ungraceful.

Newspapers. We presume that the Mr. Buchanan alluded to, had, in these "worst of Tory times," projected a Liberal, or rather a Whig newspaper in the Tory stronghold of Edinburgh.

I shall mention Buchanan's project to Mr. Windham, who inquired of me the other day if I knew anything about him. Encourage him by all means to try the experiment, at least, of a newspaper in Scotland; though I doubt very much whether your advice of mere impartiality will help him to a better sale, than his own propensities of Whiggism. The latter has but a poor chance in Scotland, and the former none anywhere. The man had better be left to his own opinions and inclinations; for he will give them more warmth and force, than if he writes impartially upon system: a heavy monotonous fairness is the last thing that people will read in their newspaper. People read it to get their daily opinions and impressions; it is now a necessary of life, especially in the country towns; and a man feels himself as awkward if he walks out without his political creed for the day, as if he wanted his breakfast. Newspapers are a new means of influence to government in England; and no set of ministers ever understood this more practically than the present. Their indefatigable, systematic attention to the daily press is quite admirable: and the persevering activity with which the most palpable lies, the

most atrocious calumnies and misrepresentations are circulated and repeated, after every refutation, is irresistible. Nothing ever equalled them, but the *littérateurs* of the French Revolution. It sometimes strikes me as quite ludicrous, to see the scrupulous, indolent leaders of our half-combined party, make a few feeble efforts to oppose this torrent, by good writing and virtuous indignation.

The Whig journalists have amended all this; and now are little, if at all, behind their opponents in the good gifts described. Nor are we sure that Mr. Horner did not do them some injustice even in 1808, when he imputes to them so much scrupulous conscience, and ineffective good writing.

Pleasure Tours. Travelling for mere pleasure, or for the enjoyment of fine scenery, was quite novel in 1800, when, after a pedestrian excursion to the Highlands, this conclusion of an *Alisonian* epistle was written :—

Am I too sanguine, or am I even correct, in fancying that some good effects may result from a fashion which carries the Edinburgh citizen to the lakes of Westmoreland, and brings the London citizen to the falls of the Clyde! In the course of the religious pilgrimages, some few gleanings of information were picked up and brought home. In the course of a picturesque pilgrimage, though undertaken from fashion, merely, some faint rays of elegant and refined pleasure may gleam upon the mind, and light up some portion of taste.

Contrast between George the Third and Queen Elizabeth, written in 1803 :—

What a mortifying contrast the behaviour of Elizabeth forces us to make with some characters of the present age; so much spirit, caution, and generous confidence, contrasted with bigotry, mean jealousy, and a selfish, stupid coldness towards the people. Remember what Hume tells us of the conduct of Elizabeth to the Catholics, who, in her time, were really dangerous; now it is a certain fact, that the few of the present peers and gentry of England, that adhere to that persuasion, have been treated with indignity and distrust. They held a meeting for an address to the King, adding to the usual forms of loyalty an expression of regret, that by the laws of the land, they could not contribute their personal services: Lords Petre, Arundel, and Kenmare, (of Ireland,) were the leading names. From delicacy alone, a draught of their address was previously communicated to one of the Secretaries of State, and it was returned with the passage I have alluded to expunged. The consequence was, that no address was presented. This was before the Rebellion broke out in Ireland. Since that event, a plan has been suggested by the Prince, that he should go to that country with Moira, Lord Hutchinson, and Sheridan; in such a disease, even desperate remedies and quack medicines ought to be tried, and I really believe that the humbug popularity of Sheridan and Moira might have a healing effect, especially if assisted by the more substantial measure of emancipation, which hazards nothing against us, gives the Irish almost all they ask, and nothing more than, in justice, they ought to have had long ago. The Doctor, or some other of his compeers, said of this scheme with great decency, that it was as much as their places were worth to hint at it.

Manners and Studies of Women. Upon this subject Mr. Horner had probably been indoctrinated by the Rev. Sydney Smith, a daring innovator, at least for the ancient times in which he flourished, wrote, and lectured, when an inroad on the sanctity of female ignorance was as unprecedented as it was bold. The passage occurs in a letter from Horner to one of his sisters :—

I spent a most agreeable ten days at Cheltenham; from the first day I felt myself in a family party. We spent the whole day at Lady Carnegie's house at Bay's Hill, about a quarter of a mile from the town; by the whole day, I mean beginning with breakfast, and keeping it up till past midnight. In the morning as many as were disposed made out a ride or a long walk, before and after which there was some loitering under those old trees, and in the evening, after a genuine "*four-hours*," all round a table, we had music and waltzing; we, I say, for after some morning lessons from Miss Elliot, I was hardy enough to attempt to swing, "*and mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill.*" In the course of our rides or walks, we saw the old abbey church at Tewkesbury; the ruins of Sudely Castle, where Queen Catherine Parr lived after her second marriage; and the ancient house of Squire Delabere, who at eighty-three years of age, lives with a brother and two sisters, all very old, and all unmarried, being the last of a family which dates from the Conquest, and had a knighthood in it, for saving the Black Prince at Poictiers.

I might refer you to Murray for his opinion of Lady Carnegie; for through him I have known something of her for several years; but you may tell him that he had not exaggerated anything in the praises he often bestowed upon her. She is an instance of the best Scotch female manners, affability, sincerity; a turn for speculation and inquiry; sprightliness of understanding, as well as manner, united with a great relish for humour, and considerable execution in that way; and all refined and regulated by natural good sense, and the experience of good company. There is not a word of panegyric in what I am saying; it is but a very imperfect likeness of her. Nothing can be more delightful than to find such a character at the head of a very large family, and to see all the cares and anxieties it must occasion, borne so gracefully.

I am glad to hear you are reading regularly,—I should like much to know more particularly what your schemes are in that way. Besides the usual chances of new books and periodical publications that must be read as they are passing, in order that you may be up with other people in conversation, and indeed to profit most by conversation which derives excellent topics from these materials, I strongly advise you to have some settled plan of your own for the winter, in which a little may be done every day, by which a great deal will be found done at the end of the campaign; some one subject to be mastered thoroughly, by reading the best of all that relates to it, and keep it a secret to yourself, and Nancy, and me; for talking spoils all such undertakings, and cuts them short. If you take one, and Nancy another, there will be information upon both, for both of you, when you want it; and for me, too, when we all live together again; and one little scheme of that sort, fairly and well executed in the course of the year, will, at the end of two or three years, leave you in possession of more than you can dream of at present. While it is going on, nothing is so satisfactory as to have that regular occupation to lean upon as a resource, for a portion of every day.

Parliamentary Reform.—The more I think about Parliamentary Reform, I am the more satisfied that good would result from making the representation more popular than it is; and if it is not done legitimately, the people of this country will one day have a fight for it.

Association of children of the different ranks, and of boys and girls, in education.

I was thoroughly convinced upon the spot of the good effects resulting from the mixture of the farmers' boys with those of their ploughmen; the former, who bring a little more education from home, and stay at the school till somewhat a more advanced age, gain, in the usual competition of their learning, a superiority which appears to be owing to nothing else than their fate in this fair rivalry, while it puts upon the most pleasing footing that difference which is to last through life; at the same time, that the competition, and the level upon which they are all placed, gives both that just sense of equality which both ought to be taught, and the teaching of which, in common, to boys of the middling and higher ranks, is one of the main advantages of the public schools of England. I like very much, too, the putting girls and

boys in the same classes, at so early an age: it gives the boys a new spur to emulation; the girls are usually so much quicker. Of course, Mr. Poole's method will not have the same complete success as at Enmore, except where a person like himself will take as much pains.

It was Horner who, in *The Edinburgh Review*, and by other means, first brought forward Joseph Lancaster. The subject of early and of elementary education had with him all the weight and importance which it must ever maintain with enlightened statesmen.

Security for Civil Liberty in the diffusion of landed property.—The only sure and permanent prognostic of civil liberty, that I could hear of in France, is the prodigious subdivision of land, and the unprecedented multitude of persons directly possessed of that property. An estimate, which seemed to come from authority, made it as high as three millions of persons. So great a proportion of this must be held upon revolutionary titles, or upon titles founded in the new law of succession, that one should hope that so much at least of the benefits earned by the Revolution, as consists in this equitable law, and in the salutary transfer of vast domains to the people, must be secured for ever, and fortified against the designs of the court by an insuperable bulwark of such interests and such numbers.

The Squires and the Debt.—Upon the subject of the public debt, I look upon the whole body of country gentlemen to be altogether unprincipled; as eager and sharp-set for rapine, as the Jacobins ever were for their acres.

Scottish and English national characteristics.—Dr. Jamieson's new work on etymology would give occasion for quite a different sort of dissertation; not on the philosophy of grammar, but on the actual history of the languages of Europe, with many curious illustrations of the philosophical history of manners and customs among the common people. The traditionary preservation of so many catholic, and even the most ancient pagan, rites of superstition among the children and old women of your Presbyterian country, is very whimsical, and must be very mortifying to the serious and feeble. . . . . There is a field about a mile off, [from Ragland,] which is called the *Leaguer*, and must from that name have been Fairfax's encampment; though the people can give no reason for the name, and, like the common people everywhere in England that I have seen, have not the least curiosity or tradition about the history of their country. It is not so with the descendants of the Covenanters.

A Philosophical Reformer.—Stewart insisted this morning, with great elegance and force, on his favourite remark, that the general principles of internal economy and regulation, are far more worthy of the interest and attention of the political philosopher, because more immediately connected with the public happiness, than discussions with regard to the comparative advantages of different constitutions. . . . .

I attend Stewart's lectures, and strive to imbibe some portion of that elegant taste and comprehensive spirit which are diffused over his speculations. At the same time, I confess that I begin to suspect him of excessive timidity on the subject of political innovation, and the practicability of improvement by individual exertion. And I am not sure, if the great elegance and sensibility of his compositions, have not, in some degree, an unfavourable effect in the investigation of truth, and the communication of knowledge: in so pleasing a dress, error and involuntary sophistry might insinuate themselves undetected, because without suspicion; and even truth itself finds admission too easy, when the severities of attention have been lulled into reverie by the charms of the most select diction and the most attractive imagery.

Self-righteous and dictating Associations.—We have a society in town for the suppression of vice, which will probably be overcome, like the laws they would revive, by the good sense of the times; but which, if allowed to have any effect, can have no other than to abridge the pleasures of the lower classes, and to propagate among the class just above them, those views of canting, inquisition, and scandal, which are infinitely worse than all the stage-playing and sabbath-breaking; which I agree with them in holding in great abhorrence.

Provincial Party Politics.—Party politics at Edinburgh are a miserable waste of mind; from the unavoidable disadvantages of a provincial residence, they must narrow the judgment and debase the temper, in the worst manner. . . . . .

I knew long ago, how much the virulent spirit of faction entered into every concern in the narrow but active society of Edinburgh; and that there was no injustice to personal character, however ridiculous, that might not be apprehended in a competition of a public nature.

Reviewing Books.—I scarcely believe it ever answers any good purpose to treat with so much levity, and even petulance, the errors of a man like Burke, or of one who has written so excellent a book as Price.

We might multiply such passages without end. But it is needless, as the reader must already have obtained a tolerably clear idea of the character of Francis Horner, and of those causes which, at a comparatively early age, rendered him so useful in public, and so beloved in private life. From a fine moral and intellectual nature, there never was an adherent of political party whose spirit was so entirely free from rancour and bitterness, nor a man without original advantages of birth or station who had his own way to make, whose ambition was more pure from the alloy of servility. In the high political and social circles into which he was received as with open arms, he appears to have taken his place as of right, and to have sustained his part with simplicity and manly dignity.

For several years before his illness assumed the decided character of pulmonary disease, Mr. Horner had occasionally suffered from a complaint which perplexed the physicians whom he consulted, both in London and Edinburgh. An uneasiness, amounting to difficulty of breathing, was one painful symptom; yet the disease was declared to be neither water on the chest, nor tubercular consumption. Dr. Baillie alone rightly conjectured the real nature of the unwonted complaint to which Mr. Horner, without any apprehension of his end being so near, fell a victim. It was an enlargement of the air-cells of the lungs, and a consequent condensation of their substance,—a form of disease so unusual, that Dr. Baillie had known only of three cases of so rare a disorder, and these not in his own long and extensive practice, but from examining anatomical collections. This form of disease is quite beyond the reach of medicine. Mr. Horner died at Pisa, whither he had gone, attended by the Editor of the Memoirs, by the concurrent advice of all the physicians whom he had consulted. His letters to his family and friends are continued to within a very few days of his death. In them his mind appears in full vigour, his social affections in full play; and, indeed, there is no part of his correspondence more lively in style, and agreeable in matter, than his letters to those female friends who felt an anxious interest in his recovery,—of which neither he nor his brother ever appears to have doubted. On the 4th of February, 1817, he thus wrote his father, after describing the scenery around Pisa:—

I give you this description, that you may have the better notion of the rides we can take; nobody knows

better than yourself, how much the efficacy of that sovereign medicine depends upon the eye being fed, as one jogs on, with cheerful scenery and great prospects. We shall have still greater enjoyment, when we can extend our ride to the hills themselves. At present I go out in a little carriage, and Leonard gives me his pony when we get to the turf; but I feel now so strong, that I have set Leo to inquire for a second pony, that we may take the whole in company. The riding does his stomach a great deal of good; since he has been regularly on horseback, he has complained much less of acid and other evils. The opium has certainly a very signal effect upon my breathing; within an hour after I take my pill, if I have been panting, and coughing, and irritated before, I become quite tranquillised, and all these symptoms are suspended, so that I not only have perfect ease while I remain at rest, but I may even move about, and use a degree of muscular exertion with freedom and impunity, for which I should be speedily checked by palpitations and short breath, if I had not the drug in me. . . .

Since writing this letter, I have had my ride; we are just come in. The air blows fresh, but the sun is warm, and the sky without a cloud. There are the most active appearances of spring; a strong vegetation in all the winter-sown crops, and that bustle of field labour which at no season of the year is more enheartening than at the present. The great variety of occupations here, makes it still more cheering and interesting; in one field, they are still gathering the olives, in another pruning the vines, in a third ploughing for their Turkey wheat, in a fourth preparing the ground with the spade for some other sowing. Labourers are mingled of both sexes. The plough is most primitively rude; the grey oxen have a primitive beauty, that seems to suit it. Nothing makes me more impatient of my restraints, than the sight of these fields; for I feel far greater curiosity to know the ways and habits of this peasantry and their husbandry, and to understand a little the frame of a society so unlike what we have at home in the most essential respects, than to penetrate into the Campo Santo, with all its treasures of art. I regret that we have lost Mr. Oswald, to whose assistance I looked forward in walking out to the Pisan farms, when I can walk; he is gone to Rome.

Only four days later, and the warfare of the writer was accomplished,—the task given him to do on earth, nobly fulfilled. The monument erected to his memory by his sorrowing friends has long had a place in Westminster Abbey; his more perfect and enduring monument will be found in the record of his virtuous and useful life, gathered into these volumes from his speeches in Parliament, and his private papers.

"RITTER TOGGENBURG."

A BALLAD, FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

"Sir Knight, both sisterly and true
My heart shall ever prove;—
O ask no more, lest ye should change
To grief that sister love.
Calm would I still to you appear,
Calm my resolve be keeping;
Yet, O! I scarce can understand
Your dark eye's silent weeping."

He hears, and mute, with grief oppress'd
Upstarting—it were need,
He clasped her wildly to his breast,
Then flung him on his steed;
Summon'd his serfs—from Switzer's vales,
They come with horse and brand,—
Each bore a cross upon his breast,
Each sought the Holy Land.

There noble were their deeds, and great
The trophies which they won,
As through the banner'd ranks of war
Their plumy helmets shone.
Where charged the infidels, He bore
The proud, the fearless part;
Yet war, nor victory, could assuage
The sadness of his heart.

A year—no more he may endure
A woe so long concealed,
Then quits he, that unhappy Knight,
The war and tented field;
And in a ship from Joppa's strand,
He speeds him o'er the tide,
To that loved shore which, all for him,
Her sweet breath sanctified.

A pilgrim at her castle stands,
He knocks, in hope, in fear,
Ah! thunder-like what words are these
That smite his startled ear!
"She wears the veil, she whom you seek,
And is the bride of Heaven.
A festal day was yesterday,
When she to God was given."

For ever! quits he then, for ever,
His halls, his castle grey,
His arms, his faithful horse, and wends
His solitary way;
His solitary way he wends
From Toggenburg, unknown,
And o'er his noble limbs has he
A hair-cloth garment thrown.

And where, 'mid lindens dark, there stood,
In ever varying light,
Her cloister'd home, he rear'd his hut,
That miserable Knight.
Tarrying from morning dawn to eve,
Again when morning shone,
With hope like light upon his face,
There watch'd he—and alone.

And there for hours, long hours! he sat,
And for that best beloved,
Look'd ever towards the cloister, till
The well-known lattice moved,
And she appeared! O ne'er on him
A brighter vision smiled,
Than that dear form that meekly bow'd,
So calm—so angel-mild.

Joyful, O then, he laid him down,
And soothed with trustful sleep;
Joyful, that morn should call him up
His vigil fond to keep:
And so for days—for years he sat,
For years, all unreproved,
Unmurmuring, griefless, watching, till
The well-known lattice moved,

And she appeared—O ne'er on him
A brighter vision smiled,
Than that dear form that meekly bow'd,
So calm—so angel-mild.
And so—one morn there sat a corpse,
That cloister-ward did bear
Its pale and tranquil face, as still
Intently, gazing, there.

MY MONOMANIACAL EXPERIENCES.

BY DON GAULTIER.

Yes, thank Heaven! there is a great load off my mind. I can now afford to smile at the foolish apprehensions which used to haunt me about certain transactions in which I have been engaged. How often have I started from my dreams in an agony of cold sweat, under the impression that the claws of a police-officer were riveted in the collar of my nightgown! What a hell of misery I endured that day, when at the hospitable board of the Editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, I sate cheek-by-jowl with the Procurator Fiscal of A——, and heard that facetious functionary discuss, with singular felicity, the rules of evidence as applicable to a notorious case of murder! Nor shall I ever forget my horror when, one fine winter's morning, No. 359 of the G. Division entered my apartments at the Albany, though the object of his avatar proved to be merely a summons for me to attend at Bow Street, for the purpose of identifying a noble friend, who was afflicted with an irresistible *penchant* for the silver plate of his Club! For years my life was a burden to me—not from any fault of my own—no! I flatter myself I am above the weakness of remorse!—but solely from my having misunderstood the laws of my country. Ass that I was, I believed that theft was theft,—murder, murder; and that Botany Bay was as surely the guerdon of the one, as an exit at eight in the morning through the New Patent Drop was the climax of the other. Chief Justice Tindal has purged my mental vision.

And thou, friend of my soul! why shouldst thou longer bear the secret in thy breast? The knife went to his heart with a scientific certainty. He fell without a groan. Oh, let not the world burst in ignorance. Step forth, worthy John Smith, from thy honourable obscurity;—Bentley will give a couple of guineas per sheet more for "the article,"—and henceforth let, "Who murdered Begbie?" be no vain inquiry.

For my own part, I mean to make a clean breast of it. A year or two ago I should have hesitated certainly before admitting the public to an unreserved acquaintance with certain passages of my biography. But as I left the Old Bailey the other day, after the trial of M'Naughten, I felt my scruples vanish into thin air, like the last whiff of an exhausted cigar. I am a MONOMANIAC! In that fact lies the solution of all my fears: it is the dissolvent of all my moral and civil responsibilities. I am impervious to public opinion, and rather court investigation than otherwise. I could fill volumes with my murd—monomanias; but, leaving my literary execution—I mean executor—to record my eventful history with more satisfactory detail, I shall now merely dash off a few sketches as a sort of Sop to Cerberus, to whet the public craving for wholesome excitement.

My first monomania dates from my native city of Glasgow. I was then a boy of some thirteen, in daily attendance at a classical seminary, where Latin and Geography were dibbled into the youthful mind by a snuffy probationer of the Kirk, at about the same rate of remuneration per numscull, as a market-gardener receives for planting a row of brocoli. Midway between this school and my paternal mansion, at the corner of a street, the name of which I have now forgotten, an aged minstrel, called Sanders Bogle, regularly took his stand. He was a decrepid villain, who might have seen some sixty winters, sand blind, with a white stubby beard, and a crooked nose, from the point of which a large amber-coloured drop evermore tremulously depended. A barrel-organ was slung over his shoulders by a discarded horse-girth; and on this infernal machine did the Timotheus of the Gallowgate grind away unceasingly for sixteen hours out of every twenty-four. It was a new barrel-organ when first I made its acquaintance, and possessed of considerable power, although adapted for only one tune—that tune being "The Flowers of the Forest," whose untimely disappearance must have been bewailed, by the hands of Sanders Bogle, many millions of times during the course of his miserable existence. I had to pass that man six times a-day on my way to and from school, and every time that I passed, there sate Sanders grinding.

> ——— Sedet æternumque sedebit
> Infelix Theseus.

By a constitutional antipathy I have always loathed and abhorred music—plaintive music in particular. I cannot listen to certain tunes, indeed, without experiencing a strong desire to strangle the performer. Of these is that sickening "Flowers of the Forest." When but six years old, I stabbed my nurse—a Yarrow woman—with the kitchen scissors, for merely attempting to use its magnetic influence, when every other means of putting me to sleep had failed; and Dr. Sourscones declared, upon soul and conscience, that had the implement not been somewhat blunted in the culinary operation of cleansing haddocks, poor Ailsie Potts would inevitably have been "wede awa," like her moss-trooping ancestors at Flodden. Judge then of my feelings towards Sanders Bogle!

In vain I thrust my fingers into my ears, and rushed past my tormentor like a whirlwind. A horrid fascination was upon me, like that of the Ancient Mariner upon the wedding guest. I was the man, or rather boy, "that must hear him." Sanders Bogle was a magician, the barrel-organ his implement of power. It was my weird——my destiny to see, to hear him. I was a victim to be daily immolated upon the organ of Sanders Bogle. My very sleep was haunted by the ghost of his solitary ditty.

This feeling grew upon me, till at last I stood in awe of the venerable ruffian. I firmly believed that, miserable as my actual existence was, he was able to make it infinitely worse. He might transform me into the barrel-organ, to moan out for ever, in

atomic fragments of sound, the notes of that doleful coronach. At last an idea struck me. Michael Scott without his book sank from an Archimage into a dotard: might not Sanders Bogle sink likewise, if deprived of the implement of his power. I had but to possess myself of the barrel-organ, and I was free—free as an emancipated Ariel.

That very evening I stole an aged carving-knife from the kitchen dresser, and, with sixpence purloined from my mother's drawers, I purchased a hone. For two long days I sat in the garret, whetting the dull metal against the stone, until the edge was polished and the point sharp. I proved its keenness by a stab into the first volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica. It penetrated through boards and paper as far as the word "Acoustics." I tested its edge: it severed my uncle's newest and strongest buckskins, as if they had been made of cobwebs. Thus armed, and fortified with a couple of glasses of Port wine, surreptitiously swallowed from a decanter, which had been somewhat incautiously left in the dining-room press, I stole out of doors, a little after dusk, to effect the work of disenchantment.

It was a drizzly evening, and the lamps stared out of the mist at each other, like so many rising moons. As I skated along the slippery streets, a strange sensation of dread came over me. I had even begun to meditate a retreat—when a cold sleety gust of wind blew directly in my face, and brought with it the wail of the infernal machine. Of course, after that there was no drawing back. On I walked resolutely with set teeth, one hand buried in my breeches' pocket, the other in my breast, and that one clasped the knife! On I went, the hideous music sounding ever clearer in my ears, till I reached the well-known corner, where Sanders stood as usual grinding his infernal mill. I approached cautiously, got behind him, and was just about to insinuate my weapon under the horse-girth beneath his shoulder, when I felt something like a steel-trap close upon my left leg with an agonizing snap, and I knew that I was in the grasp of the fiend!

Like all other necromancers, Sanders Bogle had his familiar spirit. Some have attended their mortal masters in the guise of blue-bottle flies, others in the semblance of cats; and others—witness the imps of Faust and Albertus—in the shape of coal-black dogs. This latter description of demon it pleased Sanders Bogle to affect. His Mephistophiles was a shaggy, bandy-legged mongrel, with a pair of red eyes blinking through a felt of clotted hair. This imp, which rejoiced in the name of Bawsey, was fastened by a long string to the barrel-organ, of which he was thus constituted the tutelary guardian. It was in his fangs that I now found myself. His growl awakened the sensibilities of the wizard, and for a moment the organ ceased to grind.

"At him, Bawsey, at him!" muttered the malevolent organist, groping round him with his stick till he ascertained the precise position of my head, upon which he incontinently delivered a blow vicious enough to have cracked a cocoa nut. In vain I yelled and danced a frantic Cachuca. The demon would not let go, and I had dropped my knife. At last, however, I managed to plant a tremendous kick with my disengaged foot right between the eyes of Bawsey, who thereupon opened his jaws for a preternatural howl, and in so doing, voided his hold. I limped homeward in an agony of fear and pain; and the hateful dirge for the Forest Flowers sounded behind me as I went, like the Pæan of a mocking fiend.

Long and anxiously did I brood over my revenge. To attack Bogle again, so long as Bawsey was alive, I knew to be fruitless! Accordingly, I changed my tactics, and commenced a system of conciliation by throwing bread and other comestibles to the fiend as I passed on my way to school. Bawsey was propitiated, and invariably wriggled his misshapen stump of a tail, whenever I approached.

One day I abstracted a veal cutlet from a dish of these savoury esculents on its way from the dining-room to the kitchen, having previously procured a sufficient supply of a certain white powder, frequently employed to curtail the earthly sorrows of rats and octogenarian uncles. I deposited about half an ounce of this mineral in a longitudinal bisection of the cutlet; and having wrapped it carefully in paper, took my way to school. Bawsey wagged his tail as usual, and I threw him the cutlet. Fool that I was, to think I could cajole the fiend! He smelt it only once; and, fixing upon me the glare of his charcoal-red eyes, he curled up his hairy lip so as to exhibit a double row of formidable fangs, and emitted an unearthly howl. I took to my heels as if Beelzebub were after me in person, got well *pawmied* by the probationer for not knowing one word of my lessons,—how should I?—and on my return home, observed from the opposite side of the street—for this time even the barrel-organ could not draw me across—the malignant Bawsey frisking in a transport of satanic joy around the corpse of another mangy cur, whose hunger had, no doubt, overcome his discretion.

That very night I left Glasgow, and entered as a cabin-boy on board a merchant vessel bound for the West Indies. One city, one hemisphere was too small to contain both me and Sanders Bogle. There was no alternative: one of us must quit the field or die.

Such was the first phasis of my monomania. Its catastrophe was reserved until some eight years more had run their course. With slight exceptions, I was at sea during the whole of that period. For five years I sailed under the British flag, and for the remaining three beneath the shadow of a pennon undisgraced by national appropriation. In our moments of mirth and jollity, my gallant messmates used to designate our bunting by the endearing appellation of "The Jolly Roger;" and we vowed to keep it flying, as long as a plank of our craft stuck together. We were a happy and brotherly crew; but, somehow or other, every one of us had his monomania. If we casually came across a deeply laden merchantman on the high seas, with an infatuation not otherwise to be accounted for, we invariably attacked, boarded, and scuttled her, having first appropriated the cargo. Nor did we stop here. For we had a craze for seeing the captain

and crew of vessels in this situation, walk along a plank placed on the bulwarks of our ship, until they plumped into the clear blue water. It was so beautiful an illustration of the laws of gravitation!

In the course of some months, a new monomania took possession of the common sailors, of whom I was one; and nothing could drive out of our heads the conviction, that it was indispensable for the welfare and enrichment of our body corporate, that a certain medicine, made up in leaden pills, should be administered to the captain, lieutenant, and certain others of the crew. The medicine was administered accordingly: but somehow it disagreed with the patients, and they all died. Having performed the last sad offices of friendship by pitching their bodies to the sharks, we shared their executry among the survivors, according to the marine code regulating intestate succession. The monomania went on increasing; and a good many of our original number were subjected to the recognised pharmacopeia, and died. Sometimes the treatment varied, and we let blood, without being particular as to an artery or two: but the result was quite the same. At last, when our number was reduced to six, we unanimously voted ourselves in sound health, put into a Spanish port, sold the vessel and cargo, divided the proceeds, and parted. I have heard nothing of these fine fellows since, except, indeed, a floating rumour that two of them, upon whom the fits of monomania had been very strong, had formed an eccentric fancy for hanging in chains; and, accordingly, are swinging still in that singular fix, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Port Royal.

I returned to Glasgow with rather more doubloons in my pocket than I am fortunate enough to possess at the present moment. The first thought that flashed across me as I set foot on the Broomielaw, was this. Was Sanders Bogle still alive? Did the destroyer of my boyhood's peace still drag on his miserable career?

I felt that I could have no peace until that problem were solved; and accordingly, after hastily depositing my luggage in an hôtel, I rushed towards the ancient corner. A feeble sound grated upon my ear, and there, as in bygone days, stood Sanders Bogle and his barrel-organ.

Years had told upon Sanders: he looked much older, and more decrepid; and his beard was, if possible, more stubby, and his nose more awry, though still decorated with its glancing pendicle. The world was evidently not the friend of Bogle. His coat was threadbare, and darned with worsteds of every dye; his hat had lost both rim and crown; the old horse-girth was split into separate thrums; and his shoes had degenerated into bauchles. My feelings towards him were those of commiseration. I yearned to remove him from a scene of so much anxiety and affliction. But the change upon the organ was even more remarkable. The very "Flowers of the Forest" had been ground away, in the course of its ceaseless revolutions, and nothing but a few petals turned up now and then, as the mill went painfully round. Many bars of the tune were wanting; yet still the withered hand of Sanders cleaved unto his beloved instrument. And Bawsey was gone! The demon was no longer there to interpose between me and Bogle; but for the moment I meditated nothing. The feeble squeak of the organ excited no frenzy in my bosom. The spell was broken, and, turning sullenly upon my heel, I walked back to the hôtel. My monomania, however, was not dead, though dormant.

I threw myself upon my bed, and smoked sixteen consecutive cheroots, in silence and moody rumination. I shall not trouble the reader with the detail of the mental process through which I arrived at the two following conclusions:—first, that Sanders Bogle, by forcing me prematurely to quit my home, had been the direct cause of thirty-nine human lives being sacrificed in engagements, philosophical experiment, and otherwise; and that indirectly he had aided and abetted in the destruction of some two hundred more; and, secondly, that the said Sanders was answerable for the aforesaid extensive loss of life, and ought to suffer death. My mind was further tranquillized by the reflection, that the removal of the minstrel from existence would be a direct benefit, not only to the public at large, but to himself.

Having arrived at these conclusions, I lost no time in repairing to a neighbouring slop-shop, where, for a trifle, I provided myself with the full-dress costume of "a young Gorbalite," a local character, somewhat resembling the *flaneur* of Paris, and well known to the shopkeepers of the Trongate. Arrayed in this elegant attire, I sallied forth after nightfall, and accosted Sanders in the melodious accents of the West, which, in all my wanderings, I had never forgotten.

"Eh, Sanders Bogle, man, hoo's a' wi' ye? It's a dooms-lang time sin' you an' me forgathered."

The crystal fell from the girandole of Sanders, as he replied—"'Deed, no weel ava; for its unco cauld, and aum getting frail. But wha' may you be that's speerin'?"

"Preserve us, man! hae ye forgot Jock Nievieson the collidgener?"

"Weel, I dinna ken. There's a hantle of the callants aye ganging aboot, and a body canna mind a' their names."

"Eh, man," I responded, "ye look unco dreich standin' there on the cauld stanes; and it's a wat nicht at best. Kwa doun wi' me to the Broomielaw, and I'll gie ye a half-mutchkin, man, for auld lang syne."

"Hoot, lad, I canna do that. I never gangs aff my stance till the clock has chappit ten on the Tron. No that I mislike the whisky; but whiles I get maist bawbees after the gloamin'."

"Deil take the bawbees, man, and the whisky baith. I tell ye it's brandy ye'se get frae me, and nae less; and a white shilling into the bargain."

"Brandy!" cried the sensual sinner, with a scream that almost amounted to a yell. "Was it brandy, ye said? O man, I'd gang to the end o' the warld wi' ye, for a mouthfu' o't. Just bide a gliff, till I sling my breadwinner on my back; and gie's a haud o' yer arm, for my sicht's no sae gude as it used to be."

We walked down slowly, leisurely, and affec-

tionately to the Broomielaw. I began to love the old man, he nestled so close to me. We were accommodated with a back-room in a low pothouse. I remember that room well—there was a bed in it, with blue striped curtains, and over the fireplace was a glazed print of Britannia, and another of Marshal Blucher.

"O man! mak' the tumbler strong!" said Bogle, withdrawing his hands from the fire, as he heard the tinkling of the glass. I complied with his request—LAUDANUM materially increases the strength of brandy.

He drank three tumblers, however, before he became incoherent. He then rambled in his speech, and I made the fourth a good deal stronger. I never remember to have passed a pleasanter evening. Sanders was quite amusing for the first half-hour or so; then pathetic; then, as I said before, incoherent. Next he became somewhat lethargic; and I don't wonder at it, for he had swallowed enough of the opiate to have floored a Chinese mandarin.

"Take it easy, Mr. Bogle," said I, "and never mind me; I feel remarkably comfortable." And so I did. The head of Sanders dropped upon his barrel-organ,—he gave three or four heavy snores, and then all was still. I put my hand to his wrist, and felt that there was no pulse. Very quietly I lifted the tongs, took up a live coal from the hearth, and dropped it into the barrel-organ. I then went out, closed the door, and walked into the street. It was a sweet moonlight night, serene and placid.

"Now," said I, "that job's over."

Next morning, I was surprised to read in the papers, that there had been an extensive fire overnight on the Broomielaw; that three houses had been burnt down; and that the origin of the calamity had been traced to an intoxicated vagrant, who had taken fire by spontaneous combustion; and thus occasioned considerable loss to a respectable Insurance office.

So ended my first monomania.

My next monomania was geological. Its result, oddly enough, was equally fatal.

The summer had been an unusually warm one, and had made a perfect fermenting vat of my at all times too susceptible heart. My evil genius was Miss Jessy Staig, then the reigning beauty of Lanark. A charming creature she was, certainly:—all life, vivacity, and fun—a sort of Euphrosyne of the Upper Ward. I shall never forget the thrill of ecstasy with which I saw her bounding through the right and left of an eightsome reel the evening I was introduced to her at a tea-party at Mrs. Glaikit's, the provost's widow. How she curvetted in and out, clapping her hands, and reeling like an inspired Bacchante! The divine fury of her cutting sixes! I was a "gone 'coon."

I showed all the usual symptoms of the stricken deer—raved, sighed, sonnetteered. I was young then. My attachments are much less volcanic now. Miss Staig was not positively cruel.—No! When I have seized her hand in the twilight among the gooseberry bushes, it was not withdrawn. I can even now remember the diamond sparkle of the tear-drop that stood in her large black eyes, as, with a plaintive desolation in my voice and aspect, I recited to her my stanzas "On a Breaking Heart," over a dish of her paternal strawberries. Byron was in vogue in those days; and my experiences enabled me to pepper my verses with the sentimental ruffianism of *Lara* and *The Corsair* very freely. I hinted darkly at inexpiable crimes, and gave her very plainly to understand that remorse was eating into my vitals like corrosive sublimate. The Staig was a mortal woman. I felt assured she could not withstand my passion, and I was happy.

But there was a fly in my pot of ointment. There was a certain Mr. Alexander Treddles, whom I always met at the Staigs'—a young proprietor of looms uncountable—sole sultan of a seraglio of "spinning Jennies"—a linsey-woolsey rogue, that seemed to me to smell perennially of oily wool. If I called of a forenoon, Mr. Treddles was sure to be lounging on the sofa; while the Staig, whom I used prettily to call my Saint Cecilia, was essaying to raise him to the skies by her performance of "The Storm Rondo," or "The Copenhagen Waltz." Of an evening, when I would drop in for an hour, there was Treddles again, on the best possible footing with the authors of my charmer's being. He always stayed supper, and consumed large quantities of cheese. The monster!

I never noticed that he paid particular attentions to the Staig; and she always seemed to treat him with quiet indifference. Heaven! how was I undeceived! That kiss still smacks in my ears! And she—she, who had listened to the deep adoration of my poetic heart, she could calmly blow her nose, and, muttering, "Oh, Alick!" sink upon the soulless bosom of a twister of thrums! I had no malice towards him—none. But his presence haunted me. It was necessary to get rid of it.

The banks of the Clyde were a favourite resort of mine. The knap of my geological hammer often scared the lintwhite and the throstle-cock, as I chipped from the rocks a hundredweight or so of grauwacke, or diverted my *daily* sorrows with a remarkable specimen of syanite, (*sigh o' sighs.*) Just over against the Falls, in the side of a precipitous rock which overhung an eddying pool of unfathomable depth, I had discovered a remarkable deposit of trap, to which I frequently scrambled. My hammer had been so active, that a considerable excavation had been formed. It was an idle fancy, but I had a pleasure in hearing the strokes of the hammer falling against the stone, and breaking the monotonous thunder of the Cora Linn.

I remember well one forenoon in particular. There was to be a pic-nic party, from the Staigs' to the Falls next day, of which I had been asked to make one. Treddles was also to be there. It was, by this time, pretty generally understood, that the Staig had agreed to resign her own romantic name for his. But I was above evincing chagrin or disappointment. I had a vague idea that Treddles had wronged me, but that was all. I had, therefore, accepted the invitation cordially and frankly; and as I sat that forenoon by the deposit of trap,—

thinking that another tongue than mine should, on the morrow, breathe in her ear the soft, low accents of love, another finger than mine point out each beauty of that fairy spot, another hand than mine cull for her the tenderest tit-bits of the chicken pasty,—my mind was so full of its own sad reflections, that I did not perceive that, in the meantime, my hammer, increasing in the fury of its strokes with the excitement of my feelings, had chipped away about half a ton of rock, leaving a projecting ledge above me, from the canopy of which I thought it prudent to retreat.

Next day we were all at the Falls, as pleasant a party as ever made the woods of Cora ring with their mirth. Treddles was as merry as a cricket, pouring out the facetiæ of "The Laird of Logan" in the jollity of his heart. He was all smiles and politeness, and radiant in a satin vest, sprigged with fuschias. The Staig was the envy of half the pretty girls present. Indeed they could hardly be got to pay the rest of us ordinary civilities, Treddles was so engaging. The weaver's beam had paled our ineffectual fires; and he—but if he did squeeze her waist slyly, every now and then, what was that to me?

Treddles grew excited. The intoxication of success, and of some execrable champagne, carried him away. We were rambling among the woods opposite the Falls, every one trying to discover some point from which their appearance should be most imposing. I found a spot that seemed to me to command a divine view of them. Winding among the bushes, till you reached the verge of the precipice, the sweep of the cataract broke suddenly upon the view; while the long, graceful arms of the silver birch that overhung the spot, formed a delicious framework to the picture. I felt the joy that it would be to point out such a view to the mistress of one's heart. It was a hard task, but I succeeded in stifling every throb of rivalry, and vowed that Treddles should have that joy, since I could not. I led him aside,—told him of the spot. He pressed my hand warmly, said I was a good fellow, and started off for the Staig. He was full of gaiety and lyrical emotion, which he vented by singing, as he went, the charming ballad of "The Glasco' Chappie." All day long, indeed, he had been favouring us with the beautiful moral which forms its burden:—

"What's the odds, sae lang as we're happy!
That's your sort, quo' the Glasco' chappie."

Light-hearted Treddles!

I saw him lead her towards the spot. A resistless impulse compelled me to follow. Her womanly timidity shrank from an approach to the verge of the chasm.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "It's as firm as the rock of Gibraltar. Look here!"

He advanced. Almost instantaneously the ground gave way. Treddles disappeared, and I heard a cry and a splash, and then all was still. The Staig fell fainting in my arms.

Poor Treddles! I never could bear that spot afterwards. The deposit of trap was the most perfect I have ever seen. But my geological monomania left me about the same time that I left Lanark, which was within a week after Treddles' mournful catastrophe.

It was some years before I heard of the Staig again. She was then the mother of eight children, and spouse of Mr. Duncan Bapson, a wealthy baker, and deacon-convener of the trades in the ancient burgh of Hamilton.

I have had many minor monomanias. For instance, I am troubled with an impression that my acquaintances' umbrellas are my own. I never visit my friend Polyglott's magnificent library, but I claim some of his most valuable classics as my private property. It affords me inconceivable rapture to unburden my pockets of the literary treasures, and replace my old friends upon my shelves. In the course of a few days, I have a perfect conviction that I bought them at enormous prices. Another monomania of mine is, always to believe the best hat in the hall, at an evening party, to be my own. Greatcoats are apt to be recognised. I have had many friends who were subject to similar delusions. There was the Honourable I. O. Uwins, for example, who was always writing his friends' autographs on bill-stamps, in place of his own, till at last Government thought proper to interfere. It is not only the author of "The Tuft Hunter" who cribbages from the writings of other men; taking, to use Washington Irving's joke, "line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," and fusing them in the alembic of his own brain into a novel, or a magazine article, which he gives out, and firmly believes to be original, pocketing the price thereof without the smallest scruple. That is the commonest of monomanias. But why go on? Monomania takes as many shapes as Proteus. I asked Lardner, at Boston, the other day, how he came to make that mistake about the right of property in Mrs. Heavyside? His answer was, "Oh, it was all Monomania!"

TO THE SKY-LARK.

We call thee bird of ethereal wing,—
Morning songster,—musical thing,—
Melody's child,—bright bird of fame,—
Sky-lark,—and many a pretty name.

By what do spirits of upper air
Address thee when thou singest there?

Have they a name more sweet than ours,
To win thee from these earthly bowers?

Or what the appellation given
Thy spirit-self in fields of Heaven?—
I'd know it now, that, ere I go,
I may speak it, Lark, I love thee so!

London, *April* 2, 1843.

E. E. A.

THE LIFE OF A TRAVELLING PHYSICIAN.*

No profession affords such favourable opportunities of curiously and closely observing human nature, whether in its varied open aspects or secret recesses, as that of the "Medical adviser." Neither man nor woman can hope successfully to dissemble with "the Doctor," although so inclined. He sees them, mind and body, in undress,—pounces upon them, at all hours, and in all moods. Hence discretion, inviolable honour on every subject, on looks as much as words, gestures as well as direct confidences, are among his chief virtues; qualities indispensable to his function. But as, in public affairs, the lapse of time renders those transactions which passed in the Privy-council of the Sovereign, and in the secret bureau of the Minister—History, and patent to all mankind for instruction and improvement; so the period arrives, and much sooner than in state affairs, in which the confidential physician may warrantably unfold his experiences, moral as well as medical, for the benefit and entertainment of the world. The Experiences contained in "The Twenty Years' Wanderings" before us, have, however, only that dash of the professional which gives zest to a narrative, by marking it with a distinctive character. The author, though a Physician, is also a man of the world, and, which is better, almost a citizen of the world; clever, sprightly, well-informed, good-humoured, and withal sensible. We are not sure but that a long residence in foreign circles, and five or six years spent in gay Parisian society, at a time of life when the character and habits were still in a great measure to form, may not have made him half a Frenchman. But it is often an admirable structure that which is reared abroad, or rather which there receives its garniture, upon a solid English foundation.——The opening of the work will make a favourable impression, we should imagine, in spite of that airiness or levity, half affected, perhaps, to carry off those grave events which often press the heaviest when they are the most carelessly treated. It relates in substance the history of the outset in life, the hopes, and fears, and early difficulties of a sanguine young man, at that critical and trying period—of which hundreds have had painful experience—when his professional education is completed, and life opening upon him anxiously and with perplexed, if not baffled, hopes. It is at this crisis, when a single useful service rendered to a young man is worth ten benefits conferred afterwards; that in common phrase he "first knows that he is born." Feelings of this uneasy kind had probably helped to increase the indisposition of our wandering physician, when he says—

> What made me so sad, as I gazed upon the receding shores of "Auld Reekie!" What had produced so striking a change in my disposition? Why had pleasure ceased to please?
>
> I had attained the object of long and ardent pursuit; possession gave me no pleasure, because pursuit was at an end. There were more serious causes for the melancholy which beset me. I was embarking upon the wide world, upon the sea of life, without compass to guide, or sail to waft, or ballast to steady my boat. A pulmonic complaint, aggravated by the accession of a typhus fever, had reduced my frame to the shadow of itself.

This was some five-and-twenty years ago, and just when our Doctor had obtained his medical degree at Edinburgh. He is, however, an Englishman, or perhaps half a Welchman, which may in part account for his vivacity. The state of his own health made a residence in a warm climate highly desirable; and, with a whole pocketful of letters of introduction to influential people in London, and in many other places, he embarked at Leith to try his fortune. Many of these introductions might be of small value, but they were given in kindness; and their balmy effect on the Doctor's spirits is natural.

Roderick Random canvassing his patrons, or the early and the best chapters of "The Diary of a Physician," are not more interesting than our young man's narrative while looking about him, doing all that he could, and willing to do anything, and to go anywhere. India and the West Indies were each attempted to be reached. The abortive attempts, at least, bring us acquainted with some curious varieties of London Practitioners. It is enough that uniformly the patrons who promised the most, performed the least. After many hopes and disappointments, he was at last engaged, through the recommendation of Sir Astley Cooper, by a nobleman, then far gone in consumption, to attend him to the South of France. An idea of the style of the work, piquant, but shrewd, may be gathered from one or two of the early paragraphs. Before obtaining his appointment as travelling physician, the graduate of Edinburgh had been intrusted by a Dispensary London Doctor, who was obliged to leave town for a few weeks, with his practice.

> In a few days I was installed in the Doctor's chair, and was myself become a doctor *de facto*. It required more tact to manage the dispensary pupils than the dispensary patients. I found some of these said pupils my seniors in more than age, and very inquisitive. A good face upon difficulties, and carry all with a high hand: I was an advocate for decided practice, as it is styled—a decided practitioner; and there is no more certain way of imposing upon people, than by impressing upon them this idea—say that a man is a decided practitioner, it is enough. Nobody will inquire in what sense—*bad* or good—this word "decided" is to be taken. I bled, purged, and blistered, decidedly; and the cases being of an inflammatory character, as upon Gil Blas's debût, it happened to be decidedly *good* practice.
>
> I never shall forget the joy which I felt when I fingered the first guinea. It was a genuine coin, for it was at this time, and a most memorable period it was, that I took my maiden fee. The old *unreformed guinea*, none of your sovereigns wrapped up with a shilling, as you see them now-a-days. It was pure and without alloy, and often did I finger it over in my pocket, and sighing involuntarily, said to myself, How many more shall I receive in the career which is now opening to me? A conscientious hectic flushed across my face; it was the first and last time that I ever felt embarrassed at receiving a fee. I was in a few days afterwards presented with a second one; it came quite as a thing of

* The Life of a Travelling Physician, from his first Introduction to Practice; including twenty years' Wanderings through the greater part of Europe. 3 volumes, with coloured lithographed plates, &c. Longman & Co.

course. I thought it tardy in its arrival. These are the only two fees which I took at that period in London.

He thus got wind of his appointment :—

Call upon me, on Sunday, and we will talk again upon the matter. I shall see Lord —— in the meantime." Lord! how the sound of "lord" resounded in my ears—physician to a lord!

In a few days all was arranged, and I was to be introduced to his lordship as Travelling Physician, previous to our departure for the continent. Lord, Physician, and Continent, were three words which I could not have supposed to bear any relation to each other as regarded myself. I had still a fortnight before me ; for his lordship had migrated into the country; and as I was not to see him till his return, I thought I could not do better than take a few finishing lessons in the French language, knowing just as much as boys do when they leave school, where they had a French master once a-week. It happened that M. Racine, professor of the language, lived in the same street as myself. The worthy professor told me, honestly, that as my stay would be so short in England, he could not do me any service, and declined the undertaking. Should I have acted as honestly, had M. Racine applied to me for a fortnight's doctoring for some chronic complaint?

The Doctor, by direction, preceded his patient and the family to Dover. The picture of his tumultuous feelings, his sanguine anticipations, is so freshly true, that its reality is at once felt.

I had received letters from my father, who was in France, authorising me to draw upon him for a hundred pounds ; but the last time that we parted, we had an altercation upon that subject, and I had almost resolved never to apply again to that source. It was an impious resolution, begotten in pride, and reared in ingratitude. Such were my feelings, two months previous, and they were wrought to excess by the little power my fever left me to resist them. How differently did I find myself situated at the present moment. I was at once turning my professional studies to account, and putting into my pocket what I had been putting into my head. I was about to work out my temporal subsistence ; and how easy, how amiable did the task appear! The same excess of feeling, which once depressed me beyond what was absolutely probable, now raised me above all possibility ; for no one ever so little reduced to practice the golden rule of Horace—"*Æquam servare mentem.*" I imagined myself, therefore, at once launched into fashionable life, and was travelling physician to an English nobleman, about to set out upon his travels. How sweetly smooth did the future appear to me ; my success I considered certain. I had the first interest, which would protect and patronise me in future. I imagined myself already practising in St James's, my carriage waiting at the door, until I had dismissed my morning patients.

These, and similarly extravagant misconceptions of my real situation, worked upon my imagination, always prone to look forward to a brilliant future—always paying the price of its ardour in the disappointment of the present. How different did the thing really appear, when placed in its true colours.—What was I, and what was I about to do? A youth, who with some hundred more of his companions, had got a medical diploma, and, by a lucky concatenation of events, was allowed to accompany a family to the south of France, who might repay themselves for the inconveniences such a guest might cause them by some trifling services which he might render them!

The family did not send for me till the following day, when I was summoned to attend them. I was rather mortified, when I heard that they had arrived the previous evening, without immediately sending for me. Why should his Lordship miss an opportunity of availing himself of my services? It appeared to me rather *infra dig.* Nay, two or three other circumstances piqued me a little, and I determined to keep up the dignity of my cloth. Time and experience put all things to rights. . . . . I commenced practice this evening, and prescribed a composing draught for his lordship, which, perhaps, was never taken. The following morning we started for Paris. Two carriages were waiting in the yard, with the horses, ready. "You will take charge of the calash," said his lordship, pointing it out to me, as he and her ladyship mounted the chariot. Dignity of the cloth, I replied, mentally, as I found myself seated by the *femme de chambre.* I was sulky during half of the first stage ; I grew better towards dinner time ; and in the evening was as happy as ever I remember to have been. We proceeded by slow journeys, seldom starting before eleven, nor travelling after dinner ; for my patient was in too weak a state to allow of forced marches. This gave me an opportunity of seeing everything to advantage. The everything was in reality nothing; but I did not believe so then.

The ultimate resting-place of the party proved to be Pau, then an almost unknown land to the English—for this was in 1819. In this part of the Narrative there is some valuable medical information. The patient survived till fat in the following spring ; and the physician, after traversing a part of Spain, and seeing his noble patient interred at Orthez, returned to London in much the same condition as at his first starting.

I proceeded direct to London, and repaired to my old quarters in Thavies Inn, where I found things much as I had left them. I determined to remain quietly here, till I could decide finally upon the expediency of pitching my tent in London, or again travelling abroad. My medical friends advised my adopting the former plan ; I was disposed to embrace the latter.

"You must write a book," said the old gentleman to me, just as he awoke from his nap in the back parlour. "I want to see you write a book. Where are the young ladies?" And he took a pinch of snuff, and yawned again in his chair. "You may make it extremely interesting, and any of your friends will give it a dash of science for you. The mineral springs in Germany are good food for a physician, and they are of as much service to him at home as abroad." When I was told that I must write a book, and that it would be extremely interesting, I began to think that I had more talent than I was aware of. I replied, however, modestly, that my peregrinations had extended only to one foreign country, and I could not well write upon the German springs unless I had really visited them. "No necessity in the world," he replied, "for leaving the city ; you will find everything that you want without going a mile from your own door." He then gave me such instructions upon the subject as almost made me believe I had been on the spot, which he told me how to describe.

"A young physician must publish himself into practice," he continued, "or he will find it an uphill concern. I have helped more than one in this way. Nay, John Hunter was the worst writer that ever took a pen in hand. I wrote his essay on the teeth for him, and it was a hard job too ; for not only could I not understand him, but he evidently did not comprehend his own meaning. It was an Herculean labour to him to compose a sentence, and a week's work to make it intelligible, and yet he was a most extraordinary man, and the most laborious one I ever knew. I cannot necessarily know anything of his medical reputation, but I believe that it stands very high." I replied in the affirmative, that it certainly stood very high ; but that posterity judged very differently of his talents. Even John Hunter, I replied, has become a party question in this age of cant.

The old man laughed heartily at this idea, and begged me to explain what I meant.

The explanation has ceased to interest. The theories of Organization and Electricity have for the time given place to Mesmerism. The true principle of life is now, we believe, supposed to be involved in the magnetic influence, though what the old gentleman said of the then fashionable doctrines we may very safely extend to the modern or revived one—

"I would not recommend you, my young friend, to touch upon this subject in your book; it will do you no good; nor indeed have you any very clear ideas upon the matter." I bowed assent, and asked him which mineral waters I should first describe! As he was about to commence, we were interrupted by the arrival of the young ladies, who, as usual, ran up to him and embraced him as a father. "Is there any of the gooseberry pie remaining, my dears!" exclaimed the old man. "Pray let me have some of it." The girls ran out of the room, and the gooseberry pie and custards were soon ushered in. He ate eleven of the latter, and as much of the pie as the custards could cover; and in order to direct the attention of the company from his plate, he related an anecdote of the Lord Mayor's feast, where the deficiency of gooseberry tarts had nearly put to rout the whole Common Council.

And who was this old man, so fond of metaphysics and gooseberry pie! Who this patriarch with hoary head and furrowed cheek, who, not bent down by the infirmities of old age, proved that man can physically and morally laugh at four-score! Read his epitaph written by himself, and it will afford a true picture of what he once was. It was only in his latter years that I knew him, and then even it was impossible to suppose that he ever could have been younger. Replete with anecdote, and polished in his manners, he won the affections of all who knew him; and notwithstanding the mystery attached to his history, you forgot all that conjecture could suggest, in the fund of entertainment which his conversation afforded. He possessed that inimitable art of suiting his conversation to his company, having first, by an indescribable means, ascertained the bearings of their understanding, and the elevation of their intellects. He then ingeniously entered upon such topics as they could readily meet, and by a power of conversational arrangement, allowed them to suppose that they were leading the conversation, when they were in reality but passive listeners to what he said. "As you just observed, and with much justice," so he would tell them something quite new, which, by the manner of doing it, they believed in reality they had themselves told him.

It was the author of "Dr. Syntax," who visited in the family where I then resided. I knew not what was his chief attraction in this quarter, unless it were the gooseberry pies and custards, which he certainly demolished with a peculiar gusto. His anecdotes, which seemed to spring fresh from the bottom of an inexhaustible well, paid amply for the cost of the mountains of pastry which he consumed. . . . . His conversation was always most polished, and the outer was forgotten in the inner man. He often brought us his manuscripts of Syntax's Tour, to read, as he took them to the printer's, and always insisted upon it, that he had not the slightest idea, nor even taste, for poetry. He was the author of Lord Lyttleton's Letters, and the famous ghost story which once produced a sensation in the moral world. He considered this as the best of his productions, and I should agree with him. Although a most voluminous writer, he never put his name to anything he wrote.

Our Physician did not probably touch many fees during the two years he spent in London at this time. His canvass, for the appointment of Physician to an embryo Dispensary, exhibits a lively picture of middle-class London society in a particular aspect. When he obtained the appointment of Physician for five years to the family of a Polish nobleman residing in Paris, we should say the work becomes for a time quite a supplement to Gil Blas; correcting the statement, however, by the recollection that no truer descriptions of actual life are to be found than in the adventures of him of Santillane. We must be content with the head of the household, the Prince, and with but a side-view of him. The secretary, the cook, the valets, are more delicately traced, though each has received, probably, a few heightening touches for stage effect.

The Prince, then, was a man who lived for the day, and only thought of the morrow as able to procure him possibly more entertainment than the day. He seldom read, and if he did, it was only a pamphlet, or the last new novel published by Avocat. With politics he never troubled himself, or he had, perhaps, been too much troubled by them. As regarded general literature, however, he seemed to be quite *au fait*; he knew the merits of most authors, and could equally point out their defects. Speak of chemistry, he seemed thoroughly acquainted with the principles of the science. Physics he had a natural talent for, and was often occupied in inventing some plan to counteract the loss in vertical motion. He was a very fair mathematician. He was an excellent modern linguist, and could speak half-a-dozen languages fluently. He knew nothing of the classics. His conversation was replete with anecdote, for his memory was most retentive, and he turned everything he heard to his own account: he made it in fact his own. So far from appearing to have neglected his education, he seemed, on the contrary, to have studied a great deal; and yet his whole information was derived from what he had picked up in conversation, and little from books. His social powers were great; and as he was not pedantic, but gallant and amiable in the extreme, so he was adored by the fair sex. . . .

To return to the Prince. I may observe, that his occupations were most trivial. He would rise at five o'clock, put on his *robe de chambre*, and sit at his table in his study till ten or eleven o'clock, A. M. During the whole of this time he was employed in sketching something upon paper, chewing the corner of his pocket handkerchief, and taking snuff: wholly absorbed in these occupations, he hardly lifted his head from the table until he was summoned to breakfast. Then his latent faculties became free, and he would converse during the whole of this repast with his *maître d'hôtel*, or his cook, if he had no other company. He seldom, however, was driven to such expedients; for as his table had the first reputation, there were seldom wanting guests in the shape of cousins or nephews, or even of intimate friends. This repast, which generally lasted an hour, was always taken in the *robe de chambre;* and then he retired again to his cabinet, where he remained until it was time to dress himself for the more important duties of the day; such as are performed by a man with plenty of money, and without any official occupation, in the most dissipated city in Europe. It was a promenade with the Duchess of ———, or the Countess of ———; perhaps it was in paying court to the King, or more probably in doing nothing at all, with which he occupied himself till dinner-time.

If the time previous to this important epoch of the day, for to him "*la vie c'était le dîner*," was not all disposed of, he quietly undressed and went to bed, where he slept as soundly as at midnight, until his valet announced to him that it was time to dress. Then his imagination awoke, and he was employed in anticipating the quality of the repast, till he found himself seated by the fair Duchess, and in the act of saying the prettiest thing in the world, or relishing a delightful mouthful of some choice dish. This was his element; he shone here as a bright star in the gastronomic firmament; but what greater eulogium can be paid him, than the one pronounced upon him by his own cook, who, in speaking of him, and discussing his different merits, observed, that it was a pleasure to serve him, for, said he, "*Monsieur le Prince est essentiellement cuisinier.*" Now this same artist had been cook to two empresses, and to many princes, which adds weight to the compliment paid the Prince upon his culinary talents. He paid dear for the compliment, it is true, in more ways than one; nor was he blind to the system of depredation which these artists practised upon him.

If he dined out, and the dinner was at all *distingué*, it served for conversation at the morrow's breakfast; and his cook was sure to criticise the dinner as related

to him, and give reasons for administering his own kitchen in a different way; for any eulogium passed on another kitchen was an indirect insult to his own. If he had to cede a point, he always pleaded want of means, and begged for an increase of salary, and then he would compete with any artist in Paris; for he believed himself competent to anything yet known in his art.

Gall and Spurzheim were flourishing in Paris at this time, and their science was in the zenith. The Physician knew them both, and his opinion of them seems to have coincided with that of the French Professors who were unanimous in saying, "*Spurzheim croit au moins à tout ce qu'il dit, comme un bon enfant. Gall n'y croit pas un mot.*" Such was the opinion in Paris.

Dr. Spurzheim at this time gave an opinion on the character of a person from the examination of his head, with which our Physician, though not a believer in Phrenology—which he indeed cuts up severely—was much struck. It was one happy guess.

The five-years' residence in France was, on the whole, a happy period of the Physician's life. He accompanied the family in their annual peregrinations to Dieppe, then first becoming the fashionable bathing-place of the Court. His engagement was not renewed; but he was invited professionally to spend one winter in Poland, and afterwards to go to St. Petersburg. Poland had not yet been finally conquered, and, besides, his Prince was much of a Russian. He took a few weeks to say farewell to old friends in England before setting off. Every one was kind; there could be no professional nor other jealousy of a man about to expatriate himself, probably for life. His country-town and his village sketches at this time are even more racy to English readers than his metropolitan and Parisian adventures. The one is as Crabbe-like as the other resembles Le Sage.

The period of twenty years, spent in different kingdoms, and in various society, affords our Wanderer copious materials for filling up the remainder of his book. Cracow, while Poland was still at least nominally an independent State; Odessa, and St. Petersburg, were alternately his places of residence. In the latter capital he was indeed settled for above twelve years, nor is it easy to say why he abandoned it; though he seems, at the close of his narrative, again adrift upon the world; in which, by the way, by some means or other—though we do not distinctly learn where or when, but before going to the north of Europe, he must have "given pledges to society"—gained a wife and children. We have of late heard a good deal of Odessa, the Crimea, and Petersburg; so, upon the whole, we are more attracted by the Polish sketches. Though it is the Poland of a dozen or more years since, they are more original and fresh than other parts of a narrative, all of which, however, is highly entertaining.

I was to be a hanger-on for some time, and as I had promised to remain the whole winter in Poland, I determined to amuse myself as well as I could in the republic. I had time and opportunity to appreciate the character of the people of both classes; and the more so, as a species of liberty was allowed them here, which has been interdicted everywhere else, viz. the liberty of speech.

The family in which I resided was the most opulent in the republic; nay, two-thirds of the territory belonged to its head, and the house was the scene of continued merriment. We seldom sat down less than twenty to table, and as many more were added to the party during the evening. Feasting and revelling lengthened the days by stealing from the hours of the night.

The guests seemed to go on much as the guests at the English mansion of Lord Amundeville.

> "The gentlemen get up betimes to shoot
> Or hunt; the young, because they liked the sport;
> The middle-aged, to make the day more short."

And so the reader may go on to the end of the canto, without requiring any note or commentary to explain the peculiarity of the country. It is true, we did not hunt the hare, nor chase the fox; but we hunted the bear and the wolf, or formed sledging parties when the weather permitted it. Prince Pückler Muskau has been very minute in his details of a day's amusement in England. In what does it differ from one spent in a Baron's castle in Germany, or in a Palatine's house in Poland?

Each guest breakfasts in his own room, where tea and coffee are served him at his own hour; he rises to take it, or takes it in bed, sipping his coffee, eating his toast, or smoking his pipe, alternately. If he has no particular plan of amusement for the morning—no hunting, no shooting, nor gallanting, he remains in his dressing-gown, reclining upon his sofa, with a pipe in one hand, and a book in the other, till dinner-time. There is in most houses a luncheon served about eleven, but it is often sparingly attended by the guests, for the dinner-hour is early in Poland. Not "longing at sixty for the hour of six," their longings are not so long, and all assemble for the grand object of life about three o'clock. Then the ceremonies of inquiries concerning health, and last night's fatigue, and "hope you did not take cold," and "I am afraid that you exerted yourself too much," and "how charmingly your daughter dances," and "when does your son return from his travels?" and then the servant enters with a little tray, covered with little glasses, which he presents with one hand, holding a bottle of brandy or some spirit in the other, to fill the glass at your command, and another servant hands you a small bit of cheese, or a bit of dried salmon, or salt herring, with a little bit of bread upon which to put the tit-bit, which you put into your mouth; and, the folding-doors opening, you hand a lady in to dinner.

As regards the seat you occupy, the nearer you are to the mistress of the table, the nearer you are to the seat of honour; and each takes his place by a kind of aristocratic instinctive feeling. The doctor sits very near the end of the table, the farthest removed from the seat of honour.

The dishes are all handed round, as in France, and nothing is carved upon the table, which is generally covered with the dessert. There are few dishes peculiar to the country, except the sour soup, which is exquisite. The beer is delicious: the wines of the country bad; but at a nobleman's table, of course, the best wines are imported from France.

The dinner does not last long; the process of carving much lengthens this repast with us. All rise together, and the gentlemen conduct the ladies to the drawing-room, where coffee is served. If there be no strangers present, it is customary for the men to retire into their rooms immediately after dinner, where they smoke their pipes, and take a siesta till about eight o'clock. All meet in the drawing-room at tea-time, when evening visiters flock in. Then begin the waltz and the mazurka, with the ravishing German music. How much he loses who does not dance, and has not music in his soul! Cards, dice, billiards, have their votaries, and the amusements continue till midnight, when all retire, and the following day resembles the preceding. . . . .

In Poland there are but two classes of society—the rich and the poor, or the nobleman and the peasant; there is no *tiers état*, and the whole commerce of the country is carried on by Germans and Jews. The lower class, who inhabit the towns, are, for the most part, indolent and lazy, and much addicted to drinking. As soon as they procure a few kreutzers by their labour, they buy spirits, and cannot be induced to work till their funds are exhausted. Everything therefore proceeds

very slowly. It is the work of years to complete a moderate-sized house; and even public works do not seem to progress more rapidly. The people are dirty in the extreme; and their mental endowments are not of a very high order. They are very bigoted. . . .

The inhabitants of the country differ widely from those of the town. The peasant is a distinct being, living entirely upon the produce of the ground he cultivates, and with which alone he seems conversant. His state of well or ill being depends upon a variety of circumstances not to be understood but by those who have resided some time in the country. Some have no other possession than a hut and adjoining garden, sufficient only to plant their potatoes. Others are like our little farmers, who pay a rent for their land; and others pay an annual poll-tax. Some work out their temporal existence by labouring five days in the week for their master.

Their dress is grotesque, but pleasing to the eye. A long white cloth coat, reaching to the heels, cut in a peculiar shape: a large, broad, and thick-stuffed leathern belt, buckled before by five or six straps, surrounds the waist. This allows of all variety of taste. Some are of plain leather, some studded with silver-headed nails, and some with mother-of-pearl, inlaid in shapes of flowers and images. This part of the dress seems to be the touchstone of their pride. A long, blue waistcoat, with embroidered flap pockets; loose striped cotton trousers, thick long boots, and a broad-brimmed hat; all these much modified by the circumstances of the individual; but such was the Sunday attire of a respectable peasant when I resided in the republic of Cracow.

If a nobleman in a fit of anger killed one of his peasants, the law compelled him to furnish money sufficient to bury him. If he slew the peasant of his neighbour, the latter could compel him to replace him by one of his own. . . . . .

I was playing at cards on new year's eve, when the cold was very intense—I think 27° Reaumur, and a servant entered the room to inform a nobleman that three of his peasants were found frozen to death, about a mile from the town. "*Il n'y a que trois, c'est peu de chose,*" and continued his game of *quinze*, without making another observation. The same circumstance might have occurred in England; but would not he to whom the news was communicated make it his care immediately to send his steward to give all the consolation possible to the distressed families? Not so with the Pole; he only became more anxious to win his game at cards, to make up for the loss of the three peasants. This, it is true, was an instance only of passive conduct; but I witnessed so much more active brutality exercised by the rich towards the poor, so much want of common humanity in the relations existing between them, on the part of the superior, that so far from sympathising with them upon the loss of their liberty, I could not but regret that they ever should have had so much in former times, seeing how cruelly they abused the little which was still left them.

The above might not be acceptable at a Polish public dinner in this country; but it has a flavour of truth notwithstanding. Those men hardly deserve freedom, who would deny the blessing to their fellow-creatures. A handful of proud and extravagant feudal nobles, with millions of their enslaved serfs, must have formed a social community which offers some palliation for the ruthless invader.

The true theory, nay, the actual practice of acquiring a variety of languages, is thus explained, and is not, philosophically considered, at all remote from the above subject of civil liberty:—

The Pole is of all others the man most calculated to shine in society. Variety of language, which to most foreigners is so great a barrier, and allows them rather to be tolerated than courted, is to him no obstacle. When he is at Vienna, he speaks better German than the Emperor; when in Paris, the most refined ear can hardly detect the foreign accent; and even in London, his pronunciation of English is so much more tolerable than that of all other foreigners, that it is the subject of general admiration.

This great facility of speaking languages, so peculiar to the Poles, is attributable to two causes: *primo*, their own language comprehends of itself all the sounds which can be found by a combination of letters; and, *secundo*, they are accustomed from infancy to speak several languages daily. Polish, German, French, and English ring the changes in their ears every hour of the day; and when these are instilled into them at an age when no choice is allowed, the difficulty of acquiring is inconsiderable.

Languages are only acquired by the habit of speaking them, and not by rules of grammar. It is the constant conversation with natives themselves which gives the facility. Whichever language is predominant, this alone will be the one well-spoken; hence the great object is to allow none to be predominant; and this is accomplished in the education of Polish children, as much from necessity as from choice. The child is, at the commencement of his existence, put into the arms of an English nursery-maid; as he grows older, he will probably have a French dancing-master, a German music-master, and an English tutor. When he has completed his morning tasks under these different tutors, he sits down to table, where the languages are as various as the dishes; and when he retires to his play-ground, he finds half-a-dozen children of different nations to play with. There is not a day in the whole year in which he is confined to speaking and hearing his mother-tongue. It is precisely the language which he knows the least, and which he never speaks from choice.

I have put all this in the masculine gender, and I should have put it in the feminine; for it is precisely the ladies who possess the talent of speaking languages so well. I have hardly ever met with a Polish lady with whom I could not converse in English, and without the least fear of being misunderstood. It is thus, however, that such facility is acquired, and it can be acquired by no other means.

Can a child be expected to learn a language, and speak it fluently, in which he takes a lesson three times a-week, and devotes the rest of his time to his mother-tongue? It is a common error to suppose that even the nice pronunciation of a language may be gained in maturer years; and young ladies are sent to Paris for six months, in order to acquire a correct pronunciation of French, which perhaps they have never heard spoken before, but from the mouth of an English teacher. They might be sent to Pekin with the same chance of success.

But, if so generally adepts in the living tongues, the Poles of this day, according to the Physician, know little of the dead languages. It was not always so.——Before the wandering Galen left Poland, he laid up materials for copious sketches of purely feudal social life. The Castle of a well-known Countess is among the most magnificent of his pictures. It carries one back to the times of the Plantagenets.——The travellers were in the Ukraine, *en route* for Odessa, and not far advanced in their journey, when the Doctor relates—

I was busy in conjecturing of what use were the small habitations which we passed on our route, as thickly scattered as the post-houses, but insulated from all other habitations. Each was surrounded by a thick-set wooden paling, formed of solid trees, pointed at the top, and which are used for park fences in Russia. The paling was so high as to allow of the top of the roof to be seen just peeping above it. In the middle of my conjectures, we happened to arrive just as three soldiers were lodging two prisoners, chained by the hands, in one of them. They are the resting-places of the criminals who go on foot to Siberia. Here they repose for the night, and sup upon black bread and water. We afterwards passed several convicts, journeying on with slow step and downcast look. Whenever they met with humankind, they were sure to receive some pittance; the poorest peasant would always put a mite into the hat of the criminal as

he held it out *en passant*. There was a great difference in their appearance; some were scarce able to drag their legs along, their backs still smarting from the knout. Others paced it much more merrily.

The halting-places here were the private residences of the nobility; the wretched accommodation afforded by the Jew inn-keepers, being quite unfit for civilized people. This resting-place merits commemoration, from the curious picture of manners which it affords.

We journeyed on without meeting with any adventures, till we arrived at our half-way house, and entered the gardens of the Countess ———.

It would require the pen of Sir Walter Scott to do justice to the personage to whom the whole neighbourhood belonged, and at whose house we now made a halt. Herself of a noble family, and niece of the famous Potemkin, she had enjoyed in her youth all the advantages which personal charms, high birth, splendid connexions, and court favour could procure. The hero of the north, the minister and master of Catherine, had died in her arms. She had been herself the favourite of the empress. She now in her old age was cherished by the grandson, and was as much alive to the smiles of court favour in her eightieth as she had been in her eighteenth year. Possessed of the most splendid fortune in the whole empire, she was a sovereign in her estates, which were much larger than many of the German principalities.

From such a preface, what will the reader expect in the description of her person, of her castle, and of her suite?

He will perhaps figure to himself an old lady dressed in the ancient costume of the country, and in a style of great elegance, surrounded by her favourites, seated upon a stately sofa in a Gothic saloon, and probably occupied with some rich embroidery. He will expect to find the bust, the statue, and the portrait of the Empress Catherine in all the rooms of her palace, and his ear may anticipate the sound of blessed majesty upon all opportunities. He will imagine himself at Tillietudlem.

Of all these anticipations, however, few will be realized. He will see and hear enough of her blessed majesty; but here the illusion will end, and he will rather imagine himself in a comfortable inn in Germany, and a good fat hostess for its inhabitant, than suppose that he is contemplating her who once bore the train of Catherine of Russia.

Nothing surprised me more than my introduction to the old Countess. I had expected to find something noble and majestic in her exterior, and I had almost dreaded the presentation. Imagine my surprise when I was ushered by a Cossack servant into a small chamber, which was almost bare of furniture. The walls were merely whitewashed, and upon the chimney-piece rested an oval cast, in plaster of Paris, of the late empress, which was daubed over with paint. Some logs of wood were hissing beneath, and upon an oaken table were scattered some loose papers and rolls of parchment. The old lady was occupied with her steward when I entered; but, after having signed a few papers and given him her hand to kiss, he retired, and she returned my bow. I was struck with the beauty of her hand, with its delicateness, its apparent softness, and its unwrinkled smoothness. It was worthy of a maiden of eighteen. There was an immense torqueise on the middle finger, which by contrast made the smooth skin appear even more than naturally white.

"I am happy, Sir, to make your acquaintance. As an Englishman, Sir, you have no doubt seen many fine gardens; but I do not think, Sir, that you will find anything in Poland superior to Alexandrine.

"There is the garden of Potemkin, dedicated to friendship; and, not far off, you will find some trees planted by the Emperor Alexander, at his last visit. You will see his bust surrounded by an iron railing; it was upon that spot that he once took a cup of tea. The pagodas and statues cost me a deal of money; but I paid all ready cash, and got a good discount. My garden has cost me four millions of rubles; but, as the angel said, 'You know, Countess, the money has been spent in the country.'

"You will find in your walks, Sir, several pavilions; the windows in them are all of plate-glass. I have to thank Buonaparte for them. I made a vow that I would commemorate the expulsion of the French by spending ten thousand rubles in embellishments, and these windows form one of the items.

"In the great pavilion you will find a marble bust of the emperor, and underneath, engraved on a brass plate, (I suppose you do not read Russ, Sir?) but they are the words of the emperor himself—'I will not sheathe my sword whilst an enemy remains in my dominions.'"

She was running on in this style, without having allowed me to put in a word, when a sudden twinge in her face stopped her for a second, and changing her tone of voice, which was mild and harmonious, though sufficiently commanding, she turned to me, and said—

"Have you discovered, Doctor, any remedy for the *tic doloreux*? I have been plagued with it these ten years past."

I had now had sufficient opportunity of observing her person, and again admired the beauty of her hand, as she reclined in her Voltaire, and stroked her cheek with two fingers, passing them rapidly over the nerves of the face.

She was of middle stature, and stout. Her features retained all the marks of former beauty; her countenance was placid and expressive; her eyes had naturally lost much of their former brightness, but they still retained some of that animation and playful satire which are so strikingly represented in her portrait, painted in her youth, where, reclining against a column, she points with one hand to the bust of Catherine. All the features of this portrait are still traceable in her octogenarian face. She wore a white muslin cap, and the rest of her dress was comprised in a Turkish *robe de chambre*. She took snuff in large quantities, which fell upon her dress.

She was still suffering from pain in her cheek, when the dinner-bell rang, and, pointing to the dining-room, she begged me not to be ceremonious, and said she would soon follow.

The dining-room was not better furnished than the parlour; the walls were bare. There was a long table covered with a clean coarse cloth, and nothing encumbered it but a bottle of champagne opposite the hostess's plate, and a bottle of Don wine at each end of the table. About fifteen guests sat down to dinner. If I was surprised at the dinner-service, my astonishment was still greater when the dinner was served; and I committed my observations to paper after the repast. Behind each person stood a servant, not dressed in the most splendid livery. The dinner commenced by slices of cold ham, handed round in a dish; then a cold *pâté* of the livers of geese; then a salad consisting of raw fish, garnished with slices of beet-root; and, lastly, some thin slices of Parmesan cheese.

Being myself fond of cold meats, I congratulated myself upon having made a good dinner, though I could have devoured more with pleasure; but as I saw the other guests help themselves but sparingly, I could but follow their example. I was about to ask for a third slice of bread, having consumed the two portions of white and brown which were placed before me, when I opened the eyes of astonishment upon the entry of the soup. Not knowing how to act, I watched the operations of the Countess, thinking that I could not do wrong if I followed her example. I despatched a plateful of crawfish soup, than which I never tasted anything more exquisite; and, seeing the hostess qualify it with a glass of wine, I filled my glass from a bottle near me; the doctor's place being, as I have before observed, at the end of the table. Whether she perceived any wryness in my face, as I gulped down the sour wine, I know not, but she ordered the man behind her chair to put beer and kvass upon the board, and immediately a bottle of each was placed before me. I partook of both during the repast, but they were not to my taste. I now found a large sirloin of beef at my left shoulder. The Countess

had already helped herself very plentifully; but, after having tasted a mouthful or two, she sent her plate away, which she did with two-thirds of the dishes. I found that a favourite servant enjoyed the privilege of eating off her mistress's plate, who was now employed in groping with her fork in a black earthenware jug, from the top of which a bladder had been partially removed, to pick out some stewed kidneys, which she consumed with a peculiar gusto. This dish was not handed round. Some buckwheat, boiled, and served up with cold butter in a saucer, followed the beef. I took the liberty of allowing this dish to pass, having indeed dined before the arrival of the soup: as I saw in what way the hostess treated her platefuls, I was easy upon this score. The next temptation presented itself in the shape of stewed carp, of which I partook, but they had the really muddy taste of the species; they were well dressed, and seemed to be approved. Had the wine been better it might have stimulated my stomach to a little longer warfare; as it was, I was quite *hors du combat*, and saw with pleasure what I supposed to be the last dish, in some chickens stuffed with parsley. . . . . Little conversation or only monosyllabic dialogues, enlivened the meal: all seemed anxious to lay in a stock of the *vis vitæ* only; for, as Pindar (Peter) has said—

Food is the bird-lime of the brain.

No sweet of any kind, save the few raisins in the *schlopetse*, found place in the banquet. Colonial produce is not patronised by the Countess, who, like one of the old school, thinks that every country sufficeth unto itself. The cloth was not removed, for the table was of common wood, and this does not set off a dessert to such advantage as polished mahogany. I counted fifteen different kinds of fruit upon the table, all the produce of the garden, which now became the theme of conversation; and, to do it justice, its credit was fully maintained by its fruits.

The flavour of the peaches, of the melons, of the pine-apples and grapes, was exquisite. A small basin of pounded sugar was handed to the Countess, who sprinkled a little over her melon, but sent away the basin, observing that the fruit was sugar itself. It is the custom in some parts of Poland for guests to bring their wine and colonial produce with them.

Looking around with a smile of great good-nature, the old lady arose; upon which many of the guests flocked round her and kissed her hand. We retired to the drawing-room, and found our coffee poured out, and ready sweetened. After having sipped it, I was invited to go and survey the garden, of which I had heard so much before dinner; and the old Countess sat down to the quadrille table with three other ladies.

The gardens and grounds were magnificent; the woods stocked with all kinds of game; the ponds full of fish; everything on a grand scale. The champagne for the exclusive use of the hostess; those "below the salt" being supplied with beer and quass; the sugar sent away when *her* melon alone was sweetened, are as characteristic of the refinement of manners, as anything else. The genius of her extraordinary kinsman had descended on this celebrated lady. "Nothing was too great, nothing too small, for her masterly mind."

She possessed a most speculative genius, and could equip a fleet, or an army, or gain a revenue of 15,000 rubles per annum, by levying upon her peasants a contribution of pigs' bristles! She was profuse in many things, penurious in some. She would give away a million, and contract for the transport of its carriage (if in specie,) upon the most economical terms, with the poorest of her peasants. Her faults have been much exaggerated; and, in spite of all that everybody says to the contrary, I did not find her slaves in a worse condition than those of her neighbours. Of her private character I can say but little, as I knew her only in her old age, and time softens everything. Her manners were agreeable, her conversation amusing, her information good. She had many prejudices inseparable from a character placed in her circumstances.

One important use of all books, those of travels especially, is, that by extending the bounds of knowledge, they show us the real value of what we possess, and furnish us with reasonable grounds of contentment with our own lot. How immeasurably superior in everything that constitutes the true enjoyment, and grace of life—in knowledge, refinement, accomplishments, elegance, genuine luxury—in a word, in the ease and manifold *comforts* of high civilisation, are the rural homes of many a quiet English family of the middle rank, to the establishment of this semi-barbarous chieftainess, lording it, in her vast principality, over hordes of rude serfs.

On the farther journey to Odessa, we find nothing so remarkable as the following singular scene:—

It was about three o'clock, or perhaps a little later; and in the distance was a hill, the only elevation we had seen since we left Lemberg. I was riding upon the outside of the calash, reading a book, and as we rolled slowly along, I perceived a large black cloud lying upon the top of the hill. I first thought it betokened a thunder-storm, a daily occurrence during the whole of our journey. I was, however, struck with the motion of the cloud, which seemed to assume all shapes, lengthening and contracting, and throwing itself into various contortions. I knew not to what this could be attributable, but of course immediately referred it to the usual and unerring cause which accounts for all physical phenomena—*electricity*. As I was still gazing upon it, the calash suddenly stopped, and Count ——, who was in the van, beckoned me to him.

"Do you see that large black cloud in the distance, Doctor?"

I have been watching it for some time, I answered.

"Well, what do you think it is?"

It is not difficult to say what it is, but I am puzzling my brains to find out what causes it to make such evolutions; and as I spoke, it suddenly tapered into a long string.

"Now look at them," said the Count. "These are the locusts upon wing. I hardly ever saw such an army in the air."

Is it possible? I replied, half convinced that it was something more solid than air, which now took a different direction, and left the hill clear to the view.

"We shall hear what devastation they have done before we get to Odessa. Woe to him on whose fields they alight—not a green thing will remain.

We lost sight of them all at once, and proceeded on our journey.

"Well, we shall dine with my uncle," continued the Count, "and he will give us forty different kinds of wine to drink, and thirty-nine of them will be detestable. He has been establishing a colony in the desert, and thinks that he can sit under his own fig-tree, and drink wine of his own pressing. You must praise all his wines, but for God's sake don't poison yourself with them."

We soon reached Severinowka, but the locusts were there before us. The host came out to meet us; a thin, spare, and feeble old man, polished in his manners, and affectionate in his greetings.

"Well, you are come to see me ruined," he exclaimed, "for this season. The locusts are in my garden, and in my fields, and my poor peasants will not have an ear of corn to put into their garners. They are all gone out to endeavour, by means of marrow-bones and cleavers, to drive them from the wheat; but it is all in vain. We have not enough hands to put to rout such an army. Come into the garden, and see how thick they cover the ground and the trees."

It is almost impossible to hope for credence from those who have not been eye-witnesses of the sight which the garden presented. The whole of the surface was covered,

ankle deep, with these insects, clambering pellmell over each other, but all proceeding in the same direction. They did not allow us to tread upon them, but, on our approach, rose on wing with a whizzing noise, and, flying forwards over the heads of the main body, settled down again in the vanguard of the body of their army. This is the manner in which they alight from the wing: the first rank pitches upon the ground, and the others do not follow the train, but precede it, alighting one before the other, so that the rearguard in flight is the vanguard when they are upon the field.

The sight of them upon the trees was most curious. The branches were bent to the ground by the incumbent weight, and the Italian poplars resembled weeping willows, from their lighter branches being reversed by the weight of the locusts. Several trees were already completely bared, for the insect destroys much more than it consumes. It gnaws the stem of the leaf, and not the body, so that the leaf drops upon the ground almost entire, its stalk only having been eaten.

When the insects are browsing upon the trees, they are not so easily scared away by the appearance of man as when merely settled upon the ground; they hold fast to their food, and the boughs must be shaken before they will leave their hold. This was indeed a curious and amusing experiment; for it was something like magic to see a tree throw its branches up into the air, as soon as the locusts were shaken off. . . . . They avoid coming in contact with mankind in their flight. I have actually been in clouds of them, without one having come near my face. Sometimes, from accident, or from injury, or from fatigue, a solitary one will drop down exhausted, just as we see the straggling sick of an army; but when in vigour, upon wing, they steer clear of human kind.

Volney has given an accurate description of these insects in his Travels in Syria, and mentioned several facts which I myself witnessed. He observes that they are accompanied in their flight by birds of the size of a thrush, which devour them, and make continual war against them. These birds are cherished by the peasants in Syria, and so they are by the people in this country. I have watched them for hours, but must confess I never saw them make much havoc in the ranks of the enemy.

As Volney observes, the locusts are sometimes carried by the wind towards the sea, and being exhausted before they reach the opposite shore, fall dead into the deep, and are washed ashore by the tide, producing a foul infection. I have understood that this is also the case upon the borders of the Black Sea.

When they arrive in full force in a country which is at all populous, the inhabitants drive them away by making noises with marrow-bones and cleavers, &c. They also burn straw or sedge, or whatever light fuel they may possess, to smoke them out. All these efforts go but a little way to accomplish their end, for the locusts, driven from one field proceed to another; and wherever they appear, it may be truly said in the language of Scripture that "The land is *before them* as the Garden of Eden, and *behind them* a desolate wilderness." . . . . . At this period it is possible to destroy great numbers by preceding them and cutting deep trenches across their path; they all walk into the trench, where they find lighted straw to receive and consume them. This is a common and most effectual way. Upon the same principle, a person in Odessa invented a kind of long iron roller, which was to be dragged with horses at full pace over their marching armies. All the means, however, resorted to at present, are more plausible than effectual, and have only destroyed the hundreds, to see the millions vanquish. . . . . It is asserted, that when they have devoured all that is green upon the earth, and are unable to procure more food, they are pushed by hunger to prey upon each other; the weak and the wounded thus feed the strong as is the case with quadrupeds under similar pressure of want. The same cause which compels them to consume each other, has often compelled the inhabitants of Syria, in cases of famine, to consume them. They actually grind the dried bodies of the locusts, and knead them into a cake. . . . . We were conversing upon the history of locusts, and lamenting the ravages which they committed, when the steward was announced. He came to report upon the mischief they had done upon the estate. He informed us that the whole crop was destroyed, and that for the distance of several versts, not a head of corn was to be found upon the stalk; every ear of it had been gnawed off by these destructive insects. "*Voilà donc mille guinées de perte pour cette année ci, et ce qui est encore pire c'est que le paysan n'aura rien à manger.*" "I am glad," continued the old Count, "that I am going to St. Petersburg this winter, for I should not like to see the misery which these poor people will have to endure." "*Excusez moi, chère cousine,*" turning to the Countess, "*il faut que je fasse ma méridienne;*" and he retired to take his wonted nap.

The Poles, as a nation, are said to be the most inveterate gamblers in Europe; though we can hardly credit the *wife-stakes* to which the traveller alludes, at the close of the following passage. Yet the immoral facility of divorce is an unquestionable fact:—

It must be remembered that although rents may be paid but once a-year in Poland, still spending money goes on all the year round; and, of the expenditure, gambling forms the greatest item. There is much more play than cash, and more debts than ready money. The want of this is supplied, however, by notes of hand—I. O. U's.; such payment having been first instituted, as we are informed, during the siege of Grenada; and these notes are payable at the Contract of Kiev. Here they are exchanged (which is very rare) for ready money, or they are cancelled by a run of good luck on the opposite side, and are issued now by the former creditor, with his signature as a debtor. The original bond may be, however, much increased; and payment being pressed for, the estates are pawned or sold.

When the sums are not so large, nor the means of payment so considerable, still the same abominable system prevails; and many a man returns home lighter than he arrived by some thousand ducats, having left his coachman, horses, and some half dozen servants in pawn with his successful adversary. Of all the people in the world, the Poles are the most reckless gamblers. The French and Italians are fond of play; but there is a method in their procedure: some system and some bounds are prescribed. Not so with a Pole; he sits down to play for all he has.

I have known a man of high rank lose in one evening his estate, all his peasantry, his house and furniture, his stud of horses, and, descending in the scale, his carriage, and coachman, and valet, and finally the watch which he had in his pocket. England blushes for one Long Pole. Here is a nation of such.

Gambling supersedes all other considerations; and we find in the history of the dismemberment of Poland under Catherine, that they were often engaged at play in the camp when they ought to have been fighting their battles in the field. It is not their patriotism or their bravery which is impugned by the assertion. These will bear the severest scrutiny, and will come purer from the crucible of investigation. But still their insatiable passion for play is a spot too deep to be washed out. The largest fortune in Poland in olden times, when it was proverbial that it rained water in other towns, but ducats in Dantzic, was lost in Paris in the course of one short winter. . . . . Some matrimonial concerns have been transacted in a strange way, however, on these occasions. To lose each other's mistresses at play is a common occurrence; and if we examine into the causes of divorce and its repeated occurrence, nay, its universal toleration and sanction by the laws of the land, we may not be too uncharitable to suppose that wives may be played for, as any other exchangeable commodity. Now that Poland no longer exists, perhaps this crying sin will be no longer sanctioned by law, or rather the law will have the power of preventing its so ready accomplishment.

As the Poles are rigid Catholics, it puzzled me to know why this continual divorce, not allowed by the church, was permitted so frequently. The loop-hole of retreat lies in proving that the former marriage not having been legal is consequently null and void. This farce has been repeated as much as four or five times, each previous marriage being easily proved illegal as soon as the parties found it convenient to separate, or one party determined to have another companion. In the last Diet convoked by the Emperor previous to the revolution, this subject was recommended with much force and feeling in the speech from the throne to the consideration of the assembly. Notwithstanding this address, it was rejected by the Diet, which proved at least that the Diet had means of doing harm even in the face of imperial mandates. It is too true, and I speak from authority, that there does not exist a family of rank in Poland in which some of its members have not to plead guilty to this violation of all morality and decency.

The following is as characteristic as anything we meet with on the long journey. The travellers had, by this time, left the Black Sea, and were at the then new city of Nicolaieff, so named after the emperor :—

Few and uncivilized as are its inhabitants, we had time, even in changing horses, to find an Englishman with a numerous family occupying one of the best houses in the place. It had been deemed possible to carry the water of the Bog to Odessa ; and Mr. Upton wished to have an opportunity of showing his skill, but I believe the plan was given up without a trial. His tea and cold mutton, which must certainly have had a crom of Cobly's sheep, were not unwelcome ; and we took leave of him with sincere and heartfelt wishes for his success. . . . . There is this advantage in travelling in many parts of Russia,—the traveller, losing nothing by his journeying at night, sees often as much as in noonday : and so we lost nothing by this practice. The third day, however, we left the lone and dreary steppe, where all was barren as between Dan and Beersheba,—a vast plain, a sea of dry land. We bade farewell to it as we entered Ekateringrad, which introduced us to vegetable and animal life. It was as the fountain in the desert ; but we refreshed ourselves with more than the crystal spring. Beefsteaks and English porter are to be found on the borders of this desert ; and the walls of the post-houses are adorned with the Prodigal Son, the Gentle Shepherd, the Woodman, and a variety of such prints as adorn similar habitations in their mother country, from which these have been all imported. It is wonderful to see such a prodigious number of English engravings in so remote a part of the world. We refreshed ourselves, and proceeded; and every verst we journeyed marked an improvement in the country.

We were now in Poland, one of the most fertile provinces, and in the government of Podolia. A broken and variegated country in the decline of summer was more congenial than the burnt and withered steppe which we had so lately quitted ; but the contrast alone made it pleasing ; for there was nothing worthy of our notice, except as we approached the termination of the first half of our journey, when we overtook about three hundred Turkish prisoners taken at Anapa. Finer men were never seen ; erect, swarthy, muscular beings, well clothed, and with content lighting up their countenances. There is something noble in the appearance of a Turk, even of the lowest order. Even the *canaille* have an air *distingué* about them : there is nothing vulgar in their appearance ; and compared with the brutal, filthy peasantry, who quitted their dens to gaze and spit upon them as they passed along, because they were not Christians, they resembled beings of another and a higher sphere. . . . . We arrived quite safe and sound at the gardens of Alexandrine, and lodged in one of the travellers' pavilions. The house was tenantless, for the old Countess had proceeded to Odessa for the sake of seeing his blessed majesty ; and nothing was to be procured upon the premises, as she had taken *the keys* with her. We halted therefore, only for the night, and hired Jews' horses to transport us to Kiev the following day.

Kiev is the Mecca of the Russian ; and it is there that the Polish nobility of the province meet, or did then meet, annually, to settle their accounts with their stewards, or "to raise the wind." This very ancient city, situated on a bank, beneath which rolls the Dnieper, is picturesque and imposing ; and, at certain seasons of the year, it must present an animated scene. Pilgrims from all directions flock thither, and from great distances, to lay down the burden of their sins at the shrines of the saints.

A pilgrimage to Kiev is considered an infallible atonement for all the sins hitherto committed ; the debt is cancelled, the score is wiped off, to him who, having marched some few hundred miles under the infliction of corporeal punishment, enters the sanctuary of Kiev, falls prostrate before the saint, and with a contrite heart exclaims, "*Baja moia veena vat.*" If to this confession be added some small donation to the priests, he will not go in vain ; without the latter, it will be in vain that he go. Men must labour in their vocation, as Falstaff says, and the labourer is worthy of his hire. In no country is this better understood than in Russia, where the priests being for the most part an uneducated people, do not refrain from exacting the utmost in their power.

Even at this period, more than twenty years since, many of the Russian nobility had engaged English stewards. To the disgrace of their country, many of these men were found so severe and cruel in their treatment of the peasants, that they rose *en masse* against them, and some of them had been compelled to leave the country. Flogging was then, and probably is still, as common as it was in the West Indies a few years since ; though most of the recent travellers are dumb on the subject. One day, our Wanderer was examining the husbandry of an estate belonging to Count Romanzoff, who had an English steward upon it. He relates :—

As we were returning home, we heard the cries of a man, and soon discovered the cause ; for two others were scourging him much in the same way as I mentioned having seen a man scourged at Coblevoy.

"Give it him well," said the steward, as we passed by ; "the rascal has been at some mischief."

I asked if it was allowed to inflict corporeal punishment at the discretion of the man who was then chastising, the under-steward of an under-steward.

"Not exactly," he replied, "but nearly so. Anything short of making the people rebel in a body, which they will not do till they are pushed to the last extremity, is allowable."

"Might not some milder means," I asked, "be adopted as a substitute for this disgraceful punishment ?"

"Not at all," he answered ; "we could do nothing without the rods here : women and men, we have at them both, or we could do nothing with them. When I first came into the country I thought as you did. Such means were repugnant to my feelings. I talked to them, and tried gentle means ; but I never forgave a Russian but he was the first to show me his ingratitude."

"What have they to be grateful for ?" I asked.

"It is true," said he ; "but without flogging we could never find out any of their misdemeanours."

"And how do you do it by that means ?"

"Oh, flog all who are suspected, till the sinner cries out peccavi."

"Rather an arbitrary method," I replied.

"What is to be done ?" he answered. "A peasant will call God to witness, go upon his knees, cross himself, and pray God to strike him dead upon the spot if he be not innocent of the charge brought against him ; and then, as soon as his back begins to smart, he cries out '*renevat*,' and confesses the whole."

"Last week we had a good flogging match; and I will relate to you the particulars of the case, which will give you some insight into the superstition of the people. Twenty bushels of corn were one night taken out of the barn; as usual, nobody was the thief. The peasants who had been working upon that part of the estate came from a considerable distance, at least fifteen miles, and were naturally suspected. All called God to witness that they had not committed the theft. We resorted, however, to the following expedient. Calling them all together, in number about thirty, I harangued them at the barn door, from whence the corn had been stolen, having first procured a live black cock, and a large iron pot, the bottom of which was well covered with soot. I first asked them individually if they were Christians; to which they all replied in the affirmative, and made the sign of the cross. I then asked them individually if they had committed the theft; to which they replied in the negative, making also the sign of the cross. Well then, I observed, as you are all innocent, and moreover all Christians, you will prove it by the following trial; and at the same time I pulled a crucifix out of my pocket, and tied it round the cock's neck. At the sight of this they all fell to crossing themselves in right earnest. Having done this, I went into the barn, in the middle of which I had ordered a table to be placed, and took the pot and the cock with the crucifix tied round its neck with me, and allowed none to follow me. Having put the fowl under the black iron pot upon the table I returned, and shut the barn door, ordering my under-steward to go to the other side, where there was also a door, and examine each man's fingers as he came out. 'Now,' said I, 'my friends, you will go in one by one at this door, and place your two forefingers upon the bottom of the pot, and make the sign of the cross upon it; and as you are all Christians, if any of you be guilty of the theft, as soon as you touch the pot with your fingers the cock will crow, and you will prove that you have perjured yourselves.' I then opened the door, so as to let one only go in at a time, nor allow the second to proceed till the man at the opposite side gave notice that he had examined the fingers."

"Well," I observed, "was it an *experimentum crucis*?"

"Quite," he replied; "nine of them came out with clean fingers, not daring to touch the pot, lest the cock should crow."

"And what then?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, they all confessed the theft, and we found the corn upon the premises, and flogged them all."

I observed several poor wretches, shivering and trembling, sitting at the doors of their cottages. It was a sunny day, and they were basking.

"They have all the ague," exclaimed the steward; "the situation is very swampy, it ruins the health of half the peasantry. A man can do no work who has the ague, or at least it is a pretext for the villains to be more lazy."

"A man is not much disposed to labour under an ague fit," I replied.

"I thought exertion was good," he answered; "and so I ordered that fellow whom you heard howling there to go and carry wood."

"You have forgotten that you are an Englishman, I think."

"My dear sir, you little know what these fellows are, or you would not talk thus; the more kind you are to them, the more ungrateful they are. Nothing but the lash and the harshest treatment will make them do anything."

Slavery, in its moral effects, is the same thing all over the world; and whether with the slaves or their taskmasters. The wandering Doctor appears to have seen more of the real condition of the serfs than any of the late travellers in Russia with whose works we are conversant, and his testimony on this point is explicit:—

During our stay at Climoffiki, which was only of two days' duration, I had an opportunity of ascertaining several points as to the state of the peasantry, and proving *that they were not the happiest under the canopy of heaven.* I found that, in spite of written laws and ukases, it remained in the power of the stewards, the *pub*-stewards, and under-stewards, and the sub-under-stewards, to exact money of them, to maltreat them, and to render them almost as miserable as they pleased. That these things are all contrary to law, I do not deny; but what are laws when the administrators of them are scoundrels!

After his engagement at Odessa had expired, our Doctor took the resolution of establishing himself at St. Petersburg, to become one of the court physicians, and to make his fortune! As to the facility of doing so, with the noble patronage which he enjoyed, and the many large voluntary promises made to him, he had no doubt whatever. The long journey from Odessa to the capital, was accomplished in safety, though with considerable fatigue; but arrived there, the traveller's sanguine hopes were not realized. He never had the good luck to become a court physician, which he had fully expected; but he obtained a considerable practice among the British merchants—"The Factory,"—which he had not calculated upon. The account of this "Factory" is curious. The body of merchants so named, has existed in Russia for two centuries. Its first site was Archangel. It was, perhaps, by his early and accidental initiation into this society, that the new-comer lost his noble native *patrons*. He thus describes this aristocratic, and somewhat exclusive body of foreign merchants:—

The British society, by which sweeping clause I include more than the factory, was to be considered at this epoch of our existence only in its social relations, than which nothing could appear more respectable, or more creditable to the British character. Composed of men, who, if not opulent, were all in easy circumstances, and who made valid their situations by a certain expenditure, it offered many temptations to a new-comer, who, if he could not immediately count upon putting their purses under contributions professionally, might well hope to grace their hospitable boards; and it so happened that in a short time we made the round of the society; and their comfortable style of living, the luxury of equipages which most enjoyed, the elegance of the female dress, and the well-furnished tables, were not without their influence in lulling us into the idea that we had pitched our tents in a productive country.

It was at the hospitable board of my colleague that I had the first glimpse of the English aristocracy. I had been furnished with a letter of introduction to him from Sir Astley Cooper;—one of those lucky hits again which were so little calculated upon at the time, but which proved the foundation of my future career. Our host was at that period the first accoucheur in St. Petersburg, and had maintained an unblemished reputation in the obstetric art during forty years' residence in the country. He had presided at the birth of all the imperial children, had encouraged the Empress by his presence in the most trying moments, and an unparalleled success had crowned his endeavours. He possessed tact in the fullest acceptation of the term. . . . . .

It was at his table that I first became acquainted with the English residents. The dinner was of a mixed character, as to cookery,—half-and-half, as the Germans say,—very good of its kind—*à la* Petersburg; a term I shall in future adopt for all nondescript kind of things.

It is requisite to give the bill of fare, not to have to return to the subject again, however grateful it may be. An English factory party comprises from twenty to thirty guests. The table-service is generally of English ware; some sport silver forks—napkins always on great occa-

sions; the host and hostess sit at the extreme ends of the table, as in England—these are the posts of honour; the table is covered with the dessert. Two tureens of soup find admission at the ends; these are succeeded by two kinds of fish;—that dish, *par excellence* characteristic of the English kitchen, viz. boiled potatoes, is handed round with every dish.

"Shall I have the pleasure of taking a glass of wine with you?" Generally after the soup this ancient custom prevails.

The fish gives place to a boiled turkey, or its equivalent, three boiled fowls, and a Yorkshire ham. This course, I may observe, is quite characteristic of a factory dinner. If anything prevent this, it creates some sensation in the town for a considerable time afterwards. Some made-dish, *à la Française*, is the half-way house of the dinner. Hock and claret are then handed round. Two kinds of roast close the solid part of the banquet. As conversation has flagged during the whole time hitherto employed, sparkling champagne is served, with the hopes of enlivening it—forlorn hope. Then sweets, *à l'Anglaise*, apple-pie and custards, plum-pudding; a Stilton cheese in very aristocratic society; formerly a glass of Burton ale afterwards—but no longer allowed to come into the country. Dessert follows,—but *sat prata biberunt*.

The champagne is intended to sharpen the wit, but it fails. Here, I repeat, the customs of a country are not easily to be set aside, and that strangers submit to them *par force*.

What prevents a party of Englishmen, *Bacchi plenus*, from launching out into the same kind of discussions and political disputes which they are wont to do at home?

Does the government prevent them? By no means; but the usages of the place do; and, as little conversation is indulged in at Russian tables, the English more or less follow the example of the natives. Hence there is no town where there is so little general conversation as in St. Petersburg. People assemble to eat, and not to talk. Hence the slang-word among the British—"Who gives a feed to-day? Where do you feed?"

The description of St. Petersburg, and of Russian society, and a Russian winter, by one who was not a flying visiter, but who spent many seasons amidst its rigours, and such comforts as mitigate its severity, is necessarily excellent of its kind; since it is written by a man of lively talents, intimately conversant with what he was describing. One day he was invited to dine, in company with a Princess—an order as plentiful in Petersburg as blackberries—who, he hoped, might become his patient:—

She had been recommended to my care, as an old lady very fond of physic and physicians, and still more fond of any new arrival; and she was, doubtless, selected for my medical operations. She commenced by paying me some compliments, and spoke in high terms of the English, whom she preferred much to the French, even in their medical capacities. She had travelled a good deal in her youth, had resided long in Paris, to which place she was passionately attached; had published a novel in her youth, which she allowed to be very stupid in her old age; but she was a woman of good education, and not deficient in understanding. She invited me to her *soirées*, which were held once a-week in the same room in which she slept, and which allowed of a sofa, and two card-tables at the most.

Soon after my arrival, she took me to a corner of the room, and complained of severe headach. "Ne faites pas attention à ma tante; elle ne fait que radoter," said an officer, who, turning his head from the whist-table, discovered me engaged in conversation with the old lady. "Faites attention à votre jeu," she replied, "et laissez-moi parler avec le docteur." I found, in reality, that she was not joking, and proposed to speak with her seriously when the party broke up. In the meantime I played my rubber, and made acquaintance with the lady of the house; for the old princess, who was a relation, resided in a couple of rooms upon the ground-floor. This is quite *à la Russe:* half-a-dozen lodgers live in a private hôtel. The family owner occupies the *bel étage*, or grand suit of rooms on the first floor; the ground-floor is often let to small shopkeepers; and the second and third floors to strangers of large and small families. The object of a Russian is to make as much as he can of his house. A shoemaker may, and does sometimes, occupy the antechamber to the grand suite of rooms. What Lady Mary Wortley Montague said of the houses in Vienna in her day, I found illustrated in those of St. Petersburg in the present. The owner of this hôtel was a lady of high rank; she spoke to me of her aunt, and asked me if I thought her case dangerous? I gave an evasive answer: she left the room soon afterwards. When the guests had retired, the old princess commenced her attack in earnest: "Asseyez-vous, mon cher; que je vous consulte."

She informed me that her medical attendant had called in the morning, and had prescribed for her. She showed me the prescription. I highly approved of it. She begged me to write another. I remonstrated. She entreated to have something English. I refused. She again insisted, and fate, and nothing but fate, made me consent to her demand. I prescribed for her, begging her, at the same time, to send again for her ordinary attendant.

I began early to appreciate the characters of the people among whom I was about to settle. The changes which took place in the state of the patient in the space of twenty-four hours, had produced as many in the opinions of the attendants as to the talents of the physician.

"Docteur, je vous en voulais bien; je croyais que vous avez expédié ma pauvre mère."

"Comment; je ferai chercher monsieur dans les quatre coins de la terre; pour moi je n'ai de la confiance que dans lui."

"Trente-deux ans; quel talent!"

Such were the encomiums passed upon me as the patient recovered from her lethargy. I was extolled to the skies.

M——, in whose house the patient was residing, begged me to dine with her the following day. She wished to place her family under my care. I met with many guests, and some old acquaintances at table.

"Je vous ai dit cela, mon cher. Vous ferez plus de visites qu'il n'y ait quart d'heures dans la journée." "You are acquainted, then, with our new doctor!" demanded one of the guests. "Si je le connais, cela va vite avec lui," and he looked at me, and then at his finger. I really thought that all was now right, and that the happy moment was arrived when I was to dash at once into practice.

Upon quitting the dinner-table, which needs no particular mention, as to any nationality connected with it, I again descended into my patient's room, and found her, as I supposed, convalescent. She talked with me for some time, and assured me that her case would do much towards establishing my reputation. She congratulated herself upon being what she styled its corner-stone. She was inquisitive about Paris, and intended to pay it soon another visit. She abused the French faculty.

She gave me some useful hints as to my plan of operations hereafter. "Ici, mon cher, vous trouverez plus d'ânes que d'ânesses." . . . . .

Upon returning into the saloon, I found the ladies, each of whom had been placed by the side of a cavalier at the dinner table, all sitting together in one corner of the room. I say sitting, rather than talking, for I heard nothing above a whisper. The males were mostly engaged at cards. My old patron, the Count, was fast asleep upon a sofa. He awoke as I approached. "Vous faites votre siesta, monsieur." "Moi! point de tout: même quand j'étais à Malte, (he was an old chevalier de Malte,) où tout le monde dort après dîner, moi, je ne dormais jamais; moi, jamais!" He had been fast asleep for half an hour previously.

I was invited to play a rubber, but I refused, for it was my first *entrée* to a Russian drawing-room, and I wished to see how things were conducted there. Just

as everywhere else, I found, with less talking and more card-playing. Tea and ices; fruits,—as pears, apples, water-melons in slices, grapes from Malaga and Astrakan,—preserves in small saucers, were profusely handed round: the rooms warm to suffocation, causing a great demand for potables; lemonade, orgeat, wine and water, and especially mead, seemed to be preferred.

"The Russians are fond of a drink called *imminya*," says one of our publishing travellers. It is to be explained otherwise. The mead, or other beverage, is handed to him who calls for it; the person sitting near him, when the glass is presented, being also thirsty, says to the waiter, "Imminya," *and to me also:*—a mistake worthy of those who publish as they go along. Among the guests seated at cards, one character deserves to be mentioned. She was the most decided card-player of her day; and her voice rose above the multitude as she scolded her partner most furiously. A black crape gown, worn at the elbows, and polished from use, reaching from under the chin, descending to the feet, and enveloping the whole body corporal; such was the dress of one of the nieces of the celebrated ———. She was the worthy sister of the old lady who lived in the Ukraine, of whom honourable mention has been made: and they had certainly been cast in the same mould. The old Princess, who was a very Mrs. Battle at whist, gave me a cold reception when I addressed her; she was intent upon her game—she hated all doctors—never took doctor's stuff in her life—and made me that kind of bow, which says "Begone!" Though one of the richest women in the empire, she lived as if in the greatest penury; her clothes were a nuisance to those who approached her, and she played for a sixpenny stake. Notwithstanding such foibles, she was good and charitable without ostentation. She proved, in her latter years, to be one of the few examples of those who do not evince "the ruling passion strong in death:" she changed all her habits, became profuse in her expenditure, wore fashionable clothes, was remarkable for the brilliancy of her diamonds, penurious in nothing, liberal in all things.

There are some amusing sketches of those *canny* Scottish physicians, who have had much better luck in Russia than had our Wanderer. There may be a particle too much of the *personal* in the said sketches, though nothing ill-natured. Enough has been said and sung of the winter of St. Petersburg, which, next to Venice, is, at certain seasons the most picturesque city in Europe, as at all times it is the most unique; but the northern summers—the midsummer nights—are, surely, as worthy of commemoration as the frozen months. Then, as in her majesty Queen Victoria's dominions, the sun never sets on the capital of the Czar, or dips his rim only to wheel up again. The scene is finely described, and even with something of poetic power, of which the Wanderer is not devoid, when striking natural beauty stimulates the faculty.

It is curious, when it is new, to rest against the parapets of the quays at midnight, and read the smallest print as distinctly as at noonday: to see the great luminary dip, and watch him rise again where he sets. A bright halo marks his proximity to the horizon during the whole time of his absence. It is a peculiar and indescribable kind of light.

More curious is it to see large masses of buildings cast no shadow on any side. How would St. Petersburg appear upon canvass when taken at midnight! The soft glassy stream reflects from its surface the buildings which are situated on its banks, but the masses themselves form no shadow. It is an absence of darkness, rather than the presence of light; for this implies accompanying shadows. The moon shines so faintly, her soft light is so blended with the crepuscle, that the shadow caused by the obstruction of her rays is scarcely visible.

It is a heavenly enjoyment to sit upon the parapets of the quay, and wonder at the possibility of a people slumbering; for habit associates sleep with darkness, and now all is light.

Tired nature, however, seeks repose; but the man who feels not the want of this absolute refreshment can hardly persuade himself of its necessity, when nothing invites him to his pillow. He strolls along the river's banks, he watches the placid stream, he sees the cupolas of the churches glitter at a distance, the streets are empty, no noise salutes his ear, save "A boat, a boat unto the ferry," which occasionally breaks the silence around him. This is answered by the splashing oar, sounding louder as it approaches. Casting his eyes along the buildings, no taper shines in the windows. There is nothing within doors, nothing without, to persuade him it is night. It is a dream, an illusion; and whilst lost in doubt and uncertainty whether he be under fairy enchantment, removed from the nether world, the sun again rises, shadows stalk forth, and he finds himself in day, without having passed through the darkness of night. It is then time to go to rest. . . . . .

Thus it is during the first summer of a stranger's sojourn in St. Petersburg. He is not exactly the prey to all this illusion, but he witnesses these phenomena with rapture, watches the sun dip and rise again, and great is the effort necessary to make him seek his chamber during this "Midsummer Night's Dream."

> "This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
> It looks a little paler; 'tis a day
> Such as the day is when the sun is hid."

The population of Russia does not increase; and the cause is obvious,—the misery of the existing population—

The people, miserable themselves, are not anxious to entail the same lot upon their progeny. Few peasants rear more than from three to four children. A peasant with a numerous family is a thing unknown. In their infancy the children are neglected: if they fall ill they are almost sure to die; few have the opportunity of medical assistance: those who may procure it will not avail themselves of it, for they have great antipathy to administering drugs to their children. This conduct cannot be understood by the terms resignation, or even fatality. It must be ascribed to apathy. The child is ill—it is laid out to die—a priest gives it the last unction—starvation may ensue—the child is no more of this world. Were the parents in a better condition themselves, they would not be so indifferent to the welfare and being of their children. They would not look upon death as a blessing to the child, if they enjoyed any of the sweets of life themselves. In this sense, therefore, the good of the slave-owner must consist in the well-being of his boors, whose increase in number must add to his wealth. The duration of a peasant's life must be equally to his advantage. A man in robust health is a hard-working man, and a productive labourer at sixty years of age. The peasant's life in this country hardly averages forty. He has originally but little stamina: this little is undermined by the use of spirits, which generate dropsy and other diseases, which carry him off in what should be his prime.

Is this a country likely soon to become dangerous to its neighbours? And this is but one feature of its cumbrous weakness.

Our Wanderer lived for fourteen years in Petersburg, and finally left it upon the death of a noble patient, who appears to have been one of his original patrons. A serious obstacle to his success, was ignorance of the language of the country, a knowledge of which he considers essential to a medical man everywhere. A great part of the third volume relates to his leisurely homeward journey through Sweden, and his travels in the German states; for, before coming to England, he visited the most celebrated and fashionable German watering-places. He is an enthusiast for Goëthe,

and admires the poet of Germany with the understanding as well as the heart. But, on the whole, Germany is not our Wanderer's most successful literary field. It has, indeed, been pretty well gleaned and raked of late, and, besides, his transit was rapid.

It is to the author's brother, a clergyman in the United States, that we owe his lively and informing book. This brother read his Journals and Memoranda, and fancied them well worthy of publication. His judgment was quite right. Our author says he is now riding at anchor, and will not put to sea again; but we shall not promise for him. The New World invites him. He has pretty well exhausted the Old; though, to an eye so quick and practised in seizing the most presentable attitudes of things, much remains to be seen in both worlds. He is, indeed, never more felicitous than in a small Shropshire town; and, go where he will, he must be entertaining and instructive likewise. We do not despair of meeting with him again.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Poetical Remains of Lucretia Davidson, collected and arranged by her Mother; with a Biography by Miss Sedgwick. Tilt & Bogue.

The outlines of the history of the young and lovely American girl, Lucretia Davidson, who died at the age of seventeen, having shewn decided indications of poetical talent, is familiar to the British literary world, from an affecting and indulgent notice of her poetical Remains, which was written many years since by Southey, and which appeared in *The Quarterly Review*. A memoir of a younger sister, Margaret Davidson, which lately appeared from the pen of Washington Irving, has probably revived the recollection of Lucretia. The history of both of these lovely girls was strikingly alike: premature mental developement, morbid intellectual excitement, great delicacy of constitution, and early death. Something in their premature fate might have been inevitable; and it is not the less true, that something in their training must have been far wrong. Yet it is not easy to say how this might have been amended, though not difficult to point out where, at least, part of the error lay.

It may almost be laid down as an axiom, that true genius requires no fostering—no praise—no extrinsic encouragement. Like virtue, its self-depending exercise is both incitement and reward. In every instance in which poetical genius has come with power, it has also come without observation,—certainly without *coddling* and forcing. If may require to be judiciously curbed in its passionate early manifestations, though the best rule is, "Let it alone." If the true fire lurks there, many waters cannot quench it. Next to the impossibility of creating genius, where it does not exist, is the repression of genius where it has been given; and therefore again we say, "Leave it to itself." Southey, in his paper on the remarkable girl who excites these remarks, wisely says—"Let no parent wish for a child of precocious genius." "To those parents who have the fearful charge of a child like Lucretia Davidson, these memoirs will have a deep and painful interest..... The difficulty is to indulge such a mind without pampering it; to regulate it without forcing it from its natural and proper bent. The first step towards this is, that we should ourselves estimate mental endowments not too highly, but at their just worth; and then teach others in whom the dawn of genius appears, that the gift is not so rare as it has been deemed: that it is becoming less so in every generation; because, where it does exist, it is now called forth by the wide extension of education, (such as it is,) and by the diffusion of books." In the memoir, Miss Sedgwick dwells less upon the warning which the life of Lucretia Davidson offers to her young countrywomen, and to mothers, than might be deemed right. But were we to say all we think on the subject, we might be considered either very hard-hearted, or else deficient in the appreciation of youthful genius; so we recommend a volume which must deeply interest the feelings, whatever may be the ultimate judgment pronounced on the whole case. That Miss Davidson was as much the victim of constitutional disease and of the boarding-school as of precocious and morbid mental excitement, is evident from the record of her life. Her original constitution was delicate and fragile in the extreme; and it was further impaired by the preposterous cramming and exhibiting system of America, where education appears to be conducted more with the view of gratifying the vanity of the parents, than of improving the faculties of the child. Miss Sedgwick has some judicious remarks on this topic; though both she and Washington Irving, in their memoirs of the gifted sisters, have, it strikes us, been less successful in pointing the moral than in adorning the Tale. Of the poetry of Lucretia Davidson, highly as it has been extolled on both sides of the Atlantic, we must confess that the precocious and excessive manifestation of the faculty appears to us far more remarkable than the actual performances of the young poetess. They must be ill acquainted with the "parlous" school-girls of England, who do not know the wonderful power of writing verses, which, from twelve to sixteen, many of them now display, and which, fortunately for them, passes unnoted and unhonoured.——As a specimen of Miss Davidson's poetry, we select one of her latest pieces, written during her last illness, and accounted one of her best poems:—

THE LAST FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

And must we part? Yes, part forever;
I'll waken thee again—no, never;
Silence shall chain thee, cold and drear,
And thou shalt calmly slumber here.
Unhallow'd was the eye that gazed
Upon the lamp which brightly blazed,
The lamp which never can expire,
The undying, wild, poetic fire;
And, oh! unhallow'd was the tongue
Which boldly and uncouthly sung.
I bless'd the hours when o'er my soul
Thy magic numbers gently stole,
And o'er it threw those Heavenly strains
Which since have bound my heart in chains;
Those wild, those witching numbers still
Will o'er my widow'd bosom steal.
I bless that hour, but, oh! my heart,
Thou and thy lyre must part—yes, part;

And this shall be my last farewell,
This my sad bosom's latest knell.
And here, my harp, we part for ever;
I'll waken thee again, oh! never—
Silence shall chain thee, cold and drear,
And thou shalt calmly slumber here.

Punch's Letters to his Son. Corrected and Edited from the Manuscript in the Alsatian Library, by Douglas Jerrold. With Twenty-four Illustrations by Kenney Meadows. London: Orr & Co.

PUNCH, in these Chesterfieldian epistles, is as much a philosopher—a laughing one—as a wit; or, more correctly, the wit of Punch is often true philosophy. He is a satirist, too, but there is no acrid particle, no bitter drop in his whole composition: he tickles without wounding. Now, society may be disposed to bear, with meekness and patience, the titillating castigation which Punch bestows upon its pleasant vices, where it would either become savage and surly, refuse to listen to the grave exhortations of regular sermonizers, or to be coerced into reflecting upon its past evil life and the necessity of amending its ways. With these weighty merits in tendency, the letters of Punch are not merely clever, but often absolutely brilliant; and the illustrations are even finer than the reasoning. We do not now mean those of Mr. Meadows, than which we have surely seen better from his pencil. A work of this sort answers some of the best uses of comedy, by laughingly exposing and holding up to ridicule the hollow hypocrisies and rascally and pitiful conventionalities which keep vice and meanness in countenance; gild Sin with gold, and plate the brass of impudent pretension by the electro process in the world's sunshine.

Punch's Letters to his son on the choice of a profession, gives the worthy progenitor license to gird at all and sundry. His "hermetical philosophy" also unfolds many profound truths, which yet are as plain as if they had never lain at the bottom of the shallowest well. How true it is, though nobody will allow it save Punch, that "the world, as at present constituted, could not, for one day, go on without lying;" for which reason so many excellent people club their little modicum of daily falsehood together, for the benevolent purpose of keeping the world moving on its axis. Only conceive the scene of confusion, if all London, some fine morning, opened its lips only to speak truth, and so became one huge Hanwell asylum. But it is time that we gave a sample of Punch's paternal counsels.

My son, never see the meanness of mankind. Let men hedge, and shirk, and shift, and lie, and, with faces of unwrinkled adamant, tell you the most monstrous falsehoods, either in their self-glorification, or to disguise some habitual paltriness; still, never detect the untruth; never lay your finger on the patch they have so bunglingly sewed upon their moral coat, but let them depart with the most religious persuasion that they have triumphantly bamboozled you. By these means, although you are most efficiently assisting in the hypocrisy of life, you will be deemed a sociable, a most good-natured fellow. Be stone-blind, and you will be benevolent; be deaf, and you will be all heart. To have an insight—or at least to show you have it—into the dirty evasions of life, is to have a moral squint. To lay your finger upon a plague-spot, is to be infected with malice. No: though you meet with men scurfed with moral leprosy, see not the scales, but cry out lustily, "What perfect gentlemen!" To discover meanness in men, is, in men's opinion, to be strongly tinctured with the iniquity.

Mr. Chaucer, in allusion to the devil, says of him,

"He hath in Jewe's heart his waspe's nest."

Now, what we call the devil, has built—by the agency of his demon wasps, Pride, Avarice, Scorn, Oppression, Selfishness, and others—thousands of nests in the hearts both of Jews and Christians. Well, suppose you have the power of looking into their hearts, as though they were so many crystal hives,—suppose you behold in them the rapacious insects—hear their buzzing—almost see their stings;—if you cry "Wasps, wasps," men will shake their heads at you for a malicious, evil-minded fellow; but, my dear boy, clap your hands and cry, "What a honeycomb!" and you shall pass from mouth to mouth as the "best of creatures." When you have seen something more of the world, you will know that men rarely attribute an exposure of a social evil to an inherent indignation of the evil itself, but to an unhealthy appetite for moral foulness. Then, my boy, will they most virtuously defame you—then will they, in the name of outraged virtue, call you hard, high-sounding names. The wrestlers of old, says Plutarch, threw dirt on one another, that they might get a better grasp, and more successfully trip up each other's heels. In the like way, does ignorance or hypocrisy, in the name of virtue, cast dirt upon him who would trip up a giant wrong. There were, doubtless, those among the Philistines—particular and most virtuous friends of Goliath—who called David a very bitter, ill-natured little fellow.

We have often amused ourselves with imagining what their respectable next-door neighbours may have said of Martin Luther and John Milton, George Washington, De Foe, or Dr. Priestley, or any other "incendiary, heretic, or traitor," of the "hour." This is a speculation fraught with great consolation to some folks.——In a letter on the philosophy of gaming, PUNCH has this strong passage. He has been discussing the more vulgar modes of sucking-eggs; *i. e.* of preying upon fellow-creatures, and proceeds,—

There is, however, a more open—a more generous mode of living upon men; a mode, dignified by fashion, exalted by authority—I mean gaming.

The gamester is, indeed, a privileged person; a creature, who merges all the petty, wearying *anxieties* of life into one sublime passion. Become a gamester, and you are fortified—nay, exempt from the assault of divers other feelings that distract and worry less happy men. Gaming is a moral Aaron's rod, and swallows up all meaner passions.

Consider, my son, the vigilance, the self-concentration, the judgment, the quickness of wit, and at times, the dexterity of finger, necessary to a successful gamester; and you will look upon the character with still-increasing veneration. Did you ever know a gamester fall madly in love? Did you ever know him, if a married man, waste his profitable time, his profitable thoughts, upon the woman he has buckled himself to? If he be a father, what is the laughter of his children to the melody of the dice? What human hearts to the ace and king of the same suit, when trumps? He is exalted far above the weakening influences that pull down other men, and from his elevation looks with a cold eye of dignity upon the pettiness of human affections. You will hear other men rave about the beauties of nature; of hill and dale, mountain and flood. To the gamester, how small the space that bounds his imagination—but then how rich, how fertile—those half-dozen yards of bright green cloth!

You will hear men talk about the sweets of industry; of the dignity of labour; the more especially those men who never yet set their foot to a spade, or their hand to a plough. The sweets of industry! what are they to the sweets of fortune? And for the dignity of labour, give me, say I, the dignity of luck!

Observe what is called the industrious man. Mark his daily martyrdom. He rises early; breakfasts lightly; hurries off with his bread-and-butter yet undigested to his labour. He toils his eight, ten, nay, twelve hours; comes home; eats his crust; and, with hardly strength remaining to take off his stockings, slinks wearied to bed. In a brief time—how very brief!—the cock crows, and the industrious man has serious thoughts of shaving;

again he is up—again has he bolted his morning meal, and again is he out to go over the drudgery of how many thousand yesterdays! The year's wound up; and for all this toil, this anxiety, this daily crucifixion of spirit, the industrious man counts one—two—shall we say three hundred golden pieces? For all this tedious misery—three hundred pounds!

My son turn your eyes to the gamester. He rises when he likes—dallies, at "his own sweet will," with his breakfast. He then lounges away the hours, pleasantly meditating on the coming night. He enters the arena. With what a graceful assurance doth he take the box in his hand. One—two—three: he throws sixes, and pockets five hundred pounds! What a miserable, felon, outcast sneak-up does your industrious man appear after this! What a poor sweating slave! Whilst on the other hand, what an air of power is about the gamester! What a glory—what a magic! He inherits, in one minute, by the potent shake of his elbow, all that poor, sordid labour wears its back into a hoop for—its eyes into blindness! Will you, after this, ever dream of becoming that miserable negative—an industrious man? Depend upon it, the true jewels of life—rightly worn—are the four aces. Hope has been vulgarly pictured with an anchor. Let your hope carry a dice-box!

As for luck, you may nearly always ensure that, if you properly educate your perceptions, and your fingers. Cultivate your thumb-nails, my dear boy; the smallest sacrifice to the personal graces is not lost upon the gamester.

But I will take the worst side of the picture. You are doomed to be unlucky—you are fated always to lose. You have no genius—like the genius of Socrates, that always popped into its master's hand the very trump required—to aid and abet you. The world turns its back on you; and neither by cards nor dice can you fob your brother mortal out of a single guinea. Debts come in like the waves about you: you have no home—no abiding place! This is the moment, my son, for you to exercise the most heroic of virtues. There is cord—there is steel—there are silver rivers. If you cannot live, you can die; and dying you will have this consolation: if you have steadily and inexorably vindicated the character of a gamester, your death will inflict no pang upon a single creature left behind you; and you will have the pleasing consolation to reflect that you never did the world a greater service than when you quitted it.

Punch would have a right to feel affronted, if we lessened his morality to the standard of Chesterfield. On the other hand, if his humour is less broad and racy than that of Swift in his Advice to Servants, it is never coarse, much less disgustingly gross.

Moffat's Farewell Services. Edited by John Campbell, D.D. London: Snow.

From the preface to Mr. Moffat's account of his Missionary Enterprises in South Africa, we had an idea that he had embarked on his return to the scene of his remarkable labours, while he was still, it appears, perambulating Britain, a more rampant lion at religious meetings than any king of the forest that he had ever encountered in the desert. The object of this small work is to give an account of these *Farewell Meetings*, and to report the addresses delivered at them by Mr. Moffat and the ministers who attended. Upon the whole we like the missionary much better as he describes himself in the African wilderness than during his lionizing tour at home. To himself, notwithstanding the bustle, adulation, and also real kindness with which he was everywhere received, this religious *starring* in the provinces appears to have been

Labour dire and weary woe.

His life for the three years and a half that he spent in England, (the most of it in London,) seems to have been an incessant worry. It is quite piteous to hear him thus complaining.

"I have never had a day of my own, although I have been three years and a half in England. I had resolved and re-resolved ever since I landed on my native shores, to go and see the Polytechnic Institution; but the time of my departure draws near, and a day will not be allowed. A savage life, a rude life, a childlike life, coming from Africa, where we have been so long in the absence of those mental feasts that are calculated to increase knowledge, expand the mind, and prepare for great usefulness, made me wish to go and see the Polytechnic, the Colosseum, the National Gallery, the Adelaide Gallery, the British Museum, and so on; but if I am to see these places where science, art, literature, and objects of beauty and sublimity are exhibited, I shall have to come back from Africa again: for time, passing time, counting its units, will not allow me now. Never, during all my toils in Africa, have I toiled mentally—I might say in many instances physically too—as I have done in this my own native land. The incessant engagements of the pulpit and the platform, the travelling from place to place, not unfrequently from ten to twenty-six miles a-day, and holding two public meetings each day; the absence sometimes of three nights' sleep a-week out of seven; the incessant excitement of feeling always produced by seeing fresh individuals, and appearing in fresh pulpits and on fresh platforms; and the greatness, the awfulness, if I may so speak, of the subject which I was called upon to advocate, have thus occupied my time.

Besides this hard duty, he was employed in translating the Psalms into the Bechuana language; seeing a translation of the New Testament through the press, and revising his own Narrative. He must, we think, have been delighted to re-embark for Africa. Those good people who are so fond of religious excitement—*religious* is not the word, though the only one in common use for this particular species of dissipation—ought to remember, that what is sport to them is death to the overtasked performer; to his physical frame as well as to his modesty.——There is another feature of some of these meetings which rather jars upon delicate feelings; the subscription purses made up for the Missionary and his family. If such things must be, then surely the more quietly they are managed the better. In England, in the progress of refinement and of high principle, we have happily got rid of money-gifts to judges, jurymen, and schoolmasters, and of vails to servants, &c., &c.; and we could wish to see all orders of men, and certainly Missionaries, placed above the necessity of accepting "golden offerings," and taking "benefits." The system is also apt to beget an undue, not to say degrading expression of gratitude to noble and wealthy patrons, and strongly tends to throw out of view the moral and spiritual value and dignity of the Widow's Mite.

Moffat's own addresses are the only things of much value in the little volume; those of his brethren being mostly the usual common-places of all such occasions, deriving a little additional interest from the character of the hero of the day. A valedictory sermon preached by Moffat in a Dissenting Chapel in London, is more in the spirit of his Narrative than any of the addresses, and the best thing in the work.

Thomas Clarkson's demonstration against Puseyism.—Essay on Baptism, with some Remarks on the doctrines of the Nicene Church, on which Puseyism is built. By Thomas Clarkson, M.A. Longman & Co.

The venerable Clarkson, known to the whole Christian world as a leader and powerful instrument in delivering the Black race in the West Indies from the curse of slavery, has, in this Tract, come forward as the

champion of uncorrupted Christian truth; as the deliverer of whites and blacks from the thraldom of superstition, which at present threatens both races alike.

With many other sober-minded and reflecting persons within the pale of the Church of England, Mr. Clarkson has taken alarm at the extraordinary doctrines so zealously promulgated by a number of those clergymen who, to use his words, "derive their revenue from a church which they decry; and whose vitals they are endeavouring to pull to pieces." They cannot offer themselves as martyrs at the stake for the confirmation of their novel doctrines, as the stake is no longer in repute in England; but Mr. Clarkson justly thinks, that if they were sincere men, "they might give up their preferments and go to Rome," as a course more consistent and honourable than their present line of conduct.

The Strictures set out with an exposition of the Scriptural doctrine of Water-Baptism. The several texts on which the Puseyites rest their opinions on the efficacy of the rite, are critically examined; and the erroneous nature of these opinions is exposed. He quotes Dr. Bradford Bishop of Rochester, in support of his views, and of the tenets which the Church of England holds upon this point; and what is of more importance, he states the doctrine of the New Testament. The second division of Mr. Clarkson's Tract consists of observations on the doctrines of the Nicene Church, on some of which doctrines the Oxford writers are at present setting up their New Church, or new form of Popery. Their new and mongrel faith is thus described by Mr. Clarkson:—

Puseyism is a branch of the corrupt Nicene church in the fourth century, and allied to *Popery*; which Popery was *discarded* by our legislature, backed by the opinions of our ablest, soundest, and best divines, more than two centuries and a half ago, as not only containing *false doctrines*, but as *injurious* to the *spiritual welfare* of the people in those times. But if this were the case, we, who live at the present day, ought to be upon our guard, and to consider to what moral degradation we may come, if we are to be guided in our religious faith and conduct by the traditions of fallible men, and not by the pure word of God. It is not yet known how far the Oxford divines, in organizing their new church, mean to go, or how many of the Nicene doctrines they mean to take up as constituting their canon; but what they have hitherto suggested in the way of reform *gives us an awful presage* of what we are led to expect from them. Surely our Bishops, if they do not speedily interfere, will be thought by many not to have done *their duty*.

One of the doctrines held in that age of the Fathers, to which the Puseyites seem to look back with far more affection and reverence than to the age of the ignorant Fishermen and their Divine Master, was *celibacy;* which, if not yet avowed, is, by some of the new sect, already admitted to be "the more excellent way." Nay, Mr. Clarkson goes the length of inquiring—

Is this a doctrine which the Puseyites would wish our clergy and our laymen to bring into their creeds, namely, that "chastity *of itself*, or with fasting or almsgiving, holds out to man or woman the *state of immortal glory*?" . . . This doctrine is opposed to all our present notions *of true religion*. "It was chastity," say the fathers, "which *hands forth the state of immortal glory*." What! is nothing more wanted to bring us to the gates of heaven! *no faith*—*no repentance*—no exercise of the Christian virtues but *chastity*? Chastity is no doubt enjoined us by scripture, and is lovely to behold, wherever it exists; but it is only one of the *many*, the *many virtues* commanded us to ensure to us a crown of glory. Do the Oxford tract writers mean to force celibacy upon us as the only change that will make us angels in heaven!

Prayers to the Virgin Mary, and prayers to Saints, the worship of relics, miracles, and many other corrupt and soul-debasing practices, existed in that dark age in which also pious frauds abounded. Now, if some of the doctrines of the Nicene Church are held as of authority, why not others—why not all—as they all rest on the self-same sanction! Mr. Clarkson relates some of the miracles of that ancient church, which are incredible and monstrous, and then pertinently adds—

But you must have believed them, if you had adopted the doctrines of the Nicene Church, on which Puseyism is built, or you would have been deemed an heretic; and therefore, I wish to know if the Oxford Tract writers mean to insert the belief of such miracles into their creed. . . . . .

Baptism, including the two ideas now mentioned, viz., "that by its regenerating power it does *immediately* metamorphose sinners into saints; and that sin after it disqualifies them for salvation,"—constitutes *the foundation* on which the edifice of Puseyism is built. I shall now ask these Oxford divines three questions: 1. Do they mean that we should, besides all these doctrines, substitute the word *penance* for *repentance*, in the reading of the New Testament! Do they mean that we should submit to auricular confession to our pastors! and that we should give up the right of private judgment in the interpretation of the Scriptures!

If, after the sinner has disqualified himself for salvation, by renouncing the supernatural effects of his Baptism—(though it is not easy to say how he is able to do so)—the Church could provide a remedy—the priest give absolution—the system would seem tolerably complete, and one exceedingly well adapted to the purposes of any priesthood: placing all power in its hands, first in imparting salvation through the rite of Baptism; and next, in restoring the sinner who has fallen away, by some other power which priests alone may wield. In the ancient doctrine, that *the whole truth should not be told to the people*, the modern Puseyites freely acquiesce, and on this Mr. Clarkson attacks them.——Whatever were the argumentative merits of his Essay, Mr. Clarkson deserves the thanks of Bible Christians of every denomination, for having lent the weight of his name to the cause of Scriptural truth; for, as it were, sealing with his dying testimony the great doctrines of the Protestant Reformation. After stating, on the authority of the Rev. W. Goode, of Trinity College, Cambridge, that the Oxford Tract Writers, in order to gain converts to their new doctrines, had inserted the names of the soundest and most esteemed divines of the Church of England, such as Hooker, Bancroft, and Taylor, as coinciding with them, while it is proved from the writings of these eminent men, that they have not only not said what the Tractarians allege, but quite the contrary,—after stating this, Mr. Clarkson comes to the Father of the Reformation, to *Luther*—no Father with the Puseyites.

This great man, whose name the Puseyites *hate to abhorrence*, had no idea originally of bringing about a reform in the Church of Rome, then his own church. He applied himself in early life, when at different universities in Germany, (his native land,) to the study of what were considered to be the Scriptures in his time, and simply with a view of entering into holy orders. Now, the only Scriptures then acknowledged to be such, were the Fathers of the Church, (such as the Puseyites *now* follow,) and commentaries upon them. There was then no translation of those two precious books, which we call the Old and the New Testaments; for the Popes would not allow these to be read. Luther, then, it appears, studied these Fathers with an intensity of application. At length parts of the Old and New Testaments (original copies in Greek or Latin manuscripts) fell into his hand.

These he now studied, and translated into the German language for the benefit of his countrymen. From this time new light broke in upon his mind, and his views began to be changed. But Luther was a man who could not be idle when convinced of error. He put himself into action, first by protesting *publicly* against the Pope's *indulgences*. These were *grants of pardon for all sorts of crimes to those who would buy them*. They were sold publicly in shops at Rome, and were hawked about for sale throughout Germany, Switzerland, Hungary, Bohemia, and other countries, (wagon-loads of them,) and produced a great revenue to the pretended Vicar of Jesus Christ, who was thus enabled to keep up, at that time, the most extravagant, luxurious, profligate, debauched, and harlot court in the world. He then introduced publicly, in that country, the doctrine of salvation *by faith* in Christ, and *not by the deeds of the law*. After this he combated one error after another, till at length *he considered the Fathers generally, with many of their traditions, as unfit teachers in the school of Christ*, and found *real comfort and instruction* only in what we now call *the Word of God*. And now what are these Puseyites doing? They are trying to bring us back to those unscriptural principles, practices, and superstitions, which this good man so admirably exposed, and which almost all Germany *discarded* 400 years ago, and which *were discarded* also by us in England afterwards."

If this solemn foolery and imbecility goes much farther, and there is no immediate prospect of its being arrested, we fervently hope that, besides so much grave discussion, and controversial writing, some spirit akin to that which dictated *The Tale of a Tub* and *the Plymley Letters*, may come to rescue our betrayed common Protestantism and insulted common sense.

How will Free Trade in Corn affect the Farmer? An Examination of the Effects of Corn Laws upon British Agriculture. By Richard Griffiths Welford, Esq., Member of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, &c. &c. London: Ridgway.

The author of this inquiry, though a barrister, is a practical agriculturist, and something more; a man who understands comprehensively the interests of agriculture, whether independently or in relation to commerce. If he bring any original bias, prejudice, or sympathy to the discussion of the question which now more or less occupies the British, and the whole corn-growing, and cloth-wearing world, his leaning must be towards the agriculturists, both from training, taste, and occupation. Yet his conclusions are for Free Trade in Corn, and in all sorts of agricultural produce, as the true interest of the Farmer. The book, as a whole, is an intelligent and luminous History of the Corn Trade in all its bearings. It is stuffed full of facts and figures. An analysis of the concluding part of it would form one of the most valuable tracts that could at present be circulated among farmers, were it merely for the hints and illustrations connected with practical husbandry, and although it did not also open their eyes to their real interests, and soothe their Abolition panic.

Methodus Medendi; or, The Description and Treatment of the Principal Diseases incident to the Human Frame. By Henry M'Cormac, M.D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Royal Belfast Institution, &c. &c. 8vo. Longman & Co.

We have met with no recent Systematic Treatise on the Practice of Medicine of which we can speak with more unreserved commendation than this. It is the work of a well-informed physician, and a man of sound judgment and acute discrimination. It abounds in new and interesting matter, obtained from the best Continental, as well as English writers on medical science. It is clear, precise, well-arranged; and, in a word, a compact and highly-condensed body of the information useful alike to the student of medicine and to the young practising physician. We have never met with a medical institute more free from dogmatism in character and wordiness in style. Very great labour must have been bestowed upon the work, and not without correspondingly raising its value. It teems with the accumulated experiences and observations of the greater lights of the profession; and thus forms a condensed body of the Practice of the most eminent physicians for the last hundred and fifty years. The author records his own experiences in a practice which appears to have been pretty extensive in different localities. He is thoroughly candid; and has, of course, like all his brethren who are so, as frequently to notice failures as to boast of the success of his treatment.

Explanations of some Passages in the Epistles of St Paul; chiefly by means of an amended Punctuation. By the Rev. Robert Morehead, D.D. Edinburgh: Macredie.

This is a posthumous publication, the author having died while it was passing through the press. It had, however, been committed to able and affectionate care. The editor is understood to be the Rev. Mr. Wright, late of Borthwick; between whom and Dr. Morehead the most cordial mutual esteem and regard subsisted, although they were clergyman of different denominations. This, as some of our readers may remember, was manifested with peculiar warmth, when Mr. Wright was embroiled with the present dominant party in the Kirk, and suffering the pains and penalties of certain impalpable or purely constructive heresies, alleged to be found in his works. Dr. Morehead did not long survive the event which so strongly called forth his feelings of personal regard and Christian benevolence, and also somewhat of an indignation which cannot be called unrighteous. It now falls to his friend to speak of him; which is done in the preface to the Treatise in terms of veneration and affection, in which those who had the best opportunities of appreciating Dr. Morehead in the pulpit, and in private life, will the most cordially coincide. The preface will, on this account, form, to the great majority of readers, the most interesting part of this little volume of Biblical criticism. Perhaps we are not entitled to give to mere emendations in punctuation, where no doctrine is interfered with, and no alteration of the text attempted, so formal a title as Biblical criticism. Leaving this, however, to theologians and critical readers, we pass from the book to Mr. Wright's estimate of its author.

The interest attached to the work cannot but be enhanced by the consideration, that its accomplished and amiable author has been called from life while the work was in progress of publication,—and that it thus comes forth,—almost coeval with his funeral rites,—as the last effort of one whose whole life was devoted to the exposition of Christian doctrine in its purest and most captivating form,—and whose own character was an attractive display of all the graces that peculiarly belong to the Christian faith.—Perhaps few persons, in any sphere, have left behind them a character more beautifully marked by everything that was amiable, liberal, and purely Christian.

In this city,—where the excellence of the author's character, and the extent of his acquirements were universally admitted and honoured, he was regarded with

a love and respect, which were not surpassed by the homage paid to any of his contemporaries. For a long series of years he officiated in this metropolis, as the colleague of the Rev. Mr. Alison, the celebrated author of the Essay on Taste, and, beyond all competition, the most accomplished preacher of his time. It was no easy task to be the colleague of so distinguished a preacher; —and few persons could have been found, who, in that capacity, could have sustained a high name, when obliged regularly to officiate in the same pulpit with such a master of high sentiment and of exquisite expression. But Dr. Morehead, with the humility and candour which never failed him, always considered himself as much the pupil as the colleague of his distinguished friend;—and taking him as his model, he produced, through the whole of his incumbency, a series of discourses, which were heard with the highest satisfaction by all who listened to them,—and which, in the public opinion, placed him next to his admired colleague in all the highest and most delightful qualities of an accomplished pulpit orator. Perhaps it is but fair to add, that in the variety of his discourses, and in some qualities of high value in pulpit ministrations, he even surpassed his model.

Legends, Lyrics, and other Poems. By B. Simmons. Blackwood & Sons.

This handsome volume is chiefly made up of poems which have appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* within the last two or three years. They have been warmly admired; and from the mode of their appearance are necessarily familiar to the public. As mere occasional poetical pieces, they are always graceful, polished, and well-tuned. And some of them are true *Poems*. Had the *Lines to Napoleon asleep in his Study*, the *Lines to Shelly*, *The Disinterment*, *The Vigil*, and several more we could name, not recently appeared in a periodical work, we should have felt pleasure in confirming our opinion by citing some of them, though they are not likely to be the most popular pieces of the collection.

Scenes and Adventures in Affghanistan. By William Taylor, late Troop Serjeant-major of the Fourth Light Dragoons. London: Boone.

This narrative has been anticipated by others that have given full details of the disastrous campaign of Affghanistan. The author tells principally his personal adventures, and what fell within the scope of his own observation, in a clear and brief style; and relates many anecdotes of the attendant horrors of war, which may furnish apt illustrations for the Tracts of the Peace Society which is shortly to meet in London. Something of the same sort, and still more horrible, the committee of that society may find in the Memoirs of Francis Horner, in a Letter from the late Sir Charles Bell, surgeon, who professionally visited the Field of Waterloo immediately after the Battle.

The narrative of Mr. Taylor must give the reader a high opinion of the intrepidity, bravery, and high spirit of the Affghans; and had it appeared earlier, it would have been highly prized.

Lives of the Princes of Wales, Heirs to the British Throne. By Robert Folkestone Williams, Esq., Author of "Shakspeare and his Friends." Volume I. with plates. Colburn.

This, we presume, is to be another semi-historical work, somewhat after the fashion of Miss Strickland's "*Queens of England.*" The author does not restrict himself to those Princes of Wales who have died without coming to the throne. He takes all in; and, for aught that we see, may make a work as voluminous as Hume's History of England and its Kings. It is more to the point that his reading, and the familiar style of his narrative, give a livelier interest to the memoirs than can be communicated to purely historical writings; which must treat of great events, and that by wholesale. This volume comprehends three lives; that of the first Prince of Wales, Edward of Caernarvon; his son, here styled Edward of Windsor; and Edward of Woodstock, the Black Prince, son of Edward the Third and Queen Philippa. By diligently ransacking the old Chronicelers, English and French, antiquarian works, and county histories, the compiler has contrived to collect a considerable mass of materials, which he has thrown into a very readable form.

The Friend of Youth; or a Series of Papers addressed to the Young, on the Duties of Life. By William Mackenzie. Oliver & Boyd.

This volume consists of a number of brief and well-written essays on a diversity of subjects; but all bearing upon the Duties of Life, and the formation of sound principles of conduct. The author is a teacher of youth; and he states that the materials of his work "are the result of his own observation and experience." He has, however, also been guided by the ripened judgments of the most enlightened and practical of our great moralists. He is seldom or never opposed to received sober opinions, and is never either visionary or paradoxical. At the same time, his moral standard is high, and his charity enlarged. The Essays, taken as a whole, must prove a beneficial study to the young; their author is often a highly instructive, and always a safe guide.

The Churchman's Companion; a Help to Scripture Knowledge for the Family Circle. London: Hastings.

This is a neat small volume, giving a brief general History of the Old and the New Testaments, and an explanation of their leading subjects; with a few excellent selections from eminent divines, for family reading, and some miscellaneous information useful to Episcopalians. The rest of the work is available to Christians of every denomination, whether in the Family or the Closet.

The Downfall of Popery and Civil Despotism; or the tremendous and final conflict with the Anti-Christian powers which shortly awaits the Church of Christ. By a Student of Prophecy. London: T. Ward & Co.

We need scarcely say that this is a broadside against Popery and Puseyism.

NEW NOVELS.

The Scottish Heiress: a Novel. In three volumes. London: T. C. Newby; and T. & W. Boone.

A romance of genuine Scottish manufacture is become so rare of late years, that anything of the sort must command some degree of attention. The Scottish Heiress will repay whatever attention it may receive. It displays considerable knowledge of external life, and even some power of looking into the human heart. It gives a just and lively picture of a certain kind of manners; has a fair share of romantic and sentimental incident and interest, and is withal amusing;—keeps the reader awake. What more would we have? The hero, the embryo lawyer Kenneth Clyne, is a manly-spirited young fellow, who gains the heart of the Heiress while battling for her legal rights of birth and heritage; rather by personal bravery, however, than professional ability. He has a capital henchman in a certain Ben Blinker, who plays Strap to his Random, and an equally

admirable patron in Mr. Andrew Meiklejohn, a W.S.; and as honest a man as the profession will allow. There are many other characters, gentle and simple, that, if not "first-raters," yet play their parts well, or fill the scene respectably. We have been dipping for a sample. A Scottish summer landscape—the description of a feudal domain—a scene in the Westport, the region of Burke and Hare—an Edinburgh rout—or an exciting scene; which to choose? for we might find each and all of these good of their kind: but as the Box-like Dutch painting of still-life—or something like it, is, we are informed, more attractive to public taste at present than anything else, save the romance of Burglary and Murder, we copy out Kenneth's first London lodging, when he seeks the metropolis to better his fortunes:—

It was grey twilight when he arrived at the abode of Mrs. Tympany—his luggage was placed in the dark, narrow lobby, and the landlady inquired which of the rooms he chose to occupy. For a moment Kenneth debated with himself. The little room with the camp-bed was as narrow as a prisoner's cell. It was a place to foster gloom and despondency. You had only to enter it to see it was suited for none but those who were decayed in circumstances, and unhappy in their lot. The furniture was old—had once been good, but now was shabby. There is a kind of sympathy between a ruined man and old decayed furniture, but it is a sympathy which gives no solace—it is a melancholy and oppressive one. The room was almost dark, too; and the dim colour of every object made it yet more cheerless and forbidding. But it was cheaper than the other apartments, and Kenneth was forced to fix upon it. His trunks were carried in, a sickly burning farthing candle placed upon the table, to give light for some nook to place them in, and this done, the blinds were pulled down, the outside shutters barred, and the landlady reëntering seated herself without ceremony and began to enter into the details of his housekeeping. "I suppose," said she, "you would not like to clean your boots yourself?" "*Not if* I could avoid it," said Kenneth, feeling painfully the change in his circumstances by such a question being asked. "That will be an extra charge of a shilling a-week," said the little landlady pensively. "Well," said Kenneth, "I am afraid I cannot help it. "Then, Sir, there's candles: you cannot sit in the dark, and I require the rushlight." "Get what I require," said her lodger, handing her a sovereign, and putting an end to the conference. "I wish," said Kenneth, as soon as she was gone, throwing himself into a seat, and bending over the table with his hands pressed to his forehead, "I wish that I could not think!"

The following day it rained in torrents—the whole atmosphere was overcast, and one continued shower continued pouring—not an honest hearty patter, with now and then a blink of sunshine—but silent, rapid falling clouds of rain, streaming over the soaked street, filling the gutters to overflowing, and creating innumerable whirlpools, currents, and eddies of dirty black water, sweeping along orange peel, egg shells, and chips of wood; some half buried in the torrent, and others dancing and whirling upon it. A drudge of a girl, carrying a pewter pot, with an apron thrown over her head, passed hurriedly across the street—a cat's meat-woman, wrapped like a coach-guard, but evidently soaked through, moved melancholily along, with her half-drowned dog and creaking cart—and a sallow hook-nosed Jew, calling old clothes, his own suit of rusty black shinning with wet, and his saturated hat-brim drooping over his eyes—while a barefoot man, holding his hat in his hand, with the rain pouring on his head, was singing a miserable ditty in the middle of the street.

Such were the objects which presented themselves to Kenneth, as he pulled up the green, rattling, lathwood blind, and looked out from the window of his room. They were little calculated to elevate his spirits—he could not even help drawing an ominous presentiment from the poor wretch that sang unheeded under the pitiless rain. He turned from the sight, and cast his eyes over the room. The increase of light did not improve its appearance; on the contrary, it revealed various blemishes which had previously escaped his observation. The mirror over the mantelpiece was zig-zagged with cracks, the colours of the threadbare carpet were perfectly obliterated; the chairs, in addition to being rickety, were not two alike; the crystal and china, displayed in a narrow corner, had generally only the parts entire which were exposed to view, and indeed the most respectable looking objects in the room, were his own two travel-rubbed trunks.

The breakfast things, which the provident Mrs. Tympany now brought into the room, were of a similar character. The spout of the teapot had met with an accident, which caused it to sputter out the tea in two streams, a flowing and a dripping one; the tea-cup was of old china, and the saucer of the most ordinary stoneware, the cream-pot was perfect in itself, but bore no sort of resemblance, either in size or pattern, to anything else on the table; and a modest-looking white soup basin performed the office of a sugar-bowl. These were flanked on one side by a large loaf, an unshapely lump of butter, and a pickle-bottle full of tea, (Mrs. Tympany's purchases for her new lodger;) and on the other, by a breakfast-plate with a piece knocked off, and a green-hafted knife lying on it; a crystal saltcellar, which, notwithstanding its extreme thickness, had not escaped a rent; the plated salt-spoon looking blue and poisonous with copperas rust; and a couple of little, dingy eggs, in the bottom of what was intended to form afterwards the slop-basin.

But it was no place for finding fault, or even for making invidious observations; so, having finished breakfast, Kenneth began to think more seriously of his situation, not in a contemplative manner, but with the view to present exertion. "Something must be done," thought he, "it is now no time to indulge mournful dreams of the past; I have hardly twenty pounds in my purse, and every hour is eating even into that; I am here among strangers, friendless and unknown: in one word, I must do something or starve."

His circumstance rendered this in no need of demonstration; but the question was—"what is to be done!"—and this by no means admitted of so easy a solution.

Sir Michael Paulet; a Novel. By Miss Ellen Pickering, Author of "Nan Darrell," &c., &c., &c. 3 volumes. London: Newby; and T. & W. Boone.

In Sir Michael Paulet we have a fair specimen of the best staple of the modern Circulating Library, and an advance, by countless degrees, upon the Minerva Press achievements of our grandmothers. Yet Sir Michael Paulet is of their legitimate offspring, though a combination of the domestic novel and the wildest romance. Nella, the undersized heroine, is, for example, a creature whom Miss Burney or Miss Austin might have acknowledged as among their best literary creations; yet Nella is here made to perform the part of the heroine of a melodrama. The necessities of a writer of Circulating Library romances, in three volumes, require such sacrifices. We should hope that, in a novel which displays so much real talent, as well as facility, the sacrifices are made so as to ensure the proposed end—temporary popularity. Although the fickle public of this "transition period" is, above measure, capricious and difficult, Sir Michael Paulet must please.

The Man o' War's Man. By Bill Truck, Senior Boatswain of the Royal College of Greenwich. 1 volume. Blackwood & Sons.

This neat reprint is not "a new novel." It is the gathering together of a series of papers which appeared, above twenty years since, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and were warmly admired for their animation, and their fidelity to salt-water life. The truth of these sketches proved

their ruin; for before they had gone very far, the work began to give mortal offence—not to seamen, but to their officers; and all because the pourtrayer of nautical characters and manners "noted," as he tells, "the usual parlance of the commanders with as truthful and unprejudiced a hand as that of those they commanded,"—made, in short, but trivial distinction between the language "of Jack and the Gentleman."——Remonstrances and complaints came in thick and fast—the author laughed and persisted; and the publisher, "with his usual prudence," ran The Man o' War's Man, or his craft, on shore.—— Tales of the Sea—the Nautical Novel, which has since enjoyed such a long run of popularity, was then unknown. The author of The Man o' War's Man claims the honour of having led the way in this popular line, and it belongs to him. Even Cooper had not then launched The Water-Witch, and Marryat was probably still a Middy. But, independently of the honour of originality, his adventures possess truth, life, and a strong, rough interest. The Mutiny at the Nore, that appalling event in naval, and we may say national annals, was then untouched by the fictionist, and he made it his own. This revival of an affair, which had "frightened the isle from its propriety," was of itself enough, if well-managed, to make the fortune of the Tale.

SERIAL WORKS.

Jessie Phillips; a Tale of the New Poor Laws. Part IV.—This tale answers well its secondary purpose, as a clever and entertaining novel. We have not yet come to "the tug of war" with the new Poor Law—the Bastardy clause—of which, we presume, poor Jessie is about to be the victim.

The Steam-Packet; a Tale of the River and the Ocean. Part I.—This is another branch of the fruitful family of Pickwick. The author is G. W. Reynolds, the well-known writer of numerous fictions which, we believe, are popular with a large class of readers. After a learned preliminary chapter on steam agency, the reader is introduced to Mr. Pifpaf, an eminent pork-butcher, and his amiable and interesting family, consisting of a very delicate lady, and three super-refined daughters. Mr. Pifpaf presides, and for many years has presided, over the *Luminaries*, a convivial club, meeting every Monday evening at the *Musical Bee*, a public-house situated somewhere in the district of Eastcheap.——The club was philosophic; it *discussed* hot kidneys, Welsh rabbits, devils, and broiled bones; and sought Truth at the bottom of the porter-pot and the punch-bowl. From the days of Addison, a club has formed a happy medium of eliciting humours and character; and here, to heighten the zest, we have not only the members of the club, but their fair appendages, their womankind.

The Miller of Deanhaugh. By the Author of The Gaberlunzie's Wallet. Part I. Edinburgh: Menzies.—This is the commencement of a racy Scottish Tale; or as probably of a series of sketches, of which the scene is laid in a village, towards which Edina has thrown her "white arms," until they almost embrace the picturesque "Sleepy Hollow" in which it lies. The foreground of the piece is well sketched; the principal figures, the Miller and the Smith, boldly outlined. But four-and-twenty pages, however well they may promise, scarcely enable us to pronounce judgment. We should hope that, while maintaining the same character of nationality, the Jolly Miller will confine himself more strictly to the "Annals of the Poor"—and be less Jacobitical than the Gaberlunzie, and as poetical.

Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland. Part XXIII.

Cumming's Fox's Book of Martyrs. Part XXII., with Portrait of Melancthon.

Thornton's History of British India. Vol. 5, Part 1st.

Popular Flowers.—The *Fuchsia*.

Brewster's Chartist and Military Discourses. Part IX.

PAMPHLETS.

An Account of the only known Manuscript of Shakpeare's Plays. By James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. London. John Russell Smith.—The relic referred to, is a manuscript of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, of which Mr Halliwell is the fortunate purchaser. It is not written by Shakspeare, however. It shows some considerable variations from the common editions of the Comedy; but is, after all, rather a curiosity for the antiquary, than a thing to interest the admirers of Shakspeare's dramas. The manuscript is believed to have been written for some private Play-house in the time of the Commonwealth.

Anti-Duel: A Plan for the Abrogation of Duelling. By John Dunlop, Esq., Founder of the Temperance Movement in Great Britain.—After a history of the practice of Duelling, and an exposure of the absurdity and unnaturalness of the custom, the common-place arguments employed in its defence are discussed, and the remedy proposed. Duelling is proposed to be prevented by what the author terms Negative Association among the duelling rank of society, or an Anti-duel pledge. Duelling is happily falling into desuetude through the refinement of manners, and the force of ridicule and contempt.

On the Educational Clauses in the Bill now before the House of Commons, for Regulating the Employment of Children and Young Persons in Factories; By W. J. Fox.—Of this Pamphlet it is enough to say, that Mr Fox, a Unitarian minister, is as decided in opposing Sir James Graham's Bill as any of the ministers of the other denominations of Dissenters, though his opposition is not always grounded on the same reasons. It is not while the clergy of the Church of England are displaying every day more strongly their Puseyite vagaries, and thirst of domination, and their Bishops rather encouraging than checking them in their new-fangled notions and arrogant pretensions, that the great body of the laity, and all the Dissenters, are to be won to a scheme of education which shall place any degree whatever of discretionary power in their hands.

A Day's Excursion and Discussion, dedicated to the Reformers of Fife, and Members of Complete Suffrage Unions. Cupar: Tullis.—In the form of a dialogue, in which the interlocutors—a Citizen of Glasgow, and a Complete suffragist of "the *Howe* of Fife"—talk "from morn till dewy eve," we find a good deal of clever familiar discussion on political parties and topics, and so tough an argument for Universal Suffrage, that at the close of the day the Glasgow citizen is a convert. The question of the Suffrage is well put, well sifted, and triumphantly established, as a great and necessary step in social progression; as a necessary preliminary to all other reforms, and even to the abolition of the Corn-Laws; as it is assumed that the landed influence in Parliament

can never be subdued without a great extension of the franchise.

SIX LECTURES ON THE CORN-LAW MONOPOLY AND FREE-TRADE, delivered at the London Mechanic's Institution. By Philip Harwood.—There are many strong and telling points in these lectures. They are, of course, in form more rhetorical than argumentative; yet is there no lack of argument.

ADDRESS TO AGRICULTURISTS AND OTHERS, IN ONE OF THE RURAL DISTRICTS, ON THE NATURE AND EFFECTS OF THE PRESENT CORN LAWS. By Dr Henry Edwards.

A LETTER TO A PHILOSOPHER IN REPLY TO SOME RECENT ATTEMPTS TO VINDICATE BERKELEY'S THEORY OF VISION.—Mr. Bailey's Review of Berkeley's Theory was attacked in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in the *Westminster Review*. This is his answer to the critics. It does not preclude "more last words," though probably no rejoinder will proceed from the former quarters.

M'NAUGHTEN—A LETTER TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR UPON INSANITY. By J. Q. Rumball, Esq.—The author of this pamphlet is a medical man, and a decided phrenologist; quite a conjuror in telling the characters of madmen of all sorts from the shape of their skulls. His Essay was written in substance twenty years since, and probably printed; but M'Naughten's case offered a good opportunity for a second and improved Edition, in a Letter to the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Rumball does not push tenderness for malignant monomaniacs quite so far as some of the phrenologists; yet he is no friend to the gallows. He would have no murderer get off from punishment under the plea of insanity, unless it is ascertained that his bump of Destructiveness was in a diseased state—was actively or acutely diseased when the crime was committed. If we understand him right, he would, if he had been on the juries, no more have acquitted Oxford and M'Naughten, than he would have acquitted Bellingham; though he would have sent all three to prison, not to the place of execution. Finally he confidently asserts that no one save a phrenologer can understand Insanity; whence it follows that, in all cases of insane criminals, phrenologers alone are qualified to be either judges or jurymen.

POSTSCRIPT POLITICAL.—THE REPEAL OF THE CORN LAWS.

As the hour of Trial approaches, public interest becomes more intense, if that be possible, as to the issue of the great Question,—would that we might term it the great Measure!—of the present session of Parliament—the total abolition of the Corn and Provision restrictions. Compared with this, Education Bills, Colonisation Schemes, Questions of Privilege, and every other subject, however important in itself, must give way as secondary in importance and urgency to the consideration, of how the people are to be fed and clothed, and how,—in order to being fed, and clothed, and permanently secured in the comforts needful to the well-being of rational creatures,—employment is to be found for them. That they should by their labour be freely permitted to sustain themselves, is surely no unreasonable demand upon a government or a legislature that assumes the right of making laws to regulate and limit the supply of their food, without undertaking to supply their wants. Since Parliament met, nothing has arisen to lessen the all-absorbing interest of this vital question, nor to divert public attention from it. That this measure should be carried, is the first, if not the *one* urgent and paramount necessity of the time. The Anti-corn Law League has fulfilled the duty to which it was solemnly pledged, by keeping the question constantly before the public, and by employing every means to disseminate knowledge; and these means have not been used in vain. But the League has had potent auxiliaries. A revenue exhibiting, if not a further actual decrease, yet no decided symptom of improvement, no token that the extreme sufferings of the people are lessening,—a fluctuating or steadily-falling corn and provision market, in the face of every iniquitous means employed to bolster it up,—no signs of reviving trade, save such as are partial and fitful:—these are all potent auxiliaries of the League; nor would it be matter of surprise if, in the natural course of retributive justice, the protected class—the farmers—when ruin has fully opened their eyes, should become active instruments in sweeping away those enactments which merely decree, that in the common destruction they shall have the privilege of being the last to be devoured. And this is the very utmost that protective laws can do for them. Nor have these laws always done even thus much; as is proved by the periodical, and often well-founded outcry, of "agricultural distress" heard in Parliament. It will not take us by surprise, before two more good seasons have gone by—if the Corn Laws shall exist so long—to find the farmers themselves suggesting Free Trade, in agricultural and all other produce, as the natural and permanent remedy for all that they have suffered, since first made, at the cost of their neighbours, the special objects of protective laws. They have already made the discovery of what the real object of these laws is; and that the keeping up of their landlords' rents is not the best way of securing their own prosperity. The progress of that enlightenment among the farmers, which sooner or later must be forced upon their landlords, is the most hopeful feature of the repeal agitation within the last six months. No other class of the community needed to have their eyes opened. There might be other men swayed by their party feelings or interests, but the country at large was, in its sober judgment, almost unanimous for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and for Free Trade; and this from the Prime Minister (in his secret heart,) to the lowest official who could put two ideas together. There was, and there is, no want of conviction, more united and more decided than has ever perhaps been held by the nation upon any other measure by which it has been powerfully agitated. We will not except the great moral question of Slavery. And this too is a *moral* question, and a momentous one. No one longer thinks of addressing any other class with a view to conviction save the hesitating few among the farmers and the obstinate many among the landowners. But with this union and force of opinion as to the policy and justice of the measure, and the overwhelming necessity for its immediate adoption, which is admitted in the admission of national distress, where lies the obstruction? The saving the credit of the statesmanship of

Sir Robert Peel, who last year invented a Sliding Scale, which, though now confessed to be completely inefficient, ought, notwithstanding, to be allowed a little time to die with decency—a couple of years or so instead of one year:—Is this an argument to use to starving workmen, and manufacturers threatened with ruin? But there is another and greater obstruction; and the people perceive it with bitter indignation, and brood upon the uses of their nominal body of representatives, and meditate future measures, and farther-reaching dark designs, which should find no place in the thoughts of a well-governed, which must necessarily be a fully employed, and a comfortably subsisted community. Every day longer that the hateful and grinding monopolies under which they groan, are retained, must and ought to add to the number of the discontented,—the fiercely discontented. The Address just issued by the leaders of the Complete Suffrage party—a party whose objects are good, openly avowed, and peaceful, presents a view of the condition of the people at the present time, which it would give us very sincere pleasure to be able to deny. We are compelled to confirm it; and to question if it goes far enough in painting the demoralization produced by the misery which has arisen among the people from bad legislation. Time it is for the Government to revolve plans of Educating the people, and more than time that it knew that the good training of the fire-side must be the preliminary as well as the accompaniment to the education of the School, if any considerable amelioration of character and social condition is to be hoped for among us. What are a knowledge of reading and writing and of the Church Catechism, to do for the degraded beings, born and living in those dens in the country as well as the towns, which Lord Ashley's speeches, and numerous official reports have of late laid open to our legislators and representatives? To these they will listen, these must make some faint impression, whatever has been the fate of the hundred upon hundreds of similar warnings that have been poured upon the deaf ears which the shouts of the rioters of last autumn first taught to listen. And while they listen, will they soberly ask themselves, laying it upon their consciences, what has caused this frightful extent of ignorance, suffering, and moral degradation among the people of England? among those who ought to be one of the most intelligent and happy groups of [the whole human family.

Until the annual motion of Mr. Villiers is debated, we shall not know the exact progress which the question of Free Trade in Food has made in Parliament. In spite of all impediments, active and inert, we should imagine that it will be found considerable. The minds of the people, the necessities of the people—strongly and universally expressed in ways that cannot be mistaken—must react even upon Peel's Corn-law-begotten Parliament. The necessary preliminary measures have been well taken, irksome as it must be to repeat the same tedious task. Mr. Ward did well once more to run Sir Robert Peel up to the wall, and thus once more demonstrate, though negatively, to the country the rottenness of that out-worn argument of the peculiar burdens affecting land, which will no longer bear handling; while, at the same time, he exhibited to the landed interest the helpless, the pitiable plight of their gagged champion, who had not one word to say for them. These exposures do immense good. The time of Parliament could only be employed better in one way—in abolishing the evils laid bare. Petitions against the Corn Laws will, no doubt, pour into the House from all quarters, and in abundance; and though we do not wonder that the people should sicken at what seems their useless and tedious repetition, petitions are desirable, both as the constitutional form in which the wishes and wants of the country are in the meanwhile to be expressed, and also as affording legislators a decent pretext for yielding. We, therefore, hope that Anti-corn Law Petitions will be multitudinous; so that no degree of legislative effrontery may give any man impunity in taxing the people with indifference on this vital matter. Not so well as Mr. Ward's movement was that of Mr. C. Buller with the revived Colonization Scheme; which, whatever may be its merits, and upon these we have frequently expressed a decided opinion,*—was surely inopportune and ill-advised, as tending to distract the attention both of the country and of Parliament from the one great measure to which every effort requires to be bent.

Mr. Buller is certainly far from denying the necessity of Free Trade, but he would not show it the courtesy which is demanded for Sir Robert Peel's Sliding Scale; he would not give a fair trial to the new plan of fetching home the food to the men, instead of shipping off the men with the chance, only, of either creating their own food or perishing in the attempt. The champions of this grand Colonization Scheme, broached several years since, and hung up and tried again as occasion offered,—champions whom it is no want of charity to describe as persons of strangely-mixed motives,—may hope, in the present exigency, to catch a little incidental Tory support or countenance, by creating a diversion in favour of the Tories. But those men in this small party who are single-minded, in their belief of the efficacy of colonization as a remedy for national distress, and at the same time the advocates of Free Trade, and especially of the repeal of the Corn Laws, must surely regret that Mr. Buller brought forward a measure which ought, at all events, to have been delayed to a more convenient season. We trust that the ill-consequences with which, at least, the time chosen for its discussion is fraught, are averted, and that the minds and efforts of all men who pretend to comprehend the interests of the country, will be bent in strength and union to the great duty before them,—to securing one admitted and great advantage, before vaguely aiming at any other.

* See *Tait's Magazine* for January 1842, "Tory Remedies for National Distress," which is worth the perusal of the admirers of wholesale systematic colonization.

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THOMAS CARLYLE'S PAST AND PRESENT.*

WHAT are we to make of THOMAS CARLYLE?—how often have we been asked this question! and yet we wish we had been asked it somewhat oftener; for there are many persons in the world—in the limbo of the literary world more perhaps than anywhere else—who never think of asking any questions at all, but carry all their judgments ready-made with them in their pockets, prepared, packeted, and labelled, according to the exact recipe of some traditionary pharmacopœia of classicality; these men have made of Thomas Carlyle what they make of everybody whose name does not appear upon the superscription of their stamped papers;—he is not classical, he is not orthodox, according to their neat articles: therefore he is naught. But we have had too many turnings and overturnings in the literary, as well as in the political world, since the year 1789, to be much concerned now about the ready-made judgments of these nice and correct gentlemen of the pharmacopœia. Let them even count their packets, and take their powders regularly. None but a most wanton and mischievous person would attempt to disturb the composure of their stomachs by a dose of Coleridge or Carlyle. Let them continue, in the midst of these stormy times, to sit apart in their neatly-varnished cabinets, dealing forth, for recreation, at intervals, stout, puffy blasts against such questionable men as he with whom we have here to do—"a fool—an affected puppy—a blown-up bundle of conceited verbosity—a genius sublimely unintelligible—a metaphysician—a GERMAN!"—'Tis both a shorter and an easier method at all times to live down than to write down merely negative criticism of this kind. We shall, therefore, for the sake of ourselves, and those of our readers who are not too wise to ask questions, try in what fashion we can answer this one;—*What are we to make of Thomas Carlyle?*

Thomas Carlyle, in the common use of the English language, is not a poet. Much less does he look like a philosopher—as philosophers, calm, cool, and reasoning, are wont to be; a critic, though he has criticised a great deal, you cannot call him in the common sense at all; to science he has no pretence, one of the most unscientific men of decided grasp perhaps that breathes; political economy and statistics he hates; law he declares to be a mere SHAM; at legislation certainly he aims, and that on a great scale; but legislation, he says expressly, is not his business, and he has no business to intermeddle with it. What, then, shall we make of him? He is a preacher, a preacher out of the pulpit,—a prophet perhaps; for in these respectable days, when no man can preach or prophesy in the regular pulpits who cannot squeeze his thoughts into the orthodox dialect of the Thirty-nine Articles, or The Confession of Faith,—a thinker of power and originality, a soul burdened with a moral message to its fellow-souls—a heart from the fiery centre of Nature shot direct, as some one phrases it, literally "raging with humanity." Such an one, though meant by nature for occupying a pulpit, finding the entrance into the churches as they now are, guarded by grim comminatory clauses, and barricaded by thorny formulas, which he cannot swallow, necessarily becomes a wandering prophet, a preacher of the wilderness, whose house is where he can find shelter, and whose dinner must often be brought to him by ravens: what, since the invention of printing, we call a prophet no longer, but only a writer of books, a literary man of a very strange and eccentric character. Such a preacher, such a prophet is Thomas Carlyle; and if you do not take up "Past and Present" in this serious acceptation, you had better throw it down. The book is not written for you. People do not go to church merely or mainly to be amused. "ERNST IST DAS LEBEN." Life is a very serious thing: and we live, unquestionably, in very serious times. Mr. Carlyle (who has more of Schiller than of Goethe in him, though he is always talking of the latter) has written this motto, from the earnest German poet, upon the portico of his temple. Enter seriously with the real intent to worship, and assuredly you will find something worthy to be worshipped; for here also, amid many outlandish and fantastic imps, "here also there are GODS."

But what kind of Gods?—what sort of a sermon?—and what is the text?—The Gods, we are afraid, are strange Gods, very German-looking Gods, not English at all. The sermon is a very strange sermon, couched in a very strange dialect, half ancient Hebrew, and half modern Teutonic, rushing strangely into all places which vulgar sermons are strangely careful to eschew; orthodox only in one point, that it deals somewhat largely in a certain sweeping facility of denunciation: and the text is twofold; one from a book that we ought all to know something about—a very good text, but one very difficult to preach on to any practical purpose in this country—"THE LOVE OF MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL;" and the other, also a very good text, from the proverbial philosophy of some pious old monk—"LABORARE EST ORARE"—

* Past and Present. By Thomas Carlyle. Post 8vo. London: Chapman & Hall.

"*Working is the best praying.*"—Labour, free labour, and the just wages of labour; labour, not for the material love of cold metals basely bright, but for the love of God, and of your fellow-men, for the love of mere labour, if you can find nothing better; this is the sum and substance of Thomas Carlyle's new book, and the drift of his new sermon: and if you will only not be too hasty to take offence at grotesque peculiarities,—if you will bear in mind charitably, that the most comely cavaliers in the days of romance used constantly to be escorted by the most ugly and misshapen dwarfs,—then, after reading to the end, you are like to confess with us, that, though somewhat too long, and too much crammed with eager iterations, it is, nevertheless, on the whole, a very good book, a very sound and (not to speak it profanely) Evangelical discourse.

But Mr. Carlyle is more than a preacher. He is a prophet also. A prophet is not essentially different from a preacher; he is only different in degree. Prophesying is preaching in its highest power. Preaching is a common thing—too common, and too cheap by far now-a-days—a thing to be heard decently on Sunday, (by all respectable persons at least,) that it may be decently forgotten on Monday; but prophecy is only for great occasions, for stirring eras, when self-renovating Time is pregnant with some new birth; such as the era of the preaching of Christianity, the era of the Reformation, the era of the French Revolution, of which last era, this present year, 1843, in Great Britain, is a part. We may be mistaken: every man may be mistaken; but we think we can mark with the finger distinctly three men who, in their whole aspect and character, deserve to be esteemed the mighty literary (as opposed to scientific or legislative) prophets of the great revolutionary change which is even now working itself out in this troubled isle. The men we mean are, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Thomas Carlyle. Don't think it strange that these so different intellects in some respects, are here named together. It is the cast and character of the men, the tone of their mind, their position in relation to the age, of which we speak. No matter that Coleridge was outwardly connected with that political party whose office it is to maintain the present by explaining the past, rather than to interpret the future by creating the present: inwardly he did not belong to them: therefore, also, some of the less wise of them have already begun publicly to proclaim him a heretic. No matter either that of these three men whom we call preëminently prophets, the two who are gone had the function of verse, the one who remains has not; their vocation of preaching, of prophesying is the same. Do you not feel it? Is there not something serious and weighty, as if of a prophet-burden—something solemn, awful, and soul-compelling in the apparition, in the utterances of these men? Do you not see how they stand forth each of them, apart from the busy throng of British actualities, and in a dialect each of his own, testify solemnly against the various idol-worships of the age—the worship of Mammon and Materialism in all its portentous extent, of false glory, and of vain shows, of gilded coaches, and of sounding names, of titled idleness and mitred stupidity? This you must feel, this you must see in them, or you see and feel nothing at all in the matter. This you must see and feel specially in Thomas Carlyle; and yet, again, specially in this new book of his; than which a more solemn sermon in some respects, and terrible prophecy, has never been thundered into British ears.

There is one thing which, from the days of Cassandra downwards, has been characteristic of all prophetic utterances, that they are wont to be delivered in a language which, to the common ear, is not easy to be understood. This unintelligibility, in the case of true prophets, arises, in a great measure, not so much from any intellectual peculiarity on the part of the preacher, as from a moral incapacity on the part of the hearers. "Ears have they, but they hear not." They cannot understand, chiefly because they will not understand. At the same time, even prophets of the highest class are seldom altogether without blame in the matter of the proverbial obscurity with which they are wont to involve their oracles. Possibly, in some points of view, this obscurity cannot be altogether avoided; but it should always be guarded against. Unhappily of all modern prophets, there is none who lies open to the charge of having involved himself in needless obscurity, so manifestly as Thomas Carlyle. We must, therefore, speak more particularly of this matter, as much for the sake of the public, as for the sake of Mr. Carlyle himself perhaps. How does this obscurity of the prophetic diction arise in the general case, and why is Mr. Carlyle in particular more obscure than his brethren? Consider what language is. It is the general system of audible, and (by help of writing) visible symbols, whereby reasonable souls have agreed to express that general stock of ideas which one reasonable soul has in common with another; the common currency of thought, so to speak. But it is also another, and a no less important thing. It is that particular body of audible symbols which each particular soul moulds and shapes out for itself to express that particular system of ideas, so and so arranged, and so and so coloured, that belongs to it as an individual, and to no other; at least to none in exactly the same combination, and to exactly the same degree. Now, there are two kinds of style: the style of common men, and the style of uncommon men. Of these two kinds, you will plainly see that the former will necessarily be altogether composed of the common currency of thought; while the latter will always bear upon it a distinct image and superscription, to be deciphered perfectly only by spirits kindred to the coiner. And the more uncommon and original a man is, the more uncommon, original, and, to the common man, unintelligible will be his style. This is a universal rule applicable to all writers and speakers; but there is something more than this in the case of the prophet. He is a man who has not merely more of the individual to imprint upon his language than common men, but his whole habits of thought and manner of life tend to withdraw him (inconveniently we must

say) from that public, or mass of common men, to whom it is his vocation to preach. John the Baptist was not the only prophet who showed himself fond of solitude and the wilderness. They must all be educated in that school. They must talk much with themselves, with God, and with the devil too, sometimes. Is it, then, strange at all,—is it not rather quite natural, that, with a gigantic soul, struggling with strong throes continually to shape the world to its likeness despotically, and not slavishly receive a likeness from the world, and communing daily in solitary places with spirits rather than with men,—the prophet should unconsciously (the wicked world says affectedly) form to himself a style of utterance only half understood at times by those common mortals to whom it is addressed? 'Tis a pity this prophetic obscurity—a great pity; but let not money-making men, with glib eloquence discoursing largely of the great material Trimurti, Corn, Coin, and Currency,—let not prim "Dandiacal bodies," expert masters of small-talk, and of large oaths,—let not nice, critical gentlemen, with a fluent array of vituperatory and laudatory phrases, from the most recent or the most ancient dictionary of Aesthetics,—let not exact, scientific men, painfully grinding out, to name the most musical things in nature, the most dissonant jargon in art,—let not damnatory, sacerdotal men, systematically deafening their own ears, and other peoples' with an "inane tumult of unintelligent and unintelligible hearsays,"—let not the wholesale dealers in these kinds, or in any other kind of authorized slang, be too ready to be found declaiming against the unauthorized slang of Thomas Carlyle, the literary prophet. Let us be charitable,—let us be considerate. We all deal in slang, more or less. The only difference is, that the prophet deals in a new and strange slang known only to himself, and not yet become the property of any legitimate corporation of men. This charity the prophet has a right to expect from us. He is not the less bound, however, to get rid of his slang as quickly as he can. Is there not offence enough in the matter, without adding a new stumbling-block in the manner? Men who are capable only of small things will lay hold of the tags of your style, and incommode the free movement of your apostleship seriously. Do not be afraid to harm your mighty mission by being as little singular as possible in small things. A more original, a more powerful, a more racy style, than Mr. Carlyle's, the English language has not to show; but its faults—O what faults! Was not the English language made to be understood by English men? It may be true—it is true to a certain extent—that the preachers of German things, in England, at the present day, are forced to Germanize their English, just as the Greek of the New Testament was necessarily Hebraized by the first preachers of Christianity; but Mr. Carlyle does not give himself any reasonable pains to temper the harsh edge of this disagreeable necessity. He will not even condescend to explain; he merely alludes. He tumbles and tosses, plunges and plashes, spouts and plays capriciously, a huge, strange, leviathan of literature in his wild German ocean at large, and seems nothing concerned to think, that of those who behold the portentous phenomenon, for twenty that will wonder and gaze, only one will be edified; as if the mission of a great prophet were to open the outward eyes of men merely, and not rather their understandings and their hearts. The god who exults thus inconsiderately in the strangeness of his own Avatar, had need to see well to it, that the children of men may not mistake him here and there (innocently enough) for a posture-maker and a buffoon.

We hope no reasonable admirer of Mr. Carlyle will consider us as having spoken too largely, or too severely on this merely external matter of style. There are some men in whom a vicious style of writing is so ingrained, that you cannot hope to reform them by criticism any more than you can teach the gnarled oak not to delight in tortuosity. There are also in Mr. Carlyle's style some peculiarities which, though they may be more nearly allied to fault than excellence, no man that loves natural vigour more than a conventional classicality, would wish to see removed. But there are other peculiarities, again, which are mere adventitious tricks, which do not belong to Mr. Carlyle's nature essentially; as any one may satisfy himself, by comparing the earlier productions of this writer's pen with the later. These tricks and juggleries of German phrase, partly of metaphysical, partly of merely grammatical peculiarity, our direct clear-seeing, steady-marching, hard-hitting, English tongue will not away with. Besides, John Bull, as Mr. Carlyle has very clearly discerned, is a great respecter of use and wont in all things, and will have law and custom to reign supreme, to a certain extent, over language as well as over the Church. Let this author, therefore, who, though of German training, has evidently not walked the streets of London with his eyes shut, only condescend to untwist a few of these foolish Teutonic tassels that he so studiously appends to his English speech: let him take, then, some historical theme worthy of his strength—Oliver Cromwell, say, Martin Luther, or Napoleon: let him leave the story as much as possible to tell itself, and not swamp it, as he did the French Revolution, in monstrous self-repeating convolutions and contortions of German phrase and German philosophy;—*so*, we predict he is strong enough to plant himself proudly upon the very top-pinnacle of British authorship; otherwise, he is secure only of a conspicuous niche in that already too crowded gallery of the "Eccentricities of Genius."

In order to understand rightly Mr. Carlyle's sermon, of which we shall now proceed to give some extracts, the reader will first consider, and mark distinctly, the preacher's position, intellectual and moral, in reference to the present age. We live in an age of railroads, and steam-coaches, patent coffee-percolators, and block-pavements. Plato knew nothing of these things: Immanuel Kant, 2000 years after him, not much more. Between Arkwright, with his sounding host of spinning jennies, and Hesiod, with his caroling troop of Heathen gods and goddesses, what a leap! Such a leap there is between Thomas Carlyle's "Past and Present," and the last edition of Adam

Smith, or any other book of these days (of which there are so many) that deals mainly in material facts and figures. Mr. Carlyle is the most thorough, the most earnest, the most despotic of all modern spiritualists. He is a burning-hot, heavy-hammering, practical English Platonist; not one of your old serene metaphysical vapourers, placid mathematical visionaries there at Alexandria. Marching with a visible glory in his countenance, from the base of the double-peaked Parnassus in Germany, upon the one summit of which sits Goethe, and on the other Jean Paul Richter;—marching resolutely forth, with a burden in his breast, as from some modern sacred Sinai, he dashes wildly into the midst of our Utilitarian stir here in Britain, and startles the ears of the money-changers, and the pleasure-hunters, and the idlers and hypocrites in high places, with the ominous cry heard of old from the wilderness, "Repent, I say unto you. Repent! Repent, or ye shall all certainly perish!"——Is Thomas Carlyle's prophetic cry in season, or out of season at the present hour? We think it is altogether in season. Who can deny that we English are idol-worshippers of Mammon more than any people upon the earth? Is it not a broad, day-staring truth which our many faithful church-goings, and constant cries of "Church in danger!" do not disprove at all, but rather prove in many ways? Who can deny that pampered idleness lolls with us in high places, and honest labour starves? Who can believe that these things shall be upon God's earth, and no prophet be sent to testify against them? Thomas Carlyle is not the first who has lifted up his voice against these things; neither will he be the last. Let us therefore receive him honourably, as a God-sent prophet, and thank Heaven for him. Adam Smiths, and Ricardos, and M'Cullochs, we have enough in every shop: they are prophets, too, after their fashion; and whoso denounces them is not wise. But there is an older and a more venerable gospel than that of political economy, of which Mr. Carlyle is one of the most notable modern missionaries; and among other definitions of wealth in these mercantile times,—in this mechanical age,—in this money-making country,—there was need of a strong and an earnest voice to call out loudly in every street this one also—"THE WEALTH OF A MAN IS THE NUMBER OF THINGS WHICH HE LOVES AND BLESSES, WHICH HE IS LOVED AND BLESSED BY." There was need of a prophet to preach the old gospel of Christ, "THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS WITHIN YOU," somewhere out of the pulpit,—a gospel altogether contrary to that now preached in the pulpit by the Puseyites.

Mr. Carlyle has wisely, for the purpose of contrast, woven into the midst of his preaching, an old Monkish chronicle of the twelfth century, published by the Camden Society;* but his main business is not with the Past but with the Present; and to this, therefore, we shall confine ourselves in our extracts. The volume opens with the following dark picture of real British horrors in the nineteenth century:—

Why dwell on this aspect of the matter? It is too indisputable, not doubtful now to any one. Descend where you will into the lower class, in town or country, by what avenue you will, by Factory Inquiries, Agricultural Inquiries, by Revenue Returns, by Mining-Labourer Committees; by opening your own eyes and looking, the same sorrowful result discloses itself: you have to admit that the working body of this rich English Nation has sunk, or is fast sinking, into a state, to which, all sides of it considered, there was literally never any parallel. At Stockport Assizes,—and this, too, has no reference to the present state of trade, being of date prior to that,—a Mother and a Father are arraigned and found guilty of poisoning three of their children, to defraud a "burial-society" of some £3, 8s. due on the death of each child: they are arraigned, found guilty; and the official authorities, it is whispered, hint that perhaps the case is not solitary, that perhaps *you* had better not probe farther into that department of *things*. This is in the autumn of 1841; the crime itself is of the previous year or season. "Brutal savages, degraded Irish," mutters the idle reader of Newspapers; hardly lingering on this incident. Yet it is an incident worth lingering on; the depravity, savagery, and degraded Irishism being never so well admitted. In the British land, a human Mother and Father, of white skin, and professing the Christian religion, had done this thing; they, with their Irishism and necessity and savagery, had been driven to do it. Such instances are like the highest mountain apex emerged into view; under which lies a whole mountain region and land, not yet emerged. A human Mother and Father had said to themselves, What shall we do to escape starvation? We are deep sunk here, in our dark cellar; and help is far.—Yes, in the Ugolino Hunger-tower stern things happen; best-loved little Gaddo fallen dead on his Father's knees!—The Stockport Mother and Father think and hint: Our poor little starveling Tom, who cries all day for victuals, who will see only evil and not good in this world: if he were out of misery at once; he well dead, and the rest of us, perhaps, kept alive? It is thought and *hinted*; at last it is done. And now Tom being killed, and all spent and eaten, Is it poor little starveling Jack that must go, or poor little starveling Will?—What an inquiry of ways and means!

In starved sieged cities, in the uttermost doomed ruin of old Jerusalem fallen under the wrath of God, it was prophesied and said, "The hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children." The stern Hebrew imagination could conceive no blacker gulf of wretchedness; that was the ultimatum of degraded god-punished man. And we here, in modern England, exuberant with supply of all kinds, besieged by nothing if it be not by invisible Enchantments, are we reaching that?——How come these things? Wherefore are they, wherefore should they be?

Nor are they of the St. Ives workhouses, of the Glasgow lanes, and Stockport cellars, the only unblessed among us. This successful industry of England, with its plethoric wealth, has as yet made nobody rich; it is an enchanted wealth, and belongs yet to nobody. We might ask, Which of us has it enriched? We can spend thousands where we once spent hundreds; but can purchase nothing good with them. In Poor and Rich, instead of noble thrift and plenty, there is idle luxury alternating with mean scarcity and inability. We have sumptuous garnitures for our Life, but have forgotten to *live* in the middle of them. It is an enchanted wealth; no man of us can yet touch it. The class of men who feel that they are truly better off by means of it, let them give us their name!

Many men eat finer cookery; drink dearer liquors,—with what advantage they can report, and their Doctors can: but in the heart of them, if we go out of the dyspeptic stomach, what increase of blessedness is there? Are they better, beautifuller, stronger, braver? Are they even what they call "happier?" Do they look with satisfaction on more things and human faces in this

* *Chronica* JOCELINI DE BRAKELONDA, *de rebus gestis Samsonis Abbatis Monasterii Sancti Edmundi: nunc primum typis mandata, curante* JOHANNE GAGE ROKEWOOD. (Camden Society, London, 1840.)

God's Earth; do more things and human faces look with satisfaction on them? Not so. Human faces gloom discordantly, disloyally on one another. Things, if it be not mere cotton and iron things, are growing disobedient to man. The Master Worker is enchanted, for the present, like his Workhouse Workman; clamours, in vain hitherto, for a very simple sort of "Liberty:" the liberty "to buy where he finds it cheapest, to sell where he finds it dearest." With guineas jingling in every pocket, he was no whit richer; but now, the very guineas threatening to vanish, he feels that he is poor indeed. Poor Master Worker! And the Master Unworker, is not he in a still fataller situation? Pausing amid his game-preserves, with awful eye,—as he well may! Coercing fifty-pound tenants; coercing, bribing, cajoling; doing what he likes with his own. His mouth full of loud futilities, and arguments to prove the excellence of his Corn-law; and in his heart the blackest misgiving, a desperate half-consciousness that his excellent Corn-law is indefensible, that his loud arguments for it are of a kind to strike men too literally *dumb*.

To whom, then, is this wealth of England wealth? Who is it that it blesses; makes happier, wiser, beautifuller, in any way better? Who has got hold of it, to make it fetch and carry for him, like a true servant, not like a false mock-servant; to do him any real service whatsoever? As yet no one. We have more riches than any Nation ever had before; we have less good of them than any Nation ever had before. Our successful industry is hitherto unsuccessful; a strange success, if we stop here! In the midst of plethoric plenty, the people perish; with gold walls, and full barns, no man feels himself safe or satisfied. Workers, Master Workers, Unworkers, all men, come to a pause; stand fixed, and cannot farther. Fatal paralysis spreading inwards, from the extremities, in St. Ives workhouses, in Stockport cellars, through all limbs, as if towards the heart itself. Have we actually got enchanted, then; accursed by some god?—

Midas longed for gold, and insulted the Olympians. He got gold, so that whatsoever he touched became gold,—and he, with his long ears, was little the better for it. Midas had misjudged the celestial music-tones; Midas had insulted Apollo and the gods: the gods gave him his wish, and a pair of long ears, which also were a good appendage to it. What a truth in these old Fables!

Such is the evil: we have known it, we have felt it in manifold ways—rising Hydra-headed against all attempts to subdue it—only too sadly. But where, and what is the remedy? Here, we have no doubt, Mr. Carlyle will disappoint many an inquirer, as he did in his precursor of this book, the "Chartism;" but Mr. Carlyle is true to his vocation. The remedies which he proposes are not legislative or legal remedies at all: he points at such, indeed, but he does not project them. The remedies which he proposes are the remedies which a preacher and a prophet only can propose—the same remedies that are proposed in the New Testament, in the Sermon on the Mount. Begin, he says, with examining yourself: see that your heart be in the right place. Be sure that you actually do wish to do something for the love of your brother's soul, and not for the love of your own purse. So setting out, you will find plenty of things to do: otherwise, unprovided with the motives of an honest love, you can only prove yourself a busy bungler; and there are too many such already. This is a favourite text with Mr. Carlyle; and no doubt he is right. Look at the thousandfold futile fruitless "tongue-fence" that goes on every day there in Parliament, and you will certainly see that the want of honest will to do, is the main cause why so little is done.

How it is to be cured? Brothers, I am sorry I have got no Morrison's Pill for curing the maladies of society. It were infinitely handier if we had a Morrison's Pill Act of Parliament, or remedial measure, which men could swallow, one good time, and then go on in their old courses, cleared from all miseries and mischiefs! Unluckily we have none such; unluckily the Heavens themselves, in their rich pharmacopœia, contain none such. There will no "thing" be done that will cure you. There will a radical universal alteration of your regimen and way of life take place; there will a most agonising divorce between you and your chimeras, luxuries and falsities, take place; a most toilsome, all but "impossible" return to Nature, and her veracities, and her integrities, take place: that so the inner fountains of life may again begin, like eternal Light-fountains, to irradiate and purify your bloated, swollen, foul existence, drawing nigh, as at present, to nameless death! Either death or else all this will take place. Judge if, with such diagnosis, any Morrison's Pill is like to be discoverable!

But the Life-fountain within you once again set flowing, what innumerable "things," whole sets and classes and continents of "things," year after year, and decade after decade, and century after century, will then be doable and done! Not Emigration, Education, Corn-law Abrogation, Sanitary Regulation, Land Property-Tax; not these alone, nor a thousand times as much as these. Good Heavens, there will then be light in the inner heart of here and there a man, to discern what is just, what is commanded by the Most High God, what *must* be done, were it never so "impossible." Vain jargon in favour of the palpably unjust will then abridge itself within limits. Vain jargon, on hustings, in Parliaments, or wherever else, when here and there a man has vision for the essential God's-truth of the things jargoned of, will become very vain indeed. The silence of here and there such a man, how eloquent in answer to such jargon! Such jargon, frightened at its own gaunt echo, will unspeakably abate; nay, for a while, may almost in a manner disappear,—the wise answering it in silence, and even the simple taking cue from them to hoot it down wherever heard. It will be a blessed time; and many "things" will become doable,—and when the brains are out, an absurdity will die! Not easily again shall a Corn-law argue ten years for itself; and still talk and argue, when impartial persons have to say with a sigh that, for so long back, they have heard no "argument" advanced for it but such as might make the angels and almost the very jackasses weep!—

The vain expectation of good from details of legislation, without a true and a loving heart, being thus summarily cut off, Mr. Carlyle proceeds to protest in his strong speech against that evil which, while it subsists to its present extent, is the grand obstacle to all improvement, namely, the Love of Money, or, as he phrases it, the *Gospel of Mammonism*.

"The word *Hell*," says Sauerteig, "is still frequently in use among the English people: but I could not without difficulty ascertain what they meant by it. Hell generally signifies the Infinite Terror, the thing a man *is* infinitely afraid of, and shudders and shrinks from, struggling with his whole soul to escape from it. There is a Hell, therefore, if you will consider, which accompanies man, in all stages of his history, and religious or other development: but the Hells of men and peoples differ notably. With Christians it is the infinite terror of being found guilty before the Just Judge. With old Romans, I conjecture, it was the terror NOT of Pluto, for whom probably they cared little, BUT of *doing unworthily, doing unvirtuously*, which was their word for *unmanfully*. And now what is it, if you pierce through his Cants, his oft-repeated Hearsays, what he calls his Worships, and so forth,—what is it that the modern English soul does, in very truth, dread infinitely, and contemplate with entire despair? What *is* his Hell; after all these reputable, oft-repeated Hearsays, what is it? With hesitation, with astonishment, I pronounce it

to be: The terror of 'Not succeeding;' of not making money, fame, or some other figure in the world,—chiefly of not making money! Is not that a somewhat singular Hell?"

Yes, O Sauerteig, it is very singular. If we do not "succeed," where is the use of us? We had better never have been born. "Tremble intensely," as our friend the Emperor of China says: *there* is the black Bottomless of Terror; what Sauerteig calls the "Hell of the English!"—But indeed this Hell belongs naturally to the Gospel of Mammonism, which also has its corresponding Heaven. For there *is* one Reality among so many Phantasms; about one thing we are entirely in earnest: The making of money. Working Mammonism does divide the world with idle game-preserving Dilettantism:—thank Heaven that there is even a Mammonism, *a*nything we are in earnest about! Idleness is worst, idleness alone is without hope: work earnestly at anything, you will by degrees learn to work at almost all things. There is endless hope in work, were it even work at making money.

True, it must be owned, we for the present, with our Mammon-Gospel, have come to strange conclusions. We call it a Society; and go about professing openly the totalest separation, isolation. Our life is not a MUTUAL HELPFULNESS; but rather, cloaked under due *laws-of-war*, named "fair competition," and so forth, *it is* a MUTUAL HOSTILITY. . . . . .

O sumptuous Merchant-Prince, illustrious game-preserving Duke, is there no way of "killing" thy brother but Cain's rude way! "A good man by the very look of him, by his very presence with us as a fellow wayfarer in this Life-pilgrimage, *promises* so much:" wo to him if he forget all such promises, if he never know that they were given! To a deadened soul, seared with the brute Idolatry of Sense, to whom going to Hell is equivalent to not making money, all "promises," and moral duties, that cannot be pleaded for in Courts of Requests, address themselves in vain. Money he can be ordered to pay, but nothing more. I have not heard in all Past History, and expect not to hear in all Future History, of any Society anywhere under God's Heaven supporting itself on such Philosophy. The Universe is not made so; it is made otherwise than so. The man or nation of men that thinks it is made so, marches forward nothing doubting, step after step; but marches—whither we know! In these last two centuries of Atheistic Government (near two centuries now, since the blessed restoration of his Sacred Majesty, and Defender of the Faith, Charles Second,) I reckon that we have pretty well exhausted what of "firm earth" there was for us to march on;—and are now, very ominously, shuddering, reeling, and let us hope, trying to recoil on the cliff's edge!—

Here is a prophet's blast, indeed! containing much, doubtless, that is true, and something also that is not true. 'Tis a strong word that, "*Two centuries of Atheistic government!*" and too like the sweeping condemnations that we are accustomed to hear from Puseyite pulpits. We wish Mr. Carlyle would avoid such damnatory paradoxes. Even in the mouths of earnest prophesying men, these things have something puerile in them, and, worse than puerile, pernicious.

We do not stay to inquire whether the love of money is to be rooted out of the heart of man by putting a veto on "fair competition," and suppressing "cash-payment." Mr. Carlyle may settle these things (which may require a little more study than he, perhaps, has hitherto bestowed on them) with the political economists, with the bankers, and bill-brokers, and with Robert Owen. We proceed to the second great plague of England, which, after the gospel of Mammonism, must, according to Mr. Carlyle, imperatively be swept from its habitation on British soil, otherwise we are ruined,—it is the gospel of titled luxury and idleness, the plague of the UNWORKING ARISTOCRACY, of men holding land in a country, and doing no duty to the country, except, indeed, it be—as Mr. Carlyle delights to iterate—the duty of shooting partridges, and dilettantizing at legislation.

From much loud controversy and Corn-law debating there rises, loud though inarticulate, once more in these years, this very question among others, Who made the Land of England? Who made it, this respectable English Land, wheat-growing, metalliferous, carboniferous, which will let readily hand over head for seventy millions or upwards, as it here lies: who did make it?—"We!" answer the much-*consuming* Aristocracy; "We!" as they ride in, moist with the sweat of Melton Mowbray: "It is we that made it; or are the heirs, assigns and representatives of those who did"—My brothers, You? Everlasting honour to you, then; and Corn-laws as many as you will, till your own deep stomachs cry Enough, or some voice of human pity for our famine bids you Hold! Ye are as gods, that can create soil. Soil-creating gods there is no withstanding. They have the might to sell wheat at what price they list; and the right, to all lengths, and famine-lengths,—if they be pitiless infernal gods! Celestial gods, I think, would stop short of the famine-price; but no infernal nor any kind of god can be bidden stop!—— Infatuated mortals, into what questions are you driving every thinking man in England!

I say, you did *not* make the Land of England; and, by the possession of it, you *are* bound to furnish guidance and governance to England! That is the law of your position on this God's-Earth; an everlasting act of Heaven's Parliament, not repealable in St. Stephen's or elsewhere! True government and guidance; not no-government and Laissez-faire; how much less, misgovernment and Corn-law! There is is not an imprisoned Worker looking out from these Bastilles but appeals, very audibly in Heaven's High Courts, against you, and me, and every one who is not imprisoned, "Why am I here?" His appeal is audible in Heaven; and will become audible enough on Earth too, if it remain unheeded here. His appeal is against you, foremost of all; you stand in the front-rank of the accused; you, by the very place you hold, have first of all to answer him and Heaven! . . . . .

Nature's message will have itself obeyed: messages of mere Free-trade, Anti-Corn-law League and Laissez-faire, will then need small obeying!—Ye fools, in name of Heaven, work, work at the Ark of Deliverance for yourselves and us, while hours are still granted you! No: instead of working at the Ark, they say, "We cannot get our hands kept rightly warm;" and *sit obstinately burning the planks*. No madder spectacle at present exhibits itself under this Sun.

The Working Aristocracy; Mill-owners, Manufacturers, Commanders of Working Men: alas, against them also much shall be brought in accusation; much,—and the freest Trade in Corn, total abolition of Tariffs, and uttermost "Increase of Manufactures" and "Prosperity of Commerce," will permanently mend no jot of it. The Working Aristocracy must strike into a new path; must understand that money alone is *not* the representative either of man's success in the world, or of man's duties to man; and reform their own selves from top to bottom, if they wish England reformed. England will not be habitable long, unreformed.

The Working Aristocracy—Yes, but on the threshold of all this, it is again and again to be asked, What of the Idle Aristocracy? Again and again, what shall we say of the Idle Aristocracy, the Owners of the Soil of England; whose recognised function is that of handsomely consuming the rents of England, shooting the partridges of England, and as an agreeable amusement (if the purchase-money and other conveniences serve,) dilettante-ing in Parliament and Quarter-Sessions for England? We will say mournfully, in the presence of Heaven and Earth,—that we stand speechless, stupent,

and know not what to say! That a class of men entitled to live sumptuously on the marrow of the earth; permitted simply, nay, entreated, and as yet entreated in vain, to do nothing at all in return, was never heretofore seen on the face of this Planet. That such a class is transitory, exceptional, and, unless Nature's Laws fall dead, cannot continue. That it has continued now a moderate while; has, for the last fifty years, been rapidly attaining its state of perfection. That it will have to find its duties and do them; or else that it must and will cease to be seen on the face of this Planet, which is a working one, not an idle one.

Alas, alas, the Working Aristocracy, admonished by Trades-unions, Chartist conflagrations, above all by their own shrewd sense kept in perpetual communion with the fact of things, will assuredly reform themselves, and a working world will still be possible:—but the fate of the Idle Aristocracy, as one reads its horoscope hitherto in Corn-laws, and such like, is an abyss that fills one with despair. Yes, my rosy fox-hunting brothers, a terrible *Hippocratic look* reveals itself (God knows, not to my joy) through those fresh buxom countenances of yours. Through your Corn-law Majorities, Sliding-Scales, Protecting-Duties, Bribery-Elections, and triumphant Kentish-fire, a thinking eye discerns ghastly images of ruin, too ghastly for words; a handwriting as of MENE, MENE. Men and brothers, on your Sliding-scale you seem sliding, and to have slid,—you little know whither! Good God! did not a French Do-nothing Aristocracy, hardly above half a century ago, declare in like manner, and in its featherhead believe in like manner, "We cannot exist, and continue to dress and parade ourselves, on the just rent of the soil of France; but we must have farther payment than rent of the soil, we must be exempted from taxes too,"—we must have a Corn-law to extend our rent! This was in 1789: in four years more—Did you look into the Tanneries of Meudon, and the long-naked making for themselves breeches of human skins! May the merciful Heavens avert the omen; may we be wiser, that so we be less wretched.

Truly here is a democratic sermon—a philosophy of property (a century or two beyond the repeal of the Corn-laws) very startling to Conservative ears. "*Properly speaking, the* LAND *belongs to these two: To the* ALMIGHTY GOD, *and to all his children of* MEN *that have ever* WORKED *well on it, or that shall ever* WORK *well on it.*" Tiberius Gracchus, Frederick William III. of Prussia, (when Stein was his minister,) and Thomas Carlyle—these three shall teach us to make an AGRARIAN LAW, when it may seem necessary.

But the grand theme of this book remains. To balance these false gospels of "Mammonism" and "Do-nothing Aristocracy," we have the true gospel of Labour, and the just wages of Labour. Let the working man hear that, and amid his sooty toil rejoice. He is the only hero, in Mr. Carlyle's estimation—the only noble.

For there is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself:" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou canst never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules. That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work;" a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like helldogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezechiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch,—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it!

Mr. Carlyle's book is full of pictures dark enough, of complaints loud enough, and blasts strong enough of earnest, indignant appeal. But there is faith also, (as a prophet can never exist without that,) and a triumphant outlook into the boundless conquests that the "Chivalry of Labour," million-handed, under its thousand captains of the "Gifted," is yet destined to achieve on the earth. We can allow ourselves, further, only two extracts, burning with the noblest eloquence, one on these heroic guides and captains of labour; the other on that chivalry of labour itself.

I. THE GIFTED.

I know Mammon too; Banks-of-England, Credit-Systems, world-wide possibilities of work and traffic; and applaud and admire them. Mammon is like Fire; the usefulest of all servants, if the frightfulest of all masters! The Cliffords, Fitzadelms and Chivalry Fighters "wished to gain victory," never doubt it: but victory, unless gained in a certain spirit, was no victory; defeat, sustained in a certain spirit, was itself victory. I say again and again, had they counted the scalps alone, they had continued Choctaws, and no Chivalry or lasting victory had been. And in Industrial Fighters and Captains is there no nobleness discoverable? To them, alone of men, shall there forever be no blessedness but in swollen coffers? To see beauty, order, gratitude, loyal human hearts around them, shall be of no moment; to see fuliginous deformity, mutiny, hatred and despair, with the addition of half a million guineas, shall be better? Heaven's blessedness not there; Hell's cursedness, and your half-million bits of metal, a substitute for that! Is there no profit in diffusing Heaven's blessedness, but

only in gaining gold!—If so, I apprize the Mill-owner and Millionaire, that he too must prepare for vanishing; that neither is *he* born to be of the sovereigns of this world; that he will have to be trampled and chained down in whatever terrible ways, and brass-collared safe among the born thralls of this world! We cannot have *Canailles* and Doggeries that will not make some Chivalry of themselves; our noble Planet is impatient of such; in the end, totally intolerant of such!

For the Heavens, unwearying in their bounty, do send other souls into this world, to whom yet, as to their forerunners, in Old Roman, in Old Hebrew and all noble times, the *omnipotent guinea* is, on the whole, an impotent guinea. Has your half-dead avaricious Corn-law Lord, your half-alive avaricious Cotton-law Lord, never seen one such? Such are, not one, but several; are, and will be, unless the gods have doomed this world to swift dire ruin. These are they, the elect of the world; the born champions, strong men, and liberatory Samsons of this poor world: whom the poor *Delilah-world* will not always shear of their strength and eyesight, and set to grind in darkness at its poor gin-wheel! Such souls are, in these days, getting somewhat out of humour with the world. Your very Byron, in these days, is at least driven mad; flatly refuses fealty to the world. The world with its injustices, its golden brutalities, and dull yellow guineas, is a disgust to such souls: the ray of Heaven that is in them does at least predoom them to be very miserable here. Yes:—and yet all misery is *faculty misdirected*, strength that has not yet found its way. The black whirlwind is mother of the lightning. No *smoke*, in any sense, but can become flame and radiance! Such soul, once graduated in Heaven's stern University, steps out superior to your guinea.

Dost thou know, O sumptuous Corn-lord, Cotton-lord, O mutinous Trades-Unionist, gin-vanquished, undeliverable; O much-enslaved World,—this man is not a slave with thee! None of thy promotions is necessary for him. His place is with the stars of Heaven: to thee it may be momentous, to him it is indifferent, whether thou place him in the lowest hut, or forty feet higher at the top of thy stupendous high tower, while here on Earth. The joys of Earth that are precious, they depend not on thee and thy promotions. Food and raiment, and round a social hearth, souls who love him, whom he loves: these are already his. He wants none of thy rewards; behold also, he fears none of thy penalties. Thou canst not answer even by killing him: the case of Anaxarchus thou canst kill; but the self of Anaxarchus, the word or act of Anaxarchus, in no wise whatever. To this man death is not a bugbear; to this man life is already as earnest and awful, and beautiful and terrible, as death.

Not a May-game is this man's life; but a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers. No idle promenade through fragrant orange-groves and green flowery spaces, waited on by the choral Muses and the rosy Hours: it is a stern pilgrimage through burning sandy solitudes, through regions of thick-ribbed ice. He walks among men; loves men, with inexpressible soft pity,—as they *cannot* love him: but his soul dwells in solitude, in the uttermost parts of Creation. In green oases by the palm-tree wells, he rests a space; but anon he has to journey forward, escorted by the Terrors and the Splendours, the Archdemons and Archangels. All Heaven, all Pandemonium are his escort. The stars keen-glancing, from the Immensities, send tidings to him; the graves, silent with their dead, from the Eternities. Deep calls for him unto deep.

Thou, O World, how wilt thou secure thyself against this man! Thou canst not hire him by thy guineas; nor by thy gibbets and law-penalties restrain him. He eludes thee like a Spirit. Thou canst not forward him, thou canst not hinder him. Thy penalties, thy poverties, neglects, contumelies: behold, all these are good for him. Come to him as an enemy; turn from him as an unfriend; only do not this one thing,—infect him not with thy own delusion: the benign Genius, were it by very death, shall guard him against this!—What wilt thou do with him? He is above thee, like a god. Thou, in thy stupendous three-inch pattens, art under him. He is thy born king, thy conqueror and supreme lawgiver; not all the guineas and cannons, and leather and prunella, under the sky can save thee from him. Hardest thickskinned Mammon-world, ruggedest Caliban shall obey him, or become not Caliban but a cramp. Oh, if in this man, whose eyes can flash Heaven's lightning, and make all Calibans into a cramp, there dwelt not, as the essence of his very being, a God's Justice, human Nobleness, Veracity and Mercy,—I should tremble for the world. But his strength, let us rejoice to understand, is even this: the quantity of Justice, of Valour and Pity that is in him. To hypocrites and tailored quacks in high places, his eyes are lightning; but they melt in dewy pity softer than a mother's to the downpressed, maltreated; in his heart, in his great thought, is a sanctuary for all the wretched. This world's improvement is forever sure.

II. THE CHIVALRY OF LABOUR.

Some "Chivalry of Labour," some noble Humanity and practical Divineness of Labour, will yet be realized on this Earth. Or why *will;* why do we pray *to* Heaven, without setting our own shoulder to the wheel! The Present, if it will have the Future accomplish, shall itself commence. Thou who prophesiest, who believest, begin thou to fulfil. Here or nowhere, now equally as at any time! That out-cast help-needing thing or person, trampled down under vulgar feet or hoofs, no help "possible" for it, no prize offered for the saving of it,—canst not thou save it, then, without prize! Put forth thy hand, in God's name; know that "impossible," where Truth and Mercy and the everlasting Voice of Nature order, has no place in the brave man's dictionary. That when all men have said "Impossible," and tumbled noisily elsewhither, and thou alone art left, then first thy time and possibility have come. It is for thee now: *do thou that, and ask no man's counsel, but thy own only and God's.*

It is to you, ye Workers, who do already work, and are as grown men, noble and honourable in a sort, that the whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, wide-spread despair, by manfulness, justice, mercy, and wisdom. Chaos is dark, deep as Hell; let light be, and there is instead a green flowery World. O, it is great, and there is no other greatness. To make some nook of God's Creation a little fruitfuler, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuler, happier,—more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God. Sooty Hell of mutiny, and savagery, and despair can, by man's energy, be made a kind of Heaven; cleared of its soot, of its mutiny, of its need to mutiny; the everlasting arch of Heaven's azure overspanning *it* too, and its cunning mechanisms and tall chimney-steeples, as a birth of Heaven; God and all men looking on it well pleased.

Unstained by wasteful deformities, by wasted tears or heart's-blood of men, or any defacement of the Pit, noble, fruitful Labour, growing ever nobler, will come forth,—the grand sole miracle of Man; whereby Man has risen from the low places of this Earth, very literally, into divine Heavens. Ploughers, Spinners, Builders; Prophets, Poets, Kings; Brindleys and Goethes, Odins and Arkwrights; all martyrs, and noble men, and gods are of one grand Host: immeasurable; marching ever forward since the Beginnings of the World. The enormous, all-conquering, flame-crowned Host, noble every soldier in it; sacred, and alone noble. Let him who is not of it hide himself; let him tremble for himself. Stars at every button cannot make him noble; sheaves of Bath-garters, nor bushels of Georges; nor any other contrivance but manfully enlisting in it, valiantly taking place and step in it. O Heavens, will he not bethink himself; *he too is so needed in the Host!* It were so blessed, thrice-blessed, for himself and for us all! In hope of the Last Partridge, and some Duke of Weimar among our English Dukes, we will be patient yet a while.

"The Future hides in it
Good hap and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us,—onward,"

D.

PERAULT; OR, SLAVES AND THEIR MASTERS.

(*Continued from page 217 of our April Number.*)

CHAPTER XVI.

The negro kitchens and apartments are generally built entirely separate from the houses of their masters, and none of the white people ever think of intruding into the negroes' premises; so that the slaves carry on much sport, without their masters or mistresses being in the least aware of it.

The company, according to invitation, assembled in the large kitchen of Mr. Bellgrove's dwelling; and in a very short time the kitchen was crammed with the negro party: "de laidies" arrayed in cast-off or "borrowed" dresses of their mistresses; "de genelem" in suits chiefly "*taken* de *loan* ob, for dis occasion," from their masters. On the hearth blazed several huge logs of turpentine pine, which lighted up the whole apartment, and, glowing upon the swarthy group, bronzed their happy-looking countenances. Haman, arrayed in his new livery, acted the part of door-keeper; and dandy nigger Tom, adorned in a full-dress suit of his master's, sporting a diamond ring and splendid gold watch and chain belonging to Galliard, acted the part of master of the ceremonies.

"Beg leabe for denounce Massa and Missee Pinkton ob de State 'teatre!" roared Haman, as he bundled into the room a swaggering stout negro, with a spangled jacket on, and a negro wench with a tinsel apron.

"Ha!" exclaimed Tom, catching the negro by the hand. "Bless a soul, bubba, how you do? Ha! sista—hope you is berry well?"

"Berry well, tankee heaben!" answered the negro. "How you do bubba Tom? Hope I is see you berry well?"

"Berry well, please de Lor!" was the pious reply; and Tom, then addressing the company, said, "Ladies an' genelem, we is now hab de werry unlook-for, and unexpect happiness, ob de felicity, ob Massa and Missee Pinkton company, for encrease de pleasure ob dis joyful and happy 'casion."

"Yearee—hearee—hearee—werry good—berry good!" was the unanimous response of the company.

Massa Pinkton then bowed, and politely handing his partner to a seat, threw himself on the floor before her, saying, "As Massa Hamlum say to Muma Owheely in a play, supper me for lie at you feet, fair lady!"

"Goley! Ben, you always say someting good!" was the merry answer.

A large black cauldron, filled with excellent coffee, was placed in the centre of the kitchen, and a number of cups, porringers, bowls, and calabashes, were handed round to the company. With an air of dignified importance, Tom strutted towards the cauldron, and flourishing a huge ladle in his hand, bowed lowly to the company and said—

"Genelem, do me de honor ob hand in de ladies' cups: please, attend to de fair sex."

Tom was soon surrounded by applicants; and dealing the coffee out with the ladle, he endeavoured to administer equal justice to all—although, at times, he could not avoid scalding the fingers of some unlucky holder of a calabash. The bustle around the cauldron was animating; and the shoving, jostling, yelling, and chattering, deafening.

"Massa Tom, you please, my cup next," cried one.

"Yeh! goley, no kick my shins!" cried a second.

"Wot de debil you press so for?" cried a third.

"Stan' back!" roared a fourth.

"Yeh! Massa Tom. Oh Lor! you scald my hand!" yelled a fifth, as he let his cup fall on the foot of his neighbour.

"Yeh!" shrieked the sufferer; "you dam tief, you let you cup fall and burn my foot!"

"Order, genelem!" vociferated Tom.

Amidst sounds such as these the ladies' cups were filled; and Tom then filling a bason of respectable dimensions for himself, resigned the ladle, saying, "Now, genelem, help youshefs!"

An engagement instantly ensued for possession of the ladle, each striving to catch it first. A kick on the shins of the holder was the most effectual method of causing the ladle to be relinquished; and, after much struggling, cursing, and jostling, the party was supplied. Waffles and hominey cakes, with sweet-potatoe loaves, were liberally distributed; and the smacking of lips, and loud plying of masticators, mingled with loud and hearty shouts of laughter, testified the very height of negro happiness. After coffee, sassafrass beer, gin-sling, apple-jack, cocktail, and brandy, were handed round in the same dishes in which the coffee had been distributed. A cessation at length occurring, a dance was loudly called for; but on inquiry, it was found that the musician engaged for the occasion was not forthcoming.

"Wot de debil hab become ob de moosic?" inquired Tom. "'Pon soul, I was gib dat old blind tief, Apollo, quarta dolla' for come here."

"'Pollo can't come," responded Haman; "him got dronk dis morning, and break him fiddle."

"So, him got dronk wid my money!" exclaimed Tom. "Dat's de good ob pay dese low moosicans beforehand: cus' bad lot!"

"Neba mind," cried Haman; "nigger always hab moosic in him own heart. Whackie, han' me down dat ole tin pan, and get I two sticks—I soon gib you plenty moosic."

The pan and two sticks were handed to him, and Haman gave the signal for a country dance. A slave will dance as merrily to the sound of a tin pan, as he will do to a full orchestra of first-rate music; so the party set to with right good will; and all was mirth and gaiety, till the company was startled by a loud and rapid knocking at the door; and a young negro, forcing his way into the kitchen, ran up to dandy Tom, and exclaimed, "Oh! Tom—you Massa is come home: he ax for you. Oh! Lor! him noo coat, and him gold watch and chain, and him big diamond-pin, hab been all stole!"

"Massa home!" exclaimed Tom, in alarm; "him noo coat—him watch and pin! Wot sall I do?"

"Oh! Tom, you rascal tief, you hab got de coat on," cried the youth. "Pull him off—fast: I run home wid him."

"Pull um off, den," cried Tom, in a quandary; "yes, pull away—fast—fast!" as he held out his arm to the young negro to help him in stripping.

The youth, as desired, took hold of the sleeve, and pulled with right good earnest; but the coat seemed resolved not to part from its present wearer; and all their pulling and tugging seemed in vain. No garment could stand such rough usage; and just as the parties had wrought themselves into a state of desperation and perspiration, the sleeve gave way, and both puller and pullee staggered back—one gazing at the sleeveless arm, the other at the armless sleeve.

"Cus' you black heart! see wot you do!" cried Tom, trembling with rage and fear.

"He no me—he youshef, you dam blacka waggibon!" roared the youth.

Tom flew at his opponent; and grappling each other by the shoulders, they forthwith proceeded to rap their heads together; till, tired of this manœuvre, they paused, and looked each other in the face, growling and grinding their teeth. "How you like dat, you black willan!" roared Tom.

"'Top till you Massa cotch you!" cried his antagonist; "goley! he sall gib you fum, fum." So saying, he broke from Tom's grasp, and darted out of the kitchen. Levelling his head like a battering-ram, Tom rushed after the fugitive, who, dexterously springing aside, saluted Tom as he passed with a kick, which sent him, head foremost, into the duck-pond, and fled. Half crying with shame and vexation, Tom extricated himself from the pond, and returning to the kitchen, placed himself before the fire to dry.

"I is werry sorry for dis lamencholly ewent," said Haman. "I tink you Massa will send you to *de sugar-house*."

"I tink dat myshef," groaned Tom.

The nine o'clock bell now struck, and the roll of the drums of the city-guard, gave warning for every negro to hurry home, as none are allowed to walk the street after that hour without a passport from their masters or owners. The company, therefore, hurriedly broke up, and fled in all directions homewards, without waiting the ceremony of bidding each other good night.

Tom and Ben were the only two left, and they agreed to go homewards together as soon as Tom's clothes were dry. Apprehensive, however, of encountering the city-guard, and thereby getting quarters in the guard-house, they entered into a consultation how they could best trick the sentinels. The guard being chiefly composed of Germans, who could not read English, Tom and his friend instantly concocted a plan to get safe off. Ben pulled a piece of dirty white paper from his pocket, and shaped it like a letter, after scrawling two or three lines with shoe-blacking on it.

"Now," said Tom, "when you meet de guard, gib 'em dis leely bit of paper, and say dat you hab got passport from you Massa on business, and I sall act de part of you dog, and gallop on my hand and feet in de gutter."

This being agreed on, they sallied forth; but had not proceeded far, till they encountered one of the city-guard, when Tom instantly plumped down on his hands and knees in the gutter, imitating the walk of a dog. Ben advanced towards the guard, who presented his bayonet at the negro's breast, and ordered him to stand.

"I hab got passport, Massa," said Ben, holding out the piece of dirty white paper to the sentinel.

"Yaw, yaw," said the sentinel, looking gravely at the paper by the light of a lamp; "pashport, yaw, all ish reicht—pass!" All would have been right, had Tom not suddenly raised his head, and his black *phiz* encountered the eye of the sentinel, who, starting back with affright, nearly dropt his musquet, as he exclaimed—"Main Got! vat der Teufel ish dat?"

"Oh!" said Ben, "dat be my Massa big, black dog."

"Plack Tog!" exclaimed the sentinel. "Donner et blitzen! he ish von ver queer plack tog; standsh, or I vill shot you tead!" So saying, he levelled his firelock at Tom, who, having no desire to get a bullet through his body, yelled out with terror.

"No, no; oh Lor'! Massa, no fire!—no fire! I is only one poor dam black nigger!"

"Surrender!" shouted the guard.

"Yes, Massa; yes," faltered Tom, as, quaking in every limb, he surrendered at discretion to the sentinel, who, tying him arm to arm with Ben, drove them both before him to the guard-house.

Willobay Brookley, captain of the city guard of Carlville, was one of the noblest-minded, and most accomplished young men in the city. Proud and lofty in spirit, like the rest of the gentlemen of his State, he yet had a powerful command over his passions; and his easy, accommodating manner rendered him a favourite with all classes of society.

Brookley was reclining listlessly on a sofa in his own apartment in the guard-house, when a brisk rap at the door aroused him.

"Come in," cried he; and instantly the door opened, and Hans Vonberg, the sergeant of the guard, entered—bowed stiffly, pulled off his cap, and then stood stiff as if he had swallowed a ramrod.

"Well, Vonberg, is there anything wrong?" inquired Brookley.

"Yaw, Mynheer," answered the sergeant, with a most mysteriously-important look.

"Ha!" cried Brookley, starting up alertly, "what is it?"

"Doo plack rashcal niggersh," responded Vonberg.

"Tut; is that all!" said the Captain.

"Nein, Mynheer!"

"Well, out with the rest."

"Von niggersh, gives shmall pit papersh vidout write for pashport; oder von, vash gallob on hish hant and foots in gutter, like pig plack tog." And Vonberg manœuvred with his hands and feet, to exemplify what he said.

"Oh, to cheat the guard, I suppose," said Brookley, smiling. "Were the negroes taken?"

"Yaw, Mynheer, bosh taken. See here;" and Tom and Ben were marched into the room, tied arm to arm, and guarded by two soldiers.

"Unbind them," said Brookley; and the negroes were instantly loosed.

"So, Sir," said the Captain, addressing Tom, "you have been endeavouring to impose upon the city guard?"

"No, Sir," answered Tom, with a look of offended dignity; "I neber was impose on nobody."

"I think I have seen you before," said the Captain. "Who do you belong to?"

"I belong to my own massa," said Tom, sulkily.

"I should guess as much," responded Brookley, biting his lip. "And, pray, what is your master's name?"

"Dey call um *say massa*," answered Tom, doggedly.

Provoked by the impertinent answers of the negro, Brookley rose and said, in an angry tone, "I shall try the effect of the black-hole on you, my fine fellow; it may cure your insolence."

Tom heard the threat with an uneasy tremour, and was about to beg for mercy, when the door was thrown open, and a servant entering, addressed Captain Brookley, saying, "Lieutenant Galliard presents his compliments, and wishes to know if you are disengaged."

"Show him in," said the Captain.

"Oh Lor', Massa!" ejaculated Tom, in the utmost trepidation. "O Massa, put I into a black-hole, a coal-cella', or up a chimney! O Massa, let I hide myshef!"

Galliard's voice was now heard, and Tom became the more earnest in his entreaties to be allowed to hide, no matter where; so that Brookley paused and looked at him with much surprise, till, on Galliard entering the apartment, Tom made a rush to the door to get off, but was instantly collared by the guard, and brought back.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Galliard, as he recognised his valet in the custody of the guard. "Tom, what are you doing here?"

"I come for look for you, Massa," said Tom, shaking himself free of his captors.

"Look for me!—in a guard-house?" cried Galliard, with astonishment.

"Yes, Sa, for true, Massa," answered Tom, staring him full in the face.

Captain Brookley burst into a loud fit of laughter at the cool impudence of the negro.—"So, ho!" cried he, "Master Blackie, this is your master, then? Mr. Galliard is your owner?"

"Yes, Sa," answered Tom, with a look of importance; "him hab dat felicity."

"To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" inquired Brookley, addressing Galliard.

"There has been a robbery committed at my house this evening," answered Galliard. "A ball-dress, a gold watch and chain, a diamond ring and pin, have been stolen. I wish you, therefore, to cause the criminal officers to be on the alert after the thief."

During this address Tom shook as if he had a fit of the ague, and faintly faltered "Massa, you please, I go home."

"You are a prisoner, you black rascal," exclaimed Brookley. "We do not require to look far for the thief. See, Mr. Galliard, that negro fellow of yours has been making free with your property."

Galliard turned to Tom, and with rage and vexation beheld the diamond pin glittering on his bosom, and the gold chain hanging in fantastic folds over the breast of his vest. A second glance showed the soiled and destroyed ball-dress, from which the sleeve of the coat had vanished. Transported with fury, Galliard grasped his delinquent valet by the neck, and was proceeding to execute summary justice on his person, when Tom yelled out—

"'Top! wurra de debil you mean? You tink I is gone a be ill use dat way—eh? No, I go dis moment to magistrate, and complain of dis ill use for noting, and 'ply to he for sell I to oder massa!"

"You infernal rascal—you impudent dog!" exclaimed Galliard, quivering with rage; "I'll break every bone in your body!"

"Wot de debil you mean?" yelled Tom. "You gone a kill I? Cus' you! want a get youshef hang for murder—eh?"

"Nay, nay, Mr. Galliard," said the captain of the guard; "restrain your passion—the fellow is not worth your attention: sell him at once, and get quit of him."

"Dat is all I want," cried Tom, freeing himself from his master's grasp. "I want for be sell—handsome, good-lookee nigger like I, is worth a tousand dolla' any day. Many nice lady be glad for get good-looka chap like I!"

"Then sold you shall be!" said Galliard; "and that, too, in the public market to-morrow morning. Captain Brookley," he continued, addressing the captain of the guard, "I will thank you to keep this rascal under close confinement till to-morrow morning, and send him down to the slave-market."

"With pleasure," answered Brookley. "Here," said he, addressing the guard, "clap that fellow in the black-hole. Strip him of his borrowed plumes, and put some old clothes on him; and, hark ye, give him nothing but bread and water."

"Bread and wata!" exclaimed Tom, with a look of horror. "Lor', Massa!—'pon soul, I no like dat; Massa—you is joke."

"Take him away," said the Captain; "and remove this other fellow," pointing to Ben, who had hitherto stood unnoticed. "Let them be confined separately." And the two prisoners were marched off.

"Don't allow the fellow's conduct to vex you so," said Captain Brookley to Galliard, who was pacing up and down the room, tearing the fingers from his gloves.

"I cannot help it," said Galliard; "but he is an ungrateful dog—let him go—one whom I indulged so much!"

"And by that indulgence ruined him," said Brookley, interrupting him. "Nay, I beg pardon if I have offended you; but you are well aware, my dear Galliard, that these black fellows must be kept under proper subjection, and at a proper dis-

tance. Allow them the least familiarity, and they soon become most insolent."

"Perhaps I am to blame," said Galliard; "but the fellow's mother was my nurse, and I have been accustomed with the rogue's insolence since childhood; and it is very hard to part with one whom —notwithstanding all his folly—I still like; and then, the thoughts of the poor fellow getting a harsh and cruel master. No, no, faith—I wont part with him yet."

"I honour you for your feelings," said Brookley; "but, unless you humble your slave's pride, you will never get any good of him. 'Tis plain he thinks himself superior to the rest of his race. Now, suppose you sink him in his own esteem—'tis the only way of bringing him in."

"How can this be done?" said Galliard.

"Send him to the slave-market early to-morrow morning," answered Brookley; "I will send two persons there, to buy him at a *very low price*, and you can have him from them again."

"Well, arrange it as you will," said Galliard; "but do not let him be ill used."

"Meet me here to-morrow night," said Brookley; "you will have some sport with my plans."

"Agreed—good night!" and Galliard departed.

Early next morning, Tom was awakened from his slumber on the hard floor of the black-hole by one of the guard saluting him with a kick on the shins. Tom instantly started to his feet, and casting a bewildered glance around, rubbed his eyes, and looked at the lamp which the guard carried.

"Come," growled the guard; "it's time you was in the slave-market. Put on that old coat, and them 'ere old trousers, and come along. Quick—will ye?"

Tom mechanically drew on part of the dress which the guard threw at him; but thrusting his arm into the sleeve of his coat, his hand went through a large rent in the elbow. Tom's fastidious niceness about dress was offended at this; but much more so when he found the coat was *minus* one of the tails.

"Wot de debil is dis?" cried Tom. "You tink I is gone a be exhibit in poblic like one cus' raggy-muffin? I see you dam fust!"

And he endeavoured to pull off the coat; but the guard, with a preliminary shake of his fist in Tom's face, said—

"Keep on the coat, or, darn me! I'll wallop your skin for you!"

So Tom most reluctantly assented.

In an open space near the Exchange, were assembled several groups of slaves, who were to be exposed for sale. Here might be seen a group of mothers, chattering merrily to each other; and their children, half naked, chasing one another in sport, or wallowing like little pigs among the mud, with shouts of glee; and there the fair-complexioned quadroon, the blood of the white man flowing in his veins, and mantling his cheek with the blush of grief and shame. Here might be seen a group of stalwart negroes, of herculean form, standing with down-cast melancholy looks, and there a young couple, perchance newly married, clinging to each other, as if taking a long and sad farewell. There, also, was the fond young mother, pressing her sleeping babe to her bosom, and bedewing its face with heart-felt tears; while others were talking loudly and merrily, totally careless of their fates. Again the eye would rest upon a group of sallow-faced Mississippi planters, at whose approach the boldest of the slaves would shrink back with quivering lips and terror-stricken eye, while the planters were sauntering from group to group, and examining each, with the same look with which a knowing jockey or cattle-dealer would scan a horse or a cow; while around were gathered a host of idle negro boys.

"Looka dere," cried one of the boys; "oh, looka dere. See dandy nigger Tom is come for sell!" And Tom, with a swaggering gait, entered the market, attended by two of the city guard; and, casting a look of infinite contempt upon the poor country negroes, marched directly up to the table, and was ordered to ascend it, which he did, and placed himself in what he considered a most commanding and elegant attitude, carefully drawing up the remaining tail of his coat.

The auctioneer now took his place, and, with a voice like a bull-frog's, croaked out, "Who bids for this black nigger?"

"Can he hoe, or plant, or work any?" inquired a planter.

"No, no," cried the auctioneer; "he's good for nothing—except stealing his master's clothes."

"Massa," expostulated Tom, "dat is not de way for sell I. You is hurt my carumter wid you dam imperence."

"Five dollars bid!" roared the auctioneer, to Tom's great indignation. "Who bids more?—Ten dollars bid!" roared the auctioneer. "Going—going—gone!" and down came the hammer of the auctioneer, who had been previously instructed how to act. "Come down, Sir," said the auctioneer to Tom; "come down—you are sold."

"Sold!" exclaimed Tom, with a strange bewildered look—

"Yes, sold—said the auctioneer: see, there's your new master." And he pointed to a fierce-looking squint-eyed, hickory-faced man, who stood flourishing a huge whip most ominously. Tom quaked at the very sight, and again said—"Sold?"

"Hav'n't I told you that already?" cried the auctioneer.

"How much I sell for now, Massa?" inquired Tom, shaking as if he had a fit of the ague.

"Ten dollars," said the auctioneer.

"Ten dolla'!" shrieked Tom. "Me? ten dolla'!"

"Yes," said the auctioneer, "only ten; and I think it is too much."

"Oh Lor!" cried Tom, "wot I is come to!"

And if aught else was wanting to humble him more, it was fully supplied by a band of negro boys roaring out, "Ten dolla' Tom! Ten dolla' Tom!" and laughing loudly at the joke.

"Tarnation!" roared the purchaser, striking the table a loud crack with his whip, "come down, Sir! Am I to wait here for you all day?"

"No, Massa," said Tom; "I is come, I is come.

Ten dolla'?" he muttered, as he descended from the table.

"Come along, then!" roared his purchaser.

"Yes, Massa, yes," faltered the poor fellow, as, with trembling steps and drooping head, he followed his new master from the Slave-market, followed by a crowd of negro boys, yelling in derision, "Ten dolla' Tom!"

Crushed in spirit and in hopes, Tom feebly followed his supposed new owner. He felt confused and stunned, and all seemed a horrid dream; but the shouts of his tormentors, and the threatening growl of his purchaser, struck like a bitter knell on the heart of the poor negro. At length, in turning round the corner of one of the streets, Galliard and Brookley suddenly met them. A single glance of Galliard recalled the wandering senses of his now humbled valet; and, clasping his hands together, in a voice almost choked with emotion, while the huge tears gushed from his eyes, Tom turned to Galliard and exclaimed, "Oh, Massa! is I your poor nigger Tom?"

"You are no longer my negro," answered Galliard. "I don't know you now."

"Gor Ormighty!" exclaimed Tom, still weeping, "I mus' be changed; um can't be me: ten dolla'? Oh Lor, wot I is come to!" And, throwing himself against a Pride-of-India tree, Tom sobbed most bitterly.

"We have carried the joke too far," said Galliard to Brookley. "It grieves me to the very heart to see the poor fellow in such a state.—You know, Tom," said he, addressing the negro, "you wished to be sold; and it was your own fault that I parted with you."

"I knows dat, Massa; I knows dat," sobbed Tom. "But to be sell for ten dolla'! You wouldn't sell you dog for dat; and why you sell poor Tom—dat lub you so!—for less dan you would take for dog?"

So pathetic was the appeal of the poor fellow, that Galliard felt his eyes moistening; but repressing his feelings, he said, "Well, Tom, if I buy you back, will you behave yourself better in future?"

"Yes, Massa, yes," was the eager response.

"Then I will buy you back. Here," said he, addressing the fancied buyer, "how much did you give for this negro?"

"Oh, Massa!" cried Tom, interrupting him, "no mention dat—no talk of dat."

"I gave ten dollars for him," said the man; "but he is a good-for-nothing—I'll sell him at a discount to get rid of him. You may have him at half-price; I'll give him back for five dollars."

"*Five* dolla'?" exclaimed Tom, almost fainting; "worser an' more worserer!"

"There's your money," said Galliard, placing it in the man's hand, who received it with a chuckling laugh, and walked away; leaving Tom gazing after him with a look of anger and perplexity, as he muttered "Five dolla'! dam imperence!"

"And now, Tom," said Galliard, addressing him, "return home; see, there's a dollar to you, and behave yourself better than you did."

Tom mechanically took the proferred cash, and as his master retired, looked earnestly after him, and exclaimed, "Dam, I tink I is in one cus dream!" Tom was aroused from his stupor, by somebody touching him on the shoulder; and, on looking up, he beheld Perault.

"You seem perplexed," said Perault, in a deep, stern voice, keenly eyeing Tom's countenance.

"Yes," answered Tom. "I is werry much perplex, and werry much grieve. I was been sold in de Slave-market dis mornin'."

"Sold!" exclaimed Perault. "How sold?"

"For *ten* dolla'!" groaned Tom, as if the words were choking him; "and my Massa buy me back for *five* dolla'. O Lor'!"

"So," said Perault, with a tone of deep sympathy, "they took you to the Slave-market, and sold you like a horse?"

"A hoss!" yelled Tom, in a perfect fury. "A hoss!—dam you insurance! who you call a hoss?"

Tom's rage got the better of his sorrow; and, not relishing the comparison drawn by his sympathizing friend, he clenched his fists, and stood, grinding his teeth, hesitating whether to fight or not. Without paying attention to Tom's hostile looks and gestures, Perault calmly said—"Tom, we are both negroes."

"We is berry like niggers, anyway!" exclaimed Tom, as he gazed on the sable visage of the conspirator.

"And," added Perault, "we are both *slaves!*"

Tom looked still more fiercely at him, grinding his teeth till the very foam came from his mouth.

"Our masters," said Perault, "buy their horses, work their horses, lash their horses, and sell their horses. They buy us slaves; they work their slaves; they lash their slaves; they sell their slaves. Now, wherein differs the lot of the slave from that of the horse?"

"Dat all werry good," answered Tom; "but nigger no hoss for all dat. Hoss hab four leg; nigger only hab two. Hoss hab long tail; nigger no got no tail at all. No, no; neber call nigger hoss again."

"You say that you was sold for ten dollars?" said Perault.

"Yes," said Tom, sulkily.

"And your master bought you back for five dollars?"

"Yes," groaned Tom.

"Had you offended your master before he sold you?"

"No; I was only take de loan of him clothes for go to ball last night."

"And do you think that your master would seriously part with you for ten dollars. You are certainly worth more."

"I tink so," said Tom. "I is good-looka nigger. De gals say I is de werry ting for fall in lub wid. I is worth good price. You tink so, eh?"

"And can you not perceive that this sale is all a pretence to insult you, and lessen you in the eyes of your fellow slaves?" Tom started, and looked somewhat bewildered, as Perault continued—"What negro will look at you without laughing at the price you brought? Hark! the very boys on the street are ringing it in your ears!" And the cry again arose from the little black rascals, of "Ten dolla' Tom!"

"Look at the dress they have exposed you for sale in! It would disgrace a scarecrow."

Tom looked at the torn coat, and, tucking up the solitary tail thereof under his arm, ruefully said—"Dat is true. Um was cus insult; 'pon soul him was!"

"And what negro girl will speak to you now? See, they pass along, and point at you with the finger of scorn!" said Perault.

"O lor'!" groaned Tom. "I is done for now. Oh, wot I is do!"

Perault said, in a low and impressive whisper, "*Seek for revenge!*"

"How?" said Tom.

"Follow me, and be cautious." So saying, Perault, followed by Tom, entered a narrow by-lane, and sought the outskirts of the city.

After the departure of their negro friends, Haman and Whackie, along with a few more of the household slaves, kept up the sport, till all of them became so much intoxicated, that the duties of the household, and all regard to their owner's interests, were completely forgotten. As it was the first debauch that poor Whackie had ever indulged in, he suffered severely from the consequences. Early in the morning, he was seen staggering forth from the kitchen, with a huge calabash in his hand, and directing his tottering steps towards the water-pump. Thrice he filled, and rapidly swallowed the contents of his calabash; then, laying it down, he stood for a second, and bitterly groaned—"Oh Lor'! wot is dis?" Again he suddenly filled his calabash, and bumpered draught after draught, as if determined to commit suicide by drowning himself on a novel principle. While thus endeavouring to quench the burning pain in his interior, Whackie was interrupted by Haman issuing from the kitchen, most miraculously drunk, holding a bottle of brandy in his hand.

"Whack—Whackie," hiccupped the drunken varlet, as he reeled towards his suffering companion. "See—see wot I is got. Looka dere, ole boy—noder bottle ob brandy; take suck ob um—um be far betta' dan col' wata."

"Cus you brandy," exclaimed Whackie, with a look expressive of the utmost loathing. "Get along wid you and de brandy. Oh Lor'—my head—I tink um is go all to pieces!" And he bumped his forehead against the pump, with a force which nothing but the skull of a negro could withstand.

Haman, in the meantime, staggered up, and hugging the pump in his arms, endeavoured to balance himself against it, as he began to lecture Whackie on the sin of drunkenness.

"Oh, fie shame," hiccupped this negro bacchanalian, his words so thickly uttered, as to be almost unintelligible. "Oh, fie shame, Whackie, you is dronk—quite tostified: fie shame! Wot will Massa say?"

Before Whackie had time to answer, the court-gate was thrown suddenly open, and Mr. Bellgrove's carriage whirled into the court-yard. The quick eye of Mr. Bellgrove at once detected the situation of the two negroes, and alighting from his carriage, he walked up to them. With a look of shame and terror, Whackie dropped the calabash on the ground, and covered his face with his hands, while Haman, assuming a look of the most consummate drunken gravity, vainly attempted to pocket his brandy bottle; and, by propping himself against the pump, made a fruitless effort to stand upon one foot, in testimony of his being perfectly steady and sober.

"What have you been doing, Whackie?" said Mr. Bellgrove, sternly.

"Oh Massa!" sobbed the poor fellow, "I was do werry bad. I take some brandy, Massa; and I is werry sick."

"So," said Mr. Bellgrove, "instead of getting the house prepared for our reception, you have spent the night drinking?"

"Oh no, Massa," hiccupped Haman; "we was no drink. Only wata, Massa—only wata!"

"The water must have been very strong that put you both into such a state," said Mr. Bellgrove. "Whackie, you have disobeyed my orders. I told you not to mingle with the negroes in the city, and to take no strong liquors."

"I sall neber take no more brandy, Massa," sobbed Whackie.

"Dat a good boy," exclaimed Haman; "de brandy is no good—um no agree wid country nigger stomack."

"I suspect, Haman, that you are to blame in giving Whackie so much brandy," said Mr. Bellgrove.

"Jost small drop, Massa—leely drop," answered Haman; "not so much as put out musquito eye."

"Retire both of you to bed, and sleep yourselves sober," said Mr. Bellgrove. "Miss Bellgrove will be here in the afternoon; the rest of the family go to Sullivan's Island to-night. When you are fit to appear before your Mistress, see that you pay proper attention to her." So saying, he turned and left them.

We now return to another group, for some time lost sight of.

Perault led Tom through a number of by-paths, till they reached a small rude edifice on the southern boundary of the lines, which was commonly reported to be a negro chapel. Pausing at the door, Perault struck it thrice, at intervals, and a voice from within inquired—"Who do you wish to pray for?"

"Hayti," answered Perault.

"Who else?" inquired the voice.

"Christophe, and Freedom," said Perault: and the door was suddenly thrown open, and, entering the chapel, they found it crammed full of negroes.

"Brethren," cried Perault, "I bring a new friend to join our cause," as he presented Tom to the meeting.

"He is a coward, and will betray us," exclaimed Gullah Jack, rising from a seat beneath the pulpit.

"He has been wronged, and seeks for vengeance.

Is not that a sufficient bond for his fidelity to those who will aid him?" said Perault.

"'Pon soul, genelem," exclaimed Tom, "I is feel rader strange here. Wot you is all going for do?"

"Cut your master's throat for insulting an African," said Perault. "Have you the courage to entrap him?"

"Ay," said Tom, fiercely.

"'Tis well," rejoined Perault. "Look around you; you will behold none but friends, leagued to vindicate their freedom. Will you join us?"

"I will," said Tom; and, repeating the conspirators' oath of secrecy, he was received into the insurgent band.

The chief ringleaders of the conspiracy were present; and Perault, ascending the rostrum, began, in a fluent address, to arouse their passions and their sense of wild justice. He dwelt upon the wrongs of the poor negroes, who were torn from their native sunny clime by force or fraud, and deprived of that freedom which was the birth-right of all mankind. He reminded them of the sufferings of the captives in the slave-ships, when even the mangled limbs of their dead companions were supplied as food to those who survived. He spoke of the slave-market, where every feeling shown by the poor negro—where every tie of nature was rent asunder,—where the husband was torn from his wife, the children from the parent,—all, all treated by the ruffian slave-dealer as a scoff, and the subject of brutal laughter by the surrounding planters and the mob. He then called on each to attest their sufferings after they had been sold—when the weak were lashed to compel them to work, and torture of mind and body was the sole reward for the poor African's labour. He reminded them of how brief a space had elapsed since their sufferings had brought on disease and death; and their proud masters, scorning to give them the rites of sepulture, caused the dead bodies to be thrown into the waters that washed the walls of that proud city, till the very fish in the Bay had become so gorged with human flesh, that no man dared to touch them. He told them of his voyage to Hayti, and his interview with King Christophe; he then explained the plans which he and his coadjutors had adopted for gaining freedom to the oppressed Africans. "The hour," he added, "is now come that we must strike for freedom; and this night shall see this city a heap of smoking ruins." A loud shout of applause from the assembled insurgents arose as Perault closed his address; and they called on him to lead them on to freedom, or to death. Calming their wild shouts, Perault called the leaders around him; and after some deliberation, the following mad and desperate orders were issued, as directions for the conspirators to act upon.——

That Perault was to meet the country negroes at their rendezvous up the Bay, and lead them on to join the insurgents in the city. That, in the meantime, the negroes in the city were to divide into different bands, and, at night-fall, seize possession of the principal thoroughfares. That the striking of the negro drum at nine o'clock should be the signal for mastering the city-guard, who were all to be massacred. That Perault, on his return, was to lead the whole negro host forward, and fire the town; and the flames were to be the signal for a general massacre of all who opposed them. The shipping was to be seized, and the plunder of the city placed on board; and the insurgents were then to sail in triumph for Hayti.

Each of the ringleaders' orders were given to them; and Perault urged Tom to conceal himself at night at the back of the guard-house, and to open the gate to him on receiving a private signal. This Tom readily agreed to, as his attendance at the guard-house on his master would not subject him to any suspicion.

Having arranged everything for the outbreak, Perault prepared to cross the bay, to lead over the insurgents from the plantations. Promising solemnly to join the rebel slaves in the city at the hour of nine, when the negro drum should strike, he departed, with a heart filled with exultation, on his horrid errand, accompanied by a few of his band.

The only pale face seen amongst the assembled rebels, was that of the Missionary, whose look of mute horror, at the announcement of the real nature of the plot, showed that he might yet strive to prevent it. Observing this, Perault induced the Missionary to leave the chapel along with him; and pretending that he wished his presence to curb the unruly spirits of the negroes, and that he had a different version of his plans to give him, he induced the unfortunate man to enter the canoe along with himself. They rowed in silence till they reached the heavy current formed by the conjunction of the Cowper and Wandoo rivers, when Perault suddenly turned to the Missionary, and said—"So, you dislike our plans?"

"I do," was the answer.

"And would betray us, if you thought there would be a general massacre of the whites?"

"You have deceived *me*," said the Missionary; "and before God and man I denounce thy bloody scheme."

"We have a method of silencing rash tongues," said Perault, sternly.

Silence again ensued for a short space, when Perault addressed the rowers—"Is that an alligator in the stream?"

The negroes turned to look in the direction pointed out, when a sudden plunge was heard, and the voice of the Missionary, in wild despair, exclaimed—"Spare me! save me! Mercy! God, have mercy!"

The rowers started up, and beheld the Missionary struggling in the waters, his features distorted with agony and despair. He was suddenly beneath the waves, his hands tossing convulsively for aid as he disappeared. "Resume your seats, and row on," said Perault, sternly. "He was a *white* man, and deserved his fate." The rowers silently resumed their paddles; but shuddered at the recollection of the scene.

We must now, for a time, return to the scene of warfare at Myrtlegrove, where we left the Cadet Brigade engaged with the Cherokees.

No sooner had Major Maitland seen the preparations made for escorting Miss Bellgrove and her friends to Carlville, than he headed his own troops in the forest; and, by a series of skilful manœuvres, forced the stubborn foe from the cover of the woods, and drove them into the clearings. Concealed by the underwood on the verge of the openings, the Cadets poured in a most destructive fire upon the enemy, till the mounted brigade, forming in line, charged furiously upon the Cherokees, and drove them into a large swamp upon the margin of the river, through which the Indians vainly endeavoured to force their way. Maitland then ordered the whole troops to advance, and extend along the outskirts of the swamp, to prevent the Indians extricating themselves from their perilous situation. Exposed to the galling fire of the Cadets and negroes around the swamp, and the deep mud and rapid river preventing all escape, the Indians soon made signs that they wished a cessation of hostilities. The firing having ceased, one of their chiefs scrambled out of the swamp, his long, white blanket thickly covered with mud, while his face, divested of its war-paint, expressed mingled feelings of chagrin and sullen haughtiness. Throwing down his rifle, he stalked, with proud up-springing, but slow steps, towards Maitland and a group of officers, who had assembled to receive him.

"Why do our white brethren war against the Red Cherokees?" demanded the chief, in a sullen, offended tone, as if he and his tribe were the worst-used men in the world.

"Why do the Red Cherokees steal on, like beasts of prey, to destroy the white men?" said Maitland, haughtily. "If ye come like wolves, we shall hunt ye down as wolves."

"The pale-faces were the first aggressors," replied the Indian, doggedly; "and the Red Cherokees only revenged their wrongs."

"You had no cause for this outbreak," rejoined Maitland; "and less cause to wander from the wilds of Georgia, to destroy the inhabitants of South Carolina, who were your friends."

"We came to trade with the Carolinians in peace," said the Indian. "The pale-faces in the State of Georgia would drive the Red Indian from the land. We deal not with them."

"Ye attacked and destroyed several plantations in this very neighbourhood about two years ago; ye burned the plantation of Mr. Bellgrove, who was ever the friend of your race, and carried off his only son: ye wrought ruin and destruction; your very footsteps were marked with massacre and fire; and yet you call this *peace!*"

"Our young braves were shot down like wild deer by your white hunters," said the Indian; "therefore we attacked your plantations. We carried away the young pale-face as a hostage, to prevent farther harm from his race. We meant to restore him, and brought him with us to smoke the pipe of peace, and be in friendship with our white brethren: but he slew some of our young braves, and fled from our wigwams; therefore we pursued him. Our chief, Moonakah, is also slain. Why should the Red Indian not seek redress for his wrongs?"

"Your braves got involved, as I learn, with some white hunters in the woods," answered Maitland, "and fell in combat with them. The young man harmed them not. As for Moonakah, he still lives."

"Restore him to us then," said the chief, "and the Red Indian will depart in peace, and no longer contend with his white brethren."

"Not so," answered Maitland; "your warriors cannot escape us now; let them lay down their arms and surrender."

"Never," exclaimed the Indian, fiercely, "we will die first."

"Look," said Maitland, pointing to the swamp where the Indians were struggling amongst the mud; "if they enter farther into the swamp, they will all be drowned. If they try to extricate themselves, they will be shot down. Take your choice. We will spare your lives and send you over to the State of Georgia, if you surrender; if not, we will destroy you all. See, the negroes are surrounding the opposite verge of the swamp to prevent your escape."

"The negroes' hearts are black like their faces," exclaimed the Indian, fiercely. "They are dogs—and sons of dogs. They are black-hearted, and have acted falsely to the Red Cherokee."

"Ha!" said Maitland, as suspicion flashed across his mind, "did the slaves promise to aid you in this outbreak?"

"They did," answered the Indian. "They seek to destroy the pale-faces, and pretend to offer the Red Indians their own land again. They are bad—bad!" and he spat on the ground to give stronger effect to his expressions of rage against the slaves.

Maitland and the officers around him exchanged glances of surprise; and anxious to ascertain the truth of the Cherokee's statement, Maitland again addressed him.

"So the black slaves broke faith with the Cherokees, and instead of aiding them against the whites, they fight against the Indians?"

"The Indian sees his folly in trusting to the black dogs," answered the chief. "Let our white brethren beware of them also. Let the Cherokees return, and they will keep down the black slaves."

"We can keep them down ourselves if we wish it," said Maitland. "You have heard our terms, if not complied with within ten minutes, your blood be upon your own heads."

The Indian shrugged up his shoulders, and muttered, "Ugh, ugh: it is not good—not good."

"Gentlemen," said Maitland, addressing his brother officers, "let the mounted brigade disperse along the margin of the swamp, to cut down any Indians who struggle out. Place the negroes at the farthest-off verge, and order our rifles to advance to the swamp."

"Stay," cried the Cherokee, "I will tell to my brethren what your conditions are."

"That will not prevent us from cutting off all possibility of your escape," said Maitland. "You may return; but the troops must take their ground; so look you to the consequences, if within ten minutes you do not accede to our terms."

With a downcast look, the Indian turned, and

springing lightly on the harder parts of the soil, soon rejoined his tribe. An angry altercation ensued, which was suddenly broken off by a strong body of the Indians, making a bold attempt to force their way through the negroes on the verge of the swamp, but all their efforts only tended to their own destruction; and they were reluctantly compelled to surrender.

No sooner were the prisoners secured, than Maitland forwarded despatches to Captain Osborne, to return from Bellgrove Plantation with the troops under his command; and to escort the prisoners to the frontiers of the district. He then called a council of the officers of the Brigade, and represented the necessity of adopting instant measures, for checking any attempt on the part of the negroes, to take advantage of the outbreak of the Indians. Accustomed, however, to the crouching nature of the negroes, and being taught to look upon them as an inferior and degraded race in the scale of humanity, the officers only laughed at the idea of the negroes rising against their white masters; and maintained, that if they should dare to revolt, their owners had only to arm themselves with whips, to overawe their rebel slaves, and reduce them to subjection. Finding his remonstrances unavailing, Maitland consented to remain till the arrival of Captain Osborne's rifles; at the same time begging of the officers to keep a strict watch on the movements of the negroes on Myrtlegrove, and the surrounding plantations.

The loss on the part of the Cadet Brigade had been very trifling, while that of the Indians was severe; and the result was calculated to crush any future hostile movements on the part of the native tribes in the States.

Despatches were forwarded to the city, announcing the defeat of the Indians; and in the course of the following day, Maitland received orders to forward the prisoners to the frontiers of the district, and deliver them over to the troops provided to convey them to their destination; and then to march the Rifle Brigade back to Carlville.

It was late on the evening after the surrender of the Indians, before Captain Osborne's troops arrived at Myrtlegrove; and on the following day, the Indian prisoners were divided into different parties, and each, guarded by a strong body of the Cadets, was marched off, to be handed over to the neighbouring troops. Having seen the arrangements properly made, Maitland issued orders for the Mounted Brigade and remainder of the Cadets to march to Carlville; and, desirous to reach the city before their arrival, he embarked in a canoe on the Wandoo, and preceded them.

Evening had set in before Maitland landed at Carlville; but, as he proceeded towards the mansion-house of Colonel Waldenberg, he could not refrain from remarking the singular conduct of the negroes in the streets, and the uncommon number of country negroes assembled in small groups at the corners. He observed that, as often as he eyed any of them closely, they looked startled, and as if conscious of guilt. Filled with vague apprehension, he reached the outer gate of Waldenberg's mansion, and, on knocking, was answered by a surly black porter, who informed him that Waldenberg had left the city a few hours previously. Doubtful of the truth of this statement, but supposing that Waldenberg did not wish to be disturbed, and had given his slaves instructions to deny him, Maitland turned, and walked on to the city guard-house, where he found Galliard and Brookley together. Both were happy to meet with him; and, after the ordinary congratulations were over, Maitland told them of the disclosures made by the Indians, and his own fears that the negroes meditated a revolt. Brookley and Galliard exchanged glances, and a smile lurked around the mouths of both.

"My dear Maitland," said Brookley, "you view this matter too seriously. Your English education has spoiled you altogether. The negroes! Lord help the poor devils! if a single white man was to attack a thousand of them, with only a cowskin in his hand, he would set them all to flight."

"You are wrong, Brookley," answered Maitland. "I have seen the negro race do acts of most heroic daring; and I have heard of Africans whose bravery, in their own land, equalled that of the best and noblest of our patriots."

"Poor black devils!" cried Brookley; "what was the use of all their patriotism?"

"What is the use of *ours*, Brookley? What if *our* ancestors, when fighting for *freedom*, had been conquered and *sold* as slaves?—made hewers of wood and drawers of water to a race they abhorred, and we, their children, made the scoff and the scorn of our masters?"

"Nay," said Brookley, "that is too strong a picture."

"Not too strong," said Maitland. "Take the case home to ourselves: If the negroes fought openly and fairly for freedom, I'd break my sword in pieces rather than raise it against them."

"But they dare not meet us openly," cried Galliard.

"Therefore," answered Maitland, "they must plot *in secret*. You cannot expect your *slaves* to send their *masters* a fair and open challenge to combat."

Conversing thus, the gentlemen glided on, till Brookley, whose fears began to get excited, caused another body of the guard to assemble at the guard-house; and Galliard and Maitland agreed to remain with him till the guard should be posted at nine o'clock.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE INSURRECTION.

The sun was slowly setting behind the dark masses of forest to the westward of the city, and tinged the sky with fiery brightness, while the air felt hot and sulphureous, and gave tokens of an approaching thunder-storm. One dazzling glare of ruddy light shot across the heavy clouds, which came rolling along the heavens, and then all settled into the death-like silence and darkness of the grave. For a space all Nature seemed hushed into the most silent repose, and not even a breath of wind was heard. Suddenly the deep croaking of a solitary bull-frog broke upon the stilly solitude,

and instantly the concert was joined by the noisy tenants of each swamp and fen; while the shrill chirp of the grasshoppers gave a variety to the rude, though not unpleasant, notes, which sounded far and near; and the fire-flies, darting through the air, spread a bright glare around them, as they ever and anon clustered together like a globe of fire, or darted asunder like sparks struck from a burning torch.

Refreshed by a sound sleep, our acquaintance Whackie was, at this time, listlessly leaning over the balustrade of the verandah of the mansion-house, watching the evolutions of the fire-flies, when the sound of a stealthy step, and a slight rustling amongst the shrubbery, aroused him. "Ah, ha!" he chuckled; "here be some black rogue come for tief de fruit. I hear him foot; stop, I go cotch um!"

The footsteps drew nearer and nearer, and at length were heard slowly ascending the staircase. "Who de debil is dat!" thought Whackie, as, creeping closely to the trelissed vines, which clustered around the pillars of the verandah, he lay motionless, listening to the advancing footsteps. A dark figure glided past him, and paused opposite to the window of Miss Bellgrove's apartment. The rays of the taper, beaming through the window, fell full on the face and form of the intruder; and Whackie, with mingled consternation and joy, beheld his friend Zama! Whackie had heard that Zama had been killed by the Indians; and the sudden appearance of his friend, in such a place, chilled the superstitious African's very blood, so that he had not the courage to move, but lay crouched up, gazing, as if transfixed, on the supposed apparition before him. Zama stood for a short space looking into the apartment; and Whackie beheld him wring his hands bitterly, while large tears coursed from his eyes. Heaving a deep sigh, he stepped back close to the spot where Whackie lay concealed. "She is alone," he murmured; "and yet I dare not warn her of her danger. But she shall be safe. Yes, Matilda; when the wild din of war bursts around thee, Zama's arm shall shield thee from all danger." He turned away, and slowly glided from the spot. Whackie, creeping on his hands and knees from his lurking-place, looked anxiously after the receding figure, and, shaking with fear, he uttered, "Dat is no ghost; him Zama heshef: wot him see in dat window?" So saying, he rose; and, running to the window, peered through it, and beheld Miss Bellgrove sitting in a pensive mood at a table. He then turned, and hearing the footsteps of the intruder gliding under the verandah, Whackie instantly thought of running after him, and bringing him back. Hurrying down the staircase, he followed Zama across the garden, and observed him pass through a private gate, and turn down a lonely lane, leading to Vendue range.

Thoroughly convinced that it was Zama, and no ghost, that he was following, and being anxious to find out his lurking-place, Whackie followed closely at his heels; and, slipping from tree to tree, kept Zama in view, without being observed himself.

After walking along the range, Zama struck down to the beach; and Whackie, availing himself of some piles of wood and bales of cotton which lay along the sand, crept cautiously along. On a sudden, Zama stopped, and gave a low whistle, which was instantly answered from the water, and a canoe shot close to the side of a deserted wharf, on which Zama had placed himself.

"*Hayti!*" whispered a voice from the canoe.

"*Christophe!*" answered Zama; and Whackie, to his amazement, beheld Perault, followed by other three negroes, spring upon the wharf, almost close to him.

Stretching himself behind a pile of cotton bales, Whackie listened with breathless attention to the conversation which was carried on in low tones by the conspirators.

"What news?" said Zama, hastily.

"The plantations are fired," answered Perault, "and blood has already flowed. The country negroes are even now crossing the bay. Where are your own bands?"

"They are concealed in the creeks, close to the city," answered Zama.

"All has gone well," said Perault.

"My heart misgives me," answered Zama. "Would to heaven that we could escape without bloodshed!"

"Now, by the soul of my fathers!" exclaimed Perault, "I would not leave the city in peace, if I thought that one white man, woman, or child, were left alive; or that one stone of it stood above another. No, Zama; so far we are successful. We must strike down every one of the pale-faced monsters, and let their blazing dwellings be their funeral piles!" Zama shuddered involuntarily. "But, hark! the canoes are rapidly approaching," continued Perault. "'Tis time we were at work."

"But the city guard?" said Zama. "Are they secured?"

"The first stroke of the nine o'clock bell, and the negro drum, settles that," answered Perault. "They will be suddenly overpowered as they issue from the guard-house. Besides, the postern gate, at the back of the guard-house, is in possession of one of our band. Negro Tom will remove the bolts to give us entrance. That done, the rest is easy; and the shipping once secured—Hayti, and Freedom, are before us!"

"But the garrisons in the bay?" inquired Zama, still unsatisfied.

"Are filled with our followers; and the first gleam of destruction from the city, sees the garrisons overpowered. Our schemes are too deeply laid to be thwarted."

The rippling of the water, and the slight splash of paddles, gave token of the advance of the canoes of the insurgents. A signal was exchanged between Perault and the foremost canoes, and a dense mass of negroes moved towards the place where Perault stood. Whackie crept closer behind the pile of cotton bales, where he lay concealed, peering out with terror on the scene before him. Canoe followed canoe, till the creek seemed crammed with them; and band after band of armed negroes sprang upon the landing-place, close to the spot where Whackie lay concealed. Rank

on rank, and file on file, they moved past, and formed into close column. The words of command were given in suppressed whispers by the leaders. It was evident that considerable time must have been spent in bringing the insurgents to such perfection in their evolutions. No clang of weapons was heard amongst them; and the deep dry sand scarcely echoed back the measured tramp of the armed thousands, as they swept along the beach towards the city.

As the last column defiled past the spot, Whackie heard the voice of Perault in earnest expostulation with Zama.

"Not one of my band shall attack a white man, unless in self-defence, and in fair and open combat, should the citizens oppose our escape," Zama was heard to say.

"Zama, are you mad?" answered Perault. "Where can there be fair and open combat, when all our hopes depend on secrecy and expedition, under cloud of night? But, see!" he cried, with a burst of joy, "the plantations are in flames! God of my fathers! this is rapture! See how the flames kiss the sky, lighting the heavens like a vault of fire!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Zama, "this may alarm the whites."

"Tush!" said Perault, "fear not. The citizens will only think the neighbouring planters are burning down the long grass and reeds in the forest. But let us on; our host is far advanced towards the mustering-place. Now, proud city," he continued, shaking his clenched hand towards it, "the hour of thy destruction hath come; the chains of thy slaves are broken; and the blood of their oppressors shall hiss in thy smoking ruins. Come, Zama; on, on to vengeance and to freedom!"

With hurried steps the conspirators hastened after their fellow rebels; and Whackie, horrified at what he had overheard, raised his head, and looked cautiously around. The whole of the woods on the opposite side of the bay, was one vast body of flame; while, faintly wafted over its waters, came sounds of exultation and triumph. He rose, but, staggering, sunk on the ground.—"O God!" he exclaimed, "what, what is dis? Plantations on fire—murder—burn—kill all—destroy de city! No, you dam black-hearted villains!—no, I will baulk you yet!"

So saying, he sprang to his feet, and with speedy, but guarded steps, hurried through the most unfrequented lanes; and, scrambling over some walls, soon reached his master's house. Dreading lest the other negroes should be in the plot, he avoided the front staircase, and, climbing up the pillars, he entered the piazza. The light was still burning in the apartment where Miss Bellgrove sat; and Whackie, without ceremony, threw open the door and rushed in. Matilda was sitting alone; and, alarmed at the rude intrusion of the negro, she started from her seat, demanding what he meant by such conduct. Throwing himself at her feet, and, stretching his clasped hands towards her, while tears rolled fast down his cheeks, in broken accents the faithful negro exclaimed—"O Missee, save youshef!—save de city!"

"What mean ye, Whackie?" said Matilda, gazing, with amazement, on the kneeling negro.

"O Missee, de niggers are in rebellion; de plantations are destroyed; dey come to burn de city." And he told the appalling tale.—"Look," he cried, as, starting up, he threw open the window, and pointed to the clouds, which were illumined by the broad glare of the blazing plantations. "See, Missee, see!" cried the negro; dere is no time for put off here."

"Great God!" ejaculated Matilda, "what can be done?"

"Much, Missee, much!" answered the negro, as he earnestly approached her. "Come and alarm de city guard."

"Are there none of the citizens prepared to repel the negroes?"

"Not one," was the answer. "Dey do not seem to suspect ought wrong. But come, Missee—dere is no time for lose—come and arouse de guard."

"Dare I trust you?" said Matilda, looking earnestly at Whackie. "Surely you will not betray me?"

"No, Missee," was the earnest response; "poor Whackie would rader hab him heart cut out, dan betray you."

"I will trust you, then," answered Matilda. "Let us hasten to the guard-house."

"Tank you, Missee," cried Whackie, joyfully; "tank you! We is do for de dam rogues yet! But no put on you bonnet," he continued, as he saw Matilda preparing to dress. "Tie black crape veil round you face, and look like nigger girl." So saying, he tore the veil from the bonnet, and, casting it over Matilda's face, caused her to fasten it firmly. Then snatching up a poker, he said, "We sall do now: de fust nigger dat touch you sall feel dis." So saying, he brandished the poker; and requesting Matilda to take the private gate through the garden, led her along by the hand. No sooner had they passed from the garden, and entered on the street, than they found themselves in the midst of a group of armed negroes, one of whom grasped Whackie by the arm, and roughly inquired—

"Hallo! bubba, whereaway?"

With amazing coolness Whackie answered—

"To Hayti."

"Dat's good," was the murmur of applause around him; and he was allowed to pass. On advancing further along the street, they found that the lamps had all been extinguished. The night was now misty, and the heavy fog was loaded with the pestiferous exhalations from the swamps and fens around. On drawing near to the guard-house, they found it completely surrounded by a dense mass of the negro rebels. Again they were stopped; but Whackie, with ready coolness, gave the parole, "Hayti and Christophe," the password of the rebels, and was allowed to pass through their ranks.

"Go on, bubba," was whispered to him by more than one of the insurgent host; "in few minutes we sall dance in white man's blood."

Still holding Matilda by the hand, and cheering her onwards by his broken exclamations and whispering, Whackie reached the back entrance, which

led through the Court behind the guard-house. On trying the door he found it secured in the inside, but suddenly was addressed in a deep whisper from within—

"Is dat you, Perault?"

Whackie at once answered, "Yes," and the door was slowly opened; and, dragging Matilda after him, he rushed in.

"Who de debil is you?" was the inquiry from the party who had opened the door, and whom Whackie instantly recognised to be Dandy Tom!

"Anybody along wid you, Tom?" inquired Whackie.

"No," answered Tom; "but who de debil is you?"

"He me—Whackie! and take dat, you dam tief." So saying, he raised his poker, and with a blow which might have brained a bullock, brought Tom to the ground. Then turning to Matilda, he cried, "Fly to de guard-house; I will secure dis door." He turned and refastened the bolts; then, raising Tom in his arms, said, "You shall go wid me, you dam *black* rogue," and followed his mistress.

Matilda flew forward and knocked loudly at the guard-house door, when a Spanish soldier from within cried out "*Que es esto?*"

"*Abra V.M. la puerto,*" exclaimed Matilda.

Surprised at hearing the sound of a female voice, the soldier instantly opened the door, and Matilda rushed past him into the guard-room; and, to the surprise of the sentinel, Whackie also followed, with negro Tom lying over his shoulder. An exclamation of surprise from the guard, when they saw Matilda tear the veil from her face, and Whackie throw down his load, aroused Brookley, Maitland, and Galliard, who were consulting together.

"Where is the Captain of the guard?" cried Matilda.

Maitland at once recognised the voice, and, rushing forward, caught her by both hands.

"Miss Bellgrove!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Maitland!" she answered, almost sinking into his arms, "the negroes are up in open rebellion; the streets are crowded with their armed bands, and the citizens are not aware of the danger."

"Yes," cried Whackie, "here be one of de *black* waggibones;" and he pointed to Tom, who was now sitting up scratching his head with a look of bewildered astonishment.

In a transport of rage, Galliard drew his sword, and placing it at the throat of his rebel slave, exclaimed, "Villain, confess, or I will plunge my sword into your body."

The sound of his master's voice, and the sight of the cold steel glittering before him, recalled the wandering senses of Tom. "Yes, Massa, yes," he ejaculated, "I will confess all."

"Quick, then," exclaimed Galliard. "How many negroes are in this plot?"

"Thousands—all de niggers in de city and country round."

"What is their object?" cried Galliard, still menacing him.

The answer of the trembling conspirator was pretty near the truth.

"Have they already made the attack?"

"No, Massa; not till de nigger drum beats."

"We have time yet," cried Maitland, "although it is close upon the hour; we must take instant measures to alarm the citizens."

"The guard," said Captain Brookley, "will make their stand against the rebels till aid arrives."

"Would to Heaven!" exclaimed Maitland, "that our rifles were at hand; and yet they cannot be far off. A trusty messenger might readily meet and hurry them forward."

"Alas!" exclaimed Matilda, "the guard-house is already surrounded by the negroes, so that it is impossible to get intelligence conveyed."

"Oh no, Missee," answered Whackie, eagerly. "I shall go myshef, and bring de Cadets to flog de black rascals. I sall get tro' de crowd of black niggers by say 'Hayti and Christophe.'"

"Is that their password?" cried Galliard, again menacing his delinquent valet.

"Yes, Massa," cried Tom, trembling. "No nigger in de plot has any oder signal."

"Then by your leave, Miss Bellgrove, I shall borrow your black veil," answered Galliard, lightly, "and become a negro for once. By this means I will hurry forward, and bring the Cadets in myself."

(*To be continued.*)

A FLIGHT IN THE AERIAL.

BY BON GAULTIER.

"Bless my soul, what can it be? A burnt-out comet, or Sinbad's roc? This is really very remarkable!" and I drew my cheroot from my mouth, and leaning against the old battlement of Ehrenbreitstein, where I had been sauntering for the last half-hour, gazed intently towards a black object, which I had observed for some time sailing towards the town. The afternoon had been squally, and the sky a good deal broken up with clouds, from a bank of which I had seen this inexplicable object emerge a little before, on the extreme verge of the horizon. By degrees, what had at first seemed but a speck glancing in the rays of the westering sun, grew larger and larger, as it advanced rapidly in the direction where I was standing. The wind, before which it was scudding, seemed to buffet it about considerably. It dodged and tacked and veered, as we have seen a crow do under similar circumstances, but, upon the whole, kept steadily on its course. It maintained a considerable elevation, and, as it drew near, looked for all the world like a gigantic eagle, except that it wanted a neck and head; for which, however, a stream of dense black smoke that issued from its back formed an

imperfect substitute. Could this, I thought, be the Aerial Machine, which I had seen filling the paragraphs of such English papers as had fallen in my way during my recent excursion through Germany? But while I was still speculating, whether I was to regard it in this light, or to consider myself as under the operation of a bottle of Johannisberg, with which I had wound up my dinner, a new phenomenon developed itself, which in the end served to clear away all doubts upon the subject.

The roc, or rukh, as Mr. Lane writes it, if roc it was, seemed to have some spleen against me, as the rocs in the Arabian Nights had against Sinbad's vessel, and apparently wished to treat me to a similar fate. For, just as it passed over my head, I observed it throw out some bulky object, which swept onwards for a short distance with the impetus communicated by the speed of its recent domicile, then vibrated unsteadily for a few seconds, and descended perpendicularly right over my head. I had no desire, however, to play the Anacreon to this tortoise, and therefore made my way to "a more removed spot" with all speed. Down it came,—neither a roc's egg, nor a rock itself, but a veritable Montgolfier parachute,—with a bang that made the old walls echo again. I heard a faint cry from the basket, as I rushed forward.

"Good gracious! where am I?" said a voice, whose tones I thought I remembered.

"Run aground on Ehrenbreitstein! your broad seat of honour squatted on the broad stone of the same quality," I replied, helping the unfortunate and breathless aeronaut, in whom I now recognised my old friend Duggins, to rise and extricate himself from the ropes of the parachute. "Why, Duggins, who the deuce would have thought of tumbling upon you—no, I should say, of being tumbled upon by you, here? This beats our meeting on the Upper Missouri* all hollow."

"Oh! oh!" said Duggins, rubbing his nether man, "that expedition was a joke to this. I'd rather make fifty pilgrimages to the Siouxes and Assinaboins, than one voyage in the Aerial. The Crows of the Alleghanies are more to my taste a great deal, than aping the crows of the upper air is. My inside is shaken all to pieces. Oh!" he exclaimed, as in the effort to walk the probability of a dislocation of the hip-joint became painfully apparent, "Oh, I sha'n't get the better of this for a twelvemonth. Serves me right, for being such an ass."

"I really can't say as to that," replied I. "But lean on my arm. I presume you have no particular anxiety about preserving this piece of your moveable property," said I, kicking the broken fragments of the parachute. "I shall carry your valise for you. It seems safe enough. I promise you a wonderfully good bed for a German inn, at The White Horse, in the town here,—soft as eider down. So, come along. Take it easy—no bones broke. A little rest and a glass or two of wine will put you all to rights."

"Thank you, thank you. Oh, confound it!"

"What's the matter? What's the matter, my dear fellow? We'll soon be at The White Horse. There it is, that queer-looking old hostel, half-way down the street."

"Oh, never mind. It was only another twinge; but that twinge was a 'screamer,' as our Yankee friends say," said Duggins, conjuring up the ghost of a smile into his generally mirthful face. "I only wish poor Ainsworth and Cruikshank were as well out of the mess. As for Lever, poor fellow, poor fellow!"

"Ainsworth, Cruikshank, Lever! You don't mean to say, that they are all scouring through the air in yonder infernal machine! Where is it now, I wonder? Out of sight, by Jove. No. There it is—no—yes it is—a mere speck on the horizon. Why, at that rate, they'll be at London in an hour."

"Oh, bless you, that's nothing. Only you try it, and you'll not be surprised at that!"

"Thank you! But Lever, Cruikshank, what of them?"

"As to Lever, ask for him at the lions of the Zahara."

"Good Heavens, you don't mean to say, that—" and I went through a pantomimic representation expressive of a gentleman disappearing down an enormous throat—

"Like Harlequin through a clock case. It's a fact: Daniel himself could not have escaped."

"And Cruikshank and Ainsworth?"

"Oh, they're safe enough—that is, as far as any man can be safe in that Flying Steamboat. Ecod, I only wish them as well out of it as I am. Is this your inn? *Das Weisse Pferd!* meaning, The White Horse, I suppose. Well, upon my soul, I should not have known it—I should have said *that* animal belonged to quite a new species in natural history."

"A mere flight of German fancy. You wouldn't have a German horse like an English one, would you? However, let me hand you over to the comely Frau Kalbsbraten, who, I dare say, can contrive to cook some less equivocal object of natural history for our supper, while you are fomenting your bruises."

I supported Duggins to a bed-room to which we were heralded by our buxom hostess, who manifested her sympathy for his sufferings by a cento of Ach Gotts, Der Himmels, and Armer lieber Herrs! By vigorous application of shampooing and hot water, the pain of his bruises was considerably reduced; and in the course of a couple of hours, he was able to do justice to a devilled fowl and an omelette, tossed up by the fair hands of the Frau Kalbsbraten herself. A flask of excellent Geisenheimer by no means retarded his restoration to good spirits.

"And so this was the much talked-of Aerial Machine that you were dropped out of in such a summary way."

"Summary! I was only too glad to get out of it any way. The wealth of all the sugar-bakers in London would not have tempted me to stay in it ten minutes longer."

"What the deuce took you into it, then? The man that goes whisking over sea and hill-top, like

* See Duggins's Impressions of America. *Tait's Magazine*, May, 1842.

witches on a broomstick, can't expect to have as easy a seat up aloft, as if he were rolling along the wood pavement in a Brougham."

"Curiosity, sheer curiosity."

"Come now, confess, you wanted to make a book of it! Impressions of The Aerial—two volumes—one guinea. The public purse bleeds freely. Wasn't that it?"

"Well, perhaps there might be something of that, too. But the chief motive was curiosity. When Henson sent me an invitation to accompany him on the trial-trip with a few friends, What a glorious opportunity, thought I, for realizing the dream which I and you, and every poetical mind, has often entertained of passing from country to country and sea to sea, like an Ariel—"

"In a Taglioni and Wellington boots—"

"Now to see rivers, forests, cities gleaming under us in the sunshine, like gems upon the emerald robe of earth,—now to be sailing under the moonshine, with the waves of the Atlantic leaping and heaving beneath us."

"Now taking tea and toast upon the Wall of China; now sweating 'mong the blacks of Carolina! Exactly so; I entirely understand. You accepted Henson's invitation, in short."

"Oh yes, certainly. It was, let me see; yes,—on Tuesday evening last that I drove down to Notting Hill, where he had been making experiments with his machine for some time. I of course said not a word about it to my family. Merely mentioned I was going down to Penzance to make a few sketches for a book I am writing, packed up a few shirts, and pretended that I was to start by the Southampton Railway. It cost me a struggle, when the time to start actually arrived. The peril of the expedition had never crossed my mind before. But when my children, bless their chubby little feet and fingers! were brought to me that evening—in their smart little night-gowns, just before being put to bed—"

"Never mind these family matters. You got to Notting Hill all safe, I presume? Tell me how you managed to get under way."

"On reaching the ground, I found that I had to ascend an inclined plane, at the top of which, at an elevation of some hundred and fifty feet or so, the Aerial Machine was fastened. I was rather late, and found that my companions were already on board. The steam-engine was hissing and spluttering furiously. Everything, in short, was ready for the start. But as the whole arrangements were kept secret from the public, there was none of the usual flurry, and crush, and scrambling, the collision of porters, and insane bellowings of gentlemen for their portmanteaus, and ladies for their spaniels, that usually precede the starting of steam conveyances. On the contrary, an awful stillness was preserved by all present. None of the crew were visible. Cruikshank gave me a timid nod; and Ainsworth, instead of his usual warm grip of the hand, hailed me with a stare of very imperfect recognition. The only person who seemed at all at ease was Lever, whom I knew merely by sight, and who was lying on the sofa, wrapped in a military cloak, smoking a cigar, and tittering over the last number of *Punch*. I had a glimpse of Joseph Jenkins in the steward's room as I passed. He seemed to be under the influence of violent fear, which had driven out of his head every random recollection that usually illuminated his mental darkness. It was very clear, that my scheme of a book would never do. Lever with his dashing slashing style, Ainsworth with Cruikshank at his elbow, and Jenkins with his note-book of facts—I had not a dog's chance against them."

"We'll have a fine run of it," said Henson, who was all animation, his clear gray eye sparkling in anticipation of his approaching triumph. "There's a light wind creeping along from the north that will carry us away in fine style."

"Ha!" we exclaimed with one voice, trying to look as much at our ease as possible, and as if we had so stout a heart for the voyage, that it was a matter of total indifference to us, whether it blew great guns, or whether there was no wind at all.

"By the by, gentleman," said Henson, double locking the door through which we had entered the machine, and putting the key in his pocket, "there is one thing I forgot to mention to you. As we are forced to carry light weight, and therefore can have no idlers on board, you must all stand by for a turn of work on the voyage."

"Delighted—certainly—great pleasure!"—was the general exclamation.

"To prevent all mistakes—you see I like to have things all trim and ship-shape—suppose you draw lots among you who shall be cook, steward, and cabin-boy."

"Capital!" cried Jenkins.—"Such fun," said Ainsworth.—"I'll be steward, and mix the liquor," shouted Cruikshank.—"And I'll drink it, my jewel," said Lever, looking round and eliminating a whiff from his cigar with the utmost nonchalance as he spoke.

"A mighty pleasant avening," he continued, "we'll make of it; so, George, the sooner you begin your vocation and produce the matharials, the higher the opinion I'll have of you."

"Stop a bit, gentlemen," interrupted Henson. "I'm sorry to say, that my stoker is so infernally drunk, that I must leave him behind. I can't take his place myself, because, as you see, I will have enough to do looking after the tiller ropes. I'm the last man to put any gentleman in an awkward or painful position, but one of you *must* be stoker; and, if you please, we'll draw lots for that too."

"Not a face among us but grew as long, at this announcement, as a Philadelphia Quaker's. A considerable variety of expletives escaped in the agitation of the moment, and the eyes of all glanced feverishly towards the door.

"It's no use, gentlemen," said Henson, pleasantly but firmly. "We're ready to start. A great problem in science is on the eve of being solved. I put it to you as men of education, as philanthropists. Will you, for a small matter of personal comfort, delay the great experiment?"

"Oh, —— it," exclaimed the modern Hogarth, "science is all very well, and philanthropy may be so too—although I never knew a philanthropist yet, that was not a scoundrel—but I'll see them

both at the bottom of the ocean before I'll consent to be shut up in a furnace like Monsieur Chabert. I'm not a salamander."

"It is most probable that *we* shall all be at the bottom of the ocean if you or some other of our friends don't accept the vacant shovel," said Henson, smiling. He stepped back and called down something into the engine-room; then advancing to the end of the cabin, he lifted a hatchet that was lying beside a large pin, around which was coiled a cable of the thickness of your arm, and with two rapid strokes cut the rope in two. That instant the vessel shot forward like an arrow. Cruikshank disappeared under the table, I was projected into Lever's lap, Ainsworth and Jenkins embraced each other on the floor.

"Now, gentlemen, settle it among yourselves," said Henson, taking his seat very quietly between the tiller ropes. "We are off, and *must* have a stoker."

"Remonstrance was now fruitless. We therefore picked ourselves up and proceeded to draw lots for the vacant posts with the best grace we could. Meanwhile Cruikshank kept muttering dark sayings about 'unhandsome advantage,' and making gestures typical of a desire to have a little fancy sparring with Mr. Henson. But when he drew the steward's place, the berth which he had previously destined for himself, he became wonderfully tranquil, nay, even smiled at Ainsworth's look of horror, when the dreaded post of stoker fell to his lot. I drew the cook's place, Jenkins the cabin-boy's; and that the joke might be thoroughly kept up, Lever undertook to be the gentleman of the party.

"Ainsworth, my lad, let me mix you a tumbler," said Cruikshank, who had had by this time ensconced himself behind a chevaux-de-frize of bottles, flanked by two enormous bastions of loaf-sugar, and garrisoned with a large supply of shot in the shape of limes. "It will do you good before you turn in for the night. Warm work, you know!"

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Cruikshank; I've had one stoker tipsy to night already," here broke in our conductor. "Not a drop till daylight. Mr. Ainsworth, the fire's getting low, I see," he continued, as he glanced through a wicket behind him, which commanded a view of the furnace. "You'll require to turn in and watch it."

"Good night, my dear fellow," said we all, pressing round the author of Rookwood, and shaking him affectionately by the hand. "It might have been our own case, you know."

"I wish to heaven it had!" said William Harrison, dashing into the engine-room, which Henson deliberately locked behind him.

"Upon my soul, Duggins," said I, "our friend Ainsworth was much to be pitied. I dare say he would rather have been in his own Well-Hole. But the bottle's done. Capital wine this, is it not? *Lieschen, mein Liebeskind, kommen Sie herauf! Ein anderes Fläschen Geisenheimer!*"

"*Mit Vergnugen!*" replied the pretty Lieschen, our landlady's daughter, placing another flask on the table. "*Schmeckt das gut? Nicht wahr?*"

"*Himmlisch!* Well, and how did you get on, after Ainsworth entered upon his fiery task?"

"Why, the fact is, after that we turned to, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. Lever told capital stories—Cruikshank brewed capital punch;—as for Jenkins, we despatched him to the steward's room to wash the dishes and clean our boots, for fear of his dragging our conversation into his next book. The motion of the vessel, which pursued its way steadily through the air, became very pleasant, after a little, and we were as merry as possible. I soon became very drowsy. Perhaps it might be the rarefied air that overcame me, although I believe we took no great altitude at first either; or perhaps it might be the punch, or both; but I believe I fell asleep about eleven, singing the chorus of 'We fly by Night,' which Henson led off with great taste and no small execution."

"I dare say your aërial chant was regarded as the music of the spheres by any gentleman of a poetical turn who may have heard you."

"Very possibly. But if you're done with that bottle? Thank you!" Duggins refreshed himself with a potent pull at the Geisenheimer, and continued.

"When day dawned, we found ourselves skimming over the blue waters of the Mediterranean sea. The prospect was divine. To the east, on the very verge of the horizon, Malta appeared like a black speck against the brilliant orange hue which the rising sun sent forth as the precursor of his coming. To the west lay the Sierras of Spain, still wrapped in the fog and gloom of night; whilst the snowy tops of the Atlas range, towards which we were approaching, shone with that rosy light, which the denizen of the Alps beholds, ere, girding himself for the pursuit of the chamois, he prefers his prayer from the lowly valley to the blessed Saint, whose star rests like a halo upon the Jungfrau's untrodden summit!"

"That's very pretty, Duggins," said I, with a slight yawn, "but we hav'n't time for that sort of thing just now; so pray keep to facts, will you, and we'll imagine the poetry."

"Having satiated my curiosity with a view of the external landscape, I next directed my attention to my fellow-voyagers. Lever lay sound asleep with his legs stretching across the table. A purple velvet nightcap and gold tassel gracefully concealed his right eye; and the butt end of a cigar, with about an inch of gray ashes, was firmly fixed between his lips. The head of Cruikshank lay upon the table, under shelter of his right arm. Upon the thumb-nail of his left hand, which grasped an empty tumbler, I observed a sketch of myself. It was wretchedly drawn, and therefore, before awakening him, I took an opportunity of erasing it. At the extreme end of the car sat Henson, wrapped in a huge pilot coat, his vigilant clear eye dilated with the consciousness of superior genius, and the tiller ropes noosed around his arm.

"Good morning, Master Duggins!" said he. "You've slept well, considering the precious row we had on board last night."

"Gracious heavens!" said I, "did anything go wrong with the machinery?"

"Shiver my vanes! no," replied Henson; "we've had a glorious run of it. Light airs and catspaws from the north-west by north, since two

bells. Only, d'ye see, there was something like a mutiny on board. Our stoker was going to strike work, because we refused him an allowance of grog; but I beat all hands to quarters, and we soon made him belay his jaw. He's quiet enough now, I reckon."

"A horrid suspicion seized me. Could they have pitched Ainsworth overboard? I believe the thought was legibly written on my countenance, for Henson gave a short gruff laugh, and continued—

"Why, no—we didn't do *that* exactly, for we couldn't spare him: but we shut him up in the boiler, and told him, that if he didn't work there like a good 'un till seven bells, he had very little chance of ever tasting half-and-half again. He roared a good deal for the first half-watch, and wouldn't poke the fire, but I turned in a jet of steam upon him, and that settled the business. He does his work now as handy as if he had been bred to it. Boiler, ahoy!"

"Boiler it is, Sir!" replied a faint voice from the interior.

"Chuck on another half hundred-weight of coke, will you, and then you can have a mouthful of fresh air!"

"A sudden scrambling and scratching in the bowels of the copper cone evinced the increased activity of its occupant.

"Ha! Duggins, my hearty, how are you?" said Lever, awaking—"Henson, my trump, how do you find yourself? Where the deuce may we be now? over the Mediterranean, eh? Well, that's some fun! That's Algiers, I suppose, in the distance—suppose we stoop down and take it from the French? Hallo! Cruikshank, my buck! waken up, will you, and give us a bottle of soda-water with a bottom of brandy in it."

"Cruikshank did as he was desired, and Lever rattled on—

"Devilish good stuff this, after a hard night's swizzling! Duggins, do you think you could knock off a spatch-cock, or a kidney with a slight sprinkling of cayenne? Try it—that's a good fellow. I say, Henson,—what the deuce have you made of Ainsworth? I could hardly get a wink of sleep for his confounded bellowing in the boiler."

"I dare say, Master Charley," said Cruikshank, a little offended at the cavalier manner in which Lever seemed disposed to treat his friend—"I dare say you'd be rather apt to bellow yourself, if you were shut in there without a drop of anything to wet your whistle. *He* hadn't six stiff tumblers and a snooze after them to keep him fresh."

"Which you had, at the very least, friend George," retorted Lever. "But, hang it, after all, it's not right to muzzle the ox that treads out the coke, eh? I say, Henson,—do you think it would be safe to let the poor devil out for an hour or so? We can easily shove him in again, you know, when he's wanted."

"Henson swept the horizon with his telescope, noted down some figures on a scrap of paper, and then appeared absorbed in calculation.

"By the quadrant less seven," he said, after a pause. "I think he may come out now. There's no chance of a squall on this side the equator, and there's fuel enough in the furnace to keep us going as far as the mountains of the Moon. Tumble out my kiddy!" and he drew back the bolt.

"Poor Ainsworth! When he entered the Aerial he was in ripe and ruddy condition, plump as a Dunstable lark, and full of fun and frolic. Now, he crawled out from his den, a spectral emaciated figure; his long hair, matted with ashes and sweat, hung around his cheeks like a bunch of tallow dips tied together by the wicks; his face was streaked with a fancy ochre formed by the combination of steam and cinders; and his elegant apparel, which might formerly have electrified Piccadilly, was now woefully soiled, and in some places burned into patches. His first action was to clutch convulsively at a jug of beer which he drained to the very dregs. He then threw himself upon a sofa and scowled moodily around.

"Ainsworth, my fine fellow!" said Lever, by way of soothing him, "you've had a long spell of it, and we all feel devilishly obliged. Take a drop more beer. Cruikshank, look sharp, will you, and handle the tap."

"William Harrison glared wildly at him. He said nothing, however, but took the beer.

"When I was a child," said I, cheerfully, hoping to allay the irritation of my friend, "quite a little child, you know,—a thing full of life and joy, I remember to have tumbled, on a rainy day, over a heap of ashes, and to have been very much in the same plight with yourself. Would you like to wash your face, my dear fellow?"

"Driz my kemesa!" said Ainsworth, savagely. "Give us none of your gammon, Master Duggins, for I won't stand no nonsense."

"Quite right," said Lever; "devilish spirited answer. I say, Duggins, where's that spatch-cock you promised to make about an hour ago? Look sharp, will you? Why, confound it, man, are you to sit there all day with your hands in your pockets, doing nothing? Joint-stock work, you know,—division of labour, eh? That's it. Ladle away with the cayenne. Cruikshank, I'll thank you for another glass of soda and cogniac; (a light for my cigar, Jenkins!) and then squeeze a lemon or two into that bowl—a glass of weak rum-punch will do us no harm, eh, Henson? and I've a notion we shall find it confoundedly hot in crossing the great Zahara desert. Ainsworth, my good fellow, 'pon my soul you'd better dip your head in that bucket. You'd improve your appearance vastly.—Eh! what was that? a cannon-shot? By George! we're above Algiers; and these confounded French are firing at us!"

"Sure enough a cannon-ball came whistling up within three yards of the larboard sail, and reaching its upmost point of elevation, about a hundred feet above us, turned in the air, and fell straight down with immense velocity to the earth. It went crash into a minaret.

"There's a muezzin done for!" cried Lever, who had been staring down through a telescope.

"Henson grew pale.

"If they hit the engine," said he, "or even shiver the canvass, it's all up with us. Blast them! there's another fellow below pointing a gun!"

"Short sixes, I perceive," said Lever. "Hand me that rifle, will you—bang!—there goes the artilleryman on the rampart, tumbling over like a dolphin with a hole through his jacket; and I guess, by this time we're pretty well out of their range."

"And so it proved. Five more guns were fired at us from the batteries of Algiers; but the shot, as Lever predicted, fell short of the mark, and no injury ensued. I must confess, however, that I felt rather nervous until the roar of the artillery was silenced.

"This incident had the effect in some degree of restoring peace among our party, and might have done so altogether, if the military man had possessed sufficient tact to improve his advantage. He seemed, however, to consider that his successful shot had placed him so far above the level of the rest of us, that he might do exactly what he chose. Accordingly, he kept me working at the spatchcocks and kidneys, as if I had been a regimental cook. What with squeezing and mixing and ladling, Cruikshank had a hard time of it. Jenkins was run off his feet by him; and even poor exhausted Ainsworth was forced to minister to the personal comforts of the author of Harry Lorrequer. Henson was the only man whom he did not dare to meddle with. Even the warrior of the peninsula quailed before the falcon eye of the aeronaut.

"We now approached the tremendous range of the Atlas. By a dexterous motion of the tiller, Henson lowered the tail of the machine, and we rose slantingly in the air, as light and gracefully as a swallow. At first our course lay above huge patches of forest—great hoary primæval trees stretching for leagues up the mountain sides, with large green prairies between, in which we saw herds of wild dromedaries grazing. It was strange to mark how these stupendous creatures raised up their heads, and craned out their long necks in wonder, as the shadow of the aërial car passed across them, and the flap of its wide vanes was heard in the liquid air. And what a bellow they gave, as, tossing their hinder feet and unshapely humps on high, they scoured along in a body to take shelter in the recesses of the umbrageous wood! Then we came to the slopes of mountain pasture, where wild sheep and bisons were grazing, and, higher up, to the broken crags, along which the goat and the ibex bounded. Presently we reached the regions of eternal snow, and swept through a flight of enormous eagles, who, scared at so unwonted an apparition, flew screaming towards distant Fez. But the most singular spectacle we beheld, was an obelisk of grey granite, on the extreme peak of the mountain, far above snow and glacier, and I need not add quite imperceptible from its base. We passed close to it, and by the aid of our glasses, read this inscription—

HIC. JACET.
HERCVLES.
FILIVS. IOVIS.
EQVES AVRATVS.
OBIIT.
A.C.
MMMDCCCLXI.
IN PACEM
NOSTRI, DOMINI. REGIS."

"Now, Duggins," interrupted I, "will you swear that you saw that?"

"Before any magistrate in Middlesex," replied Duggins. "I don't mean to say exactly that I copied the inscription myself, for at the moment we cleared the mountain I was making a batter-pudding in the forecastle, but Lever wrote it down, and told me ten minutes afterwards."

"That will do," said I. "Now carry on."

"Descending the mountain on the other side, we passed over a diversified plain of some extent, apparently inhabited by wandering Arabs. We then entered into the region of the great Zahara desert. You cannot conceive the desolation of that fearful region. Fierce in its meridian hotness the sun pours down its torrid rays upon the white and calcined soil. No fields are there—no green lanes where children—little children, full of life and merriment may hunt the butterflies or pluck the wild flowers—no quiet churchyards where young creatures too early withered may lie down and think that above them the bright sunshine shall fall in tempered beams upon the turf—no—"

"No Nells, in short, nor Smikes, nor Pinches, nor that sort of thing. You need not trouble yourself to go over the whole catalogue, Duggins. I know it by heart. There were no pothouses either, I suppose, or queer old quaint houses with a spectral look, or rotten wharfs, or windows with hyacinths in blacking-bottles, or any other of your old properties. In fact, I understand perfectly that it was merely a desert of sand, and therefore you need say nothing more about it."

"O very well!" said Duggins, getting rather red about the gills; "no man cares for description less than myself, and I sha'n't force it upon you. We had been two hours in that infernal desert, and were absolutely smothered with the heat. We were in fact fairly knocked up. Lever selected the shadiest part of the car, near the vanes, which made a current of rather cooler air, and stripping himself nearly to the buff, smoked and drank in silence. Cruikshank lay down beside the tap, and amused himself by making a little jet-de-biere from the spigot. I gave up the batter-pudding in despair, and was for once unrebuked. I had enough to do to keep my mouth, eyes, and nose clear of sand. Even Henson looked fatigued; and the only man of the party who seemed not to care about it was Ainsworth, whose experiences in the engine-room had probably seasoned him,—indeed, I question whether he had then an ounce of adipose matter left in his system.

"As the great Zahara desert is perfectly level, we kept the Aerial low, and moved along at the height of only twenty yards from its surface. At last Henson, who, notwithstanding the heat, was keeping a vigilant look-out, uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"We all started up, and leaning over the rail, descried two magnificent creatures, a lion and a lioness, basking in the sand a little way before us. In point of size, the famous Nero was a mere cat compared with these enormous animals. I should say that the lion, from snout to tail, could not have measured less than thirty feet."

"Should you?" said I, refilling my meerschaum.

"I should," continued Duggins. "Heavens! what a roar he gave, as, shaking his massive mane, and raising himself on his forepaws, he glared upon the object above him! and how terrible was his bound from the earth as the sweet savour of human flesh smote on his distended nostrils! Off started at full speed lion and lioness under the shadow of the moving car, ramping and leaping as though they hoped to reach us, and ever and anon bellowing forth their wrath at the first invaders of their native wild! I have been in many a menagerie, but I defy even the Zoological Gardens to produce a sight like this!

"Lever lost his apathy, and became much excited.

"What splendid brutes!" he exclaimed. "One of their skins would fetch the price of fifty acres in Connaught. I say, Henson, how many horse-power do you call this machine of yours?"

"Twenty," replied the aeronaut; "and you may throw in the pull of a jackass into the bargain."

"And what may be the equivalent of that male lion in horses?"

"Six times nine is seventy-two—dot one and carry three—then multiply by the periphery—and subtract by the quotient—seventeen minus nine is plus twelve.—Why, throwing the force of gravitating cohesion into the bargain, Mister Lever, I should say that 'ere animal is well-nigh on to thirteen horse-power—that is, by Astley's graduated scale."

"Then hurrah, my boys!" cried Lever, "we'll catch the lion after all—have him up among us, by the living Jingo, and rare sport it will be. Fourteen horse-power will do the trick perfectly. Cruikshank! I'll thank you for that grapnel."

"Fawney your famma, George!" cried Ainsworth, becoming suddenly as white as a sheet. "Blow me, if I stand any such nonsense. Why he'd crunch the whole lot of us up in less time than I could fake a cly?"

"You'd probably like to be shut up again in the boiler," said Lever, frowning ominously. "But you needn't be alarmed, my fine fellow. Before he comes up here, the lion will be as dead as any of your own heroes an hour after his last leap at Tyburn. Just hand over that yard of chain cable, will you, Duggins. That's your sort. Now that cold duck—and now, may I never bivouack again, if you could manufacture a better bait for a shark in the Pacific Ocean!"

"To do Lever justice, it was well devised. The duck was lashed on above the grapnel, which formed a very competent kind of hook; next came the chain cable, and then a thick rope, the end of which, for security, Lever knotted round his own body."

"Now for it, my lads!"

"Slowly and gently he lowered the bait. The roars of the racing lions beneath increased ten-fold as they saw it descend. For a time he kept it swinging about twenty feet from the ground, and tremendous were the exertions which the great lion made to seize it. Gomersal in his youth, Mr. William Cooke, the Flying Dutchman, or any other acrobat on the face of the earth never vaulted half so high. At length Lever dropped it a few feet lower down, and the monster with a prodigious spring caught it in his open jaws.

"Hurrah! I've hooked him," cried the author of 'Our Mess.'

"These were the last words we heard him utter. Lever had made a slight miscalculation. The locomotive power lay in the car, not in him; and the backward bound of the lion, as he felt the iron enter into his cheek, shot the unfortunate officer from his perch like a stone from a catapult. I know not if he was dead when he reached the ground, but I hope he was. We left the monsters tossing him in the air like a shuttlecock.

"All this passed in a moment. We remained horror-struck and motionless. For my own part I grew extremely sick. Ainsworth was the first to break the silence.

"There goes one monthly serial at all events," said he, brushing off a tear from his eye. "I'm sorry for him, though, and still more for the *Dublin University*. But, after all, what does it signify. To my mind there's little choice between being snapped up in the cracking of a ken by one of Wombwell's pets, and being broiled alive in the heart of a blasted engine!"

"There might be a sprinkling both of truth and philosophy in this epitaph, but it sounded heartless at the moment.

"Howsomed'ever, d'ye see, Mister Ainsworth," said Henson quietly, "we can't do without a stoker."

"Cruikshank took a sketch of the catastrophe, for an etching to appear in the next number of *Bentley*. I picked up this pipe, a silver-mounted meerschaum, you observe—a present, I believe, from Marshal Blucher to our poor friend, for distinguished military services,—and smoked it in memory of the deceased.

"The air now became perceptibly cooler, and before us, in the extreme horizon, we could distinguish belts and clumps of trees. Shortly afterwards, the tall stalks of the cocoa palms, like great factory chimneys with umbrellas on the top of them, became distinctly apparent. We had passed the zone of the Zahara, and were once more in the region of life. As we floated over the interminable jungles, it was beautiful to behold how nature luxuriated in gigantic growth, and put forth her full strength and magnificence under the tropical influence of the sun. The huge trees were bound by creepers of enormous size and length, which filled the intermediate spaces with festoons of dark green foliage, and innumerable blossoms of a bright scarlet hue. Birds of the most brilliant plumage, all crimson, green, and gold, flew and hovered around these, or picked the ripe red fruit which hung in clusters upon every bough. Countless groups of monkeys, some no bigger than my hand, some larger apparently than the human race, skipped along the branches, that scarcely bent under them, or sate chattering and stuffing themselves with bananas, guavas, mangosteens, and the other productions of that unsophisticated Covent Garden. Sometimes the head of the lordly giraffe might be seen thrusting itself through the matted covering of leaves, as if to descry what rare and wondrous bird was winnowing its way through the

liquid realms of air; and once we observed a leopard rushing across an open glade in an agony of fear and desperation, closely pursued by a unicorn, which, with bended neck and long levelled horn, seemed bent upon the fugitive's destruction.

"It was impossible to look down upon this rich and glowing region without experiencing an ardent wish to descend. Poor Lever had made such wild havoc among our stock of fluids, (having even used up for punch some of the water destined for the engine,) that it became matter of necessity to procure a farther supply. Our mouths likewise watered, even like the mouth of Eve, for a taste of the native delicacies, which lay in such vast profusion beneath.—'I'd give ten bob and a tizzy,' exclaimed George Cruikshank, 'for a quiet walk into a pine apple,'—and the sentiment was echoed by every man of us.

"The only difficulty was to alight in such a position as to procure a proper start for the Aerial in recommencing our flight. Henson was of opinion, that this might be accomplished by securing the machine to the top of a cocoa-nut tree; and, having selected one about a hundred and fifty feet high, which grew upon the bank of a huge lagoon, in whose waters the hippopotami were wallowing like pigs, we caught it with our grappling irons, and, shooting out our rope-ladder, prepared to descend to terra firma. My head had by this time got so accustomed to the elevation, that I did not feel the least giddiness or trepidation at the prospect of a descent, which might have appalled Madame Sala or Monsieur Gouffe.

"As we might possibly encounter some danger, we considered it expedient to arm ourselves. I stuck a pair of holster-pistols in my belt. Cruikshank girded his loins with a cavalry scimitar. Henson carried a barrel of gunpowder and the blunderbuss of a mail-coach guard. Jenkins shouldered a huge rolling-pin; and Ainsworth, with characteristic propriety, armed himself with a crowbar. Henson locked the crew, three men and a boy, into the gun-room, to prevent their leaving the Aerial in our absence, and Jenkins led the way for our descent. We insisted upon his going first, in case of accidents."

"On the principle, I presume, of *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili!*"

"You have hit it. The literary world could afford to want him better than any of us. Down he went, scrambling hand over hand. We saw him reach the bottom in safety, and make the ladder fast to the stem of a gigantic magnolia. He had scarcely done so, however, when a loud scream rent the air, and, looking over the rails, we descried him locked in the embrace of a huge blue-nosed baboon, which lifted him in its arms, and carried him up into the branches of an adjacent orange-tree. In a trice the rest of us descended the ladder, to our collaborateur's rescue. The baboon was hugging him, stroking his whiskers, stuffing his mouth with oranges which she plucked from the branches around her, and every now and then kissing him with the utmost fervour. Poor Jenkins's disgust at these expressions of endearment would at any other time have convulsed us with laughter—but it was too plain that his breath bade fair to be squeezed out of his body by the Cornish hugs of his hirsute lady love. We trembled both for his virtue and his life."

"Stand by for a shot," said Henson, levelling his blunderbuss.

"Jenkins's screams now became a roar. But Henson was unmoved. Bang went the blunderbuss, and the baboon dropped to the ground with Jenkins in her arms. We all thought he must be dead; but before we could reach him, he had torn himself from the paws of his fair friend, and started to his feet unhurt. Henson, however, had fairly finished the lady's amours, having picked out her eyes with a brace of slugs as neatly as may be; and she lay dead and gory, an awful warning to all future Thaises of the wilderness.

"After this little incident, our party strolled up and down, revelling amid the luscious fruits of that delightful spot. Seated upon a rich bed of the flowering colloquintida, I was sucking guavas at my leisure, and contemplating the fine features of Cruikshank, who, with a custard apple adroitly buried in his mouth, was pulling vigorously at the stalk, when I was startled by a sudden cry from Ainsworth. Leaping to my feet I beheld that distinguished author in the grasp of three naked savages, each with a copper ring, about the size of a quoit, thrust through his nose; while about fifty more, armed with yataghans and assagais, had stealthily surrounded us. We had no choice except to yield or to sell our lives as dearly as possible. Prudential motives induced us all, without concert, to adopt the former expedient; and we accordingly threw down our arms, and were pinioned without a struggle. Our captors, having placed us in the midst of them, executed a kind of extempore war-dance, accompanied with a song the words of which struck me as being rather remarkable. They were as follows:

Timmanee bash, Timmanee boo
Squankum quo, gougeerumoo,
Sangaree whang, booee nyfe yoo
Mellanee squatteree, Timbuctoo!

"Was it probable then, that we were near the great metropolis of Africa, and could that dark hippopotamus-haunted lagoon be the long sought source of the Niger? The words too, which the savages sang, seemed somewhat familiar to my ears. Surely I had heard them, or something like them, elsewhere in some quarter of the globe,—in freeborn civilized America. A brilliant thought struck me. I fixed my eyes steadily on an athletic negro, whom, from his scarred visage and the cockatoo's feather twisted in his woolly shock, I judged to be their chief, and pronounced emphatically the monosyllable

'Lynch!'

"The effect was electrical. In an instant the savages were grovelling at our feet, howling like demoniacs—'Fetish! Fetish! Lynch! Obeah! Fetish!'

"They seized us by the ancles—they licked the very dust off our shoes, they rubbed their heads and faces against our knees, they cut the withes that held us, and, finally, raising us by main force upon their shoulders, they marched off with us in

triumph, singing a hideous Pœan, in which I recognised here and there a bar of 'Yankee Doodle.'

"Winding along by what I now ascertained was not a lagoon but a river, we skirted a clump of acacias, and came in sight of a cluster of mean-looking huts, more like enormous dirt patès, than anything else I know. Hordes of savages came rushing out of these, like bees, at the chorus of our conductors, and followed us into the principal square of the city, howling like a pack of hungry wolves, the finest music of which a savage seems to be capable. We had no idea whither they were hurrying us; but inferred, from their extreme courtesy, that they were either about to stick us up as idols in their chief temple, or to introduce us to their king. The latter seemed the more probable conjecture of the two, as we now observed a right royal-looking savage, seated at some distance in front of us, with a score or two of savage beef-eaters around him. 'Mellanee Bosh!' cried our conductors, as they shot us from their shoulders in front of the divan.

"We found his Royal Highness seated beneath a shed thatched over with palmetto leaves. His costume was a strange mixture of the savage and the civilized. On his head he wore a huge straw sombrero, similiar to that which distinguishes the Virginia planter. His legs were swathed in deerskin breeches, with a tasteful fringe of scalp-locks down the seams. A striped Jersey shirt completed his costume. His ornaments consisted of a flat golden ring looped through the cartilage of the nose, and a necklace of sausages curiously entwined in triple folds round his throat. Before him was a huge bowl, containing a mess of hippopotamus tripe, and the thighs of a cold roast monkey. A fire of dried cow-dung burned on a little altar beside him, near which lay a pipe, and a small stack of tobacco. A large bowie-knife was stuck in his belt of leopard's skin.

"His Majesty of Timbuctoo seemed rather young; and although his skin was as black as my boot, his eyes were of a lightish gray colour, and his hair had a tinge of brown. Neither were his features altogether African in their expression; for the nose was long and pointed, and the lips cleanly chiselled. We made our salaam with all due reverence to his Royal Highness, and I was about to speak, though with little hope of being understood, when the king, after staring at me for a moment, leaped upon his feet and exclaimed, 'Tarnal death to me, Duggins, don't you know me!'"

"Oh, come now, my dear Duggins," said I, "you're joking. You don't mean to say that it was——"

"Willis—the veritable Penciller, as I'm an author. Your surprise, I can assure you, is not greater than was mine."

"But Timbuctoo, how the deuce did he get there? And king too? This is really too absurd."

"Not a bit more so than anything I have been telling you for the last half-hour. He had gone out with the last unfortunate Niger expedition. There is nothing that our enterprising Penciller would not do for a subject. It went all to wreck, as you know. Willis, thanks to his robust frame and some experience as a traveller, bore up through agues, jaundice, and all the other pleasant things of that sort which form the staple commodity of the country. With matchless intrepidity he made his way to the metropolis, with his wallet laden with unsaleable copies of his "Melanie." His fine figure predisposed the ladies of the capital in his favour. And when he produced his books and sang to them, the Timbuctovians, who surpass the Turks or Red Indians in their reverence for printed paper and poetical talent, hailed him as an inspired prophet. Willis had a fine stirring tale about the revolt of the citizens, which ended in the overthrow of the reigning dynasty and his own elevation to the vacant harem. But, as he will no doubt publish it himself,—that is, if the Aerial ever reaches *terra firma* in safety—I need not go into the details."

"What! Did Willis come back with you in the Aerial."

"To be sure he did. 'Duggins!' said he to me, after we had fully explained to him how and by what conveyance we had arrived at his dominions, 'It's an everlasting fine thing, it is, to be a king, I can tell you; and I'll bet you a diamond to a sunbeam, there's not a happier monarch on airth, than myself. But the duties are very hard. They're killing me, that's a fact. *Latet anguis in herba.* And, if you've got a spare berth, I don't mind if I lay down the royal necklace, and accompany you home.'"

"I dare say we might make room for him," said Ainsworth, his eye lighting up at the happy thought. "The stoker, you know, poor fellow? He's cool enough by this time, I warrant. You see, Mr. Willis, he lost his balance and tumbled off the paddle-box, as we were crossing the Zahara: so, if you have no objections to take his place, perhaps Henson——"

"Oh, my dear fellow, I should be delighted," exclaimed Henson.

"Couldn't you make the cabin-boy stoker on the home-voyage? I'd take a spell at the slop-basins in his place," said the Timbuctovian sovereign imploringly.

"That, my dear Sir," broke in Jenkins, who was taking an inventory of the contents of the royal wigwam, "that is utterly impossible. I am the cabin-boy."

"Suppose we swop places, then, straunger: you stay here as king, and I go home as cabin-boy. It's an almighty sight better employment to be drinking arrack punch with your harem here, than chronicling small beer at home."

"Jenkins however would not be convinced; and Willis agreed to accept the vacant tongs and shovel, *vice* Ainsworth retired. The next thing was to manage to get away. The savages would never have allowed their beloved monarch to leave them. In fact, if his squaws, of whom he had fifteen—"

"No wonder than he wished to abdicate!" said I.

"If they had got the least hint of it, the Penciller would have found himself strewed 'by the way' in fifty pieces. He therefore summoned his subjects to the great square, and harangued them with some cock-and-bull story about our being servants of the great Lynch—"

"The great Lynch. You dont mean to say that

he had made a god of that eminent judicial functionary of his native land?"

"To be sure he had. New dynasty, new religion! Willis had not read the history of Europe for nothing. Bless you, he had made these poor benighted heathens believe that Lynch held the scissors of fate—"

"And the scales of justice, I suppose."

"I can't swear as to that. But at all events, they believed that Lynch carried a wallet, out of which he scattered good and mischief among them, as a farmer's wife scatters corn among her chickens with one hand, while she brains an interloping magpie with the other. This explains the magic influence of the monosyllable upon them. But to return. He told them that we had been sent by the great Lynch to his kingdom on the wings of a large bird, and that he was about to ascend to this bird, and pluck a feather from its wing, which would be a protecting deity to them against the war-knives of their enemies ever after, —greater than even the mighty Mumbo Jumbo himself. The savages were in ecstasy, and accompanied us to the tree where we had left the Aerial, dancing and beating the tom-tom, and yelling fearful verses, in which the words 'Mellanee Bosh' and 'Juggleree Bam' were constantly recurring. The latter, Willis told me, bore reference to the Aerial Machine, and meant in the language of the country, 'The Great Hum or Mocking Bird.'

"We sent Henson up first to get everything in readiness, and Willis set his subjects to knocking down cockatoos with the boomerang, which they did with wonderful skill, for our amusement, till Henson rung the first bell for our start. We then scrambled up into the Aerial, pulled up the ladder, cut away the fastenings, swoop went the machine till it came to within twenty feet of the ground, when Henson lowered the tail, which knocked out the brains of some score or two of the Timbuctovians as it descended, and we once more soared majestically into the firmament.

"For the first day and night nothing particular occurred, except that we very nearly foundered upon one of the mountains of the Himalaya chain in a squall that took us suddenly as we were approaching them. Willis murmured and tarnal-deathed a good deal for the first four-and-twenty hours, and it cost us no slight trouble to keep him pacific. But as he found the marrow oozing rapidly from his bones on the second day, in his own classic language his skin wouldn't hold him. Henson had his hands so full with keeping the machine right, that he could do nothing to bring the Penciller under subjection. The weather, which had hitherto favoured us, with light steady breezes, became squally and tempestuous. Such bumping, pitching, shivering, crackling, straining, heaving, never mortal men were subjected to. We were reduced, Cruikshank, Ainsworth and myself—to the last stage of imbecility. I have not even a random recollection of what became of Jenkins. I suppose he swallowed one of the blacking bottles, and put an end to his misery. Sea sickness! I thought I had touched the abyss of human suffering, in crossing the Atlantic. There is a slough of despond far below that, as I now know. Sea sickness indeed!

"In the midst of these horrors Willis burst open the door of the engine-room, and rushed in among us, reeking like an artisan from Vulcan's stithy. He was wild, demoniac, uncontrollable. Frantically he snatched the spigot from a beer-barrel, and throwing himself upon the floor, caught in his gaping mouth the foaming, yellow tide as it gushed from the bung-hole; then sunk insensible, while the liquor spurted over him as he lay, like some river-god beside his source. I saw Cruikshank turn up his sickly yellow eyes at this desecration of the generous fluid. He would fain have asserted his rights as steward; but his eyes closed again, and he relapsed into a powerless stupor.

"Ainsworth was the first to recover, and it was well he did so. Our fire must otherwise have gone out, and then farewell to all our greatness. Good kind soul, he resumed his post as stoker, and behaved as if he had been bred to the profession. When Willis recovered, it was only to a state little short of insanity. Conceive the horror of being shut up in a flying-box with a maniac. Many and strange were his fancies, but he gave the preference to one, which turned upon the belief that it was necessary for his personal comfort, that he should have a gouging match with me. It was all that our sturdy friend Cruikshank could do, to keep him down. My blood runs cold at the remembrance of these dreadful hours.

"At length Willis dropped asleep. We were crossing Mont Blanc at the time—and I resolved, come what might, that I should be out of the infernal machine. I remembered the fate of poor Cocking and his parachute. But it was better to die at once, than die fifty times in one day, with the almost certainty of making a final exit at night. Henson had a relay of parachutes, made upon the most scientific principles; and I might be as fortunate as Lunardi and Montgolfier had been in similar descents. So with the help of Ainsworth and Cruikshank, I got one of them rigged out—embraced my friends affectionately—got into it—and you know the rest. Catch me trying to

'Ride the whirlwind, and direct the storm'

again, and I'll make you a present of all my copyrights."

"A sensible resolution, my good fellow. But it wears late; and as we are to start for Mayence at five to-morrow morning, we'd better turn in for the night. Good-night, and a sound sleep to you. —And, Duggins, no dreaming, mind you! No more FLIGHTS IN THE AERIAL!"

MUNICH, 20*th April*, 1843.

THE AFFGHAN WAR, AND LADY SALE'S JOURNAL.*

THE annals of British warfare contain no chapter more painful and humiliating than that which records the beleaguerment of the invading army by the Affghans at Cabul, its final expulsion, disastrous retreat, and utter annihilation. While all else was lost, honour was not saved. For the first time, irredeemable disgrace to a British army was combined with its destruction. A cause unjustifiable in its origin, met with the signal discomfiture which, in the eye of impartial justice, it seemed to deserve; but not without inflicting upon thousands of innocent victims an amount of suffering at which humanity recoils. The more recent brilliant achievements of our troops in Affghanistan can no more blot out the memory of the past, than recall to life those whose bones lie bleaching in the mountain passes and ravines of that fatal region. It is poor consolation to be told by the Governor-General of India that "in one short campaign our soldiers have *avenged* our late disasters upon every scene of past misfortune:"—a vindictive boast, as unwise as it is unchristian,—those scenes of plunder, carnage, and "vengeance" being, to a reflecting mind, as revolting as the miseries which preceded them.

The best account that has yet appeared of the disastrous events at Cabul, and their melancholy termination in the destruction of the British force during the retreat, is indubitably that of Lieutenant Eyre, an intelligent artillery officer, who was a deeply-interested eye-witness of the scenes which he depicts at the breaking out of the insurrection in Cabul; and who afterwards shared in that captivity which excited more interest in the mother-country than all the other events of the war. His narrative is corroborated and amplified by communications from those of his brother officers who were personally engaged in the several affairs which they describe.

The Journal of Lady Sale is also remarkable from the deep interest of the events and the character of the writer; a woman of a bold and decided spirit, who nobly sustained a part to which her sex is generally deemed quite unequal. In her private Journal Lady Sale has allowed herself a freedom of discussion and remark on matters which are supposed to lie beyond a woman's province, which her more restrained fellow-journalist, Lieutenant Eyre, has not assumed. Yet the question is not, Has a man or a woman, a soldier or a civilian, said these severe things, passed these stern judgments, expressed this bitter contempt, but are their opinions just or unjust? Lady Sale's impatience of feebleness and supineness, her quick womanly indignation, and avowed contempt of the capacity and conduct of the persons acting within the range of her keen observation, whether in every instance deserved or not, are at least as fearlessly expressed as they appear to have been sincerely felt. It is, without a joke, to be regretted that Lady Sale was not a member of those councils whose feebleness and vacillation she alternately deplores and contemns, or that she, a woman, had not been, for a few memorable days, the sole British power, political and military, at Cabul. She had at least undaunted resolution and a proud sense of honour; and the judgment of any single individual must have been better, and could not have been worse than the discordant opinions, conflicting interests, and feeble action or utter supineness which marked every act, from the breaking out of the revolt at Cabul on the 2d November, until the bloody tragedy was consummated at Gundamuck on the 13th of January by the sacrifice of the last man of the British force!—the last—for we do not reckon the captives or the sick left at Cabul—the last, with the solitary exception of Dr. Brydon; who alone, and by a sort of miracle, escaped to tell his countrymen at Jellalabad the dismal tale. Long before the final catastrophe, Lady Sale states in her Journal, along with many other of the reported threats of the notorious Mahommed Akbar Khan,—the evil genius of the English army, though he must be regarded by his countrymen as the saviour of his own land,—that he had said, the invaders, the Kafirs, the Infidels, should be destroyed all but one man; who, with his arms and legs hacked off, should be left sitting in the pass, with a letter, as a warning to the Feringee never again to approach Affghanistan. The prognostication was but too literally fulfilled.

It was by a fortunate chance, or rather act of forethought, that Lady Sale preserved the Notes before us, which are printed exactly as they were hurriedly written from day to day, and while the exciting events described were passing. This is perhaps the most satisfactory way to the public in which they could appear. The real facts are got at, the whole truth, as apprehended by the Journalist, and jotted down on the spur of the moment; and this often under circumstances of trial which might have unfitted either man or woman of ordinary stamp for the task. On the dismal winter morning when the retreat of the troops commenced, Lady Sale put her papers into a bag which she tied round her waist; and though her whole baggage was lost in the course of that same terrible day, the Notes were fortunately preserved, and retained during all the subsequent adventures of her rambling captivity. It had been intended that the Notes should be worked up by her son-in-law and fellow-sufferer, Captain Sturt; and improved by the valuable information which he could have furnished. This is another loss to the world from the melancholy fate of this accomplished and lamented officer; one of the most regretted victims of the retreat.——If Lady Sale's book had been dressed up for publication, it is probable that a few statements might have been softened, and some things omitted altogether; but, upon the whole,

* I. A Journal of the Disasters in Affghanistan in 1841-2. By Lady Sale. Post 8vo. London: John Murray.

II. The Military Operations at Cabul, which ended in the Destruction of the British Army, January 1842. With a Journal of Imprisonment in Affghanistan. By Lieutenant Vincent Eyre. Post 8vo. London: John Murray.

the Journal is quite as valuable in its unpruned condition. It is, among other causes, most valuable, as it illustrates and corroborates the honest, clear, candid, and wonderfully-temperate narrative of Lieutenant Eyre. If, however, it should be thought that Lady Sale is too harsh in her judgments, too severe in her sarcasm, it must also be borne in mind that she wrote during the excitement of the hour, while suffering and seeing those most dear to her about to become victims of the imbecility which she denounced, and the honour of the British name tarnished from the same causes. Lieutenant Eyre has also been blamed for the freedom and rashness of his judgment of the conduct of several individuals, civil and military, dead and alive; yet his narrative was leisurely reconsidered. Its sincerity and frankness, in our opinion, redounds greatly to his honour. We could not wish one word either softened or withdrawn.

Without a previous knowledge of Lieutenant Eyre's narrative, Lady Sale's Journal will, in many places, be barely intelligible to those not intimately acquainted with the history of the British invasion of Affghanistan, and occupation of the capital. She starts at once from the heady current of those agitating events which led to the treaty with the chiefs and the retreat from Cabul, and finally to the evacuation of a country into which the British force was sent without any honest business, and found more than enough to do. Both Journals have not only an intense temporary interest, but will remain to future times one of the most affecting pictures of extreme suffering, originating in gross incapacity and seeming infatuation, which the history of civilized warfare affords. The retreat of the French army from Russia, was one of the most horrible catastrophes that was ever acted on the face of the globe; yet, though on a scale of much greater magnitude, that tragedy possesses less concentrated interest, less individuality, than the calamity of Cabul. Delicate and helpless women, young children and tender infants, all of them known to many of us, either by name or connexion, did not swell and complicate the misery of the French retreat. That Pass of Death through which the betrayed and perishing British army struggled, in those dreadful days, must henceforth remain, to the English nation, one of the most memorable spots on the face of the earth. In more than one place, Lady Sale asserts, that, had this and the other thing been done, which she points out, the retreat might have been as glorious as that of the Ten Thousand; instead of which it must remain a monument——; but we forbear.——Moore's retreat to Corunna, an event of the present day, was attended with great loss, and the extreme of suffering; but it was redeemed by many deeds of gallantry and intrepidity, and ended gloriously. Many traits of individual heroism and devotion also illustrate the dreary darkness of the Cabul retreat.

Before introducing Lady Sale's Journal to our readers, it may be useful to recapitulate the leading circumstances in our relations with Affghanistan, which had placed the army in so difficult a position.

Towards the end of 1838, by a measure of very questionable policy, which is still the subject of angry dispute and recrimination, both in England and India, Lord Auckland, the Governor-General, having decreed that Affghanistan should be invaded and conquered, Dost Mahommed, its acknowledged sovereign, expelled, and Shah Soojah set up as king,—restored,—issued his celebrated proclamation. If there were strong doubts entertained of the mere policy of this aggression, the alleged reasons for which were partly commercial, and partly political, there could be none about the *injustice* of an uncalled-for interference, and unprovoked attack upon a distant nation that had given the British no substantial cause of either offence or reasonable apprehension. But Affghanistan was alleged to be influenced by Persia, which, again, was either favourable or subservient to Russian interests and ambitions; and the Anglo-Indian government was bound to act with promptitude.

The invasion, or conquest of Affghanistan, was not undertaken on the pure principle of supporting "legitimacy;" but it so happened that the cause of "legitimacy" chanced to square with those purposes and objects of the Anglo-Indian government; for which the mother country was to suffer in her honour and her treasure. The Governor-General deemed it expedient to set up or restore, in Shah Soojah, a pensioned and puppet sovereign, who was expected to remain the subservient instrument of Anglo-Indian interests, rather than the independent sovereign of Affghanistan, and ally of Great Britain:—another Company's King, in short; at best, another Nizam. The hopeful project, and the individual that was to assist in carrying it out, were alike obnoxious to the chiefs and people of Affghanistan, as the issue has amply proved. Shah Soojah was personally detested by the people and the chiefs; and it did not raise him in their favour that he returned from exile leading an invading army into the country of which he claimed the sovereignty. His claim to the throne did not seem the more powerful in their eyes that it was backed by foreign guns and bayonets—that his path was paved by the gold and intrigues of the *Feringee*. We do not mean here, however, to investigate the justice or policy of the invasion of Affghanistan, but merely to advert to those difficulties which ought to have been foreseen and calculated upon by the government at Calcutta, and which rendered it next to impossible that we could retain the country for Shah Soojah, even if it were subdued. It was no easy task to conquer Affghanistan; in fact it never was subdued, much less tranquillized; but to keep it in peace was impossible. It is evacuated; and on quite other considerations than those of pure justice, or the desire to atone for a great moral error. To invade a country, which nature itself has strongly fortified, and which was inhabited by numerous tribes of brave, high-spirited, and turbulent people, holding the faith of Islam; and in expelling Dost Mahommed, who, whatever were his character or claims, was the only supreme chief whom the Affghans acknowledged, to set up our minion, whom they despised and detested, was the first great act of injustice and infatuation of which all that followed

was but the natural consequence. The destruction of our army, and all the attendant crimes, miseries, and shames of that disastrous period, have not so warped the natural feelings of justice in men's minds, but that the people of this country still sympathize in the enthusiastic patriotism and determined resistance of the Affghan tribes. Had those distant people been Spaniards, Prussians, or Tyrolese, and their invader Napoleon, how warmly would the patriotic sympathies of the English nation have been enlisted in the struggle of the brave people who rose simultaneously as one man to expel and take fearful vengeance on the invader. The Scots at Bannockburn had not a better national cause than the Affghans; and deeply stained as their resistance has been with acts of cruelty and even treachery, they should be judged by their own code of morals, by their own customs, and not by our standard of right. If ever speedy retribution was seen to follow a great folly and a great crime, it is beheld in the fatal consequences of the invasion of Affghanistan.——But it is with the deplorable results we have to do, and not at present with their causes. By fraud, force, intrigue, bribery, and all the arts, good and bad, long familiar to Indian diplomacy, in which the end has too often been held to justify the means, Affghanistan was conquered. Dost Mahommed and his family, now captives, had taken the place of the former royal exile, Shah Soojah, who now reigned in the Bala Hissar, the royal citadel of Cabul. It will be remembered that the wives and family of the Dost had taken the protection of the English, and that he subsequently gave himself up to the British Envoy in somewhat the chivalrous style of Napoleon Buonaparte. But although Affghanistan was overrun, and Dost Mahommed a captive, the country was far from being tranquil. Revolts were continually breaking out on every side; and although the chiefs were often divided by their personal interests and animosities, they were found firmly united against the Feringee, and bided their time. Dr. Atkinson, a strenuous partisan of the restored King, Shah Soojah, and a zealous defender of the policy of Lord Auckland,—a man moreover strongly influenced by prejudices of all kinds, both tells and admits how hateful British interference was to the Affghan tribes, and how much detested and despised was the puppet King set up. Their fidelity to their country, to their religion, and to the Dost, is proved even by the blackest acts of their treachery to the British. When Shah Soojah was advancing under the protection of the British, Jubbar Khan, one of the brothers of the Dost, in presence of the officials in the British camp, haughtily addressed him: "If you are to be King, of what use is the British army here? If the English are to rule our country, of what use are you?" This was plain sense. Dost Mahommed, after he had surrendered himself at Cabul to the Envoy, Sir William M'Naughten, recommended the English to take the dominion of the country into their own hands. They would find, he said, the very courtiers of the Shah, who had been fattening on their bounty, plotting against them. And so they did, with the Shah himself, it is said, added to the number. But treachery to Shah Soojah was not half so apparent as a devoted national feeling, and a clannish fidelity to the Dost. "*You'll seize my country, will you?*" was the taunting question of Mahommed Akbar Khan to the English in his hour of triumph at Cabul. "Wait," said Mihrab Khan, a powerful chief, able to bring 12,000 men into the field, "wait till sickness overtakes your troops, till they are exhausted with fatigue from long and harassing marches, and from the total want of supplies—wait till they have drank of many waters; and wait too till they taste the sharpness of Affghan swords." This was said at a conference with Sir Alexander Burnes, when the army was triumphantly advancing to Candahar, where Shah Soojah was soon afterwards solemnly installed. Though many of the chiefs, moved by the money-power, or compelled by stern necessity, gave a sullen acquiescence, there were few upon that occasion to cry, "*God save him.*"

To those who would acquire an accurate knowledge of the national character and political and social condition of the tribes of Affghanistan, we would, instead of any late narrative, recommend the writings of Mr. Elphinstone. The chiefs greatly resemble the warlike, turbulent, and independent nobles of Scotland, the heads of great houses and of clans, during the tumultuary reigns of the princes of the family of Stuart. The government is patriarchal. Every chief is a petty sovereign in his own territory; and the king, little more than a nominal head, has small power, save in a few cities and commercial communities. For the king of a people of this character, Shah Soojah was in every way ill adapted; although he had not been liable to the foul imputation of having led a foreign invader into the country, with which he was sometimes haughtily taunted. Of the Shah, Dr. Atkinson, one of his warmest admirers—at least in those days—says, "Royalism is his rooted passion, and in etiquette, on public occasions, he is inflexible; for even when he was an exile, and our pensioner at Loodianah, ensconced in a corner on his throne, and playing the king there, he would not allow the Political Agent to sit in his presence; and now even the Envoy and the minister is placed under the same prohibition." This sort of assumption was peculiarly disgusting to the fierce, proud, and independent Affghan chiefs. In conversation, the Shah, instead of employing the first person singular *I*, spoke of "our royal self," as thinking or doing that or the other; and instead of using the third person, he spoke of himself as *Sirkar*, (the Government,)—"Sirkar heard, or did, or decreed this and the other." He was as much detested by the chiefs for his cold-blooded cruelty, as despised for egotism and vain-glory; though his greatest crime, in their eyes, was betraying his country. Lady Sale speaks of Lord Auckland's king with great freedom; and many a page of the interesting narrative of Troop Serjeant-Major Taylor proves the detestation in which the Shah, and his foreign infidel allies, were held by the people. We give from Taylor one instance out of many—

A few days after the taking of Ghuznee a tragical scene occurred, which pretty clearly indicated how the tide of popular feeling ran with regard to the restored

monarch. There is a poetical superstition that approaching events are often foreshadowed, and the circumstance to which I allude seemed to impress every man's mind at the time with the result that has since happened.

The majority of the prisoners who fell into our hands were released on condition of their serving in the Shah's army, but there remained about thirty who refused to accept of their liberty on such terms. They consisted for the most part of the immediate followers of Dost Mahommed's father-in-law, and were devotedly attached to that prince. The Shah, on learning the circumstance, ordered them to be brought before him, and expostulated with them on the folly of their conduct. A Chief of haughty bearing stepped from amongst the prisoners, and after overwhelming his Majesty with reproaches, told him that nothing should induce him to enter the service of a man who had brought the horrors of foreign invasion on his country. Then suddenly snatching a dagger from one of the attendants, he rushed with uplifted arm towards the Shah, and would have pierced him to the heart had not one of his Majesty's servants interposed his person, and received the blow intended for his master. The faithful domestic fell dead at the feet of the Shah, and the officers and attendants instantly rushed towards the assassin with drawn swords; but he had already anticipated their intention by plunging the poniard in his breast. The Shah, alarmed and exasperated, ordered the whole of the prisoners to be immediately executed; and in a few minutes their heads were rolling in the dust.

Shortly after the Shah had been reinstated, the following circumstance occurred. It is strongly illustrative of the personal bravery of the Affghan guerillas.

Two of the marauders fell into our hands. In order to put an end to, or diminish these vexatious losses, it was determined to make a terrible example of the prisoners, in the hope that it would have some effect upon their companions. They were accordingly tried by a court-martial, composed of native officers, and sentenced to be blown from the mouth of a gun. Having been led into the market-place at Candahar, they were ordered to draw lots as to who should first undergo this dreadful doom. The younger of the prisoners, a stripling of about nineteen years of age, whose firm and gallant bearing excited universal sympathy and admiration, responded to this command by at once embracing the mouth of the gun, from which he was instantly blown to atoms. His companion, a grey-headed man, upwards of sixty years of age, sat looking on, unmoved at this terrible scene, and coolly smoking his hookah. On being ordered to take his place at the gun, he did not exhibit the least appearance of fear; and just as the match was about being applied, the officer in command arrested it and directed the prisoner to be taken away, the Shah influenced, it is said, by the entreaties of Sir Alexander Burnes, having granted his pardon. This unexpected release from the very jaws of death produced as little emotion on the part of this stout old man, as its near approach or the fate of his youthful companion had elicited.

Another wholesale execution or butchery committed by the Shah, which forcibly displays the spirit of the people, occurred shortly after the Restoration; and to eyes of wisdom might, with hundreds of concurring circumstances, have foreshown what the king and his European allies had to look for. The case is related by Dr. Atkinson.

Several prisoners were taken, but upon their declaring that they had been forced into the enemy's ranks, they were released by the Shah. In the afternoon, however, others were brought in, thirty-eight in number, and shown to be, on sufficient evidence, of most atrocious character, and his majesty was determined to make an example of them all, by having them beheaded on the spot. They had been captured whilst fighting against the Shah's troops; and when led before his majesty, they bitterly denounced him as an infidel, who had brought an army of infidels to pillage and destroy their country, and they only longed for the opportunity to put his majesty himself to death. The ferocity of one of them was carried to such an extreme degree, that, in the presence of the Shah, he struck a dagger into the breast of one of his personal attendants. The Envoy, on being informed of the determination of the Shah, suggested that, instead of putting so many to death, a selection might be made, and immediately communicated the circumstance to Sir John Keane, through Sir Alexander Burnes. His Excellency's opinion was, that the most summary example should be made of all such dastardly ruffians. They were known to be robbers and murderers, and to have been among those who committed such inhuman excesses on our line of march.

The number of prisoners of war put to death on this occasion has been stated so high as sixty. Dr. Atkinson not only thinks their execution quite justifiable, but states that the opinion in the British camp was, that the king had, on many occasions, been "merciful to a fault." The opinion we should imagine a solitary one. Shah Soojah, under the influence of selfish fears, might have shown weakness; but seldom even that kind of mercy which is sound policy.

Lady Sale, though she may think the Affghans unreasonable and even culpable in their hatred of the British, and their refractoriness to our rule, bears testimony to the sincerity and strength of their detestation. On the retreat, while the chiefs, in terms of the treaty, rode with the army to protect it through the passes, usually riding with the advance, and exposed to the fire of their countrymen who lined the heights, and kept up a perpetual and galling fire, she remarks—

They certainly desired their followers to shout to the people on the height not to fire: they did so, but quite ineffectually. *These chiefs certainly ran the same risk we did; but I verily believe many of these persons would individually sacrifice themselves to rid their country of us.*

This was carrying patriotism, or dislike of invaders, very far. Even the powerful Mahommed Akbar Khan, while apparently anxious to keep faith, was unable to restrain the vengeance of the petty chiefs. At a conference of chiefs and English officers, held to devise means for protecting the miserable residue of the army on the last day of its march through the passes to Gundamuck, we are told by Lady Sale—

The chiefs of the Pass sat down to discuss affairs. *They were bitter in their hatred towards us; and declared that nothing would satisfy them and their men, but our extermination. Money they would not receive.* The Sirdar, as far as words could prove his sincerity, did all in his power to conciliate them; and, when all other arguments failed, reminded them that his father and family were in the power of the British government at Loodianah; and that vengeance would be taken on the latter if mercy were not shown to the British in their power. . . . . Until 12 o'clock crowds of Ghilzyes with their respective chiefs, continued to pour in from the surrounding country to make their salaams to Mahommed Akbar Khan, to participate in the plunder of our unfortunate people, and to revel in the massacre of the Europeans. From their expressions of hatred towards our whole race, they appeared to anticipate more delight in cutting our throats than in the expected booty. . . In two instances, the reply of the chiefs [to Akbar] was, —"When Burnes came into this country, was not your father entreated by us to kill him; or he would go back to Hindostan, and at some future day bring an army and take our country from us? He would not listen to our advice, and what is the consequence? Let us now, that we have the opportunity, take advantage of it; and kill those infidel dogs."

And this was the people whom, according to Lady Sale, it was Lord Auckland's pleasure to decree to be in a state of tranquillity! submitting so peacefully to the rule of the restored king, that it was contemplated gradually to withdraw the British force sent to establish and protect him; and which now, besides its cantonments near the capital of Cabul, occupied all the important places in the country, Jellalabad, Candahar, Ghuznee, and other fortresses. The hardy and warlike tribes of the mountains were represented as having resigned the hopeless struggle. The few parties that infested the passes, and annoyed the troops on their marches, were described as predatory bands, whose only object was plunder. The league of the chiefs had been broken up by the address of the Political Agents * that swarmed in Affghanistan; that were indeed to be found at that time in every corner of the country; and the chiefs themselves were bound to their good behaviour by having been subsidized. Up to the autumn of 1841, it was believed, or pretended to be believed, that a moral and political miracle had been worked at the pleasure of the Anglo-Indian Government; and that in eighteen months, a hostile people, inflamed by religious fanaticism, patriotic pride, and the thirst of vengeance, had been not merely subdued, but conciliated. Nothing could be more fallacious. It is only astonishing that men of average understanding, acquainted with the usual course of human events, could, in the face of all probability and of numerous indications, have allowed themselves to be so fatally deceived. Lady Sale, who is frank enough in imputing motives, gives a clue to the prevalent delusion; prevalent among those who should have been the most clear-sighted, for others were not deceived. Those who, like Sir William M'Naughten, the Envoy at the Court of Shah Soojah, had originally approved of the objects of the invasion, naturally desired to witness the success of their own policy. But besides this motive, Sir William had just been appointed Governor of Bombay, and wished to withdraw in peace and honour from his present onerous duties; and Sir Alexander Burnes, his Assistant, it is alleged, desired and rather eagerly expected to succeed to the Envoy's appointment. Thus all tried to believe what they longed to find true. From the day that the formidable Dost Mahommed had given himself up, it was fondly imagined that tranquillity was ensured. But men, nay even Affghans, wild, lawless, predatory mountaineers, are not stocks and stones. Their whole passions, prejudices, and affections cannot be changed in a day; and they had various motives, for although they had harassed the invader, they had themselves suffered severely from the war which they had not provoked. Many were now fugitives, their families scattered, their property destroyed, driven from house and home. Present distress aggravated their bitter feelings of hostility; and even in Cabul, which the presence of the English had enriched by a lavish expenditure, the invaders were hated. The priesthood and the chiefs studied to inflame the deep-rooted feelings and prejudices of the people; and patriotism, a wild religious fanaticism, the lust of plunder, and the thirst of vengeance, were thus combined in one headlong passion. In a single day, according to Lieutenant Eyre, the fact burst upon the English like a thunderbolt, that they "had not one friend among the whole Affghan nation." And this is true with the exception of those that had been bought and corrupted. While such was the state of popular feeling, the stipends of the chiefs above referred to, were capriciously withdrawn. The state of things is thus described by Lady Sale in her Journal, towards the end of September, 1841, and shortly before the revolt.

Whilst these events were going on, disturbances had broken out near Cabul, where much had occurred to incite the chiefs to rise. In former times, under the feudal system, when the sovereign of Cabul required troops, each bold chieftain came forward with his retainers; but these vassals had been taken from them, and were embodied in corps commanded by British officers, to whom they owed no affection, and only paid a forced obedience, whilst their hearts were with their national religion; their chief's power was now greatly limited, and the chouk guaranteed to them was withheld on the plea that the Company had commanded retrenchments. But the saving required by Government was a curtailment of those expenses which were defrayed by its own rupees, whereas the 40,000 rupees now the subject of dispute were, in fact, no saving at all to us, as that money was never paid by the Company, but was the chouk or money excused to the chiefs out of the revenue or dues owing to the King, on condition of their enforcing the submission of the petty chiefs and the payment of their rents. This sum, whether paid to Shah Soojah or not, would never have replenished the Hon. Company's coffers; and by upholding the Shah in such an act of aggression, we compromised our faith, and caused a pretty general insurrection, said to be headed by Meer Musjude. The Kohistanee chiefs are urged on by the Dooranee Chiefs in Cabul, and all the country about Tézeen and Bhoodkhak is in a state of revolt. It is only wonderful this did not take place sooner.

The same circumstances are thus alluded to by Lieutenant Eyre, after he mentions the return of Captain Hay from the Zoormut valley, upon which expedition many of the forts of the chiefs, where every house is a fort, had been stormed, their property destroyed, and their families driven out destitute to brave the severity of the winter.

Three Giljye chiefs of note suddenly quitted Cabul, after plundering a rich Cafila at Tézeen, and took up a strong position in the difficult defile of Khoord-Cabul, about ten miles from the capital, thus blocking up the pass, and cutting off our communication with Hindostan. Intelligence had not very long previously been received that Mahommed Akbar Khan, second son of the ex-ruler Dost Mahommed Khan, had arrived at Bameean from Khooloom for the supposed purpose of carrying on intrigues against the government. . . . . Mahommed Akbar had, since the deposition of his father, never ceased to foster feelings of intense hatred towards the English nation; and, though often urged by the fallen ruler to deliver himself up, had resolutely preferred the life of a houseless exile to one of mean dependence on the bounty of his enemies. It seems therefore in the highest degree probable that this hostile movement on the part of the Eastern Giljyes was the result of his influence over them, combined with other causes which will be hereafter mentioned.

Mahommed Akbar Khan was henceforth to exercise a fearful influence over the fortunes of the English in Cabul. So completely had the apprehensions

* As one small item of expenditure, the salaries of the Political Agents alone at this time amounted to £50,000; independently of the expense of supporting their attendants, camels, horses, &c.—*E. T. M.*

of Sir William M'Naughten, Sir Alexander Burnes, and others of the political agents been lulled, that the army, as soon as the season permitted, was to return to India; and General Sale had already marched for Jellalabad, where his brigade was to lie for the winter in camp, and, as was anticipated, unmolested. The advance had not many miles left Cabul when it was attacked by what are indiscriminately termed either rebels or robbers. They were in fact Guerilla bands of the same character as those that had so constantly harassed the British in their long, weary, and worse than fruitless advance into Affghanistan; watching the passes, lurking in ambush in every ravine, crowning the heights, and by their rifles or their murderous knives, destroying many lives, carrying off camels and horses, arms, ammunition, and stores, intercepting the *daks* or mails, and cutting off all communication between our posts; actively employing, in brief, every art of annoyance and destruction, until they had fairly seen the last of the force of Cabul annihilated at Gundamuck. The attack on Sir Robert Sale's troops was another symptom which ought to have helped to open the eyes of the Politicals, as the Indians term the Envoys and their coadjutors. But they were blinded and doomed men. Meanwhile the treachery, as it is styled, of the chiefs, or their defection from Shah Soojah and the British, to whom they had submitted only from necessity, became more apparent every day; and the violence of the people could no longer be restrained. There have been warm home disputes as to whether any "conspiracy," any league among the chiefs, really existed at this time. There can be no question that the rising was simultaneous in different and distant places, the time well chosen, in the depth of winter, and the elements of rebellion and hostility rife. From his remote outpost in Khohistan, the highland region of the province, Major Pottinger sagaciously foresaw the approach of the storm, and gave warning. But while many intelligent officers concurred in his opinion, and believed an increased force absolutely necessary for the safety of the army, the authorities at Cabul pertinaciously kept their eyes close.

Towards the breaking out of the insurrection, the English officers began to be insulted as often as they were seen beyond their forts or the walls of the cantonments; and attempts were from time to time made to assassinate them, which in some instances succeeded. Two Europeans and several camp-followers were murdered in October; but this was imputed to private revenge, or to the wild spirit of a reckless people, who universally carry arms,—and no inquiry was made. It was still thought prudent "to let sleeping dogs lie." The dogs were about to rouse themselves of their own accord. At the end of October, Lieutenant Eyre writes—

By this time it was too evident that the whole of the Eastern Giljyes had risen in one common league against us. Their governor, or viceroy, Humza Khan, had, in the interval, gone forth under pretence of bringing back the chiefs to their allegiance; on his return, however, which took place nearly at the time at which General Sale marched from Khoord-Cabul, the treacherous nature of his proceedings had been discovered, and he was placed by the Shah in confinement: he was suspected, indeed, before. . . . .

The two great leaders of the rebellion were Ameenoollah Khan, the chief of Logur, and Abdoollah Khan, Achukzye, a chief of great influence, and possessing a large portion of the Pisheen valley.

Ameenoollah Khan had hitherto been considered one of the stanchest friends of the existing government; and such was the confidence placed in him by the wuzeer, that he had selected him to take charge of Humza Khan, the lately superseded governor of the Giljyes, as a prisoner to Ghuznee. This man now distinguished himself as one of our most inveterate enemies. To illustrate the character of his coadjutor, Abdoollah Khan, it will be sufficient to relate the following anecdote:—In order to get rid of his elder brother, who stood between him and the inheritance, he caused him to be seized and buried up to the chin in the earth. A rope was then fastened round his neck, and to the end of it was haltered a wild horse: the animal was then driven round in a circle, until the unhappy victim's head was twisted from his shoulders. This same man is also mentioned in terms of just abhorrence by Captain A. Connolly in his Travels.

But though the two above-named chiefs took a leading part in the rebellion, there can be little doubt that it had its origin in the deep offence given to the Giljyes by the ill-advised reduction of their annual stipends.

The heroic and resolute spirit of the tribe thus capriciously treated is seen in the following trait:—

When oppressed by Nadir Shah, the Giljye tribes, rather than succumb to the tyrant's will, took refuge in the mountains amidst the snow, where, with their families, they fed for months on roots alone: of these they sent a handful to Nadir, with the message, that, so long as such roots could be procured, they would continue to resist his tyranny. Such were many of the men now leagued together by one common feeling of hatred against us.

The immediate cause of the outbreak in Cabul on the 2d November is stated, in a memorandum made by the Envoy, to have been an artful letter written by Abdoollah Khan to several influential chiefs in Cabul, asserting that they were all to be seized and sent to London! It was also, in a forged proclamation, pretended that the King, Shah Soojah, had issued an order, that all the Infidels should be put to death. The chiefs relied, in issuing these fabrications, if they ever were issued, upon the inflammable feelings of the people of Cabul. "A fearfully severe lesson," says Lieutenant Eyre, in reference to the Envoy's scepticism, "was necessary to remove the veil from the eyes of those who, drawing their conclusions from their wishes, *would* consider Affghanistan as a settled country." And the "fearful lesson" came but too soon. "It seemed," says Lieutenant Eyre on another occasion, "that we were under the ban of Heaven. . . . . Madness was equally apparent in all that was done, or left undone." Ten days before the final outbreak, Lady Sale enters in her Journal—

The Envoy was some time since warned by three Affghans not to ride so early in the morning or so late in the evening as was his wont; but, whether from policy or natural fearlessness, he has not attended to their advice. The Akhoonzadah has also told him that three men have sworn on the Koran to take his life. The people of Tagow and Lughman are leagued with those of Tézeen.

On the following day her Ladyship states:—

The general impression is, that the Envoy is trying to deceive himself into an assurance that the country is in a quiescent state. He has a difficult part to play, without sufficient moral courage to stem the current singly.

She then expatiates on the folly of Sir William M'Naughten in having yielded to the entreaties of Sir A. Burnes, ("who appears to have been blinded on the subject,") and who nullified the request he had made to the Governor-general for five additional regiments. Lieutenant Eyre states, that no additional force that could be sent would have enabled them to retain Affghanistan. But it might have saved the Army. Great stress was at this time laid upon the hostages which the chiefs had given us; but, as Lady Sale shrewdly remarks, they knew the British character, and they also knew that the Dost's family were safely and honourably treated, even when the father and son were in arms against us. In the meanwhile, the 40,000 rupees that the quarrel began about—money being the root of all evil—were again promised to the petty chiefs, who had, however, indemnified themselves for their loss by plunder; so that, says Lady Sale—

We leave off where we set out, barring our killed and wounded, expense, loss of ammunition and baggage, and annoyance of the detention, if not loss of our dâks, bhanghys, &c.

October 27th.—I hear that Macgregor writes to the Envoy that the country about Tézeen never was in so tranquil a state as it is at present! Now, with a little variation in the wording, he might have cautiously written to the Envoy, so as to be understood by him alone, and have intimated that the country was now as quiet as it ever was; which, to those who know the wild tribes thereabouts located, indicates anything but a state of pacification. . . . . Macgregor writes that he suspects the chiefs are at the bottom of all the plundering and attacks on our force, though they profess to have nothing to do with it, and that the depredators are the robber-tribes. . . . . Mr. Melville was attacked last evening, but set spurs to his horse and galloped off, on which the Affghans set up a shout; this is the fourth attempt on the part of the Affghans to assassinate British officers within a short time. I before mentioned Mr. Mayne's escape; Dr. Metcalfe was also nearly cut down; and Lieut. Waller, of the Artillery, was wounded on the head whilst riding close to the Siah Sung camp.

This was Shah Soojah's camp. Three days afterwards, another attack on the troops on their march for Jellalabad was announced, in which a part of them had been panic-struck, and considerable loss of life, baggage, and camels sustained; and on the 2d November, the insurrection fairly broke out in Cabul in a form that could not longer be trifled with. Yet Sir A. Burnes, the first victim, still fatally mistook its character, and also probably over-rated his personal influence. On that memorable morning, all the shops were shut; and a general attack was made on the houses of the English who lived in the city. On this day, Lady Sale writes—

This morning, early, all was in commotion in Cabul; the shops were plundered, and the people were all fighting. Our Affghan servant, Mahomed Ali, who used to sleep in the city, when he passed out to come to my house in the morning was threatened, and reviled as the chuprassy of the Feringhee General, who, they asserted, had been beaten at Tézeen, and that all his troops had run away, and he with them!

The Shah resides in the Bala Hissar, and his guns from that fortress were constantly firing; the Affghans in the city were doing the same from six in the morning. Captain Sturt hearing that Captain Johnson's (paymaster to the Shah's force) house and treasury in the city were attacked, as also Sir Alexander Burnes's, went to General Elphinstone, who sent him with an important message, first to Brigadier Shelton at Siah Sung, and afterwards to the King to concert with them measures for the defence of that fortress. Just as he entered the precincts of the palace, he was stabbed in three places by a young man well dressed, who escaped into a building close by, where he was protected by the gates being shut. Fortunately for my son-in-law, Captain Lawrence had been sent to the King by the Envoy, and he kindly procured a palkee, and sent Sturt home with a strong guard of fifty lancers, but they were obliged to make a long detour by Siah Sung. In the meantime, Lawrence came to tell me all that had passed, and to break the bad news to my daughter, Mrs. Sturt.

The melancholly narrative is thus continued from Lieutenant Eyre:—

About 8 A. M. a hurried note was received by the Envoy, in cantonments, from Sir Alexander Burnes, stating that the minds of the people had been strongly excited by some mischievous reports, but expressing a hope that he should succeed in quelling the commotion. About 9 A. M., however, a rumour was circulated, which afterwards proved but too well-founded, that Sir Alexander had been murdered, and Captain Johnson's treasury plundered. Flames were now seen to issue from that part of the city where they dwelt; and it was too apparent that the endeavour to appease the people by quiet means had failed, and that it would be necessary to have recourse to stronger measures. The report of fire-arms was incessant, and seemed to extend through the town from end to end. . . . .

Widely spread and formidable as this insurrection proved to be afterwards, it was at first a mere insignificant ebullition of discontent on the part of a few desperate and restless men, which military energy and promptitude ought to have crushed in the bud. Its commencement was an attack by certainly not 300 men on the dwellings of Sir Alexander Burnes and Captain Johnson, paymaster to the Shah's force; and so little did Sir Alexander himself apprehend serious consequences, that he not only refused, on its first breaking out, to comply with the earnest entreaties of the wuzeer to accompany him to the Bala Hissar, but actually forbade his guard to fire on the assailants, attempting to check what he supposed to be a mere riot, by haranguing the attacking party from the gallery of his house.

This unfortunate gentleman apparently forgot that it was not the noisy, unarmed rabble of a European city that he had to harangue and bring to reason. He became the victim of a humanity which we cannot call weakness, and severely atoned for one fatal mistake. Though he fell by this casualty, no man better understood the true character of the Affghans, and that policy which, to maintain the British ascendancy honestly, ought to have been pursued. His brother, and Captain Broadfoot, who was at breakfast with him, shared his calamitous fate. He was bravely and gallantly defended to the last by the Sepoys who formed his guard. If, throughout the insurrection, all the European troops had acted as manfully as the Sepoys, much disgrace and ruin might have been averted. From the Bala Hissar the King watched the progress of the riot in the city, and in a short time sent one of his sons with some of his retainers, and a Hindostanee regiment in his service, called Campbell's regiment, to the rescue of his allies the British; for other houses and forts occupied by them in the town and its environs were now attacked. And already that spirit of indecision, not to say pusillanimity, or rank cowardice, which was so often manifested in the subsequent military arrangements, began to manifest itself. On this occasion, Lieutenant Eyre, who is reluctantly compelled to confess the ill-

conduct of some of the troops, and the blunders and strange backwardness of one or two of the officers, remarks—

No support, however, was rendered to these by our troops, whose leaders appeared so thunderstruck by the intelligence of the outbreak, as to be incapable of adopting more than the most puerile defensive measures. Even Sir William M'Naughten seemed, from a note received at this time from him by Captain Trevor, to apprehend little danger, as he therein expressed his perfect confidence as to the speedy and complete success of Campbell's Hindoostanees in putting an end to the disturbance. Such, however, was not the case; for the enemy, encouraged by our inaction, increased rapidly in spirit and numbers, and drove back the King's guard with great slaughter, the guns being with difficulty saved.

Captain Trevor, who lived in a tower, or strongly-fortified house, adjoining Cabul, had, in common with other English officials, been attacked. He was bravely defended by the King's guard, who, however, were *not* Affghans, and owed the preservation of himself and his family at this time certainly not to the support of his countrymen, but to these Kuzzilbashes, and his own energy and presence of mind. He, his wife, and their seven children, after having been reported murdered, escaped, with difficulty, into the British cantonments during the night. This, to Captain Trevor, was a respite of but a few weeks. This gentleman was afterwards assassinated along with the Envoy.

On the day of the outbreak, the people of Cabul appear to have run a muck wherever a European face appeared. Their hate and fury were purely oriental. From Lady Sale's Journal we have seen the attempt made to cut down Captain Lawrence, and the murderous attack on her son-in-law, Captain Sturt, whose wounds, though severe, were, however, not dangerous. The ultimate fate of this accomplished gentleman is the more to be regretted, that every step taken, which led to such disaster, appears to have been against his judgment, and even protestations. He became one of the many victims of a calamitous fate, from which, had his suggestions been listened to, he might have saved himself and the whole force.

There could now be no doubt but that the insurrection, if not a premeditated rise, was a formidable affair. Already there were extensive desertions from the Shah's service. His Hindostanee regiment had been severely cut up. The following passage from Lady Sale shows the general consternation that already prevailed, which extended from the Royal Palace to the British cantonments:—

The King, sitting with the British officers around him, was anxious to obtain their advice in the present crisis, and particularly asked that of ———; whose conduct was represented on the emergency as pitiful and childish in the extreme, not having a word to say, nor an opinion to offer. In cantonments all was confusion and indecision. The Envoy mounted his horse and rode to the gateway, and then rode back again,—the best thing he could do; for had the Affghans either killed him or taken him prisoner, it would have given them a decided advantage on their part.

This is corroborated by Lieutenant Eyre at the close of the same day.

The day was suffered to pass without anything being done demonstrative of British energy and power. The murder of our countrymen, and the spoliation of public and private property, were perpetrated with impunity within a mile of our cantonment, and under the very walls of the Bala Hissar.

Such an exhibition on our part taught the enemy their strength—confirmed against us those who, however disposed to join in the rebellion, had hitherto kept aloof from prudential motives, and ultimately encouraged the nation to unite as one man for our destruction.

It was, in fact, the crisis of all others calculated to test the qualities of a military commander. Whilst, however, it is impossible for an unprejudiced person to approve the military dispositions of this eventful period, it is equally our duty to discriminate. The most *responsible* party is not always the most culpable. It would be the height of injustice to a most amiable and gallant officer not to notice the long course of painful and wearying illness, which had materially affected the nerves, and probably even the intellect of General Elphinstone; cruelly incapacitating him, so far as he was personally concerned, from acting in this sudden emergency with the promptitude and vigour necessary for our preservation. Major-General Elphinstone had, in fact, represented to head-quarters the shattered state of his health, stating plainly and honestly that it had unfitted him to continue in command, and was on the point of returning to India, thence to embark for England, when the rebellion unhappily broke out. . . . . Unhappily, Sir William M'Naughten at first made light of the insurrection, and, by his representations as to the general feeling of the people towards us, not only deluded himself, but misled the General in council. The unwelcome truth was soon forced upon us, that in the whole Affghan nation we could not reckon on a single friend.

The troubles of this doomed army, and the ruin of the cause for which it had been sent into Affghanistan increased every hour. The chiefs in Cabul, or many of them, had not yet taken any decided part, though, it is said, their retainers had been among those who attacked General Sale's troops in the Pass of Khoord-Cabul. They lay by to watch the progress of events; and everything conspired to encourage them in the course to which inclination prompted. We have seen the conduct of the General, for whom Lieutenant Eyre makes an apology, which, at least, demonstrates the candour and amiability of his own disposition. That it is the rule or custom of the British service to appoint aged or imbecile commanders, is not, however, to be attributed as blame to General Elphinstone, who long before expressed an anxious wish to retire from an appointment, for the arduous duties of which he felt himself unfit. If not from the evidence, and reports of Courts-Martial, then from testimony on which the public will have fully as much reliance, that of Lady Sale, Lieutenant Eyre, Colonel Dennie, and, we should suppose, every subaltern officer then at Cabul, now alive, we are led to conclude, that the unfortunate General of this disorganized force was much less blame-worthy than his second in command, Brigadier Shelton. Save mere vulgar, animal courage, the bravery of the bull-dog, this officer appears to have been wanting in every quality that the crisis and his position the most urgently demanded. We shall see more of him by and by. Lady Sale does not spare the Colonel of the 44th; a corps which distinguished itself in rather a remarkable manner for a British regiment, both during the siege at Cabul and on the retreat. General Elphinstone thus suffered from the gross errors of his predecessors, as well as from the incapacity and bad conduct of those who should have been his best stay in difficulty. The cantonments

had been erected, it is fair to presume, under the immediate inspection of Sir John Keane, now the laurelled, pensioned, and ennobled hero of the glorious Affghan war. But one might fancy that the Dost had directed their erection, as they seemed placed as if for the express purpose of favouring any attack that might be meditated by the Affghans on the British troops. The insurrection was not, in point of fact, three days old when the English were literally beleaguered in their cantonments, and cut off from their magazine and stores. In three days they were in a state of actual siege, and liable to be starved out, if they could not forcibly be expelled. The choice of the position, and the accompanying blunder of having the commissariat store not only without the walls, but at some distance from the cantonments, was a main cause of all the disasters that followed. Lady Sale states pointedly that her son-in-law, Captain Sturt, the Engineer officer, had pointed out the Upper Bala Hissar as the proper site of the cantonments; but in this, as in other instances during the insurrection, he was obliged to yield to his superiors that better judgment which it was deemed officious to obtrude. Of the site of the cantonments at Cabul, one original blunder, in a long series of blunders, Lieutenant Eyre remarks:—

It must always remain a wonder that any Government, or any officer, or set of officers, who had either science or experience in the field, should, in a *half*-conquered country, fix their forces (already inadequate to the services to which they might be called) in so extraordinary and injudicious a military position. Every engineer officer who had been consulted, since the first occupation of Cabul by our troops, had pointed to the Bala Hissar as the only suitable place for a garrison which was to keep in subjection the city and the surrounding country; but, above all, it was surely the only proper site for the *magazine*, on which the army's efficiency depended. In defiance, however, of rule and precedent, the position eventually fixed upon for our magazine and cantonment was a piece of low swampy ground, commanded on all sides by hills or forts. . . . . General Elphinstone, on his arrival in April 1841, perceived at a glance the utter unfitness of the cantonment for purposes of protracted defence; and when a new fort was about to be built for the magazine on the south side, he liberally offered to purchase for the government, out of his own funds, a large portion of the land in the vicinity, with the view of removing some very objectionable enclosures and gardens which offered shelter to our enemy within two hundred yards of our ramparts; but neither was his offer accepted, nor were his representations on the subject attended with any good result. He lost no time, however, in throwing a bridge over the river, in a direct line between the cantonments and the Seeah Sung camp, and in rendering the bridge over the canal passable for guns; which judicious measure shortened the distance for artillery and infantry by at least two miles. . . . But the most unaccountable oversight of all, and that which may be said to have contributed most largely to our subsequent disasters, was that of having *the commissariat stores detached from cantonments*, in an old fort which, in an outbreak, would be almost indefensible. Captain Skinner, the chief commissariat officer, at the time when this arrangement was made, earnestly solicited from the authorities a place *within* the cantonment for his stores, but received for answer that "no such place could be given him, as they were far too busy in erecting barracks for the men, to think of commissariat stores." The Envoy himself pressed this point very urgently, but without avail. . . . . We were so hemmed in on all sides, that, when the rebellion became general, the troops could not move out a dozen paces from either gate, without being exposed to the fire of some neighbouring hostile fort, garrisoned too by marksmen who seldom missed their aim. The country around us was likewise full of impediments to the movements of artillery and cavalry, being in many places flooded, and everywhere closely intersected by deep water-cuts.

I cannot help adding, in conclusion, that almost all the calamities that befell our ill-starred force, may be traced, more or less, to the defects of our position; and that our cantonment at Cabul, whether we look to its situation or its construction, must ever be spoken of as a disgrace to our military skill and judgment.

On the first day of the outbreak, every circumstance, as we have seen, must have given encouragement to the rebels, who rapidly increased in numbers and confidence. At the Bala Hissar, as in the cantonments, all was consternation and confusion; dissentient councils, and discordant orders issued in haste, and as speedily recalled; and games at cross-purposes, which positively might be diverting, had the consequences not been so serious.

The second day of the Insurrection found the Affghan patriots, plunderers, and fanatics, in full confidence and activity; inflamed by religious zeal, and the passion of revenge: while the English authorities, and their King of snow, appear to have sunk into deeper despondency and apathy; absolutely paralyzed where they were not distracted. Early in the morning, the 37th regiment, which had been hastily ordered back when on the march, came in from Khoord-Cabul. They had gallantly fought their way, the pass being occupied by a band of three thousand Giljyes, who attacked them. From this time the miserable Envoy seems to have been like Job, receiving, one after another, only messengers of fresh misfortune. The only cordial news was the partial successes of General Sale, in beating off the insurgents, and subsequently his dashing sallies from Jellalabad. The condition of the army on the 3d, may be best learned from Lady Sale's Journal.

This day there was a great talk of the Kohistanees being expected to arrive to attack us. The double sentries are loaded to-day, as also the sentries placed round the ammunition and stores.

In the evening the rebels appeared in considerable numbers near Mahommed Khan's Fort, and between that and the Commissariat Fort, situated 300 yards from cantonments. We have only three days' provisions in cantonments: should the Commissariat Fort be captured, we shall not only lose all our provisions, but our communication with the city will be cut off.

This fort (an old crazy one, undermined by rats) contains the whole of the Bengal commissariat stores, valued at four lakhs of rupees, including about 12,000 maunds of ottah, wheat, and barley, and all the medical stores, &c.

No military steps have been taken to suppress the insurrection, nor even to protect our only means of subsistence (the Godowns) [stores] in the event of a siege. The King, Envoy, and General appear perfectly paralyzed by this sudden outbreak: the former is deserted by all his courtiers, and by even his most confidential servants, except the Wuzeer, who is strongly suspected of having instigated the conspiracy; and suspicion attaches to his Majesty again. . . . In Affghanistan the English act as they do in all other countries they visit,—keep to themselves, and even (generally) employ only servants brought with them. The Envoy kept but few Affghans in his employ; he had a news-reporter, at 150 rupees a-month, who had the credit of concocting splendid untruths; an old moollah picked up at Candahar, who, I believe, receives 200,—a man greatly in Sir William's confidence; there is also an old cossid. These people adhere to the Envoy, and flatter him into the be-

lief that the tumult is *bash* (nothing,) and will shortly subside.

This day there was a grand bustle, getting guns into all the bastions. Captain and Mrs. Trever, and their seven children, came into cantonments. Trevor's Hazirbashes brought them in safe; but they had to walk through the river, and to carry the children, saving only the clothes they had on. As they escaped at one gate, their tower was taken possession of by the rebels from another. . . . . .

That the insurrection could have been easily crushed at its commencement, is evident from the circumstance, that on the 2d of November a considerable number of chiefs went to Captain Trevor's house to lend him assistance; amongst them were Osman Khan, Abdool Rahim Khan, Khan Shireen Khan, Taj Mahommed, Ghelam Moyenoodeen, &c. The Nawaub Zeman Khan sent one of his younger children to Trevor, and desired him to keep him as a hostage; but finding that no assistance came from cantonments, Trevor declined keeping the boy, and, accompanied by some of the above-mentioned persons and their followers, he made his way into cantonments on the 3d.

It is further worthy of remark, that Taj Mahommed Khan went to Sir Alexander Burnes the very day before the insurrection broke out, and told him what was going on. Burnes, incredulous, heaped abuse on this gentleman's head.

Lady Sale concludes the 3d thus: "Many projects were entered into for putting down the rebellion, but none were put into practice." And this might stand for many days. The "enemy," as the revolted subjects of the intruded king began now to be called, were not so undecided. The next day they captured the commissariat fort and Captain Trevor's tower; for no effectual support, no assistance indeed of any kind had been given to these officers who gallantly defended their posts to the utmost that prudence warranted, and in some cases to the last extremity. In a note, Lieutenant Eyre relates that, long afterwards, when talking over the affair of the capture of Trevor's Tower, with Khan Shereen Khan, some of the former Kuzzilbash leaders and other chiefs, they

One and all declared positively, that the slightest exhibition of energy on our part, in the first instance, more especially in reinforcing my post and that of Trevor, would at once have decided the Kuzzilbashes, and all over whom they possessed any influence, in our favour. Khan Shereen also confirmed the idea, that an offensive movement on the opposite side of the town by Brigadier Shelton, had it been made in the early part of the fatal 2d of November, would at once have crushed the insurrection.

How the officers were supported in the defence of their posts, we are informed by a letter from Captain Mackenzie to Lieutenant Eyre.

The chief of the Kuzzilbashes, and four or five other Khans of consequence, among them the leaders of the Hazirbash regiments, were with poor Trevor *earnestly expecting that some decided measures on the part of the British would justify them in openly taking our part.*

Trevor despatched my requisition for ammunition, *at last*, if not for more effectual assistance, into cantonments, where it arrived safely, the distance not being more than one mile and a half. Shortly after, our spirits were raised by the apparent approach of a heavy cannonade, and volleys of musketry from the direction of the Mesrud Khanah, and by the flight through the gardens of the multitudes who were assailing me, towards Deh-i-Affghan, from which quarter crowds of women and children began to ascend the hill, evidently in expectation of an assault from our soldiery. But these cheering sounds died away, and it was in vain that we strained our eyes, looking for the glittering bayonets through the trees, and round the corners of the principal street leading from cantonments. My besiegers swarmed back with shouts, and it required much exertion on my part to prevent despondency amongst my people, which feeling had been strongly excited by the confirmation of the rumour of the murder of Sir Alexander Burnes, his brother, and Captain Broadfoot; by the sight of the smoke from his burning house; and by the intelligence that the treasury of Captain Johnson, also in the town, had been sacked, and the guard slain.

This is pitiful! Captain Mackenzie held out unassisted all that night. He relates—

The extent of the fort required all my men to be on duty at the same time, and some now began to wax weary. The cheerfulness of the remainder was not improved by the incessant howling of the women over the dead and dying. As a trait indicative of the character of the Affghan juzailchees, I must mention, that whenever they could snatch five minutes to refresh themselves with a pipe, one or other of them would twang a sort of rude guitar, as an accompaniment to some martial song, which, mingling with the above notes of war, sounded very strangely.

In the middle of this day, (3d November,) to my great grief, I saw the enemy enter Captain Trevor's tower.

When it was found impossible to hold out longer, Mackenzie and his little garrison, with the women and children, escaped to the cantonments in the dark, but not without some perilous adventures. This officer would indeed seem to wear a charmed life. He concludes his report by remarking—

I cannot close this letter to you without remarking that, amongst other lamentable errors which led to our heavy downfall, that of omitting, in the first instance, to strengthen my post was, next to Shelton's refusal to pour his brigade into the town, while the rioters yet amounted to barely 200 men at the greatest. But the whole blame cannot, in this particular instance, be attributed to our poor friend General Elphinstone.

We now continue the narrative of the insurrection from Lieutenant Sturt's notes.

November 5th.—It no sooner became generally known that the commissariat fort, upon which we were dependent for supplies, had been abandoned, than one universal feeling of indignation pervaded the garrison; nor can I describe the impatience of the troops, but especially the native portion, to be led out for its recapture—a feeling that was by no means diminished by their seeing the Affghans crossing and re-crossing the road between the commissariat fort and the gate of the *Shah Bagh*, laden with the provisions upon which had depended our ability to make a protracted defence.

On this recapture at least the troops were animated by the best spirit; and Lieutenant Eyre, as the volunteer artillery officer, did his duty ably and gallantly. But as the mussulman Affghans often said in those days, "It is all destiny." The General had ordered out a storming party under Major Swayne. All was prepared for it—but

Major Swayne, instead of rushing forward with his men, as had been agreed, had in the meantime remained stationary under cover of the wall by the roadside.

It must be acknowledged that the General was singularly unfortunate in many of the coadjutors about him, who, with all the zeal and courage which distinguish British officers, were sadly lacking in that military judgment and quickSightedness which are essential to success in a critical moment.

We hear afterwards of Major Swayne at the village of Beymaroo, adjoining the cantonments, an important post of which the enemy had taken possession.

Major Swayne, whose orders were to storm the village, would neither go forward nor retire; but, concealing his men under the cover of some low wall, he all day long maintained an useless fire on the houses of Beymaroo, without the slightest satisfactory result.

We must, however, acknowledge that the generally dispiriting tone of the journals before us is sometimes agreeably relieved by instances of individual intrepidity, presence of mind, and devoted heroism among all ranks of the service. The military criticisms of Lady Sale are dealt out much more freely than those of Lieutenant Eyre or Captain Mackenzie and the other officers. Besides her own knowledge and excellent judgment, she must often have been discussing military affairs with her son-in-law and the other officers at a crisis when there could be but one absorbing topic of interest or conversation within the British cantonments. If the gentlemen are as decided in their judgment of passing events, they are somewhat more sparing of their censure. Every charge, however, that is made against Brigadier Shelton by Lady Sale, is corroborated by Lieutenant Eyre. She indeed keeps up a perpetual fire on the Brigadier, and her shots tell as if aimed from an Affghan juzail. The following are specimens of her military criticisms on this most unpopular, and as it appeared to his brethren in arms, most inefficient officer. We have the less scruple in citing them, as we believe that *General* Shelton has lately been white-washed by a court-martial, and so may despise public opinion and private blame.

Brigadier Shelton came in from the Bala Hissar with six companies of the Shah's 6th, one horse artillery gun, and one of the mountain train.

The people in cantonments expect wonders from his prowess and military judgment. I am of a different opinion, knowing that he is not a favourite with either his officers or men, and is most anxious to get back to Hindostan. I must, however, do him the justice to say, that I believe he possesses much personal bravery; but, notwithstanding, I consider his arrival as a dark cloud overshadowing us. Most glad shall I be to find that, by his energy, the General is roused up to active measures. . . . . Regarding Brigadier Shelton's view of affairs, it may be remarked that, from the first of his arrival in the country, he appears to have greatly disliked it, and his disgust has now considerably increased. His mind is set on getting back to Hindostan; and it is worthy of remark that from the first, on going into the Bala Hissar, he desired Captain Nicholl to fill all the ammunition boxes, as fast as it was expended, with flour (ottah,) to be ready for provision in case of retreat. . . . . The Envoy wished troops to be sent out; but deference was paid to Shelton's opinion, who would not attack them, [the rebels] being all for a retreat to Hindostan. . . At dinner-time Brigadier Shelton sent to Mr. Eyre, stating that the Envoy had information that 30,000 foot and 10,000 horse were coming to set fire to our magazine with red-hot balls! How these balls were to be conveyed here red hot is a mystery, as the enemy have no battery to erect furnaces in: but nothing is too ridiculous to be believed; and really any horrible story would be sure to be credited by our panic-struck garrison.

It is more than shocking, it is shameful, to hear the way that officers go on croaking before the men: it is sufficient to dispirit them, and prevent their fighting for us. . . . . Our useless expenditure of ammunition is ridiculous. At the captured fort last night the garrison popped away 350 rounds at shadows, probably of themselves: however, we have plenty of it; 13 lakhs made up, and 900 barrels of powder, shot, bullets, &c. in store in profusion. . . . . .

Shelton croaks about a retreat; and so much is openly said of our extremity, that were we obliged to fall back on Jellalabad, it is more than probable that there would be much desertion amongst the Mussulmans. . . .

Yesterday when Sturt was talking to the General and the Brigadier about the captured fort, he mentioned that Captain Layton commanded there that day, and that he wished he should remain and retain it as a permanent command, it being a place for which an officer should be selected, and he considered him as well fitted for the command. Shelton, with a sneer, asked if Layton would like to stay there? To which Sturt replied, "I do not know what he would like, but I know that I should wish him to do so." Captain Layton's courage and steadiness were too unimpeachable for the sneer to affect his character as a soldier. The Brigadier's dislike to him arose from his not being a man of polished manners, and rather ungrammatical in his language.

Brigadier Shelton appears to have given this high-spirited lady personal offence on some occasions. His disposition to "sneer" did not spare even General Sale. Those who would know more of him may consult the Letters of the late gallant and ill-rewarded Colonel Dennie; but we shall see what Lieutenant Eyre says too. The British public forms a wide court of inquiry, and one not so easily satisfied with the conduct of the commanders in disgraceful and ruinous wars as a professional court may sometimes be found. Though in Lieutenant Eyre's book we have a more connected narrative of the progress of events, yet Lady Sale's frank random jottings show as much of the genuine feelings and temper of the period. She never scruples to impute motives, and indubitably they are frequently the true ones, whether they refer to head-quarters, or to lower spheres, as thus—

The state of supineness and fancied security of those in power in cantonments is the result of deference to the opinions of Lord Auckland, whose sovereign will and pleasure it is that tranquillity do reign in Affghanistan; in fact, it is reported at Government House, Calcutta, that the lawless Affghans are as peaceable as London citizens; and this being decided by the powers that be, why should we be on the alert?

Most dutifully do we appear to shut our eyes on our probable fate. The Shah is, however, to be protected, whatever may be the fate of the English in the city.

As a proof of the condition of mind to which Shah Soojah was brought on the evening of the outbreak, Lady Sale relates, that he actually permitted the officers whom he consulted to take chairs in his presence. He was, indeed, in a sad plight.

On this day a report was carried to the King and Conolly that the rebels had mined from the Shôr Bazar to immediately under H. M.'s palace, which said mine was to be sprung the same evening. The King instantly left the palace, and took up his abode at the Gate of the Haram Serai, where he remained during the rest of the siege; and all day, seated at a window commanding a fine view of cantonments, telescope in hand, watched anxiously the course of passing events in that place. He was at this time quite sunk into a state of despondency, and would gladly seize any opportunity of asking the opinion of any of the officers as to what was likely to be the issue of the struggle. He put off for the time all the insignia of royalty, made the officers sit by him on chairs, and seemed quite *gobrowed* (an expressive eastern term, to be rendered something between dumbfounded and at one's wit's end.) The Shah's conduct in the particular of the chairs is the more worthy of remark, as he had been in the habit of keeping the officers for hours standing with folded hands silently in his presence, and then ungraciously dismissing them without even a passing remark. He now sent to each Sahib a warm silk resaiz and a pillow, which were very acceptable, as they were all starving with cold. . . . . .

Abdoollah Khan has sent a messenger to treat with the King, who replied that he would receive no such *low* person, and that some person of respectability must be sent.

This was right royal. It was, however, time to waive ceremony, and let the English gentlemen be seated; but sitting or standing was now all one. Danger, disaster, and disgrace were accumulating on every hand. On the third day of the insurrection, Lady Sale writes—

Trevor's tower has been burnt. Had reinforcements and ammunition been sent to Trevor's tower and Mackenzie's fort, they might have held out for ever against any force the rebels could have brought against them. The Hazirbashes refused to stay to defend them, because they saw they must be sacrificed, and that no reinforcements were sent. Had they arrived, the Kuzzilbashes would have declared openly in our favour, with Khan Shireen Khan at their head; but unless supported by us, they dreaded giving offence to the insurgents.

The Kuzzilbashes are Persians, or rather the descendants of Persians, and they formed the royal guard of the Dost. They were first brought into the country by the conquerer, Nadir Shah. They inhabit a particular quarter of the city of Cabul, live apart from the natives, and may be regarded as the Janissaries, Mamelukes, or Swiss of the Affghanistan armies. This was the only body of military that it was found practicable at once to corrupt. After the capture of Ghuznee, seeing the tide of success turning against Dost Mahommed, to whom they owed allegiance, these perfidious mercenaries began to meditate desertion to Shah Soojah and the British. It is related by Captain Havelock, that after Ghuznee was stormed, the Dost resolved to retreat to a good position on the Cabul river, and put his fortunes to the issue of a final battle with the invaders. But he durst not try this bold experiment without being sure of the fidelity of this important part of his army. He accordingly rode into the midst of the treacherous band, with the Koran in his hands, and adjured them, by their fealty to their common religion, not to break their allegiance. They were silent. As a last favour, he entreated that, before they sought a new service, they would stand by the brother of Futteh Khan, and, in requital of the kindness and maintenance of thirteen years, enable him to die with honour. "Stand by the brother of Futteh Khan, whilst he executes one charge against the cavalry of those Feringee dogs," was his last prayer. "In the onset he will fall, and then go make your own terms with Shah Soojah." The appeal of this brave man, who appears to have enjoyed more of the admiration of the British army than the minion they were escorting to set up in his place, had no effect on those perfidious followers, who found it more for their present advantage to enrol themselves in the service of Shah Soojah, and who were probably ready to change sides every campaign, if it suited their interest.——To return to Lady Sale, and the conduct of the war at Cabul.

The enemy have now possession of the Commissariat fort, the fort opposite the Bázaar fort, or Mahommed Shureef's, and the Shah bagh; the two latter posts appear to have been left unoccupied for the enemy's especial advantage. The only mortar we have, being a five-and-half-inch one, has little more effect than a popgun of large calibre. . . . . .

A Kulassy of Captain Maule's has just come in from the Kohistan half naked: he reports, that the Kohistanees are all up; that Maule and Wheeler were killed at Kar Durrah, and that they were overpowered. . . . . Sturt strongly advises the troops being all thrown into the Bala Hissar, and the cantonments being abandoned until we get up reinforcements; but the cry is, how can we abandon the cantonments that have cost us so much money!

This was also the advice of Lieutenant Eyre, and of other able officers; but unhappily those who possessed the capacity which might have extricated the army from its difficulties with safety and credit were without authority or influence of any kind. The troops, particularly the notorious 44th regiment, were already behaving in a way as novel in the English service as it was disgraceful. On the 5th, Lady Sale writes—

At 5 o'clock A.M., no reinforcement having gone to the assistance of Lieutenant Warren, although promised by two, that officer vacated the Commissariat fort. No blame can attach to him, but much to those who withheld aid. The enemy took possession, depriving us of our only means of subsistence. Nor was this all the mischief: it gave both confidence and much plunder to the enemy, and created great disgust amongst the Europeans, who lost all their rum; a worse loss was all the medical stores, sago, arrow-root, wine, &c., for the sick.

She then mentions the ill conduct of Major Swayne's party, which we have already seen, and proceeds—

When the 44th retreated from Mahommed Shureef's fort, all were in amazement; the 37th asked leave to go and take it, but were not permitted to do so.

Lady Sale relates, that her son-in-law, still confined by his wounds, had fretted himself half-mad at everything going wrong; and that, ill as he was, he resolved to assist in recapturing the important fort.

From the top of her house, Lady Sale was now in the habit of watching the sallies and skirmishes of the troops with the Affghans, screened from the bullets which whizzed about, by the tall chimneys, behind which she took shelter. On this occasion, she saw the breach made by Captain Sturt, and the fort stormed; and then she tells—

But few of the enemy were found killed; but it is difficult to estimate the numbers of their slain, as they are so particular regarding Moslem burial that they always, when practicable, drag the bodies away. Great numbers escaped to the hills behind, which were quickly covered with horsemen, from 2000 to 3000 men. A party of Anderson's horse charged straight up the hill (just to the left of the gorge leading to the lake) in most gallant style, and drove the enemy along the ridge to the extreme left. Meantime, the 5th cavalry rode along the foot of the hill to the left, and charged up at that end; by which manœuvre the enemy were hemmed in, in the centre of the two cavalry corps, when a very severe encounter took place. From the top of our house we saw everything distinctly; the gleaming of their swords in the sun, and the fire of their pistols and matchlocks: fresh horsemen came pouring on to the assistance of the enemy from the back of the hill; they buried our cavalry and Anderson's horse, who, overpowered by numbers and a most galling fire, were forced along the ridge to the spot whence the first charge took place.

The Affghans have many advantages over our troops: one consists in dropping their men fresh for combat; each horseman takes a foot soldier up behind him, and drops him when he is arrived at the spot he is required to fire from. Their horsemen are either gentlemen or yeomen, (as we should denominate them,) all well mounted; and their baggage ponies can manage the hills much better than our cavalry horses; in fact, the Affghan horses seem to me to climb about with as much unconcern as goats do. As regards pistols, we are on a par, as most of theirs have been presents from the Posha Khana; but their juzails [rifles] carry much fur-

ther than our muskets, and, whilst they are out of range of our fire, theirs tells murderously on us. . . .

I often hear the Affghans designated as cowards: they are a fine manly-looking set, and I can only suppose it arises from the British idea among civilized people that assassination is a cowardly act. The Affghans never scruple to use their long knives for that purpose, *ergo* they are cowards; but they show no cowardice in standing as they do against guns without using any themselves, and in escalading and taking forts which we cannot retake. The Affghans of the capital are a little more civilized; but the country gentlemen and their retainers are, I fancy, much the same kind of people as those Alexander encountered.

Lady Sale's Journal continues to exhibit, in a deplorable light, the jarring councils and ill-concerted schemes of those in power. Whenever the Envoy gave good advice, or proposed an energetic course of action, he was thwarted by the General, or rather by those about the General—and *vice versâ*. Lady Sale's daily jottings now become more and more interesting. On the 5th, the Envoy wrote to General Sale to return immediately with the troops under his command, as they had been in siege for three days, had sustained some heavy losses, and were altogether in a most perilous position. The General first sanctioned the order for Sale's return, and then drew back.——The power which, all over India, political agents had for a century found of such wondrous efficacy, was not at this time neglected.

Sir William has given one of the Kuzzilbash chiefs 50,000 rupees to raise a diversion in our favour, and has promised him two lakhs more if he succeeds.

The insurgent chiefs have set up a king, and a wuzeer; they went to the mosque, and read the fatcha, or prayer, for the reigning monarch. . . . . This day General Elphinstone wrote to the Envoy to state that we were in want of ammunition, requesting him to endeavour to make arrangements with the enemy!

They still had abundant ammunition; and supplies of provisions and forage were coming in, though scantily. Yet starvation was in not distant prospect. They were, indeed, soon hard pressed. Captain Sturt was still urging the absolute and immediate necessity of abandoning the cantonments, and concentrating the whole force in the Bala Hissar. When the first plan of building at the Company's expense was entertained, he had strongly, as we have noticed, advised that the garrison should be placed in the Upper Bala Hissar, the most commanding point in the locality; and the erections were actually begun, when Shah Soojah took offence at being elbowed so closely by his august allies. The money spent was therefore so much thrown away, and that unfortunate site selected to which Lieutenant Eyre imputes every subsequent disaster, and which, of itself, was certainly sufficient to prove the ruin of a foreign army in the midst of an unsettled and determinedly hostile people. To return to Lady Sale, and still on the fifth day of the outbreak—

All seems confusion here. Those who, at the head of affairs, ought to have been directing everything, appear to be in consternation. . . . . Major Thain is said to be a good adviser, but unfortunately it is not always in the multitude of counsellors that there is wisdom; and so many proffered their advice and crossed his, that Thain withdrew his, and only now answers such questions as are put to him. . . . The enemy are using our guns against us, throwing shot into cantonments from Mahmood Khan's fort. . . . There is a report that we are to be attacked in cantonments to-night. . . . It is said that Mohun Lull has named the man who killed poor Sir Alexander Burnes; he also writes that there are only 500 Kohistanees in the city, and that otherwise all is going on well in the Kuzzilbash quarter of the city, where he resides.

This probably means that the Envoy's rupees were imagined to be telling better than the General's bullets. This individual, Mohun Lull, was, however, faithful to the English, in whose cause he had been long enlisted, and, though long in Cabul, he was not an Affghan. A letter of his, which first appeared in a Calcutta newspaper, gives a better account of the immediate causes of the insurrection, and of the wretched conduct of those who should have put it down, than any other that we have met with. It states—

Since the year of 1838, I have been in regular correspondence with my patron, Mr. Trevelyan, in London, and had repeatedly written to him, that if we do not rectify our conduct in the policy of Affghanistan, we will excite the whole country against us. These communications, I believe, have always been shown to the chairman of the Court of Directors, and it is great pity *notwithstanding the late lamented Sir William M'Naghten and Sir Alexander Burnes were aware of the impending dangers which threatened the British authority, but they never took steps either to prepare to meet the evils or to conciliate the chiefs. Their pay was reduced, and the manner of our proceedings had convinced them that they shall be all banished.* In October last the chiefs entered into the solemn agreement with each other, and thus the Eastern Ghiljies stood up against our arms. General Sale bravely defeated the enemy, and forced his road through the different passes down to Jellalabad. While these discontented chiefs were intriguing, we bore everything silently till the fatal day of the 2d of November arrived, and the houses of Sir Alexander Burnes and myself were surrounded by the rebels. *They were not accompanied with more than fifty men, but not a battalion was sent to our protection.* After poor Sir Alexander Burnes was murdered and his house set on fire, I made a hole through the neighbouring house and was nearly cut to pieces, had I not been protected by the good-natured Nuwab Mohammed Zeman Khan, and kept secretly a whole day in his house. All my property saved during the last twelve years was plundered, one of my servants murdered, and the house destroyed. For three days *not many people had assembled under the flag* of the rebels, and the Persians had not joined the enemy.

Lord Auckland's defenders or apologists deny that there was any organized conspiracy. The proofs are more clear that it did not at once rear its head in strength, and might have been, at least, temporarily crushed. In addition to the leading calamity of the revolt, a train of minor adverse circumstances arose, farther to increase the prevailing distress. Lady Sale's entries frequently now refer to the slender, but welcome supplies of provisions and fodder which came in. The health of the aged General, feeble before, became worse from his perpetual harassment, and the Envoy was distracted by present cares, and by dismal apprehensions for the future. Some of the officers croaked on where they should have worked; and the troops were disheartened, and several corps completely demoralized. The only cordial which the sinking garrison received, was, as we have said, occasional tidings from Brigadier Sale, whose presence in Cabul, at this season of general helplessness, might have produced a very different state of things. The points now debated in the jarring councils were a

rapid retreat to Jellalabad; intrenchment in the Bala Hissar till succour came with the returning spring; or treaty and capitulation to the native chiefs. Nothing was decided. By this time the famous Mahommed Akbar Khan, the son of the captive Dost, had arrived in Cabul with his personal followers; where, by his presence and energy, he infused fresh vigour into the national or insurgent cause. The insurgents daily increased in numbers and confidence, and the spirit of the British sunk in a corresponding ratio. The feebleness and vacillation of the leaders had undermined the confidence of the troops. Nor is not surprising that men, fighting under every possible disadvantage, were sometimes reluctant to advance, when some of their officers gave a rather decided preference to the security of the cantonments over the perils of the field. Examples of the pusillanimous conduct of the troops abound in both Journals. Provoked by their backwardness, the high-spirited heroine of the siege appears to have often been tempted "to brain them with her fan." One day, when at her accustomed post of observation on the house-top, watching a large body of Affghans ascending an opposite hill, round which a party of irregular horse had been sent to cut them off, while Brigadier Shelton led on an infantry force to meet them, she thus proceeds, after having with great animation described the skirmish—

When they fairly appeared above-ground, it was very evident that our men were not inclined to meet them. Every field-glass was now pointed to the hill with intense anxiety by us in cantonments, and we saw the officers urging their men to advance on the enemy. Most conspicuous were Mackintosh, Laing, Troup, Mackenzie, and Layton, who, to encourage the men, pelted the Ghazeas with stones as they climbed the hill; and, to do the fanatics justice, they returned the assault with the same weapons. Nothing would do,—our men would not advance, though this party did not appear to be 150 in number. At length one of the Ghazeas rushed forward, waving his sword over his head: a Sipahee of the 37th darted forth and met him with his bayonet; but instead of a straight charge, he gave him a kind of side stroke with it, and they both fell, and both rose again. Both were killed eventually; the Ghazeea was shot by another man. It was very like the scenes depicted in the battles of the Crusaders. The enemy rushed on: drove our men before them very like a flock of sheep with a wolf at their heels. They captured our gun. The artillerymen fought like heroes; two were killed at the gun; Sergeant Mulhall received three wounds; poor Laing was shot whilst waving his sword over the gun and cheering the men. It was an anxious sight, and made our hearts beat: it lasted but for a few minutes.

This was not an every-day sight for a lady. The panic was not yet over—

Perceiving our defeat on the hill, the troops at the captured fort, and those at the Musjeed deserted their posts, and were with difficulty persuaded to go back to them. The troops all scuttled back as hard as they could. The General went outside the gate (and took great credit to himself for doing so) to rally them, as he called it; but there was little chance of doing that while they were under our walls. I was amused at hearing him say to Sir William, "Why, Lord, Sir, when I said to them 'Eyes right,' they all looked the other way."

On another occasion Lady Sale relates a shameful circumstance, in scaling a fort, and ending thus :—

In this room were six of the 44th. The Affghans planted their crooked sticks, which served them for scaling-ladders; got up one by one; pulled out the mud, and got in. A child with a stick might have repulsed them. The Europeans had their belts and accoutrements off, and the Sipahees the same. They all ran away as fast as they could! The 44th say that the 37th ran first, and as they were too weak they went too. Hawtrey says there was not a pin to choose,—all cowards alike. After he was deserted by the men, he himself threw six hand grenades before he followed them. One man of the 44th was an exception, and he was shot whilst assisting Hawtrey in throwing these missiles.

Lady Sale criticises military operations and manœuvres like a veteran Field-Marshal. Of this day's fight she remarks :—

The misfortunes of the day are mainly attributable to Shelton's bad generalship in taking up so unfavourable a position, after his first fault in neglecting to surprise the village, and occupy it, which was the ostensible object of the force going out.

Had he remained above Beymaroo, he might have retreated into and occupied that place, in which the enemy had but few men at first, and who might have been easily dislodged. Shelton tries to lay all the blame on the Sipahees.

Lieutenant Eyre's account of the backwardness of the troops on this occasion is more circumstantial, and, on the whole, more unfavourable to their spirit and discipline. The officers appeared to have lost all moral influence over their men; and, exposed to almost certain death in these desperate and close encounters, the soldiers, without confidence in their leaders, had not, like their fierce enemies, a national cause—the defence of their homes, their religion, and their native land, to animate their courage, and brace them for the required sacrifice. Lieutenant Eyre relates of this skirmish :—

As an instance of the backwardness which now began to develop itself among our men, it must be mentioned, that Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver endeavoured to induce a party of his own regiment to follow him to the brow of the hill, to keep down the sharp fire of a number of the enemy, who had ensconced themselves in a small ravine commanding the foremost square; not a man would follow him,—and it was only after the brave officer had gone forward himself into the thickest of the fire, saying, "Although my men desert me, I myself will do my duty," that about a dozen were shamed into performing theirs. . . . . Previously to this, numbers of the most daring Ghazeas had descended into the gorge, and, taking advantage of some hillocks on the ascent towards our position, had crept gradually up, maintaining a deadly fire on our skirmishers, who were, unfortunately, wholly exposed; they became at length disheartened, and gave way. At this moment the Brigadier offered a reward of 100 rupees to any man who should take a flag of the enemy, which had been planted behind a tumulus about thirty yards in front of the square, and he fruitlessly endeavoured to induce the men to charge bayonets; several of the officers at the same time advanced to the front, and actually pelted the enemy with stones. All attempts, however, to encourage our men were in vain. The attacking party were now emboldened to make a rush upon our gun; our cavalry were ordered to charge, but again in vain, for the men would not follow their officers. The panic spread, and our troops gave way, except the second square, which had been formed about 200 yards in the rear, and three companies under Major Kershaw at the other extremity of the hill; behind this second square the officers with great difficulty rallied the fugitives, leaving the gun in the hands of the enemy.

The Ghazeeas referred to were the most ferocious and cruel of the Affghan bands. They were a set of desperate, religious fanatics, incited by the Mollahs to consider the cold-blooded butchery of the Kafirs an act of heroic virtue, entitling them, as good Mussulmans, to Paradise.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

RHYMED SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH PEASANT LIFE.

I.

At random take yon low and lonely cot,
Perch'd midway up that bleak and treeless fell,
—In front a deep and torrent-cloven dell—
And what but gloom and misery haunt the spot?
Some gleams of sunshine gild the walls of mud;
But can the woe-struck wretch who tenants here
Feel aught to cheer his poor and frozen blood?
From aught but winters can he date the year?—
O speak not so of honest Adam Glen.
A humble shepherd, with the happiest face
That e'er met morning smiling o'er the "Pen,"
Or hailed the welcome evening's glowing grace.
Adam is aged now; but fifty years
Have left, unchilled, the happy heart and smile
With which to those rude walls, where his "forbears"
Had centuries seen, he led by love's soft wile,
In matrimonial band, the beauteous Hannah Lyle.
And Adam Glen and Hannah Lyle have seen
The snows of fifty winters round them fall,
And storm to howling storm around them call;
Yet lasting as their years their joys have been.
They loved their rugged hut and stormy hills;
And would have sigh'd to think that future time
Should plant them where the summer songster trills
For ever, 'mid the bowers of happier clime.
"Flow'd not their bliss from brutish ignorance?"
No! They had read of fair Ausonia's plain,
Rhine's sunny wave—the vine-clad hills of France,
The golden streams and orange-groves of Spain;
And oft had with the wayward voyager
In fancy steered to isles of endless spring:
As oft return'd, contented well to hear,
Instead of lays which southern warblers sing,
A dearer melody—the sough of Scottish whirlwind's wing.

And Adam often read, with studious thought,
Huge tomes of deep divinity, and o'er
High, solemn themes—he reverently would pore,
Of works that man had marred and God had wrought;
But chief the Bible in his hill-plaid nook
Each morn saw duly placed—beside it lay
Altern, the "Pilgrim," and the well-thumbed "Crook,"
And "Cloud," that told of Scotland's darkest day;
And "Beuk of Discipline," that ray of truth,
That smote and wither'd Falsehood in its den;
And "Gospel Sonnets," conn'd in memory's youth,
And, prized and loved, in age oft conn'd again;
And haply, with the cream of sacred lore
Was blent some modern's sweet but thrilling tale,
That made his eye gleam sternlier than before,—
A tale of Times when Scotland's stifled wail,
And Persecutor's shout, were blent on every gale.

And 'neath that humble roof, at morn and even,
The song of praise and voice of prayer arose
From many a humble heart that pour'd its woes
And adoration in the ear of Heaven;
Without the aid—it needed not—of art
To swell devotion's tone, or fan its flame:
O, to the breathings of one simple heart
In praise to God, all melodies are tame!
Seven voices once their untaught music blent,
But two, the sweetest, have long since been mute;
And by one little mound, with flowers besprent,
Each Sabbath sees the print of Hannah's foot.
Two sons into another soil have borne
The stern parental virtues, and the mild—
Blame points not at the pathway they adorn;—
And one—a maid, as fair as ever smiled
Joy on a father's face—still blooms upon the wild.

Enter with me, and hear the artless tale
Of humble, cheerful piety from him,
The happy man, strong-sighted in the dim
Decline of years: but, hark! the voice of wail,
Of woman weeping, and of man's deep sighs.
O pause we reverently, for Grief is here!
Beside the bed, with sorrow-streaming eyes,
Stand Adam's sons—his heart-struck daughter near;
Within the bed an aged female bears
Upon her breast an old man's dying head,
And in her desolate woe she sheds no tears,
But gazeth fixedly, though hope be dead—
Gazeth to feed deep love—now deeper far
Than e'er before—upon that calm, pale face
Beaded with death's cold dew. The spirit's war
Seems nearly o'er with mortal feverishness,
And Heaven is breathing there a more than mortal grace.

The aged saint hath reach'd his glorious goal:
Well hath he run his heavenward, bright career;
Like solemn music swelling on his ear,
The wheels of Eli's fiery chariot roll;
Yet lingering ere he mount his angel-seat,
His spirit's eye one moment gazeth o'er
Life's bygone scenes, and holds communion sweet
With all the lost and loved in days of yore.
He sees the spot where, at his mother's knee,
He lisp'd his infant prayer; the hamlet school,
Where oft he'd con the holy "melody,"
And copy endless Truth's abiding rule;
The hamlet church, where words of endless bliss
Fell on his spirit like celestial balm;
The lone hill-cave, where deep forgetfulness
Of earth and time came o'er him with a calm,
That soothed his soul like dew from heaven's unfading palm.
He upward looks, and pants for failing breath,
To breathe one pious thought. Deep stillness round
Deepens to catch life's last low-murmured sound.
In vain—the Patriarch's eyes are closed in death.
Long gaze they in mute agony. Awhile
They scarce can say he 's dead—the silent clay
Seems still to wear a more than living smile,
Which from these throbbing hearts shall ne'er decay.
Such happy life—such holy death-bed scene
May oft be found on Scotland's hills of mist,
Crowning her rugged fells with brighter sheen
Than e'er the sun in lovelier climes hath kiss'd.
Let purple grandeur, in the glowing hour
When life with Hope's bright rainbow rays is clad,
Think, tremblingly, on Virtue's holy power;
Nor deem, though low the roof the dweller sad,
High hearts may bound beneath with feelings pure and glad.

II.

A cheerful blaze beyond the hallan flings
Its sportive flicker,—comfort warms each face.
The storm without the bickering clouds may chase,
More merrily within the matron sings.
What time she plies the busy spindle's speed,
She trills some lay of Scotland's ancient muse,
Or his who sweetliest touched the Doric reed
On Doon's fair banks when 'sprent with Autumn hues.
The song admired and cheer'd,—the gleeful group
Call for the tale of wonder, often told
By lips of aged crone, of faery troop
Seen skimmering on the mountains oft of old.
The merry, elvish race, with jealous care,
Screening their dance from gaze of prying wight—
The foe of Vice—oft, by delusive glare,
Leading vile treason into woeful plight,
But friends to virtue's cause and freedom's sacred right;

Or of pale ghosts that haunt some ruin'd tower,
Where stealthy murder's midnight step has been,
Moaning and jabbering from the casement, green
With damps of years, at midnight's dreary hour;

Or peering, unexpectedly, amid
The murderer's revelries, unseen by all
But him alone, streak'd with unnatural red,
And grinning ominous smiles from shadowy wall;
Or of the hags that ride the howling blast,
And dance in fearful orgies 'neath the moon,
And dark, unhallow'd spells around them cast,
'Mid the wild mutterings of unearthly croon.
With creeping flesh some list the wondrous tale,
Some with incredulous laugh, yet inward awe,
Shake their wise, sceptic heads; the children, pale,
Closer, with frightened looks, for shelter draw,
And, shuddering, think on those who break God's holy law.

III.

Pause on the bank of that melodious stream
Sacred to song,—its calm blue depths, o'erhung
By woods where oft his lyre the minstrel strung,
Woo the pale moonlight's holiest, tenderest beam.
Trees, myriad-hued, are glass'd within its blue,
Embosoming a Pile—a poet's thought—
A dream of old romance—whence witchery flew
With spells for generations, richly-fraught,
Wrapping a world in wonder-breathing gales
From Scottish mountains on the spicy shore
Of the Carnatic and the frozen vales,
Where Highland bosoms beat, in Labrador.
Within that Pile he dwelt, whose ardent soul,
Fill'd with bright dreams and aspirations high,
And boundless knowledge, wonder-chain'd the whole
Of human kind, but turn'd its glorious eye
Of love on Caledon's bleak hills and cloudy sky.

They led him forth, when sickness o'er him threw
Its soul-subduing shade, to breathe the gale
Of softer, sunnier clime, whose flowers exhale
The breath of heaven beneath its cloudless blue.
The hoary Alp sublime before him towered,—
The Rhine to dreams of Eld allured his mind,—
Praise from the lips of Fame was blandly poured:
They said *His* home was to no clime confined;—
But to his weary soul 'twas far away,—
The heather bloomed not there by strath and stream;
He longed to feel the breeze of Teviot play—
To watch on Eildon's height the setting beam.
"Home, home," he breathed,—"I must not linger here,
These scenes with exiled hearts but ill accord:
O, bear me back to all to memory dear,—
'Twill to my faded brow be health restored,
To feel the breeze that waves the woods of Abbotsford."

IV.

"Hath thy young eye e'er dropt a tear, fair child!
Thy face of smiles, and sunny brow, and glad
And gleesome step, and form with beauty clad,
Bespeak thee some sweet Fairy of the wild."
She answered not, but lightly tript away
To gather flowers; and, ever as she spied
A fairer, she would bound like dancing ray,
As though she had some pearl of price descried.
"All happiness, and loveliness, and life,—
Pale Sorrow's cankerworm shalt e'er thou know!"
Poor child, she knows too well her lot is rife
With Memory's treasured thoughts and scenes of woe.
And every morn, at blink of dawn, she sheds
Her heart's first offering on her father's grave,—
And every eve at twilight hour she treads
The grassy tufts that o'er the church-path wave,
To dew the mound with tears, and heavenly aids to crave.

Last winter, one wild night, the storm came down
Yon mountain gorge with fierce and maddening howl.
The boldest shepherd trembled at the scowl
Of heaven, and sigh'd for wanderer's homeward boune.
Strong Symon of the Cleuch, that wons hard by,
Was gazing far into the eddying night,
When fearful shrieks, storm-smothered, fitfully
Bore to his soul some hapless traveller's plight.
He wrapt his plaid close round him, and he took
His lantern and his staff, and forth he rush'd,
Amid the blinding drift and blast that shook
His humble hut, to where a torrent gush'd
From crag to crag, whence faint and fainter scream,
Mix'd with the raving wind and waters' roar;—
And, on the brink of a snow-buried stream,
He spied a child within a snow-wreath's core,
Whose frame seemed touch'd by Death, and all its struglings o'er.

Her to his sinewy arms he caught, his plaid
Wrapt round her palsied limbs, and strove to fan
Life's flickering flame, till feebly, slow began
A conscious warmth her frozen blood t' invade.
And, as he homeward bore her, faint she gasped,—
"My father! save my father!" Backward hied
He to the perilous spot—his burden clasp'd
To a strong sheltering pine, he firmly tied.
Then, with endeavour calm and stern, he bent
Over the slippery rocks that edge the tide,—
And, where the snow with deep, black waters blent,
A prostrate human form he dimly spied.
With patient strength, unyielding, long he toil'd,
And raised at length the body, stark and dead,
And homeward hastily the corpse and child
He bore, the drift and howling storm amid;—
Sleep, meanwhile, soothed the child, and seal'd each laden lid.

Cold poortith had been Symon's lot through life,
But strong endurance, and unswerving will,
And holy resignation's power to still
Faint murmurings, had nerved him to the strife.
He had a numerous brood, whose daily bread
Hung on his stalwart arm—whose cheering smile
Illumed his hearth, and urged him on to tread,
Unflagging still, his course of ceaseless toil.
And yet no murmur breathed from Margaret's soul,
When the poor slumbering child her Symon laid
Within her arms—a mother's pity stole
Into her heart, and bless'd the orphan maid.
They placed the wandering Pauper in the tomb,
And with the orphan shared their humble crust:
Kind sympathy hath taught again to bloom
The rose upon her cheek—and holy trust
Assures her that kind heaven will guard her father's dust.

G. P.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.*

The terrible fate of "the Martyr of Erromanga," equally with his eminent missionary labours in the islands of the Pacific, have drawn the public attention to his career. His own remarkable narrative, his "*Missionary Enterprizes*,"—the accounts of him found in the Missionary Society's Reports, in the writings of the Rev. Mr. Ellis, and in the recent publications of Dr. Campbell, have contributed to gratify the general curiosity about an individual, who, if the accomplishment of actual good to his race is to be taken as the measure of a man's worth, ought to be ranked as among the first class. But the character and career of an individual so eminent for the good he has done, deserved the most ample and complete record; and this is now found in these Memoirs of the life of Williams, which are evidently compiled by one who could truly and warmly appreciate the many happy ap-

* "Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. John Williams, Missionary to Polynesia." By Ebenezer Prout of Halstead. 8vo, with Portrait, &c. London: Snow.

titudes and excellencies of his character, and also his peculiar—may we not say providential—adaptation to the work which was given him to do.

It is not until Williams is fairly landed on the Hervey Islands,—one of which, Rarotonga, re-discovered by himself, became the scene of his almost miraculous efforts in civilizing and evangelizing,—that the memoir becomes of intense interest.

Mr. Williams was the son of respectable parents of the middle class, and he was blessed with an excellent and pious mother. After receiving a very plain education, he was, at a suitable age, bound apprentice to an ironmonger in London, to attend the retail-shop only; but being of "a mechanical turn," he, most fortunately for the great cause in which he was afterwards engaged, lost no opportunity of stealing into the adjoining workshop, where he obtained that practical knowledge, and skill in the craft of the blacksmith, which enabled him, in after times, with more ease, to act as a self-taught mason, plasterer, shipbuilder, farmer, weaver, and, in short, Jack-of-all-trades. It was this "mechanical turn," together with his remarkable facility in acquiring the languages of the South Seas, and his peculiarly kind and engaging manners, together with his devoted energy, which enabled Williams so far to outstrip all his contemporaries, and to become the primitive Bishop of Polynesia. During his apprenticeship, his mind was forcibly directed to serious subjects, by accidentally hearing a sermon preached by Mr. East of Birmingham; and, after slender educational preparation, he was sent out, as a missionary, at a very early age, and when just married. The manner in which Williams, on landing at Eimeo, made the first great step, the acquisition of the native languages, goes far to establish the theory of Professor Blackie.* We are told,

By great diligence, he had acquired a sufficient acquaintance with the language while at Tahiti and Huahine, to be enabled to preach intelligibly as soon as he reached Raiatea. The method by which he made this rapid proficiency was his own. Instead of remaining at home, poring over translations and glossaries, or depending upon the assistance of his senior brethren, he constantly mingled with the natives, "hearing and asking them questions," and thus acquired, as he considered with great ease, not merely the signification of words and phrases, but, what was quite as requisite, the correct accentuation of the language. Whether this plan would be the most successful in all cases may admit of doubt; but there can be none respecting its suitableness to Mr. Williams, one remarkable characteristic of whose mind was the power of exact and minute observation.

In ten months after he reached Eimeo, he preached his first sermon in the native language; some of his elder brethren affirming, that he had done as much in that period, as might have taken another three years. As soon as, with the approbation of the chiefs, and with the prospect of quiet and permanency, the missionaries had settled at Raiatea, Mr. Williams laid a stable foundation for his future usefulness.

Having selected a convenient plot of ground, he resolved to erect upon it a dwelling-house in the English style, and in all respects superior to any building ever seen, or even imagined by the people around him. To this he was incited, not merely by a desire to obtain for himself and his family a commodious and respectable residence, but by the hope of elevating the standard and awakening the emulation of those whom he was anxious to benefit. Before this time, the best native houses consisted of but one apartment, which was used by the whole family, and for all domestic purposes. This was covered with a thatched roof, but open at the sides, and carpeted with dry, and too frequently, dirty grass. Mr. Williams perceived the unfitness of such abodes for the purposes he had in view. He knew that domestic comfort, social morality and spiritual religion could never flourish, unless the degraded habits, inseparable from such a mode of living, were first destroyed. He therefore resolved to show the people a more excellent way. "It was my determination," he writes, "when I left England, to have as respectable a dwelling-house as I could erect; for the missionary does not go to barbarise himself, but to elevate the heathen; not to sink himself to their standard, but to raise them to his."

Prompted by this enlightened and truly benevolent motive, Mr. Williams prepared the plan, and commenced the erection of his new and noble dwelling-house. And this was an undertaking in which most of the labour necessarily devolved upon himself. The natives, indeed, readily assisted in procuring the materials and placing them according to his direction; but all beyond what the most ordinary assistance could render, was done by his own hands. Yet although obliged to execute the work of many different artizans, whose divided labour and united skill are commonly considered essential to such an undertaking, he, relying solely upon his own resources, soon beheld, with pride and pleasure, his future home rising up before him. The natives saw it too, and were lavish in their expressions of astonishment and admiration. The house was sixty feet by thirty, and consisted of three front and four back rooms. French sashes, shaded with a green verandah and venetian blinds, gave an air of elegance to the sitting-rooms, which commanded a splendid view of the harbour. The frame-work of the building was wood, but the walls, both within and without, were wattled, and plastered with coral lime. From this lime, Mr. Williams made not only a white-wash, but a grey and orange colouring with which he adorned the interior. On either side and in front, he had enclosed a spacious garden, which was tastily laid out in grass-plots, gravel-paths, and flower-beds, where there flourished a variety of ornamental shrubs and plants, some of them indigenous, and others exotics introduced by himself and his brethren. Immediately behind the house, there was an enclosed poultry-yard, well stocked with turkeys, fowls, and English and Muscovy ducks; while beyond this, lay a large kitchen-garden, which supplied their table with several British roots and vegetables, including cabbages, beans, peas, cucumbers, pumpkins, onions, and pot-herbs. At a later date, the bleating of goats, and the lowing of oxen on the hills indicated that still more important additions had been made to their domestic comfort.

The furniture was in keeping with the house, and discovered in the Missionary an equal amount of taste and skill. Tables, chairs, sofas, and bedsteads, with turned and polished legs and pillars, quite in the English style, and carpeted floors, gave to the interior of this dwelling an appearance, equally inviting to the European visiter, and surprising to the natives. Mr. Williams augured much good from the excitement which these novelties would produce in the too sluggish intellects around him, and was soon rejoiced to see that their imitative propensities had been so powerfully called into useful exercise by his example, as effectually to overcome their indolence.

Much of the civilization, the fruits of which may now be witnessed in these then barbarous islands, resulted from this, and similar measures, to make civilization proceed hand in hand with evangelization. In about eighteen months after landing, we hear of a society established by Williams, *for encouraging* (among the natives) *the growth of the arts and sciences!* the reward being *nails*, a most desirable article to the islanders. Within the same brief space of time, we find this indefatigable missionary writing home:—

"It is a great advantage to me that I am able to turn my hand to anything, and indeed it is very desirable that every missionary, sent to an uncivilized part of the world, should possess mechanical qualifications, as well

* See *Tait's Magazine* for November 1842.

as a missionary spirit. . . . . .

"We have not only instructed the natives as to the improvement of their houses, but also in sawing timber, carpentering, smith's work, and, among other things, in boat-building. Brother Threlkeld has now in hand a very large boat, on which only the natives are employed. Requiring a larger boat than that which I built at Hinuo, that I may visit Tahaa, I have completed one sixteen feet long. . . . . .

"When we came to this place, there were only two native habitations, and it was difficult to walk along the beach for the bushes. But the former wilderness is now an open, clear, and pleasant place, with a range of houses extending nearly two miles along the sea-beach, in which reside about a thousand of the natives. We earnestly desire to see the moral wilderness present the same improved appearance. The king, who, we are happy to say, is one of the most consistent characters, resides very near to us. He is a very constant attendant both at the chapel and the schools. He will probably be one of the first whom we shall baptize in the islands. We are happy in being able to state that his behaviour is circumspect, and that he is very active in suppressing crime.

"We are glad to be able to inform you, that many have built themselves very neat little houses, and are now living in them with their wives and families. The king, through seeing ours, and by our advice, has had a house erected near to us. It contains four rooms, wattled, and plastered inside and out, and floored. He is the first native on these islands that ever had such a house; but many others are now following his example. . . . . .

"We have been constantly exhorting the people to abandon their pernicious custom of living several families together in one dwelling, and have advised their separation. Several have complied with our request, and before six months more have elapsed, it is probable that there will not be less than twenty houses, wattled, plastered, with boarded floors, and divided into separate rooms for meals and sleeping."

Mr. Williams had not been long in these islands, when he perceived that tobacco and sugar might be successfully cultivated by the inhabitants, and prove lucrative articles of commerce; and he accordingly endeavoured to acquire the arts of boiling sugar and curing tobacco, that he might be able to instruct the natives. Some small beginnings of a useful commerce were made; and, when at Sydney, on the secular business of his mission, about four years after he commenced his labours, we find him writing home:—

"I am taking with me to the islands, clothes for the women, shoes, stockings, tea-kettles, tea-cups, and saucers, and tea, of which the natives are very fond, and which, I hope, may prove an additional stimulus to the cultivation of sugar. And, moreover, when they have tea, they will want tea-cups, and a table to place them on, and seats to sit upon. Thus we hope, in a short time, that European customs will be wholly established in the leeward islands."

In the same year he writes:—

"With respect to civilisation, we feel a pleasure in saying that the natives are doing all we can reasonably expect, and every person is now daily and busily employed from morning till night. At present, there is a range of three miles along the sea-beach studded with little plastered and white-washed cottages, with their own schooner lying at anchor near them. All this forms such a contrast to the view we had here but three years ago, when, excepting three hovels, all was wilderness, that we cannot but be thankful; and when we consider all things, exceedingly thankful for what God has wrought.

"In a temporal point of view, we have everything we can possibly desire to make us happy. We have a good house, plenty of ground, an abundant supply of the productions of the island, cows, ducks, geese, turkeys, pigeons, fowls, &c., and a regular communication with the colony. But above all these things, we have the hearts and affections of the people, and the prospect of great usefulness in our Saviour's cause."

Under the date of November 13th, 1832, Mr. Williams informs the Directors that "the Endeavour" was then nearly ready for sea with a cargo, the proceeds of which and of another cargo which the people were preparing, would, he believed, complete the purchase-money of the ship. "Everything," he adds, "is succeeding beyond our most sanguine expectations. The natives have prepared from 120 to 150 large plantations, and I am perfecting myself in the art of curing tobacco, and boiling sugar. The people have also learned to boil salt; three or four tons of which they have recently prepared. You would be delighted to survey the scene of industry which our island presents. Even the women are employed in cultivating little patches of tobacco, in order to purchase European clothing, and we are most anxious to introduce these articles without expense to the Society."

The indomitable spirit of the man is characteristically displayed in the following passages from a letter to his father, and another to his constituents, the Directors of the Missionary Society:—

"I bless God that my heart is as much alive to missionary work as it was the first day I set my foot on these shores; and in this work of my Lord and Saviour I desire to live and to die. My highest ambition, dear father, is to be faithful to my work, faithful to souls, and faithful to Christ; in a word, to be abundantly and extensively useful. Our own station flourishes, and the people improve. I am fully occupied. I have lately made several lathes and a loom; and am intending to try to weave cloth. I am hoping we shall succeed, as the people have many grasses and barks of which they make cord, &c. My dear Mary is a good spinstress, and knows how to dress flax. But of course our principal attention is devoted to their spiritual improvement; although I have no great opinion of the missionary's labours who would neglect those minor matters."

To the Directors he says:—

"It is our duty to visit surrounding islands. You have fourteen or fifteen missionaries in these islands, missionaries enough to convert all the islands of the South Seas, and every one of these within a thousand miles of us ought now to be under instruction. Six good active missionaries, united in heart, mind, and plan, could effect more, if you would afford them the means, than you either think or expect. A missionary was never designed by Jesus Christ to gather a congregation of a hundred or two natives, and sit down at his ease, as contented as if every sinner was converted, while thousands around him, and but a few miles off, are eating each other's flesh, and drinking each other's blood, living and dying without the Gospel. Upon this subject it is my full determination to have some decided conversation with the deputation. For my own part, I cannot content myself within the narrow limits of a single reef; and, if means are not afforded, a continent would to me be infinitely preferable; for there, if you cannot ride, you can walk; but to these isolated islands a ship must carry you."

This sanguine and enthusiastic spirit precipitated the lamented fate of this admirable and devoted man. On the death of his mother, Mr. Williams received a considerable sum of money, which enabled him to prosecute, with greater effect, commercial objects for the advantage of the natives, though always in subservience to his principal duties as a missionary. But his hopes were destined to be harshly, and, as we cannot help thinking, unwisely checked.

Through the intervention of some interested merchants at Sydney, the governor had been persuaded to impose a prohibitory duty upon South Sea tobacco, and to make other fiscal regulations which materially reduced the value of all Polynesian produce. This severe and unexpected check to the newly-created industry and enterprise of the leeward islands, burst like a tornado upon

their inhabitants, and proved a source of extreme embarrassment and distress to Mr. Williams. Not only did it contravene his benevolent plans for the social improvement of the natives, and deprive him of the means of more extended usefulness, but it involved him in serious pecuniary responsibility, from which he could not now expect to extricate himself without loss. To complete the calamity, and consummate his own disappointment, Mr. Williams at the same time received a letter from the Directors, in which the speculation was condemned, and his conduct censured. But his spirit, though bowed down, was not broken. Thus beset with difficulties, he summoned a meeting of the chiefs to whom the Enterprise belonged; and, after ingenuously explaining to them the exact position of affairs, it was resolved to send her immediately to Sydney, laden with the most marketable produce they could collect, with an order to sell both ship and cargo. Great as was the trial of parting with a vessel in which he had already done much missionary work, and by which he expected to accomplish still more, and keenly as he felt the censure of the Directors, he was comforted and cheered by the conduct of the chiefs and people, who clearly understood the whole case, and neither attributed the failure to their missionary, nor evinced towards him the least diminution of confidence and esteem.

To the Directors he wrote:—

"I am sorry that my conduct meets your disapprobation, and acknowledge the justice of all you say respecting a missionary entangling himself with the affairs of this life. But the benefit of others, not my own, was the sole object I had in view. Yet, should I get free from this perplexity, I shall in future avoid any similar entanglement. But although I have thus expressed myself, do not conclude that there is no need of a vessel in the islands. Even as a means of preventing other vessels from trading with the people, it is invaluable; for, with few exceptions, they are the very arks of Satan."

Some time subsequently, he formed the bold idea of building a vessel himself, and he accomplished his object by plans, and processes, and pains, which, in the detail, are as vividly interesting as the building of Robinson Crusoe's famous boat. Of this vessel, named the "Messenger of Peace," Mr. Williams' biographer fitly says, it was one of the most remarkable incidents in his life.

When he formed this purpose, he did it with the full foreknowledge that, in order to its accomplishment, he would be compelled not only to invent some things, but almost to create others, (for may not his new combinations truly bear this name!) and all this, moreover, by the aid of a people whom it would be necessary to teach, before he could employ. What, then, must have been the skill and self-reliance of the man who, in these unfavourable circumstances, could form and execute the design which he has thus described!—"After some deliberation, I determined to attempt to build a vessel; and although I knew little of ship-building, had scarcely any tools to work with, and the natives were wholly unacquainted with mechanical arts, I succeeded, in about three months, in completing a vessel between seventy and eighty tons burden.

Of the various expedients by which Mr. Williams supplied the deficiences and surmounted the difficulties of his position, that which, perhaps, has been regarded with the most lively interest was his novel substitute for a pair of bellows. This contrivance was perfectly original. It was not, however, a happy guess, but the result of reasoning. "It struck me," he observes, "that as a pump threw water, a machine constructed upon the same principle must, of necessity, throw wind." Acting, therefore, upon this suggestion, he constructed his new "air-pump." But although to him this contrivance was new, he subsequently ascertained that he was not its sole inventor; for, during a missionary tour in our manufacturing districts, he discovered with surprise and delight a similar machine in use there, and learned that it was deemed superior to the bellows. . . . . .

But the exemplification of Mr. Williams's genius will be found, not so much in any single invention, as in the circumstance, that it proved equal to every exigency, and enabled him to answer every demand. "None but a Williams," writes Mr. Pitman, "would have attempted such a thing as to commence building a vessel, not having wherewith to build her. I have often been amazed to astonishment to see with what coolness he met the difficulties as they successively arose in his undertaking." The cordage, the sails, the substitutes for nails, oakum, pitch, and paint, the anchors and the pintles of the rudder, made from a pick-axe, an adze and a hoe, are all striking illustrations of this remark. Nor should the fact be overlooked that, within the same limited period, Mr. Williams constructed the lathe which turned the sheaves of the blocks, the machinery which spun the ropes and cordage, the forge and its furniture, as well as all the numerous smaller tools required by himself and his native assistants in this remarkable undertaking.

In a letter to the Rev. Mr. Ellis, he says of this nautical masterpiece,—

"I have built a little vessel of between sixty and seventy tons for missionary purposes. She was not four months in hand, from the time we cut the keel until she was in the water. I had everything to make, my bellows, forge, lathe, and all the iron work, out of old axe, iron hoops, &c.; but I cannot enlarge on my numerous manœuvres to overcome difficulties, though they would be interesting to you no doubt. Suffice it to say she is finished!"

This was the very man to be sent forth, as missionary, among the uncivilized heathen. Few, if any, have been found at all points so qualified. To complete the picture of difficulties surmounted, it should be mentioned, that the *ship* of which Williams was so justly proud, was built at Rarotonga,—then a quite new missionary station,—and under very severe privations. He was at this remote place with a wife in very delicate health, and though not apt to complain, he is compelled to say,—

"My dear Mary is near her confinement. She is very delicate, but I trust all will be well. The Rarotonga people much wished her to be confined there, that their land might be honoured with the birth of one of our children. We have, notwithstanding the kindness of the natives, often been in want while at Rarotonga; having had neither tea, sugar, flour, rice, or fowls, for some months, and being obliged to make our own salt and soap." . .

The passing allusion to their privations at Rarotonga, contained in the preceding letter, will convey but a very inadequate idea of their extent. They were much more severe, and in their injurious effect upon his delicate and self-denying partner, far more serious, than such slight references would lead the reader to suppose. Accustomed as they had been at Raiatea to European food, it was not without difficulty, nor even without danger, that they conformed to the diet of the natives. But of this Mr. Williams would never have complained, had he suffered alone. Of personal privations he thought little, and said less. Although from his childhood he had been accustomed to domestic comforts, and knew how to provide and enjoy them, as was evident from the manner in which he had stocked his garden and poultry-yard at Raiatea, he could be content with the simplest provisions; and for a man so healthy and laborious, his temperance at the table was remarkable. Even when most actively engaged, he frequently manifested his indifference to food, and often would have rather prosecuted work in which he was interested, than submit to the interruption of the customary meals. Thus, when building his vessel, he could with difficulty be drawn from the scene of his delightful occupations; and, although he frequently continued from dawn until dark toiling at the bench or the forge, even through the sultry hours of noon, when the natives had slunk under the shadow of the trees, he was well satisfied with the humble fare of a single bread-fruit and a draught of water.

The possession of the vessel, built under such extraordinary circumstances, was of vast consequence to the

missionary cause in the islands of the Pacific. By means of it, Mr. Williams and some of his brethren, accompanied by those most useful auxiliaries,—the native teachers, whom they had trained,—were enabled, like Apostolic Bishops, to visit the different island groups; and thus was the gospel first carried to, and planted in the Navigators' Islands, where the progress of civilisation has since been little less than miraculous. His labours in the Navigators' Islands, and the results, may, indeed, be considered as the greatest of all Williams' missionary enterprises. These fine and populous islands, which are only inferior to the Sandwich Islands of any archipelago in the whole South Seas, were found, but a few years back, in as rude and barbarous a condition as any that had ever been visited by Europeans. The natives were described by so recent a visiter as Kotzebue, in 1823, as among the most fierce and treacherous cannibals in any of the Polynesian Islands. When Williams ventured to approach them, he had along with him an intelligent man, a converted chief, a native of one of the islands, and his wife, who proved most invaluable auxiliaries. Yet it was not without considerable danger that he approached some of these tribes. The native chief, Fauea, and his wife were left at Samoa, an important island of this group; and when Williams came back, in about two years, on his second expedition, the people were found christianized, or, at least, nominal Christians. He had had a delightful run of 800 miles, from his station at Rarotonga, to the Navigators' Islands; and when he touched at the first of the group, was delighted with the salutation of his visiters, who exclaimed—"We are sons of the Word." This great change had been effected by Fauea, aided by the native teachers subsequently sent to different stations. The narrative of the conversion of these islanders is replete with interest. Williams carried forward what he had been the instrument of so happily commencing. He everywhere, acting on the maxim, "Kindness is the key to the human heart," gained the confidence and love of the people, who, wherever he went, formed the warmest attachment to him. At the Navigators' Islands, songs were sung and solemn dances performed by the women in his honour; the former of a description which forbids us to call the natives *savages*, horrible as some of their late practices had been. The following are specimens of the native poetry of Samoa. *Viriamu*, it should be premised, is the pronunciation of the name of Williams, in the soft language of these islanders.

"Let us talk of Viriamu.
Let cocoa-nuts grow for him in peace for months.
When strong the east wind blows, our thoughts forget him not.
Let us greatly love the Christian land of the great white chief.
All *malo** are we now, for we have all one God.
No food is sacred now. All kinds of fish we catch and eat:
Even the sting-ray."

"The birds are crying for Viriamu.
His ship has sailed another way.
The birds are crying for Viriamu.
Long time is he in coming.
Will he ever come again?
Will he ever come again?
Tired are we of the taunts of the insolent Samoans.
'Who knows,' say they, 'that white chief's land?'
Now our land is sacred made, and evil practices have ceased.
How we feel for the *lotu*! Come! let us sleep and dream of Viriamu.
Pistaulau† has risen. *Taulua*† has also risen.
But the war-star has ceased to rise.
For Sulueleele‡ and the king have embraced the sacred word.
And war has become an evil thing."

Mr. Williams' first impressions, on seeing these islanders, convey a favourable idea of their natural capacity, and a lively picture of the best condition of the inhabitants of the South Sea, when its tribes were first seen by Europeans. The natives and the principal chiefs were delighted at the prospect of receiving teachers from the missionaries of whom Fauea and his wife had told them such wonders, and they were prepared to give Mr. Williams the most enthusiastic reception. How much in such cases is to be attributed to novelty, and how much to the vague hope of secular advantage, it is not important to us to determine. An opening was won; and the people, in professing Christianity, often appeared influenced by the most reasonable motives. Fauea eloquently pointed out to them the great superiority of the white people; whose religion, he said, had made them what they were. Mr. Williams, in part, attributed the remarkably rapid progress of the missionaries among the Samoans "to the absence of an interested, sanguinary, and powerful priesthood," and of temples and idols; a peculiar feature in their social condition, which, as compared with the inhabitants of the other islands, in all of which there were priests and idols, was found eminently favourable to missionary objects. We have given a specimen of the poetry of these islanders; and now select a few passages from a long and picturesque description of the first intercourse which Mr. Williams had with them:—

In language, and in their leading physical features, he at once perceived that they were Polynesian Asiatics; but in form, the men were neither so tall nor so muscular, and the females were not so beautiful, as the Tahitians and Friendly Islanders. But the inferiority of the men in height and bulk was fully compensated by their grace and agility. Of all the Polynesians whom he had seen, Mr. Williams pronounced the Samoan the most symmetric in form, and the most polished in manners. And of this they were themselves aware; and no means were neglected which could, in their estimation, set off or enhance their personal attractions. The toilet was a shrine before which the gentlemen, no less than the ladies, daily offered incense to their own vanity. A pair of portraits from the pencil of Mr. Williams, sketched from life upon his journal, will enable the reader to form his own idea of the people amongst whom he had now arrived. "Picture to yourself a fine well-grown Indian, with a dark, sparkling eye, a smooth skin, glistening from the head to the hips with sweet-scented oil, and tastefully tatooed from the hips to the knees; with a bandage of red leaves, oiled and shining also, a headdress of the nautilus shell, and a string of small white shells around each arm, and you have a Samoan gentleman in full dress; and, thus dressed, he thinks as much of himself, and the ladies think as much of him, as would be the case with an English beau fitted out in the highest style of fashion. A Samoan lady, in full dress for a ball, wears a beautifully white, silky-looking mat around her loins, with one corner tucked up, a wreath of sweet-smelling flowers around her head, a row or two of large blue beads about her neck; her skin shining with scented oil, and the upper part of her person deeply tinged with turmeric rouge. The ladies spend a considerable time in preparing themselves for company, as much so, *perhaps*, as their more enlightened sisters in Christian and civilized lands, and two or three 'lady's maids' will be required to assist in these decorations.

* *Malo* was a name given to those who were victorious in war, and is the opposite of *vaivai*, the conquered.

† Names of stars. ‡ The king's daughter.

They are not tatooed like the men, but many of them are spotted all over."

Of his subsequent visit, that on which the parting-song above cited was sung, he relates,—

"The people manifested a great deal of feeling at parting; and, as I passed through their ranks, they kissed my hands, and importunately entreated me to bring Mrs. Williams and my children, and to come and live with them, and teach them the word of salvation."

At another point of the island, touched at next day, he relates,—

"As soon as we had dropped anchor, we were surrounded by canoes, from which the natives came up the sides of our little ship, until she was almost deluged with them. Silence was then commanded; and, when it was obtained, Riromaiava gave orders to his *tuulaafale*, or orator, to tell the people who I was, whence I came, and what I wanted. He then commanded his spokesman to proclaim to the staring and wondering crowd, that Malietoa [the principal chief,] his father, had given me his name; and, consequently, that all the respect due to him must be shown to me. This was followed by a strict charge to steal nothing whatever from the ship, but that all should immediately bring off to us pigs, and bread-fruit, and yams. . . . .

"Having obtained wood and water, with a tolerable supply of provisions, I made presents to the various chiefs, and bade them farewell. On landing at the district of Riromaiava, I found that I had to walk two miles to his settlement. On reaching it, I was invited into the government house. Here I was requested to take my seat upon a beautiful new mat, and was immediately surrounded by all the chiefs. Soon after we had seated ourselves, a fine stately young woman entered the house, and was introduced to me by the name of Maria, as Malietoa's eldest, handsomest, and favourite daughter. She expressed her sorrow at not having seen me before; and assigned as a reason, that, at the time of my visit to Samoa, her husband was fighting against her father, and that she was with him in the fort. 'But,' she added, 'we were conquered; and, since then, I have been over to Sapapalii, and spent much time with the teachers, who have taught me the lotu, and I am learning it still.'"

The *lotu* appears to be the native name for the Christians, the Gospel, and everything connected with the new religion.

Shortly after this period, Mr. Williams and his wife visited England, from which they had been absent nearly twenty years. The great popularity of the returned missionary, on his progresses through the principal towns of England and Scotland, when, in his own manly and plain style, he expatiated on the wonders he had seen, and modestly alluded to what had been achieved in Polynesia, must still be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. By the liberality of those who listened to his appeals, Mr. Williams was enabled to purchase a vessel of a size that transcended his most sanguine expectations. A large sum of money was raised for this object; and many worthy people were as munificent to him with gifts of ship stores, and other useful things, as ever he had found the South Sea Islanders with their pigs and sweet potatoes, when, to celebrate the opening of a chapel, or any other great event, from 300 to 700 pigs were sometimes slaughtered at once. The Polynesian Christians are certainly not ascetics.

Among the other articles which Williams carried back with him was a magic-lantern with slides representing Scripture scenes, objects in natural history, and in the English annals; and, as the whole was with the view of counteracting the operations of the Romish priests, who were even then supposed to be on their way to the islands with miracle-working electrifying machines, &c., &c., the plates of Foxes' Martyrology, exhibiting the cruel sufferings of Protestant martyrs from the Papists, were added to the list of pictures; a somewhat questionable addition. The natives were delighted with the magic-lantern, and particularly with the Scripture pieces. Mr. Williams carried out better gifts, in numerous copies of the New Testament, which had been previously translated into the native tongue by himself, and printed in England. He had scarcely visited and inspected his different stations, when the long-formed design of extending his labours to islands yet unvisited by the Messengers of Peace, came strongly upon him. His last fatal expedition to the New Hebrides was accordingly undertaken, and was, at the outset, successful. At the Island of Fatuna, and at Tanna, the strange, white visitors were well received; and that strong natural anxiety, or, as it is here represented, the deep or supernatural presentiment of impending evil with which the devoted man approached that group of islands which he regarded as the key to the ultimate evangelization of New Caledonia, New Britain, New Guinea and the whole of Western Polynesia, seemed to be wearing off and confidence returning when he landed on the fatal shore of Erromanga. The reception at Fatuna and Tanna had dissipated his previous fears, and fulfilled his warmest desires. He now appeared to feel a strong confidence of success. The grand object for which this Columbus of Missions had planned, and prayed, and pleaded, seemed almost within his grasp, when the fated hour suddenly drew near. On the horrible particulars, so well-known and recent, we need not dwell. The account of the murder of Williams and his companion, Mr. Harris, was transmitted to this country by the captain of the missionary ship, from the deck of which his murder was witnessed; and probably no event, involving merely the fate of a single individual, ever excited deeper sympathy in the public mind. But the grief and sorrow felt at home could not have been deeper or more sincere than that experienced by his native friends and disciples in the various places where he had affectionately laboured with head, and hand, and heart; and, indeed, over all the Christianized parts of the islands. "Lamentation was universal." Monuments to his memory have been erected in different islands. That in Samoa, where his family were living at the time of his death, and to which he had first sent the glad tidings of salvation, bears this simple and touching inscription:—"Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. John Williams, Father of the Samoan and other Missions, age 43 years and 5 months, who was killed by the cruel natives of Erromanga in Nov. 20, 1839, while endeavouring to plant the Gospel of Peace on their shores." The memoirs close with a friendly estimate of the character of Williams by the author, and another, which is quoted from the Rev. Mr. Ellis. It would not be easy to over-rate his many solid and useful qualities and acquirements; nor, indeed, to give due praise to that happy combination of gifts and graces which rank this excellent and honoured man as among the most eminent of the Christian missionaries of any age.

In perusing the memoirs of Williams, and some of our other celebrated missionaries, we are forcibly struck by the superior advantages which the presence of their wives and children, the influence, instruction, and example, of Christian matrons must give to Protestant over Roman Catholic missions. One family resembling the Williamses was worth a whole battalion of celibate spiritual propagandists.

THE IRISH SKETCH-BOOK.*

Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, (Qy. whether Maximilian Adolphus, or Marmaduke Augustus?) a celebrated Cockney literary character, here comes forth as a universally accomplished traveller. He draws, he etches his own designs on wood, he admires, and he understands too, fine scenery—the beautiful—not the sublime. He has stout, and, moreover, shrewd notions of priestcraft and statecraft, Irish justices, landlords, and squireens. He talks well on manners, music, wines, sauces, and the points of a fine woman. As to the points of a good horse, together with boating, racing, driving, fox-hunting, and sporting of all sorts, Mr. Titmarsh honestly proclaims himself a Cockney, and in total eclipse. This is more, we suspect, than our little, boastful countryman, whom he met at the Killarney races —an Edinburgh or Parliament-house Cockney— would have done. Besides these varied accomplishments, and partly in consequence of their possession, Mr. Titmarsh has contrived to put together a really clever and entertaining Sketch-Book, which he has dedicated to Dr. Charles Lever, under the *alias* or more imposing name of Mr. W. M. Thackeray.

As Titmarsh appears on the title-page, and Thackeray exactly over the leaf, the reader may take his choice of names. We prefer Titmarsh, (since writing as above, we understand, from a Cockney Intelligencer, Michael Angelo Titmarsh,) as a proper and significant Cockney appellation; and, besides, do not like to baulk an author's fancy in his favourite name. Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, then, made a dash upon the Emerald Isle last summer. He is neither a philosophical traveller, nor yet a political, statistical, or economical traveller; neither a Wakefield, a Young, nor an Inglis; though he the most closely resembles the last-named Irish tourist. He apparently went to Ireland with all his Cockney habits and affections strong in him; to see a new and interesting country, to make sketches, amuse himself well, and write a book that should amuse others. We think he has succeeded to a miracle. He has at least amused us, which is more than we are able to say of all the performances of late Cockney travellers; and we venture to think that, before we are done with him, our readers will agree in our opinion of Mr. Titmarsh. His first Cockney grievance lies on the English side of the water, where not even the customary few minutes to mail-coach travellers are allowed at Holyhead for dinner. Lord Lowther may probably wish to ward off sea-sickness or superfluous expense. The mate of the steam-packet was as like Mr. Titmarsh's friend, Mr. Charles Dickens, as two peas. Many amusing descriptions have we read and heard of landing in Dublin bay; and the Cockney's approach to the capital falls short of none of them. He had no sooner set his foot on shore, than he began to look about, and spy out the nakedness of the land. The "marine villas" about Dunleary, *alias* Kingstown, with their magnificent and oft-changing names, had, he thought, "a battered rakish look, and seemed going to decay before their time."

It is quite curious to see in the streets where the shops are, how often the painter of the sign-boards begins with big letters, and ends, for want of space, with small; and the Englishman accustomed to the thriving neatness and regularity which characterize towns, great and small, in his own country, can't fail to notice the difference here. . . . . As seamen of all nations come hither who have made no vow of temperance, there are plenty of liquor-shops still, and shabby cigar-shops, and shabby milliners' and tailors' with fly-blown prints of old fashions. The bakers and apothecaries make a great brag of their calling, and you see MEDICAL HALL, or PUBLIC BAKERY, BALLYRAGGET FLOUR-STORE, (or whatever the name may be,) pompously inscribed over very humble tenements. . . . . After the town come the suburbs of pleasure-houses; low, one-storied cottages for the most part; some neat and fresh; some that have passed away from the genteel state altogether, and exhibiting downright poverty; some in a state of transition, with broken windows and pretty romantic names upon tumble-down gates. Who lives in them? One fancies that the chairs and tables inside are broken, and the teapot on the breakfast table has no spout, and the table-cloth is ragged and sloppy, and the lady of the house is in dubious curl-papers, and the gentleman with an imperial to his chin, and a flaring dressing-gown all ragged at the elbows.

To be sure; a traveller who in ten minutes can see not only the outsides of houses but the interiors of the same, must have remarkably keen sight; and it is early yet to speculate. It is clear, however, that these are pleasure-houses for a certain class; and looking at the houses, one can't but fancy the inhabitants resemble them somewhat. The car, on its road to Dublin, passes by numbers of these—by more shabbiness than a Londoner will see in the course of his home peregrinations for a year.

And in this way Mr. Tit. went on till he reached the Shelburne hôtel in Stephen's Green, where Mr. O'Connell is, by and by, to summon and hold a Parliament. Out of the advertisements in the Dublin newspapers on his breakfast table, (graced with a couple of Dublin bay herrings, which made his chops water,) Mr. Titmarsh translated a good long chapter, illustrative of Irish national character, and the habits of Irish society. The Cockney is manifestly free from many sorts of cant. His newspaper contained an account of the trials of several persons convicted of murder, and of many persons who had attempted a crime so common in Ireland as to be truly vulgar. He remarks—

I confess, for my part, to that common cant and sickly sentimentality which, thank God! is felt by a great number of people now-a-days, and which leads them to revolt against murder, whether performed by a ruffian's knife or a hangman's rope; whether accompanied with a curse from the thief as he blows his victim's brains out, or a prayer from my lord on the bench in his wig and black cap. Nay, is all the cant and sickly sentimentality on our side, and might not some such charge be applied to the admirers of the good old fashion? Long ere this is printed, for instance, Byrne and Woods have been hanged: sent "to face their God," as the Chief Justice says, "with the weight of their victim's blood upon them,"—a just observation; and remember, that it is *we who send them*. It is true that the judge hopes Heaven will have mercy upon their souls; but are such recommendations of particular weight because they

* By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. Two volumes, with numerous wood engravings, drawn by the author. London: Chapman & Hall.

come from the bench? Paha! If we go on killing people without giving them time to repent, let us at least give up the cant of praying for their souls' salvation. We find a man drowning in a well, shut the lid upon him, and heartily pray that he may get out. Sin has hold of him, as the two ruffians of Laffan yonder, and we stand aloof, and hope that he may escape. Let us give up the ceremony of condolence, and be honest like the witness, and say, "Let him save himself or not, it's no business of ours." . . . Here a waiter, with a very broad, though insinuating accent, says, "Have you done with the *Sandthers*, [*Saunders' News Letter*] Sir? there's a gentleman waiting for't these two hours."

We confess that, after reading this paragraph, we began to have good hopes of our new acquaintance, and followed his ramble through Dublin city with some alacrity. But "the old familiar places" are somewhat hackneyed to us, and probably to our readers, though they may be fresh to many of Mr. Titmarsh's audience. Among the first of his *wood-cuts*, and a true portrait, is the queer-looking little window of his chamber at the Shelburne; and thus it is illustrated or moralized by pen and ink:—

I had been accommodated with a queer little room and dressing-room on the ground-floor, looking towards the Green—a black-faced good-humoured chambermaid had promised to perform a deal of scouring which was evidently necessary, (which fact she might have observed for six months back, only she is, no doubt, of an absent turn;) and when I came back from the walk, I saw the little room was evidently enjoying itself in the sunshine, for it had opened its window, and was taking a breath of fresh air, as it looked out upon the Green. Here is a portrait of the little window.

As I came up to it in the street, its appearance made me burst out laughing, very much to the surprise of a ragged cluster of idlers lolling upon the steps next door; and I have drawn it here, not because it is a particularly picturesque, or rare kind of window, but because, as I fancy, there is a sort of *moral* in it. You don't see such windows commonly in respectable English inns—windows leaning gracefully upon hearth-brooms for support. Look out of that window without the hearth-broom, and it would cut your head off. How the beggars would start that are always sitting on the steps next door! Is it prejudice that makes one prefer the English window that relies on its own ropes and ballast, (or lead, if you like,) and does not need to be propped by any foreign aid? or is this only a solitary instance of the kind, and are there no other specimens in Ireland of the careless dangerous extravagant hearth-broom system!

Yes, that little window is a map of make-shift Ireland all over.——Mr. Tit. rose a cubit length in the opinion of his friend the waiter, when a gentleman, driving his own well-appointed cab, with a gigantic horse, and a neat dwarf tiger, carried him off to dine at Salt Hill, with a set of jovial young blades, who talked of the Derby, the odds for the St. Leger, and the Ascot cup, as if on the Turf, not alone in Ireland but in England, since they had got out of long clothes. The banquet concludes with a receipt for dressing hot lobster *extempore* at the table, which almost merits to appear in the next edition of Meg Dods. Though some gourmands might elevate their noses at porter accompanying, and whisky-punch following, this *bonne bouche*, the prescription may, as to potables, be, we presume, varied at pleasure. While on the subject of cooking, we may mention, that at a great cattle-show dinner at Cork, when Mr. Tit. asked the waiter for the currant jelly, as the indispensable accompaniment of his slice of venison, that knowing individual blandly replied, "Sorry there is no currant jelly, Sir; *but I have brought you some very fine lobster-sauce.*" This looks absurd enough; but who can tell the effect of lobster-sauce with venison, without trial. The Cockney, if a man of original genius in the affairs of the table, might have experimented:—sliced cucumber or green peas must, at one time, to Cockneys especially, have appeared quite as much out of keeping with Severn salmon as lobster-sauce to venison. But Mr. Titmarsh is not a philosopher; he does not generalize; he makes no pretensions of the sort. Among the pleasantest sketches in the travels of the Cockney are his descriptions of a gentleman's country-house in the county of Kildare;—a gentleman who—rare character in Ireland—was a judicious and spirited agriculturist, and who throve though he farmed his own estate. Making way in a friend's carriage for this gentleman's residence, the Cockney got to Kilcullen.

Kilcullen tumbles down a hill, and struggles up another; the two being here picturesquely divided by the Liffey, over which goes an antique bridge. . . There was no trade in the little place, and but few people to be seen, except a crowd round a meal-shop, where meal is distributed once a-week by the neighbouring gentry. There must have been some hundreds of persons waiting about the doors; women for the most part: some of their children were to be found loitering about the bridge much farther up the street: but it was curious to note, amongst these undeniably-starving people, how healthy their looks were. Going a little farther, we saw women pulling weeds and nettles in the hedges, on which dismal sustenance the poor creatures live, having no bread, no potatoes, no work,—well! these women did not look thinner or more unhealthy than many a well-fed person. A company of English lawyers, now, look more cadaverous than these starving creatures.

Thank Heaven for the blue sky that bends over all; for the free and fostering breezes, caressing all alike, and giving the poor, potato-fed, ragged peasant of Ireland a richer bloom, a more vigorous frame, than the sodden-complexioned denizens of wealthy cities, clad in fine linen, and daily feasted on roast-beef and plum-pudding. But no thanks to landlords and lawgivers, that the poorest may breathe fresh air, and thrive on it. It is not easy to put bits of the blue sky within a ring-fence. But to return to the happy Irish country residence—which might challenge Europe and America to match it for the "rural life in all its joys and elegance."

Just at the confines of this pretty rustic republic, our pleasant afternoon's drive ended; and I must begin this tour by a monstrous breach of confidence, by first describing what I saw.

Well then, we drove through a neat lodge-gate, with no stone lions or supporters, but riding well on its hinges, and looking fresh and white; and passed by a lodge, not Gothic, but decorated with flowers and evergreens, with clean windows and a sound slate roof; and then went over a trim road, through a few acres of grass, adorned with plenty of young firs and other healthy trees, under which were feeding a dozen of fine cows, or more. The road led up to a house, or rather a congregation of rooms, built seemingly to suit the owner's convenience, and increasing with his increasing wealth, or whim, or family. This latter is as plentiful as everything else about the place; and as the arrows increased, the good-natured lucky father has been forced to multiply the quivers.

First came out a young gentleman, the heir of the house, who, after greeting his papa, began examining

the horses with much interest; whilst three or four servants, quite neat and well dressed, and, wonderful to say, without any talking, began to occupy themselves with the carriage, the passengers, and the trunks. Meanwhile, the owner of the house had gone into the hall, which is snugly furnished as a morning-room, and where one, two, three, young ladies came in to greet him. The young ladies having concluded their embraces, performed (as I am bound to say from experience, both in London and Paris) some very appropriate and well-finished curtsies to the strangers arriving; and these three young persons were presently succeeded by some still younger, who came without any curtsies at all, but bounding and jumping; and, shouting out "Papa!" at the top of their voices, they fell forthwith upon that worthy gentleman's person, taking possession, this of his knees, that of his arms, that of his whiskers, as fancy or taste might dictate.

"Are there any more of you?" says he, with perfect good humour; and, in fact, it appeared that there were some more in the nursery, as we subsequently had occasion to see.

Well, this large happy family are lodged in a house than which a prettier or more comfortable is not to be seen even in England; of the furniture of which it may be in confidence said, that each article is only made to answer one purpose:—thus, that chairs are never called upon to exercise the versatility of their genius by propping up windows; that chests of drawers are not obliged to move their unwieldy persons in order to act as locks to doors: that the windows are not variegated by paper, or adorned with wafers, as in other places which I have seen; in fact, that the place is just as comfortable as a place can be. . . . . .

There is no need to particularize the chairs and tables any farther, nor to say what sort of conversation and claret we had; nor to set down the dishes served at dinner. If an Irish gentleman does not give you a more hearty welcome than an Englishman, at least he has a more hearty manner of welcoming you; and while the latter reserves his fun and humour (if he possesses those qualities) for his particular friends, the former is ready to laugh and talk his best with all the world, and give way entirely to his mood. . . . .

Nothing could be more delightful to witness than the evident affection which the children and parents bore to one another and to their parents, and the cheerfulness and happiness of their family parties. The father of one lad went with a party of his friends and family on a pleasure party in a handsome coach-and-four. The little fellow sate on the coach-box, and played with the whip very wistfully for some time: the sun was shining, the horses came out in bright harness with glistening coats; one of the girls brought a geranium to stick in papa's button-hole, who was to drive. . . . .

"That's a *rum* fellow," said the eldest of these latter to me, as his father went out of the room, evidently thinking his papa was the greatest wit and wonder in the whole world. And a great merit, as it appeared to me, on the part of these worthy parents was, that they consented not only to make, but to take jokes from their young ones: nor was the parental authority in the least weakened by this kind familiar intercourse.

A word with regard to the ladies so far. Those I have seen, appear to the full as well educated and refined, and far more frank and cordial, than the generality of the fair creatures on the other side of the channel. I have not heard anything about poetry, to be sure, and in only one house have seen an album; but I have heard some capital music, of an excellent family sort—that sort which is used, namely, to set young people dancing, which they have done merrily for some nights. In respect of drinking, among the gentry, teetotalism does not, thank heaven! as yet appear to prevail; but although the claret has been invariably good, there has been no improper use of it. Let all English be recommended to be very careful of whisky.

So much for the interior. We shall now walk over the farm, and examine the improvements.

Before setting out on our second day's journey, we had time to accompany the well-pleased owner of H—— town, over some of his fields and out-premises. Nor can there be a pleasanter sight to owner or stranger. Mr. P—— farms four hundred acres of land about his house; and employs on this estate no less than a hundred and ten persons. He says there is full work for every one of them; and to see the elaborate state of cultivation in which the land was, it is easy to understand how such an agricultural regiment were employed. The estate is like a well-ordered garden—we walked into a huge field of potatoes, and the landlord made us remark that there was not a single weed between the furrows; and the whole formed a vast flower-bed of a score of acres. Every bit of land up to the hedge-side was fertilized and full of produce: the space left for the plough having afterwards been gone over, and yielding its fullest proportion of "fruit." In a turnip-field were a score or more of women and children, who were marching through the ridges, removing the young plants where two or three had grown together, and leaving only the most healthy. Every individual root in the field was thus the object of culture; and the owner said that this extreme cultivation answered his purpose, and that the employment of all these hands (the women and children earn 6d. and 8d. a-day all the year round,) which gained him some reputation as a philanthropist, brought him profit as a farmer too; for his crops were the best that land could produce. He has further the advantage of a large stock for manure, and does everything for the land which art can do. Here we saw several experiments in manuring. An acre of turnips prepared with bone-dust; another with "Murray's Composition," whereof I do not pretend to know the ingredients; another with a new manure called Guano. As far as turnips and a first-year's crop went, the Guano carried the day. The plants on the Guano acre looked to be three weeks in advance of their neighbours, and were extremely plentiful and healthy. I went to see this field two months after the above passage was written; the Guano acre still kept the lead; the bone-dust run Guano very hard; and Composition was clearly distanced.

Behind the house is a fine village of corn and hay ricks, and a street of out-buildings, where all the work of the farm is prepared. Here were numerous people coming with pails for buttermilk, which the good-natured landlord made over to them. A score of men or more were busied about the place; some at a grindstone, others at a forge—other fellows busied in the cart-houses and stables, all of which were as neatly kept as in the best farm in England. A little further on was a flower-garden, a kitchen-garden, a hot-house just building, a kennel of fine pointers and setters;—indeed a noble feature of country neatness, thrift and plenty.

We went into the cottages and gardens of several of Mr. P——'s labourers, which were all so neat, that I could not help fancying they were pet cottages erected under the landlord's own superintendence, and ornamented to his order. But he declared that it was not so; that the only benefit his labourers got from him was constant work, and a house rent-free; and that the neatness of the gardens and dwellings was of their own doing. By making them a present of the house, he said, he made them a present of the pig and live stock, with which almost every Irish cottar pays his rent, so that each workman could have a bit of meat for his support;—would that all labourers in the empire had as much! With regard to the neatness of the houses, the best way to ensure this, he said, was for the master constantly to visit them—to awaken as much emulation as he could amongst the cottagers, so that each should make his place as good as his neighbour's—and to take them good-humouredly to task if they failed in the requisite care. And so this pleasant day's visit ended.

In contemplating this scene of Irish prosperity, Mr. Titmarsh becomes a philosopher, for we will not believe that he is at all a courtier. He remarks—

There are some happy organizations in the world which possess the great virtue of *prosperity*. It implies cheerfulness, simplicity, shrewdness, perseverance, hon-

esty, good health. See how, before the good-humoured resolution of such characters, ill-luck gives way, and fortune assumes their own smiling complexion! Such men grow rich without driving a single hard bargain; their condition being to make others prosper along with themselves. Thus, his very charity, another informant tells me, is one of the causes of my host's good fortune. He might have three pounds a-year from each of forty cottages, but instead prefers a hundred healthy workmen; or he might have a fourth of the number of workmen, and a farm yielding a produce proportionately less; but instead of saving the money of their wages, prefers a farm, the produce of which, as I have heard from a gentleman whom I take to be good authority, is unequalled elsewhere.

Besides the cottages, we visited a pretty school, where children of an exceeding smallness were at their work,—the children of the Catholic peasantry. The few Protestants of the district do not attend the national school, nor learn their alphabet or their multiplication-table in company with their little Roman Catholic brethren. The clergyman, who lives hard by the gate of H—— town, in his communication with his parishioners, cannot fail to see how much misery is relieved, and how much good is done by his neighbour; but though the two gentlemen are on good terms, the clergyman will not break bread with his Catholic fellow-christian.

Long life to you, Mr. P——! Hold on your way, and never you mind the parson. As we are among Irish *interiors*, we shall keep there some time longer; though it should prevent us from taking things in order. The second night's stopping-place, if less trim, refined, and well-appointed, was not less happy, and, we suspect, much more Irish.

Our day's journey lay through a country more picturesque, though by no means so prosperous and well-cultivated as the district through which we had passed on our drive from Dublin. This trip carried us through the county of Carlow, and the town of that name; a wretched place enough, with a fine court-house, and a couple of fine churches. . . . . There is a convent by the side of the cathedral, and, of course, a parcel of beggars all about, and indeed all over the town, profuse in their prayers and invocations of the Lord, and whining flatteries of the persons whom they address. One wretched old tottering hag began whining the Lord's prayer as a proof of her sincerity, and blundered in the very midst of it, and left us thoroughly disgusted after the very first sentence.

Mr. Titmarsh was predetermined not to give a single rap to any of those bleared, disgusting, impudent, witty, and canting beggars which so move the mirth or tenderness of all other travellers, and he in general kept his word. He first tells a very good story of the Landlord of the Royal Oak at Leighlin Bridge, and then we get into quarters:—

Soon after quitting the Royal Oak, our road branches off to the hospitable house where our party, consisting of a dozen persons, was to be housed and fed for the night. Fancy the look which an English gentleman of moderate means would assume, at being called on to receive such a company! A pretty road of a couple of miles, thickly grown with ash and oak trees, under which the hats of coach passengers suffered some danger, leads to the house of D——. A young son of the house, on a white pony, was on the look-out, and great cheering and shouting took place among the young people as we came in sight.

Trotting away by the carriage-side, he brought us through a gate with a pretty avenue of trees leading to the pleasure-grounds of the house—a handsome building commanding noble views of river, mountains, and plantations. Our entertainer only rents the place; so I may say, without any imputation against him, that the house was by no means so handsome within as without,—not that the want of finish in the interior made our party the less merry, or the host's entertainment less hearty and cordial.

The gentleman who built and owns the house, like many other proprietors in Ireland, found his mansion too expensive for his means, and has relinquished it. I asked what his income might be, and no wonder that he was compelled to resign his house; which a man with four times the income in England, would scarcely venture to inhabit. There were numerous sitting-rooms below; a large suite of rooms above, in which our large party, with their servants, disappeared without any seeming inconvenience, and which already accommodated a family of at least a dozen persons and a numerous train of domestics. There was a great court-yard, surrounded by capital offices, with stabling and coach-houses sufficient for a half-dozen of country gentlemen. An English squire of ten thousand a-year might live in such a place—the original owner, I am told, had not many more hundreds.

Our host has wisely turned the chief part of the pleasure-ground round the house into a farm; nor did the land look a bit the worse, as I thought, for having rich crops of potatoes growing in place of grass, and fine plots of waving wheat and barley. The care, skill, and neatness everywhere exhibited, and the immense luxuriance of the crops, could not fail to strike even a Cockney; and one of our party, a very well-known, practical farmer, told me that there was at least five hundred pounds worth of produce upon the little estate of some sixty acres, of which only twenty-five were under the plough.

As at H——town, on the previous day, several men and women appeared sauntering in the grounds, and as the master came up, asked for work, or sixpence, or told a story of want. There are lodge-gates at both ends of the demesne; but it appears the good-natured practice of the country admits a beggar as well as any other visiter. To a couple our landlord gave money, to another a little job of work; another he sent roughly out of the premises: and I could judge thus what a continual tax upon the Irish gentleman these travelling paupers must be, of whom his ground is never free.

There, loitering about the stables and out-houses, were several people who seemed to have acquired a sort of right to be there: women and children who had a claim upon the buttermilk; men who did an odd job now and then; loose hangers-on of the family: and in the lodging-houses and inns I have entered, the same sort of ragged vassals are to be found; in a house, however poor, you are sure to see some poorer dependant who is a stranger, taking a meal of potatoes in the kitchen; a Tim or Mike loitering hard by, ready to run on a message, or carry a bag. This is written, for instance, at a lodging over a shop in Cork. There sits in the shop a poor old fellow quite past work, but who totters up and down stairs to the lodgers, and does what little he can for his easily-won bread. There is another fellow outside who is sure to make his bow to anybody issuing from the lodging, and ask if his honour wants an errand done! Neither class of such dependants exist with us. What housekeeper in London is there will feed an old man of seventy that 's good for nothing, or encourage such a disreputable hanger-on as yonder shuffling, smiling cad!

Nor did Mr. M—'s "irregulars" disappear with the day; for when, after a great deal of merriment and kind happy dancing and romping of young people, the fineness of the night suggested the propriety of smoking a certain cigar, (it is never more acceptable than at that season,) the young squire voted that we should adjourn to the stables for the purpose, where accordingly the cigars were discussed. There were still the inevitable half-dozen hangers-on: one came grinning with a lantern, all nature being in universal blackness except his grinning face; another ran obsequiously to the stables to show a favourite mare—I think it was a mare—though it may have been a mule, and your humble servant not much the wiser. The cloths were taken off; the fellows with the candles crowded about; and the young squire bade me admire the beauty of her fore-leg, which I did with the greatest possible gravity. Did you ever see such a fore-leg as that in your life? says the young squire, and further discoursed upon the horse's points, the amateur grooms joining in chorus.

There was another young squire of our party, a pleasant gentlemanlike young fellow, who danced as prettily as any Frenchman, and who had ridden over from a neighbouring house. As I went to bed, the two lads were arguing whether young Squire B— should go home or stay at D— that night. There was a bed for him—there was a bed for everybody, it seemed, and a kind welcome too. How different was all this to the ways of a severe English house!

Next morning the whole of our merry party assembled round a long, jovial breakfast-table, stored with all sorts of good things; and the biggest and jovialest man of all, who had just come in fresh from a walk in the fields, and vowed that he was as hungry as a hunter, and was cutting some slices out of an inviting ham on the side-table, suddenly let fall his knife and fork with dismay. "Sure, John, don't you know it's Friday," cried a lady from the table; and back John came with a most lugubrious queer look on his jolly face, and fell to work upon bread and butter, as resigned as possible, amidst no small laughter, as may be well imagined. On this I was bound, as a Protestant, to eat a large slice of pork, and discharged that duty nobly, and with much self-sacrifice.

The famous "drag" which had brought us so far, seemed to be as hospitable and elastic as the house which we now left; for the coach accommodated, inside and out, a considerable party from the house, and we took our road leisurely, in a cloudless, scorching day, towards Waterford.

Don't you think this clever sketching, courteous reader? and don't you also think that Mr. Titmarsh knows how to select his subjects with some taste and judgment? We get on. Here next comes Ballyhale, a posting village, and its ancient population basking in the noon-day sun, as happy, and at leisure, as if they had no more to do or care for than Wordsworth's gypsies. There is a picture of this scene, on which the hard-worked or worried lawyer, physician, merchant, editor, or penny-a-liner of London, may look with envy, and sigh over his own unending toils.

At the great Cattle Show at Cork, a very grand and really interesting occasion, for it seems to have been the first of the kind ever held there, our Cockney friend showed himself a much better judge of the respective dinners of the rival hôtels, the Whig and the Tory houses, than of breed or condition. He wishes that Mr. Cuff of the Freemasons' Tavern had been in Cork to take a leaf out of the *carte* of the Whig, or guinea-a-head landlord of that city. He is not able to speak so favourably of the Conservative half-guinea host, who served up only cold joints—allowed poor pints a-man of bad wine, the whisky-punch to be paid for extra. One aged nobleman present set up the Cockney's bristles by talking of the landed gentry "condescending *upon proper occasions*," like this, to dine with farmers. He is eloquent on the subject:—

Prodigious condescension truly! This neat speech seemed to me an oratoric slap on the face to about nine hundred and seventy persons present; and being one of the latter, I began to hiss by way of acknowledgment of the compliment, and hoped that a strong party would have destroyed the harmony of the evening, and done likewise. But not one hereditary bondsman would join in the compliment—and they were quite right too. The old lord who talked about condescension is one of the greatest and kindest landlords in Ireland. If he thinks he condescends by doing his duty and mixing with men as good as himself, the fault lies with the latter. Why are they so ready to go down on their knees to my lord? A man can't help "condescending" to another who will persist in kissing his shoe-strings. They respect rank in England—the people seem almost to adore it here.

Now the fact is, that mere rank, "the guinea's stamp," does not fail of worship even in England. But we come to better things:—

After the grand dinner came a grand ball, which was indeed one of the gayest and prettiest sights ever seen; nor was it the less agreeable, because the ladies of the city mixed with the ladies from the country, and vied with them in grace and beauty. The charming gaiety and frankness of the Irish ladies have been noted and admired by every foreigner who has had the good fortune to mingle in their society; and I hope it is not detracting from the merit of the upper classes, to say that the lower are not a whit less pleasing. I never saw in any country such a general grace of manner and *ladykood*.

In regard of the Munster ladies, I had the pleasure to be present at two or three evening parties at Cork, and must say that they seem to excel the English ladies not only in wit and vivacity, but in the still more important article of the toilette. They are as well dressed as French women, and incomparably handsomer; and if ever this book reaches a thirtieth edition, and I can find out better words to express admiration, they shall be inserted here. Among the ladies' accomplishments, I may mention, that I have heard in two or three private families such fine music as is rarely to be met with out of a capital. In one house we had a supper and songs afterwards, in the old honest fashion. Time was in Ireland when the custom was a common one; but the world grows languid as it grows genteel; and I fancy it requires more than ordinary spirit and courage now for a good old gentleman, at the head of his kind family table, to strike up a good old family song.

The delightful old gentleman who sung the song here mentioned, could not help talking of the Temperance Movement with a sort of regret, and said that all the fun had gone out of Ireland since Father Mathew banished the whisky from it.

We recommend the Ursuline Convent, and the Père La Chaise of Cork to all sentimental readers, but especially to young ladies, and come to one of the most remarkable of modern men, namely that same Father Mathew of whom we have all heard.

On the day we arrived at Cork, and as the passengers descended from the "drag," a stout, handsome, honest-looking man, of some two-and-forty years, was passing by, and received a number of bows from the crowd around. It was THEOBALD MATHEW, with whose face a thousand little print-shop windows had already rendered me familiar. He shook hands with the master of the carriage very cordially, and just as cordially with the master's coachman, a disciple of temperance, as at least half Ireland is at present. The day after the famous dinner at MacDowall's, some of us came down rather late, perhaps in consequence of the events of the night before—(I think it was Lord Bernard's quotation from Virgil, or else the absence of the currant jelly for the venison, that occasioned a slight headache among some of us, and an extreme longing for soda water,)—and there was the Apostle of Temperance seated at the table drinking tea.

. . . . . The world likes to know how a great man appears even to a valet-de-chambre, and I suppose it is one's vanity that is flattered in such rare company to find the great man quite as unassuming as the very smallest personage present; and so like to other mortals, that we would not know him to be a great man at all, did we not know his name, and what he had done. There is nothing remarkable in Mr. Mathew's manner, except that it is exceedingly simple, hearty, and manly, and that he does not wear the downcast, demure look which, I know not why, certainly characterizes the chief part of the gentlemen of his profession. Whence comes that general scowl which darkens the faces of the Irish priesthood? I have met a score of these reverend gentlemen in the country, and not one of them seemed to look or speak frankly, except Mr. Mathew, and a couple more. He is almost the only man, too,

that I have met in Ireland, who, in speaking of public matters, did not talk as a partizan. With the state of the country, of landlord, tenant, and peasantry, he seemed to be most curiously and intimately acquainted; speaking of their wants, differences, and the means of bettering them, with the minutest practical knowledge. And it was impossible in hearing him, to know, but from previous acquaintance with his character, whether he was Whig or Tory, Catholic or Protestant. Why does not Government make a Privy Councillor of him?—that is, if he would honour the Right Honourable body by taking a seat amongst them. His knowledge of the people is prodigious, and their confidence in him as great; and what a touching attachment that is which these poor fellows show to any one who has their cause at heart—even to any one who says he has!

Avoiding all political questions, no man seems more eager than he for the practical improvement of this country. Leases and rents, farming improvements, reading societies, music societies—he was full of these, and of his schemes of temperance above all. He never misses a chance of making a convert, and has his hand ready and a pledge in his pocket for sick or poor. One of his disciples, in a livery coat, came into the room with a tray—Mr. Mathew recognised him, and shook him by the hand directly; so he did with the strangers who were presented to him; and not with a courtly, popularity-hunting air, but, as it seemed, from sheer hearty kindness, and a desire to do every one good.

Cork, in some of its quarters, seems the very Naples of the British dominions. Dublin has the Bay, but Cork boasts the Lazzaroni population. After referring to the dulness and loneliness of the best streets in the *respectable* quarter of the city, our lively friend continues thus:—

I have mentioned the respectable quarter of the city—for there are quarters in it swarming with life, but of such a frightful kind as no pen need care to describe; alleys where the odours and rags and darkness are so hideous, that one runs frightened away from them. In some of them, they say, not the policeman, only the priest, can penetrate. I asked a Roman catholic clergyman of the city to take me into some of these haunts, but he refused very justly; and indeed a man may be quite satisfied with what he can see in the mere outskirts of the districts, without caring to penetrate further. Not far from the quays is an open space where the poor hold a market or bazaar. Here is liveliness and business enough: ragged women chattering and crying their beggarly wares; ragged boys gloating over dirty apple and pie stalls; fish frying, and raw, and stinking; clothes-booths, where you might buy a wardrobe for scarecrows; old nails, hoops, bottles, and marine wares; old battered furniture, that has been sold against starvation. In the streets round about this place, on a sunshiny day, all the black gaping windows and mouldy steps are covered with squatting lazy figures,—women with bare breasts, nursing babies, and leering a joke as you pass by,—ragged children paddling everywhere. It is but two minutes' walk out of Patrick Street, where you come upon a fine flashy shop of plated goods, or a grand French emporium of dolls, walking-sticks, carpet-bags, and perfumery. The markets hard by have a rough, old-fashioned, cheerful look; it's a comfort after the misery to hear a red butcher's wife crying after you to buy an honest piece of meat. The poor-house, newly established, cannot hold a fifth part of the poverty of this great town.

The excessive gentility of the shopkeepers in Dublin, Cork, and Limerick, all alike, is duly noticed by Mr. Titmarsh. They will hardly condescend to wait upon a customer on any terms, but never till it quite suits themselves. The want of small change is another feature as remarkable as the indifference to customers. In Cork, change for a five-pound note could not be obtained without sending to the bank; and at the post-office.—But this is a grievance that should be put on record. It is intolerable.

I received six £5 Post-office orders; I called four times on as many different days at the Post-office before the capital could be forthcoming, getting on the third application £20, (after making a great clamour, and vowing that such things were unheard-of in England,) and on the fourth call, the remaining £10. I saw poor people who may have come from the country with their orders, refused payment of an order of some 40s.; and a gentleman who tendered a pound-note in payment of a foreign letter, told to "leave his letter and pay some other time." Such things could not take place in the hundred-and-second city in England.

We leave our Irish friends to mark and inwardly digest what follows. It is but one of the many symptoms and indications of an inveterate disease corroding the entire fabric of Irish society.

Half-a-dozen of the public buildings I saw were spacious and shabby beyond all Cockney belief. Adjoining the Imperial Hôtel is a great, large, handsome, desolate reading-room, which was founded by a body of Cork merchants and tradesmen, and is the very picture of decay. Not Palmyra—not the Russell Institution in Great Coram Street—present more melancholy appearances of faded greatness. Opposite this is another institution, called the Cork Library, where there are plenty of books, and plenty of kindness to the stranger; but the shabbiness and faded splendour of the place are quite painful. There are three handsome Catholic churches commenced of late years; not one of them is complete. Two want their porticoes; the other is not more than thirty feet from the ground; and, according to the architectural plan, was to rise as high as a cathedral. There is an institution, with a fair library of scientific works; a museum, and a drawing-school with a supply of casts. The place is in yet more dismal condition than the library. The plasters are spoiled incurably for want of a sixpenny feather-brush; the dust lies on the walls, and nobody seems to heed it. Two shillings a-year would have repaired much of the evil which has happened to this institution; and it is folly to talk of inward dissensions and political differences as causing the ruin of such institutions. Kings or laws don't cause or cure dust and cobwebs; but indolence leaves them to accumulate, and imprudence will not calculate its income, and vanity exaggerates its own powers, and the fault is laid upon that tyrant of a sister kingdom. The whole country is filled with such failures; swaggering beginnings that could not be carried through; grand enterprises begun dashingly, and ending in shabby compromises or downright ruin.

The citizens of Cork are distinguished by their love of literature, and for their literary taste and talent, and the wit and vivacity of their conversation—distinguished to a degree which astonished the Cockney. "What," he asks, "do the ladies and gentlemen of Baker Street know about it?"

Who ever reads books in the city, or how often does one hear them talked about at a club? The Cork citizens are the most book-loving men I ever met. The town has sent to England a number of literary men of reputation too, and is not a little proud of their fame. Everybody seemed to know what Maginn was doing, and that Father Prout had a third volume ready, and what was Mr. Croker's last article in *The Quarterly*. The young clerks and shopmen seemed as much *au fait* as their employers; and many is the conversation I heard about the merits of this writer or that—Dickens, Ainsworth, Lover, Lever.

Now all this might have happened in Belfast, Liverpool, Glasgow, and every place inoculated from Scotland. But what follows is more purely Munsterian:—

I listened to two boys almost in rags; they were lolling over the quay balustrade, and talking about *one of*

the Ptolemys! and talking very well too. One of them had been reading in "Rollin," and was detailing his information with a great deal of eloquence and fire. Another day, walking in the Mardyke, I followed three boys, not half so well dressed as London errand-boys: one was telling the other about Captain Ross's voyages, and spoke with as much brightness and intelligence as the best-read gentleman's son in England could do. He was as much of a gentleman, too, the ragged young student; his manner as good, though perhaps more eager and emphatic; his language was extremely rich, too, and eloquent. Does the reader remember his school-days, when half-a-dozen lads in the bedrooms took it by turns to tell stories? How poor the language generally was, and how exceedingly poor the imagination! Both of those ragged Irish lads had the making of gentlemen, scholars, orators, in them.

What follows is, we fear, the most Irish of all. The traveller is luxuriating in the midst of a charming landscape in the environs of Cork, the beautiful river Lee before him, the city spires and towers in the distance, an old castle, with villas and parks innumerable lying all around; but

In the midst of your pleasure, three beggars have hobbled up, and are howling supplications to the Lord. One is old and blind, and so diseased and hideous, that straightway all the pleasure of the sight round about vanishes from you—that livid, ghastly face interposing between you and it. And so it is throughout the south and west of Ireland; the traveller is haunted by the face of the popular starvation. It is not the exception, it is the condition of the people. In this fairest and richest of countries, men are suffering and starving by millions. There are thousands of them at this minute stretched in the sunshine at their cabin doors, with no work, scarcely any food, no hope seemingly. Strong countrymen are lying in bed "*for the hunger*"—because a man lying on his back does not need so much food as a person a-foot. Many of them have torn up the unripe potatoes from their little gardens, and to exist now must look to winter, when they shall have to suffer starvation and cold too. The epicurean, and traveller for pleasure, had better travel anywhere than here; where there are miseries that one does not dare to think of; where one is always feeling how helpless pity is, and how hopeless relief, and is perpetually made ashamed of being happy.

I have just been strolling up a pretty little height called Grattan's Hill, that overlooks the town and the river, and where the artist that comes Cork-wards may find many subjects for his pencil. . . .

What a strange air of forlorn gaiety there is about the place!—the sky itself seems as if it did not know whether to laugh or cry, so full is it of clouds and sunshine. Little, fat, ragged smiling children are clambering about the rocks, and sitting on mossy door-steps, tending other children yet smaller, fatter, and more dirty. "Stop till I get you a posy," (pronounced *pawawawsee*) cries one urchin to another. "Tell me who is it ye love, Jooly," exclaims another, cuddling a red-faced infant with a very dirty nose. More of the same race are perched about the summer-house, and two wenches, with large purple feet, are flapping some carpets in the air. It is a wonder the carpets will bear this kind of treatment at all, and do not be off at once to mingle with the elements. I never saw things that hung to life by such a frail thread.

This dismal-pleasant place is a suburb of the second city in Ireland, and one of the most beautiful spots about the town. What a prim, bustling, active, green-railinged, tea-gardened, gravel-walked place would it have been in the five hundredth town in England!—but you see the people can be quite as happy in the rags and without the paint, and I hear a great deal more heartiness and affection from these children than from their fat, little brethren across the Channel.

If a man wanted to study ruins, here is a house close at hand, not forty years old, no doubt, but yet as completely gone to rack as Netley Abbey.

Our sketcher very ingeniously traces out the growth and decay of an Irish dwelling, where he alleges punch was brewed before the rain was kept out; and the inmates had balls and dinner-parties before the floors were firm, or the wainscots painted, if that be yet done. A tenement of this sort was lately, and may be still, inhabited by Mrs. Fagan, a young widow, whose establishment aptly illustrates the social condition of her country:—

The drawing-room of the tenement mentioned just now, with its pictures, and pulleyless windows, and lockless doors, was tenanted by a friend who lodged there with a sick wife and a couple of little children; one of whom was an infant in arms. It is not, however, the lodger, who is an Englishman, but the kind landlady and her family, who may well be described here—for their like are hardly to be found on the other side of the Channel. Mrs. Fagan is a young widow who has seen better days; and that portrait over the grand mantelpiece is the picture of her husband that is gone, a handsome young man, and well to do at one time as a merchant. But the widow (she is as pretty, as lady-like, as kind, and as neat as ever widow could be) has little left to live upon but the rent of her lodgings and her furniture, of which we have seen the best in the drawing-room.

She has three fine children of her own; there is Minny, and Katey, and Patsey, and they occupy indifferently the dining-room on the ground-floor, or the kitchen opposite: where, in the midst of a great smoke, sits an old nurse by a copper of potatoes which is always bubbling and full. Patsey swallows quantities of them, that's clear—his cheeks are as red and shining as apples; and when he roars, you are sure that his lungs are in the finest condition. Next door to the kitchen is the pantry, and there is a bucket full of the before-mentioned fruit, and a grand service of china for dinner and dessert. The kind young widow shows them with no little pride, and says with reason that there are few lodging-houses in Cork that can match such china as that. They are relics of the happy old times when Fagan kept his gig and horse, doubtless, and had his friends to dine—the happy, prosperous days which she has exchanged for poverty and the sad black gown.

Patsey, Minny, and Katey have made friends with the little English people up stairs; the elder of whom, in the course of a month, has as fine a Munster brogue as ever trolled over the lips of any born Corkagian. The old nurse carries out the whole united party to walk, with the exception of the English baby, that jumps about in the arms of a countrywoman of her own. That is, unless one of the four Miss Fagans take her; for four of them there are, four *other* Miss Fagans, from eighteen downwards to fourteen:—handsome, fresh, lively, dancing, bouncing girls. You may always see two or three of them smiling at the parlour window, and they laugh and turn away their heads when any young fellow looks and admires them.

Now, it stands to reason that a young widow of five-and-twenty can't be the mother of four young ladies of eighteen downwards; and, if anybody wants to know how they come to be living with the poor widow their cousin, the answer is, they are on a visit. Peggy the maid says, their papa is a gentleman of property, and can "spend his eight hundred a year."

Why don't they remain with the old gentleman, then, instead of quartering on the poor young widow, who has her own little mouths to feed? The reason is, the old gentleman has gone and *married his cook;* and the daughters have quitted him in a body, refusing to sit down to dinner with a person who ought, by rights, to be in the kitchen. The whole family (the Fagans are of good family) take the quarrel up, and here are the young people under shelter of the widow.

Four merrier, tender-hearted girls are not to be found in all Ireland; and the only subject of contention amongst them is, which shall have the English baby; they are nursing it, and singing to it, and dandling it by turns all day long. When they are not singing to the baby, they

are singing to an old piano; such an old, wiry, jingling, wheezy piano! It has plenty of work, playing jigs and song-accompaniments between meals, and acting as a sideboard at dinner. I am not sure that it is at rest at night either; but have a shrewd suspicion that it is turned into a four-post bed. . . . . .

One word more regarding the Widow Fagan's house. When Peggy brought in coals for the drawing-room fire, she carried them—in what, do you think? "In a coal-scuttle, to be sure," says the English reader, down on you as sharp as a needle.

No, you clever Englishman, it wasn't a coal-scuttle.

"Well, then, it was in a fire-shovel," says that brightest of wits, guessing again.

No, it *wasn't* a fire-shovel, you heaven-born genius: and you might guess from this until Mrs. Snooks called you up to coffee, and you would never find out. It was in something which I have already described in Mrs. Fagan's pantry.

"Oh, I have you now, it was the bucket where the potatoes were; the thlatternly wetch!" says Snooks.

Wrong again—Peggy brought up the coals—in a CHINA PLATE!

From Cork, Mr. Titmarsh set out for the Lakes, sketching all the way the market people, the rich river banks, old castles and trees, Irish clouds, (which, it seems, have a physiognomy and form of their own) stage-coaches, carts and cars, &c., &c. We take the group which at Skibbereen hailed the "Skibbereen Perseverance," a wondrous vehicle:—

Some gentlemen were at the coach besides those of lower degree. Here was a fat fellow with large whiskers, a geranium, and a cigar; yonder a tall handsome old man that I would swear was a dragoon on half-pay. He had a little cap, a Taglioni coat, a pair of beautiful spaniels, and a pair of knee-breeches which showed a very handsome old leg; and his object seemed to be to invite everybody to dinner as they got off the coach—no doubt he has seen the "Skibbereen Perseverance" come in ever since it was a "Perseverance." It is wonderful to think what will interest men in prisons or country towns!

There is a dirty coffee-room with a strong smell of whisky; indeed three young "materialists" are employed at the moment: and I hereby beg to offer an apology to three other gentlemen—the Captain, another, and the gentleman of the geranium, who had caught hold of a sketching-stool which is my property, and were stretching it, and sitting upon it, and wondering, and talking of it, when the owner came in, and they bounced off to their seats like so many school-boys. Dirty as the place was, this was no reason why it should not produce an exuberant dinner of trouts and Kerry mutton; after which Dan the waiter, holding up a dingy decanter, asks how much whisky I'd have?

It was Sunday—

The people came flocking into the place by hundreds, and you saw their blue cloaks dotting the road and the bare open plains beyond. The men came with shoes and stockings to-day, the women all bare-legged, and many of them might be seen washing their feet in the stream, before they went up to the chapel. The street seemed to be lined on either side with blue cloaks, squatting along the doorways as is their wont. Among these, numberless cows were walking to and fro, and pails of milk passing, and here and there a hound or two went stalking about. Dan, the waiter, says they are hunted by the handsome old Captain who was yesterday inviting everybody to dinner.

After a long stroll, Mr. Titmarsh felt ready for breakfast, which, however, was no reason whatever, in an Irish hostelrie, that breakfast should be ready for him. He says—

After making several useless applications to a bell, (which properly declined to work on Sundays,) I made a personal descent to the inn-kitchen, where was not a bad study for a painter. It is a huge room, with a peat fire burning, and a staircase walking up one side of it, on which stair was a damsel in a partial though by no means picturesque dishabille. The cook had just come in with a great frothing pail of milk, and sat with her arms folded; the hostler's boy sat dangling his legs from the table; the hostler was dandling a noble little boy of a year old, at whom Mrs. Cook likewise grinned delighted. Here, too, sat Mr. Dan, the waiter; and no wonder breakfast was delayed, for all three of these worthy domestics seemed delighted with the infant.

He was handed over to the gentleman's arms for the space of thirty seconds; the gentleman being the father of a family, and of course an amateur.

"Say Dan for the gentleman," says the delighted Cook.

"Dada," says the baby; at which the assembly grinned with joy: and Dan promised I should have my breakfast "in a hurry."

But of all the wonderful things to be seen in Skibbereen, Dan's pantry is the most wonderful:—every article within is a make-shift, and has been ingeniously perverted from its original destination. Here lie bread, blacking, fresh-butter, tallow-candles, dirty knives,—all in the same cigar-box, with snuff, milk, cold bacon, brown sugar, broken tea-cups, and bits of soap. No pen can describe that establishment, as no English imagination could have conceived it.

At Bantry he tried to make a sketch of the cabins. Sketchers in general do not object to those little dilapidations, or departures from the right line which heighten the effect of the picturesque; but here!—

As for drawing them, it was in vain to try; one might as well make a sketch of a bundle of rags. An ordinary pig-stye in England is really more comfortable. Most of them were not six feet long or five feet high, built of stones huddled together, a hole being left for the people to creep in at, a ruined thatch to keep out some little portion of the rain. The occupiers of these places sat at their doors in tolerable contentment, or the children came down and washed their feet in the water. I declare I believe a Hottentot kraal has more comforts in it: even to write of the place makes one unhappy, and the words move slow. But in the midst of all this misery there is an air of actual cheerfulness; and go but a few score of yards off, and these wretched hovels lying together look really picturesque and pleasing.

The rain had fallen pitilessly at Glengariff, day after day, and the cars to Tralee failed to come up, when a fortunate adventure relieved the tedium of the delay. He fell in (as if fortune desired to make him amends for the delay,) with a set of jovial Irish yachtsmen, like himself bound for Killarney, whither indeed all the world was hurrying.

A merrier set of fellows it were hard to meet. "Should you like anything to drink, Sir?" says one, commencing the acquaintance: "we have the best whisky in the world, and plenty of porter in the basket." Therewith the jolly seamen produced a long bottle of grog, which was passed round from one to another; and then began singing, shouting, laughing, roaring for the whole journey, "British sailors have a knack, pull away ho, boys! Hurroo! my fine fellow, does your mother know you're out? Hurroo, Tim Herlihy! you're *a fluke*, Tim Herlihy." One man sang on the roof, one *hurrooed* to the echo, another apostrophized the aforesaid Herlihy as he passed grinning on a car; a third had a pocket-handkerchief flaunting from a pole, with which he performed exercises in the face of any horseman whom we met; and great were their yells as the ponies shied off at the salutation, and the riders swerved in their saddles. In the midst of this rattling chorus we went along: gradually the country grew wilder and more desolate, and we passed through a grim mountain region, bleak and bare; the road winding round some of the innu-

inetable hills, and once or twice, by means of a tunnel, rushing boldly through them. One of these tunnels, they say, is a couple of hundred yards long; and a pretty howling, I need not say, was made through that pipe of rock by the jolly yacht's crew. "We saw you sketching in the blacksmith's shade at Glengariff," says one, "and we wished we had you on board. Such a jolly life we led of it!"—They roved about the coast, they said, in their vessel; they feasted off the best of fish, mutton, and whisky; they had Gamble's turtle-soup on board, and fun from morning till night, and *vice versâ*. Gradually it came out that there was not, owing to the tremendous rains, a dry corner in their ship; that they slung two in a huge hammock in the cabin, and that one of their crew had been ill, and shirked off. What a wonderful thing pleasure is! to be wet all day and night; to be scorched and blistered by the sun and rain; to beat in and out of little harbours, and to exceed diurnally upon whisky-punch—faith, London, and an arm-chair at the club, are more to the tastes of some men.

An Irish stage-coach is quite as hospitable, it would appear, as anything else of Irish construction that has a roof to it. All the passengers that offered along the road were made welcome; and once mounted, held on as they best could, or if they fell off, got up again. But of the extras:—

The fact must be told, that five of the new passengers (I don't count a little boy besides) were women, and very pretty, gay, frolicsome, lively, kind-hearted, innocent women too; and for the rest of the journey there was no end of laughing, and shouting, and singing, and hugging, so that the caravan presented the appearance which is depicted in the frontispiece of this work.

Now it may be a wonder to some persons, that with such a cargo the carriage did not upset, or some of us did not fall off; to which the answer is, that we *did* fall off. A very pretty woman fell off, and showed a pair of never-mind-what-coloured garters, and an interesting English traveller fell off too; but, Heaven bless you! these cars are made to fall off from: and considering the circumstances of the case and in the same company, I would rather fall off than not. A great number of polite allusions and genteel inquiries were, as may be imagined, made by the jolly boat's crew. But though the lady affected to be a little angry at first, she was far too good-natured to be angry long, and at last fairly burst out laughing with the passengers. We did not fall off again, but held on very tight, and just as we were reaching Killarney, saw somebody else fall off from another car.

Thus merrily they entered "ould Killarney;" but

Here my companion suddenly let go my hand, and, by a certain uneasy motion of the waist, gave me notice to withdraw the other too; and so we rattled up to the Kenmare Arms: and so ended, not without a sigh on my part, one of the merriest six-hour rides that five yachtsmen, one Cockney, five women and a child, the carman, and a countryman with an alpeen, ever took in their lives. As for my fellow companion, she would hardly speak the next day, but all the five maritime men made me vow and promise that I would go and see them at Cork, where I should have horses to ride, the fastest yacht out of the harbour to sail in, and the best of whisky, claret, and welcome. Amen, and may every single person who buys a copy of this book meet with the same deserved fate.

The town of Killarney was in a violent state of excitement with a series of horse-races, hurdle-races, boat-races, and stag-hunts by land and water, which were taking place, and attracted a vast crowd from all parts of the kingdom. All the inns were full, and lodgings cost five shillings a-day, nay, more in some places; for though my landlady, Mrs. Macgillicuddy, charges but that sum, a leisurely old gentleman whom I never saw in my life before, made my acquaintance by stopping me in the street, yesterday, and said he paid a pound a-day for his two bed-rooms.

But the races, boating, the stag-hunt, &c., &c., we must leave untouched to the enviable purchaser of Mr. Titmarsh's volumes. Besides, we once had a stag-hunt at Killarney ourselves,* which has never yet been matched; and as for old Abbeys like Mucruss, and show-domains like Mr. Herbert's, they may be had anywhere. Here is a moral lesson:—

All round the town miserable streets of cabins are stretched. You see people lolling at each door, women staring and combing their hair, men with their little pipes, children whose rags hang on by a miracle, idling in a gutter. Are we to set all this down to absenteeism, and pity poor injured Ireland? Is the landlord's absence the reason why the house is filthy, and Biddy lolls in the porch all day? Upon my word, I have heard people talk as if, when Pat's thatch was blown off, the landlord ought to go fetch the straw and the ladder, and mend it himself. People need not be dirty if they are ever so idle; if they are ever so poor, pigs and men need not live together. Half an hour's work, and digging a trench, might remove that filthy dunghill from that filthy window. The smoke might as well come out of the chimney as out of the door. Why should not Tim do that, instead of walking a hundred and sixty miles to a race? The priests might do much more to effect these reforms, than even the landlords themselves: and I hope, now that the excellent Father Mathew has succeeded in arraying his clergy to work with him in the abolition of drunkenness, they will attack the monster Dirt with the same good-will, and surely with the same success.

It is a brave speech, Mr. Titmarsh; but the ancient union between dirt and idleness is not so easily repealed as you seem to take for granted. The Cockney did not much admire Tralee, and never once appears to have thought of O'Connell while in that neighbourhood. He went on to Tarbet, and reached Limerick by one of the steamers that ply between Kilrush and that city; and have done for twenty-five years; so that there is little more to tell of the navigation, nor yet of that Sovereign river the Mighty Shannon. Something novel is made out of the population of Limerick:—

I asked one of the ten thousand fruit-women the price of her green pears. "Twopence a-piece," she said; and there were two little ragged beggars standing by, who were munching the fruit; a book-shop-woman made me pay threepence for a bottle of ink which usually costs a penny; a potato-woman told me that her potatoes cost fourteen-pence a stone; and all these ladies treated the stranger with a leering, wheedling servility, which made me long to box their ears, were it not that them and who lays his hand upon a woman is an—, &c. After you get out of the main street, the handsome part of the town is at an end, and you suddenly find yourself in such a labyrinth of busy swarming poverty and squalid commerce as never was seen—no not in Saint Giles', where Jew and Irishman side by side exhibit their genius for dirt. Here every house almost was a half ruin, and swarming with people; in the cellars you looked down and saw a barrel of herrings, which a merchant was dispensing; or a sack of meal, which a poor, dirty woman sold to people poorer and dirtier than herself; above was a tinman, or a shoemaker, or other craftsman, his battered ensign at the door, and his small wares peering through the cracked panes of his shop. As for the ensign, as a matter of course, the name [be it James Hurley or Pat Hanlahan] is never written in letters of the same size. . . .

Well, over James Hurley, or Pat Hanlahan, you will most likely see another board of another tradesman, with a window to the full as curious. Above Tim Carthy evidently lives another family; there are long-haired girls of fourteen at every one of the windows, and dirty children everywhere. In the cellars, look at them in dingy white night-caps over a bowl of stirabout;

* See *Tait's Magazine* for May 1833.

in the shop, paddling up and down the ruined steps, or issuing from beneath the black counter; up above, see the girl of fourteen is tossing and dandling one of them, and a pretty tender sight it is, in the midst of this filth and wretchedness, to see the women and children together. It makes a sunshine in the dark place, and somehow half reconciles one to it. Children are everywhere—look out of the nasty streets into the still more nasty back-lanes; there they are, sprawling at every door and court, paddling in every puddle, and in about a fair proportion to every six children, an old woman; a very old, blear-eyed, ragged woman, who makes believe to sell something out of a basket, and is perpetually calling upon the name of the Lord. For every three ragged, old women, you will see two ragged, old men, praying and moaning like the females; and there is no lack of young men, either, though I never could make out what they were about: they loll about the street, chiefly conversing in knots; and in every street you will be pretty sure to see a recruiting sergeant, with gay ribands in his cap, loitering about with an eye upon the other loiterers there. The buz, and hum, and chattering of this crowd is quite inconceivable to us in England, where a crowd is generally silent: as a person with a decent coat passes, they stop in their talk, and say, "God bless you for a fine gentleman!" In these crowded streets, where all are beggars, the beggary is but small: only the very old and hideous venture to ask for a penny, otherwise the competition would be too great.

On the way to Ennis we hear—

A great light of the Catholic church, who was of late a candlestick in our own communion, was on the coach with us, reading devoutly out of a breviary, on many occasions, along the road. A crowd of black coats and heads, with that indescribable look which belongs to the Catholic clergy, were evidently on the look-out for the coach; and as it stopped, one of them came up to me with a low bow, and asked if I was the Honourable and Reverend Mr. S——? How I wish I had answered him I was! It would have been a grand scene. The respect paid to this gentleman's descent is quite absurd—the papers bandy his title about with pleased emphasis—the Galway paper calls him the *very* Reverend. There is something in the love for rank almost childish: witness the adoration of George IV.; the pompous joy with which John Tuam records his correspondence with a great man; the continual my-lording of the Bishops, the Right-Honourabling of Mr. O'Connell—which title his party-papers delight on all occasions to give him—nay, the delight of that great man himself when first he attained the dignity; he figured in his robes in the most good-humoured simple delight at having them, and went to church forthwith in them, as if such a man wanted a title before his name.

At Ennis the Cockney bought a whole library of popular Irish classics for eighteenpence; which, to use a phrase of his own, he "discourses" at considerable length, in his Galway Nights' Entertainments, particularly the adventures and exploits of the Irish hero, Captain Freeny. One of the afternoon entertainments in Galway was helping one gentleman of the party at the coach dinner to three wings of turkey! Luckily there were two turkeys on this bountifully-spread table. "Does," our friend asks,

Everybody in Galway eat three wings when there are two turkeys for dinner? One has heard wonders of the country,—the dashing, daring, duelling, desperate, rollicking, whisky-drinking people: but this wonder beats all. When I asked the Galway turkiphagus (there is no other word, for turkey was invented long after Greece) "if he would take a third wing?" with a peculiar satiric accent on the words, *third wing*, which cannot be expressed in writing, but which the occasion fully merited, I thought, perhaps, that following the custom of the country, where everybody, according to Maxwell and Lever, challenges everybody else,—I thought the Galwagian would call me out: but no such thing. He only said, "If you plase, Sir," in the blandest way in the world; and gobbled up the limb in a twinkling. As an encouragement, too, for persons meditating that important change of condition, the gentleman was a teetotaller; he took but one glass of water to that intolerable deal of bubblyjock. Galway must be very much changed since the days when Maxwell and Lever knew it. Three turkey-wings and a glass of water! But the man cannot be the representative of a class, that is clear: it is physically and arithmetically impossible. They can't *all* eat three wings of two turkeys at dinner; the turkeys could not stand it, let alone the men.

The traveller went to Ballynahinch and Westport. At the inn at Leenane, his Cockney gallantry was sorely tried by a delicate specimen of the "finest pisantry:"

With a curtsy, came a young woman, who sold worsted socks at a shilling a-pair.

It required no small pains to entice this rustic beauty to stand, while a sketch should be made of her. Nor did any compliments or cajolements, on my part or the landlady's, bring about the matter; it was not until money was offered that the lovely creature consented. I offered (such is the ardour of the real artist) either to give her sixpence, or to purchase two pairs of her socks, if she would stand still for five minutes. On which she said she would prefer selling the socks. Then she stood still for a moment in the corner of the room; then she turned her face towards the corner, and the other part of her person towards the artist, and exclaimed in that attitude, "I must have a shilling more." Then I told her to go to the deuce. Then she made a proposition, involving the stockings and sixpence, which was similarly rejected; and finally, the above splendid design was completed at the price first stated.

However, as we went off, this timid little love barred the door for a moment, and said that "I ought to give her another shilling; that a gentleman would give her another shilling," and so on: she might have trod the London streets for ten years, and not have been more impudent and more greedy.

His post-boy to Westport was an unlicked cub, who spoke no English, and who had inherited the identical breeches worn by Humphrey Clinker when he gave such mortal offence to the delicate Mrs. Tabitha Bramble. They stopped at a hut on the dreary way;

The driver pulled out a bag of oats, and borrowing an iron-pot from the good people, half filled it with corn, which the poor, tired, galled, bewhipped, black horse began eagerly to devour. The young charioteer himself hinted very broadly his desire for a glass of whisky, which was the only kind of refreshment that this remote house of entertainment supplied.

In the various cabins I have entered, I have found talking a vain matter; the people are suspicious of the stranger within their wretched gates, and are shy, sly, and silent. I have, commonly, only been able to get half-answers in reply to my questions, given in a manner that seemed plainly to intimate that the visit was unwelcome.

That Mr. Titmarsh is no friend to arrogant churchmen, nor to priests of any order, is sufficiently obvious, whatever may be his peculiar religious opinions; nor does he spare long-winded, bad, extempore, Protestant sermons, any more than Romish superstitions. At Westport he heard a charity sermon preached, and saw bank-notes in the plate. He thus moralizes:—

If I were Defender of the Faith, I would issue an order to all priests and deacons to take to the book again; weighing well, before they uttered it, every word they proposed to say upon so great a subject as that of religion; and mistrusting that dangerous facility given by active jaws and a hot imagination. Reverend divines

have adopted this habit, and keep us for an hour listening to what might well be told in ten minutes. . . . . Beware of too much talk, O parsons! If a man is to give an account of every idle word he utters, for what a number of such loud nothings, windy emphatic tropes and metaphors, spoken not for God's glory but the preacher's, will many a cushion-thumper have to answer! . . . . . .

A Pattern or Patron at Croagh-Phadric is not so joyous or pleasant as we had hoped to find so festive an occasion; and the penances of the several stations are most orthodoxly denounced by Mr. Titmarsh, who had been told the truth, and probably a little more, ere he said—

My informant describes the people as coming away from this "frightful exhibition, suffering severe pain, wounded and bleeding in the knees and feet, and some of the women shrieking with the pain of their wounds. Fancy thousands of these bent upon their work, and priests standing by to encourage them!—for shame, for shame! If all the popes, cardinals, bishops, hermits, priests, and deacons that ever lived, were to come forward and preach this as a truth—that to please God you must macerate your body, that the sight of your agonies is welcome to Him, and that your blood, groans, and degradation find favour in His eyes, I would not believe them. Better have over a company of Fakeers at once, and set the Suttee going. Of these tortures, however, I had not the fortune to witness a sight; for going towards the mountain for the first four miles, the only conveyance I could find was half the pony of an honest sailor, who said, when applied to, "I tell you what I do wid you: I give you a spell about;" but as it turned out we were going different ways, this help was but a small one. . . . . The pleasures of the poor people—for after the business on the mountain came the dancing and love-making at its foot—was woefully spoiled by the rain, which rendered dancing on the grass impossible; nor were the tents big enough for that exercise.

Our friend is somewhat severe on the admiration of all orders of the Irish for all manner of titles and decorations—an absurdity which never fails to provoke his ire. The "mouldy, dirty" town of Tuam, has a splendid Catholic cathedral, and over

The door is a huge coat of arms, surmounted by a Cardinal's hat—the arms of the See, no doubt, quartered with John Tuam's own patrimonial coat; and that was a frieze coat, from all accounts passably ragged at the elbows. Well, he must be a poor wag who could sneer at an old coat, because it was old and poor. But if a man changes it for a tawdry gimcrack suit, bedizened with twopenny tinsel, and struts about calling himself his Grace and my Lord, when may we laugh, if not then? There is something simple in the way in which these good people belord their clergymen, and respect titles real or sham. Take any Dublin paper,—a couple of columns of it are sure to be filled with movements of the small great men of the world. Accounts from Darrynane state that the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor is in good health—his Lordship went out with his beagles yesterday—or His Grace the Most Reverend the Lord Archbishop of Ballywhack, assisted by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishops of Trincomalee and Hippopotamus, assisted, &c.; or Colonel Tims, of Castle Tims, and lady, have quitted the Shelburne Hotel, with a party for Kilballybatherahins, where the *august* [This epithet is applied to the party of a Colonel somebody, in a Dublin paper,] party propose to enjoy a few days' shrimp-fishing—and so on.

Now, when Mr. Titmarsh asserts that the English have kicked down this humbug, one might fancy that he never sees the *Morning Post*. Nor can he perceive that the Irish show greater common sense in matters that more nearly concern them. An Irishman, on the top of the coach, was bewailing that the pretty village of Ahascragh must go to rack and ruin, because a certain agent was removed and another appointed; on which the incredulous Cockney exclaims:—

How is it that the presence of one man, more or less, should affect a set of people come to years of manhood, and knowing that they have their duty to do? Why should a man at Ahascragh let his home go to ruin, and stuff his windows with ragged breeches instead of glass because Mr. Smith is agent in place of Mr. Jones? Is he a child, that won't work unless the schoolmaster be at hand? or are we to suppose, with the Repealers, that the cause of all this degradation and misery is the intolerable tyranny of the sister country, and the pain which poor Ireland has been made to endure? This is very well at the Corn-Exchange, and among patriots after dinner; but, after all, granting the grievance of the franchise (though it may not be unfair to presume, that a man who has not strength of mind enough to mend his own breeches or his own windows, will always be the tool of one party or another,) there is no Inquisition set up in the country; the law tries to defend the people as much as they will allow; the odious tithe has even been whisked off from their shoulders to the landlords; they may live pretty much as they like. Is it not too monstrous to howl about English tyranny and suffering Ireland, and call for a Stephen's Green Parliament, to make the country quiet and the people industrious? The people are not politically worse-treated than their neighbours in England. The priests and the landlords, if they chose to coöperate, might do more for the country now than any kings or laws could. What you want here is not a Catholic or Protestant party, but an Irish party.

"True for ye," Mr. Titmarsh; but how is that national party to be gathered together? At Ballinasloe, as it was not the Fair time, all was found cheerless and comfortless; and the beggars more hideous and loathsome than anywhere else: and this is surely saying a great deal—

"A penny for the sake of poor little Mery," said another woman, who had a baby sleeping on her withered breast; and how can any one who has a little Mery at home, resist such an appeal? "Pity the poor blind man!" roared a respectably-dressed grenadier of a fellow. I told him to go to the gentleman with the red neck-cloth and fur cap, (a young buck from Trinity College,) to whom the blind man with much simplicity immediately stepped over; and as for the rest of the beggars, what pen or pencil could describe their hideous leering flattery, their cringing swindling humour!

Mr. Titmarsh is perfectly hardened against Irish beggars. He cannot appreciate their wit, which he thinks impudence; nor tolerate the whine, which to other travellers—we cannot always tell why—smacks of so rich a humour. In travelling from Ballinasloe back to Dublin, Mr. Titmarsh had for companions, on the top of the coach, a lot of Maynooth students, returning to the college at the end of their vacation. It is well they have a vacation; and would be better that they had more, if his account be substantially correct:—

One of them, a freshman, was inside the coach with the clergyman, and told him, with rather a long face, of the dismal discipline of his college. They are not allowed to quit the gates (except on general walks;) they are expelled if they read a newspaper; and they begin term with "a retreat" of a week, which time they are made to devote to silence, and, as it is supposed, to devotion and meditation.

I must say the young fellows drank plenty of whisky on the road, to prepare them for their year's abstinence; and, when at length arrived in the miserable village of Maynooth, determined not to go into college that night, but to devote the evening to "a lark." They were simple, kind-hearted young men, sons of farmers or tradesmen seemingly; and, as is always the case here, except among some of the gentry, very gentlemanlike,

and pleasing in manners. Their talk was of this companion, and that; how one was in rhetoric, and another in logic, and a third had got his curacy. Wait for a while; and with the happy system pursued within the walls of their college, those smiling good-humoured faces will come out with a scowl, and downcast eyes that seem afraid to look the world in the face. When the time comes for them to take leave of yonder dismal-looking barracks, they will be men no longer, but bound over to the church, body and soul: their free thoughts chained down and kept in darkness, their honest affections mutilated: well, I hope they will be happy to-night at any rate, and talk and laugh to their hearts' content. The poor freshman, whose big chest is carried off by the porter yonder to the inn, has but twelve hours more of hearty, natural, human life. To-morrow, they will begin their work upon him: cramping his mind, and bitting his tongue, and firing and cutting at his heart,—breaking him to pull the church chariot. Ah! why didn't he stop at home, and dig potatoes and get children!

We cannot be coaxed, even by Mr. Titmarsh, to take one more look of the beauties of Wicklow—not upon any terms whatever; and are nearly as indifferent to the Dublin cheap dandies, though they are among the most superb animals of that wonderful genus to be found throughout Europe or America. They are of a quite distinct species from those who are to be seen on a Sunday in the Park, or in Liverpool, which is rather famous for its commercial dandies. The Dublin breed, not content with Sunday, appear every day, and all day long. We wonder how they manage it. The wardrobe of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse could not have stood such incessant calls upon its ways and means, although his washer-woman's bills had not been materially increased by the demand on the shirt-pins and flashy waistcoats. The Dublin dandies

Assume a sort of military and ferocious look, not observable in other cheap dandies, except in Paris perhaps now and then; and are to be remarked, not so much for the splendour of their ornaments, as for the profusion of them. Thus for instance, a hat which is worn straight over the two eyes, costs very likely no more than one which hangs upon one ear—a great oily bush of hair to balance the hat (otherwise the head no doubt would fall hopelessly on one side) is even more economical than a crop which requires the barber's scissors oft-times;—also a tuft on the chin, may be had at a small expense of bear's grease by persons of a proper age; and although big pins are the fashion, I am bound to say, I have never seen so many or so big as here. Large agate marbles or "taws," globes terrestrial and celestial, pawnbrokers' balls,—I cannot find comparisons large enough for these wonderful ornaments of the person. Canes also should be mentioned, which are sold very splendid, with gold or silver heads, for a shilling on the quays; and the dandy not uncommonly finishes off with a horn quizzing-glass, which being stuck in one eye, contracts the brows, and gives a fierce determined look to the whole countenance. In idleness at least, these young men can compete with the greatest lords: and the wonder is, how the city can support so many of them, or they themselves; how they manage to spend their time; who gives them money to ride hacks in the "Phaynix" on field and race days; to have boats at Kingstown during the summer; and to be crowding the railway coaches all the day long.

The Cockney made a farther dash into Leinster and into Ulster; and, with more of the "humours" of the country, saw also its best parts. One famous farmers' dinner was eaten at Naas, after a local cattle-show; not a grand affair like that of Cork, but a plain mutton-and-turnip concern: mutton boiled in legs and roasted in saddles, with squadrons of apple-pies, lots of whisky-punch, and wine for those that liked it, with plenty of toasts, songs, and speeches. Among the toasts, the healths of the Sallymount Beagles, and the Kildare Foxhounds, were drunk, with loud cheers and halloes. The masters of the hounds, of course, returned thanks, as husbands do for their wives, and on the part of the dogs promised famous good sport next season:

After the Kildare Foxhounds, an old farmer, in a gray coat, got gravely up, and without being requested to do so in the least, sung a song, stating that—

> "At seven in the morning by most of the clocks,
> We rode to Kilruddery in search of a fox;"

and at the conclusion of his song, challenged a friend to give another song. Another old farmer, on this rose and sung one of Morris's songs, with a great deal of queer humour: and, no doubt, many more songs were sung during the evening, for plenty of hot-water jugs were blocking the door as we went out.

The jolly frieze-coated songster, who celebrated the Kilruddery fox, sung, it must be confessed, most woefully out of tune; but still it was pleasant to hear him, and I think the meeting was the most agreeable one I have seen in Ireland: there was more good humour, more cordial union of classes, more frankness and manliness, than one is accustomed to find in Irish meetings. All the speeches were kindhearted, straightforward speeches, without a word of politics, or an attempt at oratory: it was impossible to say whether the gentlemen present were Protestant or Catholic,—each one had a hearty word of encouragement for his tenant, and a kind welcome for his neighbour. There were forty stout, well-to-do farmers in the room, renters of fifty, seventy, a hundred acres of land. There were no clergyman present, though it would have been pleasant to have seen one of each persuasion, to say grace for the meeting and the meat.

At a similar meeting at Ballytore the next day, I had an opportunity of seeing a still finer collection of stock than had been brought to Naas, and at the same time one of the most beautiful flourishing villages in Ireland. The road to it from H—town, [the charming residence of the family before introduced,] if not remarkable for its rural beauty, is pleasant to travel, for evidences of neat and prosperous husbandry are around you everywhere—rich crops in the fields, and neat cottages by the road-side, accompanying us as far as Ballytore, a white, straggling village, surrounding green fields, of some five furlongs square, with a river running in the midst of them, and numerous fine cattle in the green. Here is a large windmill, fitted up like a castle, with battlements and towers; the castellan thereof is a good-natured old Quaker gentleman, and numbers more of his following inhabit the town.

The consequence was, that the shops of the village were the neatest possible, though by no means grand or portentous. Why should Quaker shops be neater than other shops? They suffer to the full as much oppression as the rest of the hereditary bondsmen; and yet, in spite of their tyrants, they prosper.

That is an impertinent question, Mr. Titmarsh.

In the little village I remarked scarcely a single beggar, and very few bare feet indeed among the crowds who came to see the show. Here the Quaker village had the advantage of the town of Naas, in spite of its Poor-house, which was only half full when we went to see it; but the people prefer beggary and starvation abroad, to comfort and neatness in the Union-house.

A neater establishment cannot be seen than this; and liberty must be very sweet indeed, when people prefer it and starvation, to the certainty of comfort in the Union-house. We went to see it after the show at Naas.

The first persons we saw at the gate of the place were four buxom lasses, in blue jackets and petticoats, who were giggling and laughing as gaily as so many young heiresses of a thousand a-year, and who had a colour in their cheeks that any lady of Almack's might envy.

They were cleaning pails and carrying in water from a green court or play-ground in front of the house, which some of the able-bodied men of the place were busy in enclosing.

In spite of all *The Times* newspapers in the world, our Cockney affirms that the people who went in were happy, in their well-aired, well-scoured rooms, with their neat *uniform*, and good store of *clean* sheets and blankets. All very good, Mr. Titmarsh; but have you forgotten him who once said, "*It is not bread alone, but where we eat it!*" There was one more pleasant Agricultural sight, or show, at Castledermot. Here,—

Rich and poor were working friendlily together; priest and parson were alike interested in these honest, homely, agricultural festivals; not a word was said about hereditary bondage and English tyranny; and one did not much regret the absence of those patriotic topics of conversation. If but for the sake of the change, it was pleasant to pass a few days with people among whom there was no quarrelling; no furious denunciations against Popery on the part of the Protestants, and no tirades against the parsons from their bitter and scornful opponents of the other creed.

Next Sunday, in the county Meath, in a quiet old church, lying amongst meadows and fine old stately avenues of trees, and for the benefit of a congregation of some thirty persons, I heard for the space of an hour and twenty minutes some thorough Protestant doctrine, and the Popish superstitions properly belaboured. Does it strengthen a man in his own creed to hear his neighbour's belief abused? One would imagine so.

Drogheda was found in as bad a social and as stagnant a commercial condition as any city of the West. With the same mud-cabin suburbs, it is, however, quite as full of *Emporiums*, *Repositories*, and other slovenly places of great names and small business. To make amends, its Drogheda ale is even more famous than its Boyne Water. The principal use at present made of the Linen Hall of the town, is as a forum for the Liberator to harangue in about Repeal. Orangemen and Catholics seem, in Drogheda, to feel peculiar rancour, and even the children—the school-boys—venomously take a side.

When troops march over the bridge, a young friend of mine (whom I shrewdly suspect to be an Orangeman in his heart) told me, that their bands play the "Boyne Water." . . . . .

By a large public school of some reputation, where a hundred boys are educated—(my young guide, the Orangeman, was one of them: he related with much glee how, on one of the Liberator's visits, a schoolfellow had waved a blue and orange flag from the window, and cried "King William for ever, and to hell with the Pope!")

An admirable branch this of a young Irishman's education. Our traveller frequently and very seriously, too, mourns over the failure of the National School scheme of Education for Ireland—the blame of which, the *sin* of which, the Protestant and Catholic clergy and the Board may divide among them, as they best like. Mr. Titmarsh is highly pleased with Newry; and, upon the whole, Ulster—the Black North—appears to him not, by any means, the worst part of the Green Island. He drove from Armagh to Portadown, on a Sunday evening; and, found that if less *Irish* than Cork or Kerry, Armagh may yet venture to hold up its head.

The country is well cultivated along the whole of the road; the trees in plenty, and villages and neat houses always in sight. The little farms with their orchards, and comfortable buildings, were as clean and trim as could be wished; they are mostly of one storey, with long thatched roofs and shining windows, such as those that may be seen in Normandy and Picardy. As it was Sunday evening, all the people seemed to be abroad, some sauntering quietly down the roads—a pair of girls here and there pacing leisurely in a field—a little group seated under the trees of an orchard, which pretty adjunct to the farm is very common in this district; and the crop of apples seemed this year to be extremely plenty. The physiognomy of the people too has quite changed: the girls have their hair neatly braided up, not loose over their faces as in the south; and not only are bare feet very rare, and stockings extremely neat and white, but I am sure I saw at least a dozen good silk gowns upon the women along the road, and scarcely one which was not clean and in good order. The men for the most part figured in jackets, caps, and trousers, eschewing the old veil of a hat which covers the popular head at the other end of the island, the breeches, and the long ill-made tail-coat. The people's faces are sharp and neat, not broad lazy knowing-looking, like that of many a shambling Diogenes who may be seen lounging before his cabin in Cork or Kerry. As for the cabins, they have disappeared; and the houses of the people may rank decidedly as cottages. The accent, too, is quite different; but this is hard to describe in print. The people speak with a Scotch twang, and, as I fancied, much more simply and to the point. A man gives you a downright answer, without any grin, or joke, or attempt at flattery. To be sure, these are rather early days to begin to judge of national characteristics; and very likely the above distinctions have been drawn after profoundly studying a Northern and a Southern waiter at the inn at Armagh.

At any rate, it is clear that the towns are vastly improved,—the cottages and villages no less so; the people look active and well-dressed; a sort of weight seems all at once to be taken from the Englishman's mind on entering the province, when he finds himself once more looking upon comfort, and activity, and resolution. What is the cause of this improvement? *Protestantism*, as more than one Church-of-England man said to me; but for Protestantism, would it not be as well to read Scotchism?—meaning thrift, prudence, perseverance, boldness, and common sense, with which qualities any body of men, of any Christian denomination, would no doubt prosper.

Belfast and its inns were found all that the most fastidious Cockney could desire; save that the pint of port contains no more than two glasses, which, upon the Scotch principle of "Diel tak' him has the least pint stoup," rather detracts from the other merits of Belfast. We have heard that fine and thriving city called the Athens of Ireland; it is likewise called the Irish Liverpool; but sure never Irish city had so high a compliment made to it before, as that which the Cockney pays to Belfast when he calls it the—Irish London. There follows one of the best descriptions of the "Irish London" that we have seen of late years. Dublin will not be flattered by the comparison made with her; but she must just please herself again.

Mr. Titmarsh had some rather alarming adventures at the "Giant's Causeway;" and he kindly warns off all brother Cockneys from that savage coast and spot, fairly wishing himself back in Pall-Mall. There is clearly not one fibre which responds to the sublime in his whole composition. How unlike to Mr. Dickens at the Niagara Falls! Mr. Titmarsh ought to be ashamed of himself, as a man and an author; though the same gifts of lofty enthusiasm in alliance with exquisite sensibility may not be vouchsafed to every Cockney alike. But, as our friend happily remarks, after receiving the summons to dinner,

There is that in nature, dear Jenkins, which passes even our powers. We can feel the beauty of a magnificent landscape, perhaps; but we can describe a leg of mutton and turnips better. Come, then, this scene is for our betters to depict. If Mr. Tennyson were to come hither for a month, and brood over the place, he might, in some of those lofty heroic lines which the Author of the "Morte d'Arthur" knows how to pile up, convey to the reader a sense of this gigantic desolate scene. What! you, too, are a poet! Well then, Jenkins, stay! but believe me, you had best take my advice, and come off.

The worthy landlady made her appearance with the politest of bows and an apology,—for what does the reader think a lady should apologise in the most lonely rude spot in the world?—because a plain servant-woman was about to bring in the dinner, the waiter being absent on leave at Coleraine! O heaven and earth! where will the genteel end?

Kitty of Coleraine, like the Maid of Athens, must, we fear, be *aging;* but one might, last year, in her town, purchase beef for fourpence a-pound, and an excellent cod-fish for a shilling; so that Coleraine, besides eminence in gentility and "seriousness," has still its own attractions. The Cockney had not the felicity to see Kitty; and, beyond all the fair of the western, southern, and central provinces, he was smitten by one "bonny brucket lassie;" and though she may not compare with the above-mentioned Beauties, sung by Byron and Moore, yet Peg of Limavaddy will, at least, hold her place with the "sweet Molly Mog," and others of her fair countrywomen.

Yes, Peggy of Limavaddy, if Barrow and Inglis have gone to Connemara to fall in love with the Misses Flynn, let us be allowed to come to Ulster and offer a tribute of praise at your feet—at your stockingless feet, O Margaret! Do you remember the October day ('twas the first day of the hard weather,) when the way-worn traveller entered your inn? But the circumstances of this passion had better be chronicled in deathless verse.

PEG OF LIMAVADDY.

Riding from Coleraine
(Famed for lovely Kitty,)
Came a Cockney bound
Unto Derry city;
Weary was his soul,
Shivering and sad he
Bump'd along the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Mountains stretch'd around,
Gloomy was their tinting,
And the horses' hoofs
Made a dismal clinting;
Wind upon the heath
Howling was and piping,
On the heath and bog,
Black with many a snipe in:
'Mid the bogs of black,
Silver pools were flashing,
Crows upon their sides
Picking were and splashing.
Cockney on the car
Closer folds his plaidy,
Grumbling at the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

. . . . . .

Limavaddy inn's
But a humble bait-house,
Where you may procure
Whisky and potatoes;
Landlord at the door
Gives a smiling welcome
To the shivering wights
Who to his hôtel come.
Landlady within
Sits and knits a stocking,
With a wary foot
Baby's cradle rocking.

To the chimney nook,
Having found admittance,
There I watch a pup
Playing with two kittens;
(Playing round the fire,
Which of blazing turf is,
Roaring to the pot
Which bubbles with the murphies;)
And the cradled babe
Fond the mother nursed it,
Singing it a song
As she twists the worsted!

. . . . . .

Presently a maid
Enters with the liquor,
(Half a pint of ale
Frothing in a beaker.)
Gods! I didn't know
What my beating heart meant,
Hebe's self I thought
Enter'd the apartment.
As she came she smiled,
And the smile bewitching,
On my word and honour,
Lighted all the kitchen!

With a curtsy neat
Greeting the new-comer,
Lovely, smiling Peg
Offers me the rummer;
But my trembling hand
Up the beaker tilted,
And the glass of ale
Every drop I spilt it:
Spilt it every drop
(Dames who read my volumes,
Pardon such a word,)
On my whatd'yecall 'ems!

Witnessing the sight
Of that dire disaster,
Out began to laugh
Missis, maid, and master;
Such a merry peal,
'Specially Miss Peg's was,
(As the glass of ale
Trickling down my legs was,)
That the joyful sound
Of that ringing laughter
Echoed in my ears
Many a long day after.

. . . . . .

When the laugh was done,
Peg, the pretty hussy,
Moved about the room
Wonderfully busy;
Now she looks to see
If the kettle keep hot,
Now she rubs the spoons,
Now she cleans the teapot;
Now she sets the cups
Trimly and secure,
Now she scours a pot
And so it was I drew her
Thus it was I drew her
Scouring of a kettle,
(Faith her blushing cheeks
Redden'd on the metal!)
Ah! but 'tis in vain
That I try to sketch it;
The pot perhaps is like,
But Peggy's face is wretched,
No: the best of lead,
And of Indian rubber,
Never could depict
That sweet kettle-scrubber!

See her as she moves!
Scarce the ground she touches,
Airy as a fay,
Graceful as a duchess;
Bare her rounded arm,
Bare her little leg is,
Vestris never show'd
Ancles like to Peggy's;
Braided is her hair,
Soft her look and modest,
Slim her little waist
Comfortably boddiced.

. . . . . .

The best of this delicious amatory jingle we omit from respect and tenderness for the feelings of Mrs. Titmarsh, who has something to overlook in this Irish tour of her husband's.

Back again to Dublin went Mr. Titmarsh; dined everywhere with everybody; and, were he as much in their confidence, he tells us, as Mrs. Sigourney, or any other American must have been, he might have had a great deal to tell of men of letters and fashion, and of University [Magazine?] Dons. But the author who, like him, hopes to dine a second time at the expense of his friends, must take care of what he tells. As he does not, probably, expect to dine at Maynooth College, he is no more chary of preserving its confidence than that of the disorderly Museum of Trinity College. Trollopizing is often a virtue in a traveller. Of Maynooth we are told:—

An Irish union-house is a palace to it. Ruin so needless, filth so disgusting, such a look of lazy squalor, so

Englishman who has not seen can conceive. Lecture-room and dining-hall, kitchen and students'-room, were all the same. I shall never forget the sight of scores of shoulders of mutton lying on the filthy floor in the former, or the view of a bed and dressing-table that I saw in the other. Let the next Maynooth grant include a few shillings'-worth of white-wash and a few hundred-weights of soap; and if to this be added a half-score of drill-sergeants to see that the students appear clean at lecture, and to teach them to keep their heads up and to look people in the face, Parliament will introduce some cheap reforms into the seminary, which were never needed more than here. Why should the place be so shamefully ruinous and foully dirty? Lime is cheap, and water plenty at the canal hard by. Why should a stranger, after a week's stay in the country, be able to discover a priest by the scowl on his face, and his doubtful downcast manner. . . . . This complaint of neglect applies to other public institutions besides Maynooth. The Mansion-house, when I saw it, was a very dingy abode for the Right Honourable Lord Mayor, and that Lord Mayor Mr. O'Connell. I saw him in full council, in a brilliant robe of crimson velvet, ornamented with white satin bows, and sable collar, in an enormous cocked hat, like a slice of an eclipsed moon—in the following costume, in fact.

The portrait is not the jovial Dan of the reader's acquaintance, but a very truculent-looking, paltry, bedizened, old personage, whom we at once repudiate as an O'Connell. The concluding sentence of Mr. Titmarsh's Irish Sketches, is an appeal to that gentleman, whether or not, from the growth of a *middle class*, too independent to be bullied by priest or squire—and he might have added, or misled by demagogue—from a middle class, having their interest in quiet, and alike indisposed to servility and rebellion, as much may not be hoped as from any legislative meddling. It is the want, he says, "of a *middle class*, which has rendered the squires so arrogant, the clergy so domineering, and the political demagogue so powerful; and I think that Mr. O'Connell himself would say——" But the Cockney is a simpleton with his what Mr. O'Connell would say. Mr. O'Connell, for some time to come, at least, will say no such thing, as that he surmises; so we need not trouble the reader about it.—Does that same reader now agree with us, that the Cockney is really a sensible, informing, and agreeable companion, so far as he goes? He may be called superficial, to be sure. It is very easy to call a man any sort of disparaging name; but, without making any pretension to profundity or yet to soaring, he bowls along, contriving to note and to impart a great deal.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Life of Joseph Addison. By Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. Longman & Co.

Miss Aikin states in her preface that "she has undertaken, in these memoirs, to supply a real deficiency in our literature." Why is there no life of Addison, while there are lives of Pope, and Swift, and Dryden? It is not easy to say why, unless that there was less to tell of so correct and fortunate a person as Addison that the world cared for hearing, or beyond what had already been made known in the lives of his contemporaries, and in Johnson's preface to Addison's works. Yet the life of so distinguished an English classic surely deserved to be written with all the care and amplitude which literary research and talent could supply. Among the myriad books published on all manner of subjects, that one could not be considered superfluous, which had for its subject the most conspicuous writer in the *Spectator*, the life of the reformer and refiner of English manners and English style; the moralist of the social circle and the fireside. Qualified for this task by her previous habits of historical and biographical research, Miss Aikin possesses, in addition, that unbounded, and almost enthusiastic, admiration for Addison, which is no mean element in writing the annals of a man of calm passions; never, though in all apparent modesty, wanting to his own interests, who glided smoothly and *cannily* through life. If she has not been able to give her hero a strong interest in the affections of her readers, the fault is certainly not with her. She has thrown startling doubts on many of the most disparaging anecdotes that have been currently received as to the habits of Addison, and of his conduct in particular instances; and some of the worst of these she has clearly disproved. This quiet, unpretending, but sagacious and worldly fortunate man was, not improbably, the object of some small envy among his early friends and literary contemporaries.

Letters written during a Journey in Switzerland in the Autumn of 1841. By Mrs. Ashton Yates. 2 volumes. London: Duncan & Malcolm.

To soothe the sorrow of her younger children during her long absence on the Continent, Mrs. Ashton Yates promised to write them a particular account of every place which she and their elder sisters visited. This she has done in a series of Letters, into which, from previous knowledge and reading, she introduces both local and general knowledge, with sketches of the remarkable events that have occurred, and of personages who have figured in the scenes described. There is thus no lack of useful and entertaining information, conveyed in the plain and agreeable manner that is best suited to gain and keep alive the attention of juvenile readers. The personal narrative, at the same time, relieves and diversifies the graver matter of the volumes. Afraid of her children receiving erroneous impressions, or forming what she conceives wrong opinions, Mrs. Ashton Yates is so careful in their behalf, as sometimes to assume the governess, and to dogmatize, in pointing out the way in which they should walk. In short, she tells them what they ought to think of particular individuals, facts, and opinions. But this she may conceive a mother's duty. Her Letters will form pleasant and instructive reading, especially in those quiet family circles where juveniles and adults mingle for social instruction.

The Papal and Hierarchical System compared with the Religion of the New Testament. London: Charles Gilpin.

We have read this book with much satisfaction. To what Christian denomination the author belongs, we cannot exactly tell, but he appears to approximate the most nearly to The Friends. He is a thorough spiritual liberal, and keenly perceives the intolerance of each sect in its turn, from the earliest ages to the Lutherans lately

persecuted in Prussia; while in Hanover, Hamburg, and Denmark, being the established and dominant sect, they were persecuting others. And all this is done in carrying out an ideal notion of uniformity as the alone perfection, and thus producing, on the one hand, persecution, confiscation, imprisonment; and, on the other, "a prevailing religious lifelessness, with infidelity at bottom." Antichrist is not considered by this writer as being by any means confined to the Church of Rome: Antichrist he sees enthroned in every church that avails itself of the sword of the magistrate to enforce uniformity of worship; although that church should uphold much sound doctrine, and contain many lively members of the Universal Church of Christ. There is an able chapter on "The spiritual power of the priesthood," and another on The Christian Ministry; and though on these subjects the writer's views coincide neither with those of Church of England-men nor Presbyterians, he, however, claims to found them upon the New Testament.

History of our own Times. By the Author of "The Court and Times of Frederick the Great." Volume I. Henry Colburn.

This portion of *Our own Times* relates entirely to the French Revolution, and does not get on with it farther than 1792. It promises to be a very voluminous work.

Thorn's Tracts on the Errors and Evils of the Church of England.

These "Tracts for the Times" are written by a Dissenter and a Voluntary, who attacks the Church shrewdly, on almost every point of her discipline and government, and on many of her doctrines; and who also shows up the Puseyites.

Letters on Puritanism and Non-conformity. By Sir John Bickerton Williams, Knt. London: Jackson & Walford.

These letters, written by an Independent who is well able to render a reason for the faith that is in him, have been drawn forth by the inveterate hostility which has been of late displayed by Churchmen to the very name of Dissent. The letters form an able popular defence of Protestant Non-conformity; and their author even carries the war into the enemy's camp, and attacks the Puseyites in their more vulnerable points.

Jest and Earnest. By Arthur Wallbridge.

These are a series of brief, piquant, or lively sketches, which may probably have appeared in some periodical. Some of them, as "Entertainment on the Road," are in Goldsmith's vein, and tell, even under the disadvantage of the comparison.

Bizzare Fables; a series of Eccentric Historiettes. By the author of "Jest and Earnest." Second Edition.

Hints to Servants. With illustrations by Kenny Meadows.

This somewhat bald imitation of Swift's inimitable "Directions to Servants," is written in loose rhymes. Of the dozen illustrations, the full half are very good. The fat cook; the smart lady's-maid, peeping into her mistress's sealed letter; the equivocal housemaid, leaning on her broom, while her thoughts are far distant, all prove their descent from the Meadows mould of woman, which is the same in every rank. It is not a high or perfect one. The portrait of the groom is very clever. He is daily growing in his quiet resemblance to a horse—his face is visibly lengthening.

Men and Manners in America. By Thomas Hamilton, Esq., author of "Cyril Thornton." A new edition. Blackwood & Sons.

This is a cheap and neat reprint of a well-known book, which was popular, at least, with a party. American society is better understood since Captain Hamilton travelled through the States, twelve years ago. Even he might now have modified some of his opinions, though he would not have changed them. There was apparently no subsoil in his mind, in which deeper thoughts could take root. To this reprint a few pleasing letters from the author to his friends and relations in Scotland are prefixed, with a portrait from a painting by John Watson Gordon, which does not in the least flatter the original.

The Latin Governess, for the Use of Mothers and Governesses, &c., &c. By John W. Freese, B.A. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

This manual will be found useful; as many ladies, who know nothing whatever of the Latin language, are often required either to give elementary instruction, or to hear young boys prepare their lessons for school.

Buckingham's America. Fisher & Sons.

Mr. Buckingham has concluded his leviathan work on America, by the publication of another large volume, solely dedicated to the British colonies of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. This volume thus forms in itself a complete work, and one containing abundant material. It is decorated with many fine views of cities, public buildings, and river scenery; and is written in the same style as the previous volumes, with perhaps rather more condensation.

Letters from the Pyrenees. By. T. Clifton Paris, B.A. Trinity College, Cambridge. London: John Murray.

The author of the Letters enjoyed a solitary pedestrian ramble of three months during the last beautiful summer, among the Pyrenean mountains. He had a fair share of adventures, and of small diverting hardships, and tells his story in a lively and unaffected manner. The travels of a pedestrian always possess an interest which belongs to no other mode of progression. He sees more, and he sees deeper; and his spirits are kept in brisker motion. This must be the secret of the attraction of such narratives, even when there is, as in the present instance, very little substance in them.

The Pyrenees; with Excursions into Spain. By Lady Chatterton, author of "Rambles in the South of Ireland," &c. &c. 2 vols. octavo. Saunders & Otley.

All the world, of fashion, is well acquainted with the writings of a lady whose works, according to *The Quarterly Review*, "are marked by talent and refinement;" who, by the authority of *The Times*, "displays an acute perception of human nature;" and who, on the authority of *The Morning Chronicle*, the other year "produced one of the most agreeable, picturesque, and readable books of the season." The work on the Pyrenees is no whit inferior in literary accomplishment to the books to which these praises refer, though the subject may be less interesting. The book, which externally is a very handsome one, is, like Lady Chatterton's former works, interspersed with the floating romantic tales and legends of the country in which she is travelling.

NEW NOVELS.

The Rambles of the Emperor Ching Tih. Translated from the Chinese. 2 volumes. Longman & Co.

The rambles of the Haroun Alraschid of the Celestial

Empire give a very curious, and, at the present moment, a peculiarly interesting view of Chinese opinions, usages, and institutions.

The Home; or, Family Cares and Family Joys. By Frederika Bremer, author of "The Neighbours." Translated from the Swedish by Mary Howitt. 2 volumes. Longman & Co.

We shall not fail to let our readers know something about a new novel, which the author of "The Neighbours" wrote, and Mrs. Howitt thought worthy of being translated into the language of Great Britain and America.

PAMPHLETS.

A Review of the Administration of the Board of National Education in Ireland, from its establishment in 1831 to 1843. By Durham Dunlop, Esq. London: T. C. Newby. Edinburgh: W. Tait. Dublin: Millikin, and Curry & Son.—Mr. Durham makes heavy and grave complaints of the Board, which it would require longer time to investigate than we have been able to command since his pamphlet appeared. The pamphlet merits the attention of every one interested in the Board honestly and fitly discharging its duties. The Commissioners cannot sit still under the serious charge of "having departed from the objects they were intrusted to promote; or that they have grievously misapplied the money intrusted to them, been reckless and wasteful, rash without success, and profuse without adequate advantage."

Numerous Cases of Surgical Operations without Pain, performed in the Mesmeric state; with remarks upon the opposition of many Members of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, and others, to the reception of the inestimable blessings of Mesmerism. By John Elliotson, M.D.—In this pamphlet Dr. Elliotson relates many of those marvellous cases of which the public has already heard, and appears very sore and very angry with his brethren of the profession that they will not see with his eyes.

Six Letters to Sir Robert Peel; being an attempt to expose the dangerous tendency of the theory of rent, advocated by Mr. Ricardo, and by the writers of his school. By T. C. Bansfield, Esq.

POSTSCRIPT POLITICAL.

THE DISRUPTION OF THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT OF SCOTLAND.

The catastrophe, so long threatened and so long delayed, has at length arrived. The Venerable Kirk of Scotland is fairly laid on her beam-ends; the most affectionate and dutiful of her children, Dr. Chalmers and his coadjutors, standing by, looking with no little complacency on their handiwork. The reverend Doctor might have been delighted to say,

"Alone I did it!"

—but this is a glory denied him. He has had many willing, zealous, and unscrupulous auxiliaries, and many more dupes and victims. Let not, however, Voluntaries and Dissenters at a distance imagine, that this fell matricide has been committed from any dislike to the principle of a State Church, as one directly opposed to the religious liberties of mankind and the interests of pure Christianity. The new Seceders hold directly the reverse of this; and the "General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland"—the resonant title which the body has assumed—was not three hours old, before its first Moderator, Dr. Chalmers, took pains to proclaim deadly animosity to Liberals and Dissenters, whom he denounced in no measured terms, as seditious, discontented, restless men, dangerous alike to Church and State; with whom he and his party would take neither part nor lot.* It is not then from disapprobation of a State, *i. e.* an "Erastian Church," or from dislike to ministers receiving State pay, which the Doctor regards as a most important element in the maintenance of religion, the very pabulum of Presbyterianism, that the disruption has arisen; but because the Established clergy, while eating the bread which the State provided for them, could not be as much above its control as the ministers of independent bodies of Dissenters; that they should not be at liberty to do what they liked with what was *not* their own,—that as often as the decisions of

* That Dissenters and Voluntaries everywhere may know what are the fundamental principles of the New Free Presbyterian Church, we subjoin an extract from Dr. Chalmers's opening speech:—"To be more plain, let me be more particular. The Voluntaries mistake, if they claim us as Voluntaries. We hold it to be the duty of Government to give their resources and means for the maintenance of a gospel ministry in the land; and we pray that their eyes may yet be opened, and that they may learn to acquit themselves as protectors of the Church, and not as its corrupters or tyrants. (Applause.) May the sin of Uzziah be forgiven them, and may the day speedily come, when 'kings shall be the nursing fathers, and queens the nursing mothers of the Church.' (Renewed Cheers.) In a word, we hold that every post and function of the commonwealth should be leavened with Christianity, and that every functionary, from the highest to the lowest, should in their respective spheres do all that in them lies to countenance and to uphold it. That is to say, though we quit the Establishment, it is right that it should be understood that we go out holding the Establishment principle. We quit a vitiated Establishment; but we shall rejoice to return to a purer one. (Great applause.) Or, to express it otherwise, we advocate the national recognition and the national support of religion; and we are not Voluntaries. (Cheers.) Again, if we thus openly proclaim our differences with men who, under the guise of principle—and of this principle we question not the honesty—refuse, in the affairs of the Church, to have any participation with the Government—still more resolutely do we disclaim all fellowship with men who, under the guise of direct and declared opposition, lift a menacing front against the powers that be; or, disdaining government, and impatient of restraint, manifest a spirit of contention and defiance. If we refuse to coalesce with one, and that a powerful body, on the question of ecclesiastical polity, still less would we seek to strengthen ourselves by amalgamating with another body of contentious and violent worldly politicans, and, least of all, with men whose element is confusion, and who delight in the wild war of turbulence and disorder. Our enemies—the high aristocracy of the land—will be strengthened in their hostility against us by our coöperation with men who are bent upon the destruction of the Church. . . . . I look upon the Presbyterian Church of Ireland as possessing a value which is possessed by no other Church in Christendom. It is altogether charged with high Christian principles; and there is not another Church within the limits of reformed Christendom of which we can say the same. Through the *Regium Donum* the principle of a National Establishment is invested in your Church, and yet you possess perfect spiritual liberty."—*Scotsman*, May 20th.

their courts came into collision with the judgments of the civil courts, the latter should yield. From first to last, for the seven years that this affair has disturbed Scotland, the struggle has been for clerical power, veiled, at one period, with the thin pretext, latterly thrown aside, of demanding for a few of the people a roundabout check —a veto upon the exercise of lay patronage.

The cry of "Wolf!" had been raised so often; the threat, "We will go off, and leave manse, glebe, and tiends!" so frequently reiterated, that the public had become incredulous; though it was not seen how the Protesters could, in common decency, remain much longer. Late symptoms, of a more than ordinary attention to the commissariat department and the replenishment of the treasure-chest, foreboded a serious campaign. By one means or another, nay, by all kind of means, fair and unfair, a very large sum of money had, this year, been collected for building meeting-houses, and "the sustentation of the clergy," and a much larger sum subscribed. In the meantime, by the late election of members to the General Assembly, it was evident that the party which had for some years carried matters with so high a hand—attempting to bully successive Governments into the concessions they demanded, and defying the courts of law—would be in a minority in their own Assembly, to whose *dicta*, of course, they were bound to submit. On perceiving this, it was deemed politic not to hazard even one vote; not to wait until the General Assembly had been constituted by the election of its chairman, (the Moderator,) which must have gone against them, but at once to declare off! This was done by the reading of a long protest against the proceedings and judgments of the Supreme Court of Scotland, which have been affirmed by Parliament as often as they were appealed, and against the Governments which had refused their claims; and the seceders rose and walked out, to the number of eighty-nine parish ministers, and thirty-one *quoad sacra* ministers—a kind of irregulars, who, by the decision of the courts of law, had no right to sit in church courts—and seventy-three elders. Even if the *quoad sacra* ministers and their elders had been included, the number retiring was a minority of the whole Assembly. It is not to be imagined that an affair which had, for seven years, produced so much rancorous agitation, was to reach the crisis without creating some sensation out of doors. The adherents of the party had collected in considerable numbers. The course that was to be taken was previously known; and, when the Seceders—the martyrs—appeared, they were received with some cheering, and accompanied down hill to a deserted pile, where, seven years ago, the citizens of Edinburgh gave a dinner to Mr. O'Connell. Dr. Chalmers was then, by acclamation, chosen Moderator of "The First General Assembly of the Free Presbyterian Church;" and, having first explained the reasons of secession, the Reverend Doctor lost no time in making that vituperative manifesto against other Dissenters, and that eulogy on endowed Establishments to which we have referred.

Leaving the new General Assembly to act its virgin fancies, let us now for a moment inquire what principle gave rise to it? what led so many protesting martyrs to forsake "the Church of their fathers," first inflicting upon her what they do not scruple to avow is, as they hope, a mortal stab. We write for the information of readers in England and Ireland, and for Scotsmen abroad, many of whom labour under the mistake of imagining that, on the part of the leaders of the seceding party, this has really been a liberal and generous popular movement; a struggle for popular principles, for extending the religious rights of the people of Scotland. It has been no such thing. How was it possible that a body of clergy, bound hand and foot to the State, who were preëminently—and right proud too of the title—Ministers of the Established Church,—how was a body of men thus fettered, and willing to be fettered, to take the lead in any popular movement which had for its object the enfranchisement of the People from the yoke of lay patronage, save by a species of rebellion? While the Non-Intrusion party—more correctly the Kirk-Court-Supremacy party—held the State bound to maintain them in their benefices, which they had obtained only through lay patronage, they also claimed, when it suited them, to defy and despise its control; and to become the *soi-disant* champions of the rights of the People. These things were wholly incompatible; and, accordingly, as soon as they were touched in what they claimed as their own prerogative, the bungle and juggle in which the popular part of the question was veiled, the Veto law, was thrown to the winds. "The veto was a bagatelle," proclaimed Dr. Chalmers, when compared with the Courts of Law audaciously presuming to control the Kirk Courts in matters which his party called "spiritual,"—while all men of plain sense called it the necessary protection of the civil rights of men, either deprived of their livings, or kept out of them, because they obeyed the laws of the Church and the laws of the land, instead of the arbitrary *dicta* of a dominant party in the Kirk Courts.——Had this party really been what they pretended to be; had they acted upon any consistent and intelligible principle, conducted themselves with Christian feeling and propriety, and, ceasing to be hirelings of the State, had become the leaders of the People, in seeking an enlargement of their rights, they would have gone out at once, carrying with them the sympathy and respect of good men of all parties. How stand they now, when forced to withdraw, from having found it hopeless to obtain, by defiance, threats, and bullying, those arrogant claims which the interests of society cannot permit any government to yield to any body of Established clergy? They must have been mad even to have dreamed of attaining their objects; and they must have seen their folly in the coldness, indifference, or reprobation with which their struggle has been viewed by the men of Scotland of every sect and political party. To persons at a distance, who cannot understand the real question—namely, the struggle of a Kirk corporation for power uncontrolled by the law—through the smoke of controversy and maze of words in which it has been involved, it is a pregnant fact, that not one newspaper in Scotland, Liberal or Conservative, has been found to advocate the cause of the Kirk-Court-Supremacy party; and that they were at last under the necessity of setting up a press of their own. The whole body of Dissenters in Scotland have, until they seceded, been against them, both in reference to the objects struggled for, and the unseemly mode of conducting the struggle. But to read of their sayings and doings, a stranger might imagine that there was not a Dissenter, nor a Dissenting minister, in all Scotland; that they alone divided the whole field with the Moderate ministers. Jealousy of the Presbyterian Dissenters, of the Secession body, was no mean ingredient among the various motives which originally produced this turmoil. That body has, within the last fifty years, rapidly increased in numbers,

wealth, and intelligence; and now reckons, it is said, nearly a half, if not a full half, of the urbane population of the country among its adherents, while its substantial meeting-houses and manses rise in every valley. The passing of the Reform Bill brought this body a vast accession of political power. In some quarters of the country it turned elections against the Kirk party. This aggression from the Seceders without, was not to be submitted to; and, within, the Kirk was distracted, as it always has been, by party-feeling of the bitterest kind, inherited by its Courts from the old feud between the High-flyers and Moderates. The High-flyers had, at length, gained the Supremacy: they have not used their faculties either wisely or meekly. They perceived that, to cope with the new accession of political power, and the popular principle of electing ministers, enjoyed by the Presbyterian Dissenters, they, too, must popularize, or else lose their influence and numbers. But they did not set honestly about the work to which party zeal and hatred of the Dissenters prompted them. They wished to make tools of the People in carrying out their own selfish objects; and they have temporarily succeeded to a small extent: —to a very small extent it must be with men or women capable of putting two ideas together. To their flocks if what they longed for was freedom to choose their own ministers, the Secession stood open; holding the same doctrines, and discipline, and principles of Church government as themselves; differing in no respect, save that minister and people, choosing to enjoy spiritual freedom, had voluntarily, a century ago, renounced the secular advantages of an Establishment. Why did not the turbulent, restless, and ambitious leaders in this movement follow the dignified and Christian-like example of the Erskines and Moncrieffs, who, in peace and quiet, planted that little grain of seed which has since grown into a goodly tree, sheltering and adorning the land? And why have they not, on at length seceding, joined the original body of Seceders, who, if they are in the right path, are assuredly their elders and betters? Why have they not humbly sued to be received into that body? Do they hope ever to be recognised as an Establishment, or again to draw State pay? One might augur something like this from the fervent admiration which Dr. Chalmers, on the second day of the Free Assembly, expressed for the Presbyterian Church of Ulster, his *beau idéal* of a perfect church, where the State, from considerations of policy, gives, at its pleasure, a small dole to the ministers, exactly as it does to the College of Maynooth, and interferes with the internal concerns of neither. Dr. Chalmers' ideas of the glory and beauty of a perfect State Church have surely sunk lamentably. Is "The Free Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland" to end in accepting Larry O'Branigan's

"Good frindly sop of the rale *Raigin Donem*." *

Is the Chancellor of the Exchequer to become the nursing-father, and the Home Secretary the nursing-mother that Dr. Chalmers yearns after? The deputations to and from Ulster, the fraternization with the Presbyterians of Ireland, and the dead cut given to the Presbyterian Secession of Scotland—a pure and independent body, with whom people of common sense would imagine that the Non-intrusionists on leaving the Church would feel proud to be completely identified—have certainly a strange appearance. We shall see how they will shape their course, and what new spiritual privileges the Founders of the Free Church are to secure to the People beyond other Dissenters —now that they have the power to give the People, not a mere veto, but a direct and uncontrolled liberty of choice. But more: Will the Founders and Legislators of the Free Church consult the great body of the People as to its constitution, and the limitation of their own powers in its courts? Will they summon to their Assembly representatives from all the parishes? What power, what active and potent voice, are the Christian People to have in their own Church? The Fathers of the Free Church must adopt some popular measure, if they are to prosper. The constitution of the other Dissenting bodies—an eye to popular support—to the vile pence—guarantees some degree of popularity in their institutions. But will it be a large or a scanty measure? Will the ministers exercise no crooked control over the People's choice, by their veto? Will the People be allowed to elect their ministers and elders fairly and freely—and why not by ballot? Will the women, who have so liberally contributed to the "Sustentation Fund," have a vote, as among other Dissenters?

We have said, that if the object of the leaders of this party—for the host of followers have been like sheep driven to the slaughter—had been the single-minded and honest desire of extending the Christian privileges, or promoting the religious improvement, of the people of Scotland, even though in connexion with a State Church, they would have carried with them the sympathies and respect of all good men; and we say that even now, at the eleventh hour, when, by their arrogant pretensions and intemperate conduct, they have forfeited the general esteem, they may still redeem themselves,—and, in the hands of an overruling Providence, become the instruments of good both directly and indirectly. The first symptoms, so far as they are concerned, are, however, not favourable. It will soon be seen whether their future course is to be shaped by mere hostility to the endowed body they have tardily left, and jealousy of those Dissenters who lost no time in hailing their retirement from the Establishment,—or if they are actuated by purer motives. In cordially welcoming them into the independent ranks, the Dissenters have hitherto met with but an ungracious reward. Their new-born zeal, as if officious, has been very unceremoniously damped. Dr. Chalmers, who is a sad Marplot for an ecclesiastical leader and politician—though he does the best an essentially honest nature will permit—lost no time, as the Moderator of the Free Church, in giving a sharp rebuff to all Dissenters and Voluntaries. Their Browns, and Marshalls, and Wardlaws might be very respectable sectarian ministers; and the temporary use of their pulpits may be convenient until the Free Church mature her plans and rear her own edifices; but they must not presume to think themselves and their flocks on a footing of equality with the New Free Church and her flock. In a Seceder's Church, of which Dr. Candlish had got the use to raise a rebellion in the parish against the established

* "The fam'd Daddy C—ke, by gor, I'd have shown 'em
As proof how such bastes may be tam'd when you've thrown 'em
A good frindly sop of the rale *Raigin Donem*."

According to his editor, Moore, Larry, in this epistle, evidently means the *Regium Donum*, a sum contributed by the Government, annually, to the support of a favoured class of Presbyterians in Ulster; which they at first swallowed with some difficulty, but now make no bones of.

minister—that reverend person told the Seceders very roundly that he and his party could have nothing to say to them. They might, indeed, coöperate with them for "Catholic objects"—such, perhaps, as the conversion of the Jews!—but Scotland is the hereditary domain of the Free Church, in which its Founders will brook no interference.——The Dissenters, whether Presbyterians or Independents, will surely now know how to keep their distance, and be respectful. Their zeal to welcome the party whose objects and whole course of conduct they had justly condemned, far outran their discretion. They required a lesson, and they got it without loss of time.

In the meanwhile, the fact remains, that about a fourth of the parish ministers have left the Church of Scotland, and given up their livings, together with *quoad sacra* ministers, missionaries, and professors, amounting in all to above 400—some say 427 persons. The number seems very great, by whatever means it has been swelled. But let the friends of religion take the consolation, that not one of these martyrs is lost to Scotland. All who were worth retaining remain in full activity; if not in the Church, then out of it. By the spirit of emulation they will infuse new energy into the Moderate party—rousing the "slumberers in Zion" to a better sense of their duties. The Dissenters may comfort themselves with the reflection, that, in spite of Dr. Chalmers's premature and indiscreet vituperation of their body, and his steadfast love of an endowed establishment, his party, in having thrown off the yoke of the State Church, and placed their dependence on popular support—for there is, alas! no hope of a Scotch *Regium Donum*—must infuse some popular elements into the constitution of their Free Church; that it must be, to some extent, free for the people as well as for the clergy. And the government will now be forced to do something to adapt the Establishment itself to the popular wants and the spirit of the age. This will be immediately forced upon the attention of the government by the friends and the ministers of the Establishment. Reform will assuredly not be found in giving more power to the clergy; so that the prospect is cheering on every side; and every party has cause of congratulation in that awful disruption which threatened so much, and which has turned out,—however brought about,—if not a very great affair, then a good and desirable dispensation. The leading metropolitan martyrs, even in their secular interests, will not, we imagine, be much worse off in their *attics*, than when they were craving or permitting the aid of the civil power, of which they are so jealous, to distrain the goods, and imprison the persons, and violate the consciences of their fellow-townsmen and fellow-christians, to obtain payment of their own stipends. We have never heard of any protest of theirs against the exercise of the civil power in such flagrant cases for their own pecuniary advantage. That *Annuity-Tax* alone, and its hideous consequences to religion and social morality, would, it occurs to us, have been a much better cause for martyrdom—for forsaking the Church and trusting to Providence,—than any that has yet been assigned by the reverend Edinburgh Doctors, Founders of the Free Church.

If it were not that Journalists, like surgeons, become hardened in the discharge of their painful but necessary duties, we could pity those who have, in these times, to write from day to day upon public affairs,—diurnally to record, that everything looks more and more hopeless and gloomy. It is but poor consolation that a Tory Minister is at the head of affairs, and that he has egregiously blundered in all his calculations; while a regularly-declining revenue bears evidence of the protracted sufferings of the people, and of the gradual impoverishment of every class, save the privileged order. It is poor comfort for Liberals to know, that it is Sir Robert Peel, and not Lord Melbourne, who guides the helm, while lamenting the consequences of that system pursued by both parties, which has placed the nation amidst those difficulties and dangers which have imperilled every country that, with a narrowed field of industry, and a discontented population, has also had to contend with a deranged state of the public finances.——Under the pressure and gloom of the present hour, one is fain to look to the future; to watch the faint glimmer of dawn which is afforded by the progress of public opinion on those principles which may yet save the country. In the FREE-TRADE principle, and especially that branch of it which implies the abolition of all taxes and restrictions on the People's food, a long stride, a most triumphant progress, has lately been made. And the number of new votes gained in the House of Commons, and in a Corn-Law Parliament, is by no means the measure of the progress of a cause which must have a wide and solid foundation out of doors, before it can lift its head there. In the other great measure, that for Complete Suffrage, if the immediate agitation is less extensive, people not being able to do two things at a time, and do them equally well, the signs are as decided. This cause must prosper, and for the simple reason, that the working-class being already gained, the intelligent of the middle-class are daily learning that free representation is as necessary for the security of whatever degree of justice they may have wrung from the aristocracy, the "class legislators," as for the obtainment of those farther measures of reform which the well-being of the whole people requires. Mr. Sharman Crawfurd ought therefore to be congratulated upon the ground he has gained. How few years is it since Corn-law Repeal met with a much more ungracious reception in the House of Commons, than Complete Suffrage did last week. Looking around, all is gloom and despondency; but forward, and there is, else the blame is our own, every reasonable ground of hope which a good cause, union, and perseverance can inspire.

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PERAULT; OR, SLAVES AND THEIR MASTERS.

(*Continued from page 360 of our June Number.*)

CHAPTER XVII.

THE INSURRECTION, AND ITS SUPPRESSION.

A NUMBER of the most intelligent of the guard volunteered their services to alarm the citizens at the various club-houses, theatre, and principal boarding-houses; and being all disguised, and in possession of the negro password, they slipped one by one from the private entrance of the guard-house, and passing the negro bands with the well-known signal, succeeded in putting a powerful body of the citizens upon the alert. In the meantime, Galliard passed safely through the various gangs, and having secured a horse, dashed through the city lines, and speedily gained the road along which the Cadets had been ordered to advance.

Brookley and Maitland were not idle. The guard were employed in secretly dragging several pieces of artillery from the sheds at the back of the premises, and placing them at the lower windows of the guard-house; whilst a strong body of the guard was placed on the upper part of the building, and even on the roof. These preparations being secretly and fully made, Miss Bellgrove was removed to the safest part of the building, and entrusted to Whackie's care, whilst Tom was placed in his old quarters, the *black-hole;* and the guard, in anxious silence, awaited the onset of the insurgent host.

The hour of nine was heard pealing from the various steeples of the city; still the negro drum was silent. A buzz of voices was heard: the sound rose louder and louder; a distant horn sounded; a wild horrific yell burst upon the ears of the guard, and amidst a tremendous volley of musketry, which smashed every window of the guard-house, the negroes advanced to the assault. Instantly the signal was given to the guard; the guns were pointed from the windows, and opened at once upon the assailants; whilst from the roof and upper windows of the building, the guard poured down a continued fire amidst the thick mass of the insurgents.

Surprised at the unexpected resistance, the negroes retired for a space; but the cry arose amongst them, to fire the guard-house and destroy its defenders. Maitland and Brookley instantly formed the design of attempting to drive the negroes back, and maintaining their position in front of the guard-house, till aid should arrive. They, therefore, headed a considerable body of the guard, and sallying out upon the insurgent host, by a sudden assault, drove them before them at the point of the bayonet; then causing a number of the trees to be torn down from the side walks, the street was speedily and effectually barricaded against the assailants. A number of the citizens had by this time assembled; but unable to break through the negro ranks, they took possession of a large wooden building adjoining the guard-house, and from the verandahs opened a most destructive fire upon the insurgents. It was then that the loud shouts of the advancing host, headed by Perault and the other ringleaders, was heard, and led the citizens to expect the fiercest part of the conflict. A number of buildings by this time had been set on fire; and, by the broad blaze, the immense mass of the rebel army was seen rapidly approaching.

Maitland and Brookley now caused the cannon to be dragged from the guard-house, and placed so as to enfilade the streets; and as the dense mass approached, the cannon opened upon them with fearful effect, and the well-directed volleys of musketry caused the fiercest of the insurgents to shrink back.

Perault now saw, that unless the barrier was surmounted, and the guard overpowered, the citizens would soon give sufficient aid to keep the negroes in check; and, followed by Zama, he rushed to the front of the assailants, and, cheering on their forces, dashed boldly over the barricade; but they were repelled, with dreadful loss, and obliged to retire. The citizens were now gathering fast; and, from the roofs and verandahs, a deadly fire was opened upon the negroes. Perceiving that the citizens, from one of these houses, were thinning the ranks of the insurgents, Perault ordered the house to be set on fire. Instantly his orders were obeyed. The negroes rushed to the assault; and

a fierce struggle was carried on between the incendiaries and the defenders of the house, even while the flames were curling around the pillars of the piazzas, and bursting from the windows; while the gallant band forced their way through the insurgents' ranks, and joined the city guard. The whole host of the insurgents now advanced; and victory seemed inclining in their favour, when the rushing sound of horses' hoofs, mingling with the clang of sabres, was heard. The bright blaze gleamed upon the helmets of the mounted Brigade; and, with a wild hurrah, the cavalry dashed into the serried ranks of the rebels. Loud shrieks of terror burst from the trampled negro bands; and numbers of them, throwing away their weapons, fled for safety to the very homes which they had dedicated to bloodshed and ruin. Driven back by the furious charge of the cavalry, and checked in the midst of their career, the negroes became dispirited, and the tide of battle seemed rolling against them; when the quick eye of Perault at once perceived the ruin of their cause, and with ready tact the insurgent leader resolved to make one more desperate effort to retrieve his sinking power. Rallying the boldest of his followers around him, he led them again to the attack, and, in turn, caused the mounted Brigade to retire, disputing every inch of their ground. A number of trees were hastily torn down from the side walks; and, with them and the large paving-bricks and wood, the negroes speedily formed a strong barricade, to protect themselves from the sudden charges of the cavalry; and, from behind this barricade, the insurgents kept up a galling fire on the cavalry, causing horses and riders to roll in the dust. Still the Brigade resolved not to be repulsed; but their vain efforts to overleap the barricade only tended to their own loss and disadvantage. The white troops, seeing the strong position which the negroes were now assuming, resolved to drive them from it; and the signal being given for the mounted Brigade to fall back, Major Maitland advanced with his Cadets, who, pouring in a well-directed volley on the negroes, charged across the barricade, and drove the insurgent host before them.

Perault and Zama rushed to the spot; and the ranks of the Cadets being broken, the renewed combat became one of individual prowess—hand to hand, and man to man. Hemmed in, and surrounded by the whole host of the insurgents, the Cadets found their rifles of no use, and were obliged to have recourse to their daggers and long bowie-knives, which were of effectual service in this close fighting. Fresh troops, meanwhile, poured over the barricade to assist the Cadets; and the combat deepened. It was then that Perault singled out Maitland in the *mêlée*, to whom he imputed the frustration of his designs; and with redoubled ferocity he sprang upon him. Maitland parried the blows of the infuriated Perault, till Gullah Jack, rushing forward to the assistance of his friend, struck the sword from the hand of Maitland, and left him exposed to certain death. With a shout of exultation, Perault lifted his sabre; and the blow was descending on the helpless, unarmed youth, when it was suddenly arrested by Zama, who, perceiving the perilous situation of Maitland, and mindful of the affection which Zada had towards him, rushed forward to the rescue on the impulse of the moment, heedless of the consequence. Gullah Jack, at the same instant, was stretched upon the earth, and Zama stood between Maitland and his foes.

"Monsters!" exclaimed the negro; "two of you against an unarmed man."

"Hell!" shouted Perault, "are *you* against us? Do *you* betray us? Traitor! take your reward." So saying, he struck down Zama's guard, shivered his sabre to the hilt, and stretched him at the feet of Maitland. By this time the white troops had cleared away the barricade; and the cavalry, like a whirlwind, rushed on, driving all before them. Maitland, with difficulty, saved himself from the fearful rush; but Zama was completely covered by the falling negroes, and trampled beneath the horses' hoofs.

The stubborn spirit of the negro rebels was fast sinking, and their energies seemed almost paralyzed;—still they fought on without yielding one inch of ground. Perault's voice was still heard above the din, animating the rebels to the attack; till, maddened at the failure of his bold attempt, and still kept in check by the citizens, he gave the signal for the insurgent host to seize the shipping: and, while the foremost ranks continued to oppose the white troops, a heavy mass of the insurgent host deployed through the lanes and streets, and commenced their attack on the troops drawn up to defend the harbour. But here an unexpected obstacle arose. The sailors belonging to the various vessels had been speedily assembled and armed; and the garrison of Castle Pinckney, alarmed by the blaze of the buildings, and the sounds of warfare in the city, had forwarded a strong party to aid the citizens. These uniting with the sailors, repelled the insurgents with immense loss; and Perault, baffled in this attempt, was compelled to withdraw his forces. It was then that Perault formed the most daring project that ever entered his fertile brain. Seeing that almost every hope of success or escape was cut off, and knowing that the garrison had been hurriedly called from Castle Pinckney, and that the negroes in that fortress were all engaged in the plot, he resolved to seize it, and thus command his own terms with the city, which lay under its guns. His intentions were instantly communicated to the insurgent leaders; and in regular order the negroes retreated to the beach, (where their canoes lay,) closely pursued by the white troops. Having reached the beach, they formed; and, while one body endeavoured to drive back the white troops, another strong body entered the canoes, and gave the signal, "To the fort!—to the fort!" The citizens at once perceived the desperate game of the insurgents, and strained every nerve to defeat their object. One fierce charge broke the ranks of the negroes on the beach; and they fled to the canoes, scrambling in confusion through the water. The combat now became more fierce; for the white troops, rushing into the water after the fugitives, grappled with and upset the canoes; while others, hurling the negroes from the canoes,

darted forward and prevented the foremost from proceeding. Among those most prominent on this occasion was Galliard, who took the lead, and, accompanied by a few of his gallant comrades in a boat, dashed forward to the place where Perault's voice was heard animating the insurgents; and sweeping alongside of the canoe which contained the rebel leader, Galliard and his companions grappled with the rowers, and with their bowie-knives cleared a space, into which they sprang. Galliard rushed on Perault, who struck him a blow which nearly shivered the steel frontlet of his helmet, and almost forced him overboard. Instantly recovering from the shock, Galliard flew upon, and closed with the insurgent leader. A furious struggle ensued; but the frail canoe, unable to bear the violent motions of the combatants, reeled from side to side, and at length upsetting, hurled the combatants into the waves. Other canoes pressed to the spot; and Perault, nearly drowned, and covered with wounds, was dragged insensible from the water; while the loud shouts of his conquerors, proclaimed the joyful tidings of victory.

The insurgents now sought for safety in confused flight; and the morning dawn broke in upon the scene of bloodshed, when, tired of their efforts, the citizens allowed the wreck of the rebel host to escape; while Perault, bound hand and foot, was dragged to the strongest cell of the city prison.

The sun arose upon a scene of horror and desolation. The streets were strewed with the dead and dying—negroes and whites stretched side by side; while the black and smouldering ruins of the burned houses, bore fearful evidence of the horrors of the preceding night.

Fatigue parties were sent out to carry in the wounded, and collect the dead. Few rites of sepulture were awarded to the negro dead; who were generally tossed into the bay, to become the prey of the swarm of sharks which always infest it. Amongst some of the parties who were removing the wounded and the dead, Maitland and Mr. Bellgrove, accompanied by Mr. Norrisville, appeared. Mr. Bellgrove and Mr. Norrisville had been alarmed, along with the other inhabitants of Sullivan's Island, at the sounds of war in the city, and had instantly left the island, and returned to town, where they had arrived immediately after the insurgent host was defeated. Many of the planters accompanied them; and amidst every group of the dead negroes, the favourite slave of some one or other of them was found. From amongst a group of the slain, one negro was dragged, who was still breathing; and the surprise of the guard, and those around, was great at the remarkable symmetry of this negro's form and features. Some considered that it was some young white man, who had tinged his features and disguised himself to lead on the insurgent bands; and they became still more confirmed in that opinion, when, on opening his vesture, they found a massy gold chain, to which was attached the portrait of a young and beautiful white female. Attracted by the crowd around this negro, Maitland and his friends pressed forward, and instantly recognised the wounded Zama. With some difficulty, they persuaded the guard to carry him to Mr. Bellgrove's mansion, pledging themselves to give him up should he be demanded; and Zama was instantly borne thence, and placed under the care of a skilful surgeon.

The citizens and army of the district were speedily assembled under arms; the city lines and fortifications were strongly guarded, and artillery was planted in every street; while troops of cavalry scoured the avenues to the town and the surrounding country. Strict search was made for the suspected ringleaders of the insurrection; and fully four hundred negroes were thrown into prison in the course of the forenoon. From documents found upon the persons of some of the conspirators, it was easily ascertained who were the principal instigators of the plot; and Perault was discovered to be the prime mover of the insurrection. His intercourse with Hayti was exposed, and the whole of his deep-laid plans were developed. The fearful extent of the conspiracy, and the profound secrecy in which it had been kept, amazed the citizens; and a feeling of distrust and inquietude pervaded every bosom.

Colonel Waldenberg heard of the defeat of the Cherokees, and the suppression of the insurrection of the negroes, in the same breath; and his rage, on learning that Major Maitland had the honour of both, completely overpowered every other feeling. Chagrined that his slave, Perault, should have carried on the whole conspiracy, actually under his own eye, and made him the unsuspecting tool of his personal negotiations at Hayti, Waldenberg felt no pity that his rebellious slave had fallen into the hands of the conquerors; and an anxious desire to throw part of the blame on Maitland, for forwarding Perault and the armed negroes to the city, was now his sole object. It was with a feeling of fiend-like joy that he heard Zama yet lived, and had been taken; and Waldenberg now swore deep and fearful vengeance against the negro for the blow which had reduced him to his present helpless state; and, shaking off sickness, he suddenly summoned his council to attend him.

In the evening, Mr. Bellgrove was seated with Major Maitland and Mr. Norrisville, talking over the events of the day, when Maitland expressed some anxiety about Zama.

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Bellgrove; "he has been sadly misled. There was some foul play on Waldenberg's part towards Zada, which drove the poor fellow into the arms of the insurgents. Yet I feel deeply, that he of all others should have betrayed me."

"Horrible though that plot was," said Maitland, "still there are circumstances which ought to plead on the behalf of the greater number of those who joined it; and if examples are to be made, severity should not be stretched too far."

They were here interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer-gate, which was no sooner opened, than a troop of cavalry galloped into the court-yard and surrounded the premises; and the commanding officer, dismounting, requested to be conducted to the presence of Mr. Bellgrove.

"Captain Riley," said Mr. Bellgrove, as the officer entered, "you come followed as if you expected to meet with foes here."

"A council is at present sitting at the Governor's house," answered Riley, "which you and Major Maitland are requested to attend.——My orders are to search your premises, and seize upon the negroes therein."

"My name and rank," rejoined Mr. Bellgrove, "might have proved a sufficient protection from this violation of my house. By whose orders do you act?"

"By the orders of Colonel Waldenberg," he answered. "He heard that one of your favourite slaves led the insurgents last night, and that he lies concealed in your house."

Mr. Bellgrove, accompanied by Maitland, instantly proceeded to the Governor's house; and on entering the hall, observed that the council was composed of some of the district judges and citizens. Colonel Waldenberg acted as president of the meeting. His head was bound up,—his features were pale, and strongly marked with pain; while now and then an angry scowl gathered on his brows, as if he was bent on some desperate effort. At the moment of their entry, Lieutenant Galliard was undergoing an examination, relative to his negroes, some of whom were amissing, and, among the rest, dandy Tom.

"I can assure you, gentlemen," said Galliard, addressing the council, "that the fellow Tom is so great a coward, that he would not face his own shadow; and had it not been for his confession, we might have been overpowered by the insurgents before we were aware of their force."

"The negro is not worthy of our attention," said Colonel Waldenberg; "let him go, on Mr. Galliard's responsibility for his conduct." His eye fell on Major Maitland; and with a malignant scowl, he addressed him, saying—"So, Major Maitland, you have thought proper to call on me at last."

"Yesterday I called, but found your house locked up," answered Maitland; "hence I could not meet with you."

"You brought the Indian warfare to a close, I understand, on terms which we may yet reject," said Waldenberg; "and timed your arrival in the city so as to hurl our Cadets upon the unruly rabble of negroes."

"You speak the truth," answered Maitland, angry at the tone in which Waldenberg addressed him; "but had you followed up the first advantage which our Cadets obtained over the Indians, instead of loitering away the time at Myrtlegrove, their power would have been sooner broken, the insurgent negroes more easily awed, and much bloodshed prevented."

"I sit not here to be lectured by you," said Waldenberg, fiercely. "I am informed that you forwarded forty armed negroes to the city, under the command of one of the most powerful ringleaders of the insurrection."

"To guard you and the friends accompanying you to the city, I allowed certain of the negroes of Myrtlegrove plantation to escort you down the Wandoo, under the command of Lieutenant Galliard."

"You hear this, gentlemen," cried Waldenberg, addressing the council; "and you know that the greater part of these negroes were taken prisoners this morning! And I understand, further, that you, Major Maitland, refuse to give up any of your own slaves on this occasion."

"Because none of them were concerned in the insurrection," answered Maitland.

"How do you know that?" inquired Waldenberg, testily.

"Because my servants know, if they want their freedom they may have it for the asking; and they know, that every well-deserving negro on my estates is freed, without his asking it, and amply provided for," answered Maitland.

The councillors looked at each other with surprise; and Waldenberg, throwing himself back on his chair, addressed Mr. Bellgrove with assumed hauteur, which ill disguised the agitation he was evidently labouring under. "I regret to hear that you, Mr. Bellgrove, have been aiding the concealment of one of the principal ringleaders of this plot—I mean your slave, Zama."

"There has been no concealment, so far as he is concerned," said Mr. Bellgrove; "the poor lad may have been misled, like many others. Perhaps *you* know best, Colonel Waldenberg, what forced *him* to join the insurgents."

Waldenberg half started from his seat, his face flushed with anger; but he sunk back again, and, with quivering lips, sat trembling, lest the fact of his having been struck to the earth by the negro should be made public. Mr. Bellgrove, however, alluded to the carrying off of Zada, and imputed the Colonel's agitation to a consciousness of his guilt. Further conversation was broken off by the entrance of Captain Riley, who approached Colonel Waldenberg, and said, "Your orders have been obeyed."

"Is the negro, Zama, taken?" inquired Waldenberg, more violently agitated than before, as he arose hastily from his seat.

"He is," the Captain replied; "and he now lies in prison."

"Thank you!—thank you!" gasped Waldenberg, as he dropped on the chair again, and sat for some time silent; then suddenly rising, he said—"Gentlemen, I must now retire; I feel that to-day's proceedings have been too much for me." He bowed, and, leaning on the arm of Captain Riley, slowly left the hall.

The prisons were no sooner filled with the insurgent slaves, and preparations commenced for their trials, than Waldenberg, by dark hints and innuendoes, threw out suspicions of Maitland's conduct. The whole nature of Waldenberg seemed to have undergone a revolution. Pride, honour, rank, fortune,—all would have been gladly sacrificed, to drag Maitland into the toils; so bitter and so deep was hatred implanted in his bosom. There are, in every human breast, some latent sparks of evil, which, once struck, are fanned readily into a flame, and, in their volcano-like eruption, overwhelm all that is good and fair, even in

the noblest character. So it fared with Waldenberg. Struck to the earth by a negro!——there was madness in the thought. Reduced, in consequence of that blow, to a state of almost utter helplessness; while Maitland, his rival in every point, was gaining high renown, and his name the theme of every tongue. It was beyond endurance. In the hopes that his influence with Perault would induce the negro to make some admission or confession which might militate against Maitland, Waldenberg proposed to the council that Perault should be examined before them; and, having gained their consent, orders were given to bring the fallen, though yet dreaded rebel chief into their presence.

In the strongest cell of the prison, heavily ironed and closely guarded, lay the haughty Perault. Knowing that every look was watched, and every word caught at, he had been extremely guarded in his looks, words, and actions; and no Indian Brave could meet his fate with more apparent coolness and indifference than did the baffled negro. Yet within his bosom hell raged; and, had the power been granted him, the wreck of creation alone would have gratified his thirst of vengeance. In this mood he was led before the council.

There was a calmness and dignity in the deportment of the fettered rebel, which inspired the judges with mingled feelings of wonder and hate. Walking with a proud step through the hall, he confronted Waldenberg, and haughtily said, "In obedience to your commands I have been brought hither: what would you with me?"

Waldenberg eyed him sternly, and answered, "I little expected that we should meet in circumstances like the present."

"Nor is it my fault," said the haughty insurgent, "that we do meet thus. If Perault had had his will, he would have saved you all this trouble."

"Remember your situation, Sir," said one of the judges; "and treat your master with respect."

"These," said Perault, as he held out his fettered hands, "remind me too strongly of my situation, but cannot teach me to respect what I despise."

"Perault," said Colonel Waldenberg, "your conduct annoys me. I have ever been a kind and indulgent master to you, and little anticipated such a reward for my kindness."

"*Kindness!*" exclaimed Perault, bitterly. "Mark me, Colonel Waldenberg: I was a free-born African; more nobly born than you, or any one of you who now pretend to sit in judgment on me. I was dragged from my native home, and illegally deprived of my freedom. Your father bought me; and I became your property. I was deprived of home, of fortune, rank and power, and kept the bond-slave of a petty Carolinian planter: this was *kindness*, was it not?"

"You give your insolent tongue too much license," said one of the judges. "You forget that you are a negro, and a slave."

Perault turned to the judge, and, with a sarcastic smile, answered:—"If I mistake not, when you Americans shook off the *British* yoke, you proclaimed to the world, that *all mankind were born free;* and ye raised the standard of *Rebellion* in the name of *life*, LIBERTY, and *fortune:* how then come you to drive the poor negro from the pale of humanity, and deprive him of the blessings you proclaimed to *all* mankind?"

"We came not here to discuss the question of slavery with you," said another of the judges, interrupting him.

"No," said Perault; "nor would you discuss it elsewhere, till the negro, aroused from his lethargy, pleaded his cause with the torch in one hand, and the sword in the other. You Americans fought for *freedom*, and were triumphant; we fought for *freedom* also—we have in the meantime been vanquished: a better day may yet arrive."

"Dog!" exclaimed one of the judges, starting from his seat, "do you hurl defiance in our teeth, and hold out threats to us?"

"I do," answered Perault; "and every negro in the land will respond to my feelings."

"You are too rashly rushing upon destruction," said Colonel Waldenberg. "Yet still we wish to extend mercy to you; and my own wishes will be altogether in your favour, provided you give up the *real Instigators* of the late rebellion, and confess who supplied the insurgent slaves with arms and money."

"Colonel Waldenberg, you think too meanly of the negro character," said Perault. "The negroes are not so destitute of means and money as the world imagine; and in the cause of freedom they would lavish all they have. Behold in *me* the sole instigator of the late attempt to break the yoke of slavery! *I*, and *I* alone, am the man who first aroused my countrymen to strike for freedom—*I* was the sole head and mover of the bold attempt. On *me*, then, and on *me* alone, let your vengeance fall; and if you hope for peace in this world, and for mercy in the next—shed no more blood than *mine*."

Waldenberg sat for some time in fixed astonishment, gazing at the insurgent. "You," he at length cried, "you whose every movement was under my own eyes; you who so recently ventured your own life to save mine from a band of blood-thirsty pirates!"

"Do not deceive yourself, Sir," answered Perault; "it was from no love to you, that I opposed the pirate horde: they were *white men*, and I was at liberty to slay them. When, single-handed, I had nearly cleared the deck, my rage could have turned on you, and our own white crew."

"You must have a savage heart indeed, to injure one who benefited you so much," replied Waldenberg.

"Benefited me?" cried Perault; "me who was born a prince, and leader of my native land! What benefits do you allude to? There is not an angry word or look, not a scornful taunt or gesture, but stands engraven upon my heart in indelible characters, and cries aloud for vengeance! My very garb, the glittering trappings of your own vanity, was to point me out to passers-by, that they might say—There goes some rich man's SLAVE."

"I can overlook your hatred and despise it," answered Waldenberg. "Yet I cannot believe,

that you alone, and of your own accord, could have given to this conspiracy the deep and extensive organisation it assumed. It is generally thought that some foreign power, by means of *some wealthy whites in this city*, first set the Insurrection on foot. Confess, therefore, who are the real parties, and save yourself."

"Were I free to-night," said Perault, "my first act would be, to place myself at the head of my gallant countrymen, and again raise the banner of freedom. I have sworn eternal hatred to your race, and would not ask for mercy at your hands."

"You refuse to confess, then?" said Waldenberg.

"I have already confessed all I ever will confess," answered Perault.

"You know that you have forfeited your life to the injured laws of the State?" said Waldenberg.

"No man," answered the insurgent, "is to blame for recovering that, of which he has been illegally deprived. You talk of injured *laws*—I talk of injured *justice!* Maintaining as we do, that you hold us in illegal and unnatural bondage, we were and are at perfect liberty to recover our freedom by all means in our power."

"The laws of this State declare it to be death for any negro to rise in rebellion against his master," said Waldenberg.

"Laws," answered Perault, "are subservient to justice, and merely point out how justice ought to be administered: such a law as that which you lay down, is founded on *injustice*, and the sooner such laws are blotted from your statute-book the better. Beware! I say—beware! that they are not blotted out with the blood of their upholders."

"You are an incorrigible villain, Perault," said Waldenberg; "and I shall no longer stand between you and the death you merit."

"I know my fate," answered Perault, "and will meet it as I may. Would to heaven," he added, with energy, "that the shedding of my blood might be the means of filling every negro in your land with a desire of vengeance! My life would then not be laid down in vain."

"Remove him!" cried one of the judges. And, with the same haughty air with which he had entered, Perault retired from their presence.

"We must strike terror to the negro slaves, by making a fearful example of the ringleaders of this plot," said Colonel Waldenberg. "Let there be no delay in bringing the prisoners to trial."

So saying, the meeting broke up.

Every preparation was at length made, and the captive insurgents were brought to trial. No undue advantage was taken of their situation, and every legal means of defence was allowed them. Their trial was fair and open. Indeed, it could not be otherwise, when it is considered that many of the rebels were the favourite slaves of the wealthiest families in the city, and that every negro who was convicted *was a considerable dead loss* to his owner; so that the citizens, even had they no other feeling than the all-ruling one of *dollars* and *cents*, exerted every nerve to get their negroes freed of the imputation of participation in the insurrection. Legal talent was not wanting to aid the unfortunate negroes. The brightest and the best stepped boldly forward in their cause; and, to the eternal honour of the Carolinian Bar be it said, that no class of society in the whole Union have shown more determination to vindicate the legal rights, such as they are, of the poor negro.

Perault and Zama were the two most prominent ringleaders; and the bold and headlong charges which they had led on that fearful night, had pointed them out to be the master-spirits of the revolt. In vain was every impediment that legal acumen and forensic knowledge could display, thrown in the way of the trial. About three hundred of the negroes were found guilty. Perault and Zama, with Gullah Jack, Abdallah the Obi, and thirty of the ringleaders were condemned to death. The remainder of the negroes were banished to the swamps of the Mississippi—to them a fate more horrible than death in its worst form.

The only symptoms of agitation which Perault displayed throughout the whole trial, was when the dreadful sentence of death was pronounced, and his eye caught that of Abdallah, bent upon him with a look of deep grief. Regardless of the crowded court, and the mass of armed troops around, Perault stepped forward, and, grasping the hand of the old man, said, in a voice tremulous with emotion,—"Alas! my friend, I have been sorely to blame in dragging thy gray hairs to a bloody grave."

"Fear not for me," said Abdallah, faintly smiling; "they cannot harm me. Fear not for thyself: boldly hast thou braved them, and nobly shalt thou die."

A loud tumult arose near the bar, and the spectators were surprised to behold Colonel Waldenberg, pale and trembling, arise from his seat, and press forward till he stood before Perault and Abdallah.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" exclaimed the Colonel, as he gazed earnestly on Abdallah. "Do I behold——"

"The murderer of thy father!" cried the Obi, interrupting him. "Yes, proud man, thy father fell by my hand. The poor oppressed negro revenged his own wrongs. Thine own fate shall be like thy father's!" he added, in a deep, sepulchral voice; "a negro's hand shall hurl thee to eternity!" The Obi sunk back exhausted, and would have fallen to the ground, had not Perault caught him in his arms.

"Remove the prisoners," exclaimed a stern voice from the Bench; and the armed guards advanced, but suddenly paused as Perault, in a voice almost choked with grief, exclaimed—

"Hold! but one moment: he was the friend of my youth, the only one remaining of my tribe and kindred. If ye are men, grant me but a brief space:—'tis all the grace Perault asks of his conquerers."

Abdallah raised his head feebly, and looking fondly in Perault's face, said,—"I am dying; we will meet again in our own sunny clime, and fear no more oppression. My soul is eager again to wing its flight to its own loved clime. Perault, we

part for a short space now ——" He rolled from the arms of Perault a lifeless corpse. The insurgent bent over the dead body for an instant, and hot scalding tears rolled fast from his eyes; then dashing the signs of his weakness aside, he rose haughtily, and with a look of proud defiance stepped back. He was instantly manacled with the rest of his unfortunate companions, and hurried away to the dungeons allotted for the condemned criminals.

Every exertion which could possibly be made, was essayed by Mr. Bellgrove and Maitland to obtain a respite for Zama. To their surprise, however, they found that every measure which they adopted was thwarted by Colonel Waldenberg; and at last they received a formal announcement, that any alteration of his sentence was impossible, and that Zama must prepare for death.

Among others by whom the fate of Zama was deeply regretted, was Miss Bellgrove. The fond attachment which she had to his sister, and the gratitude she felt towards Zama himself for having saved her life from the Indians, interested her the more in his behalf. The sudden and strange alteration in the conduct and character of Colonel Waldenberg, surprised and grieved her; and the innumerable mean subterfuges which he had recourse to, in protracting the measures for a mitigation of Zama's sentence, inspired her with a feeling of aversion and contempt. The open hostility which Waldenberg now displayed toward Mr. Bellgrove and his household, became the subject of public comment; and the manifold petty, yet irksome duties, imposed upon Major Maitland by his colonel, marked, in the strongest terms, the malignant feelings of the latter, and his anxious desire to harass and annoy his rival. Provoked as he many times was, at the conduct of Waldenberg, still Maitland knew, that whilst the city was in a disturbed state, it was the duty of every citizen to exert himself to the utmost in preserving peace. His duties, therefore, were cheerfully performed; and, in many instances, his gentleness and urbanity effected more in securing the affections of the most stubborn of the suspected negroes, and binding the disaffected ones to the whites, than could all the fearful display around, meant to crush and terrify them into submission.

Whackie was acknowledged as the preserver of the city; and the citizens determined to be for once generous to a negro. Mr. Bellgrove had already given him his freedom, and provided amply for his future support. But Whackie resolved that he would not quit "his good, kind massa;" and, at his own earnest request, he was appointed chief attendant on young Bellgrove.

One day, to Whackie's great consternation, he was ordered to attend a public meeting of the citizens in the Merchants' Hall; and, to his still greater perplexity, he was requested by Mr. Bellgrove to array himself in an elegant suit of clothes of the most fashionable cut. Having equipped himself, Whackie stood for a few minutes admiring his changed appearance in a large pier-glass.

"Oh!" he exclaimed; "wot would dandy Tom say if he saw I now?"

"Whackie, Whackie!" exclaimed one of the negro house-girls, who had pressed into the room unknown to him, "oh! how bootiful you is! you look jost like grand buccra genelem—only you is so black!"

"You is tink dat, Dolly?" said Whackie, with an approving grin.

"La, Whackie!" exclaimed the girl, "wot a nice husban' you make to pretty young nigger gal!" And she glanced at the looking-glass to catch a glimpse of her own face.

"Ah!" said Whackie, grinning and looking most gallantly at her, "some pretty gal jost like you, eh?"

"Oh! fie shame, Whackie!" cried the girl, with an affected giggle; "you make I blush!" And she hid her coal-black face, to prevent Whackie seeing whether a negro girl really blushed, or if, as is ridiculously supposed, they blush yellow.

"Don't blush," said Whackie, fondly; "I shall kiss de blush from dat lubelly cheek!" So saying, he flung his arms around the girl's neck; but was interrupted in the act by young Bellgrove entering the apartment.

"Whackie," cried the youth, laughing; "what is this you're about?"

"Beg pardon, Massa," said Whackie, looking rather awkward; "him was only Dolly—want for brush my coat."

"I should rather think," said the youth, laughing, "you wanted to brush her cheeks!"

Whackie hung his head and gave no answer: while Dolly, casting a saucy look at Charles, hurried from the room.

"Come, Whackie," said young Bellgrove, "the carriage is waiting."

Whackie instantly followed him, and at the front entrance was met by Mr. Bellgrove, who kindly shook hands with him; but the negro was still further amazed, when his friend Haman stood hat in hand before him, and bowing, requested him to step *into* the carriage. Totally bewildered, Whackie knew not what to say or think, till he found himself inside of the carriage, seated by Mr. Bellgrove. Mr. Charles and Mr. Norrisville followed in another carriage; and, drawing up at the Merchants' Hall, Whackie was ushered into the midst of a large assembly, with loud cheers and waving of hats; and, to his great consternation, was seated upon a chair raised on a platform above the spectators. An aged white gentleman approached him, and in name of the citizens of Carlville, presented him with a splendid gold medal, bearing an inscription expressive of their gratitude for the negro's fidelity. This was accompanied with a grant of one thousand dollars per annum while he lived, and freedom from all immunities. A long address was made, of which Whackie did not understand a single sentence, although the words "Saviour of the city"—"preserver of wives and families"—"eternal gratitude"—"negro rebels"—"fire"—"throats cut"—"blood and murder"—"noble negro"—"generous spirit"—"negro fidelity"—"annals of fame"—&c., sometimes struck his ear, which led him at last to sup-

pose, that instead of going to shoot or hang him, as he had at first fancied, they were giving him praise for saving the city and its inhabitants.

"You will be gratified to learn," continued the speaker, "that those rebellious negroes have been brought to trial, found guilty, and condemned to death."

Whackie started, and looked anything but gratified at such intelligence; for, till that moment, he had been kept ignorant of the result of the trials.

"Yes!" continued the speaker, "it affords us the more gratification to honour and admire your fidelity, when we consider, that one of the principal ringleaders of the horrid plot was one of your own fellow-servants, and the favourite slave of your master. Yet vengeance has overtaken his ingratitude, and on the scaffold Zama will soon expiate his crime——"

A loud cry of grief and horror burst from Whackie's lips, as he started from his seat and exclaimed, "Oh! no, Massa!—don't say dat Zama is die!—my good, *kind* Zama! Oh! Massa, you not know poor Zama, or you would not kill him. I love Zama more den I is love my own life. If Zama die, I sall die too—no break poor nigger heart, Massa!—Take back you gold!—take back all you gib me! only spare my dear Zama—dat—dat—is all de reward I ask."

The emphatic noble appeal of the negro was electrifying, and tears were in many an eye that would have been ashamed to weep. The hearts of the hearers were touched, and one simultaneous burst of applause, rang throughout the crowded hall.

"Spare Zama!"—"Spare the negro!"—"Grant the noble fellow's request!"—"Spare them all, if he ask it!"—were the cries now loudly heard. At length the tumult ceased, and Colonel Waldenberg arose, and addressed the meeting. He dwelt upon the most fearful features of the plot, and the influence of the ringleaders over their followers; he pointed out the fairness of their trial, and justice of their sentence; he maintained it was madness to liberate one of the condemned insurgents, as, in that event, they would only plot anew with more effect. He spoke of Perault, his high talents, and depth of power for intrigue; he spoke of Zama as one of Perault's stamp, and blamed Zama for leading Perault into the conspiracy: if they liberated Zama, he maintained they might as well butcher their fellow-citizens at once, and fire the city themselves. So effectually did he lead his hearers along with him, that before he ended they were displeased with Whackie for having asked them to spare Zama.

Every word which Colonel Waldenberg spoke, was listened to by Whackie with intense eagerness, and he grew faint as he perceived there was no hope for Zama. Waldenberg having gained his point, now turned to Whackie, and proudly addressed him: "Take the rewards the citizens have thought fit to give you; but dare not to interfere with the course of justice."

"Dam you black heart!" exclaimed Whackie, transported with rage. "Oh! dat I was a white man for jost five minute, to lickee you!"

Waldenberg frowned darkly, and, turning to the spectators, proposed that the meeting should break up, which was agreed to; and poor Whackie, almost broken-hearted, was carried home again.

Resolved to make another effort to save Zama, Whackie instantly sought Miss Bellgrove, whose influence with Colonel Waldenberg, he thought, would go far in Zama's favour, and cause him to forego the bitter rancour he had displayed against the ill-fated negro. With the traces of grief still on his countenance, Whackie stood before Matilda, and sobbing, said:—"Missee, will you do poor nigger one favour?"

"Most cheerfully, if it is in my power," she answered.

"Den, Missee, will you save poor Zama?" he entreated.

"Would that I could!" she sighed. "But every effort has been made, and all in vain."

"Zama was save you life, Missee," said Whackie; "and I tink you can save Zama."

"How? I have no power to do so," she said.

"Yes! Missee, you hab, if Massa Coram Wallinbeg choose for do um, Zama will get free. Now, Missee, Coram Wallinbeg lub you, and he do anyting for you."

Matilda, blushing deeply, answered: "I fear, if you rely on that, you will be mistaken. You forget, Whackie, that Colonel Waldenberg has grossly insulted me, by causing his people carry off my poor Zada. Poor, dear girl!" she added, "would that I knew thy fate!"

"Do try, Missee!" implored the negro. "Oh! forget what he was do—he maybe wish for do good now, to hab you lub him again."

"No, no! Whackie, that cannot be," she answered.

"When poor Zama kill de red Indine, dat wanted for kill you, he no fear all de Red Cherokee togeder; an' why you fear for face Coram Wallinbeg? him was never do for you, wot poor Zama was do. Ah, Missee, do go to de Coram Wallinbeg—say you want Zama save, an' all will do right."

"It is a rash and indelicate step you advise," said Matilda.

"Wot, Missee!" cried Whackie, "it surely no rash and indelicate to save de life of a poor fellow-being?—one, too, dat was so good—so kind as my Zama! If you know how poor Zama lub you, how he use for pray for you—when he thought nobody was near—you would do all you could for save him. If it be rash and indelicate, den we was rash and indelicate for go to de guard-house, and save de city dat night!"

"Then, I will go," said Miss Bellgrove, rising. "You shall also go, Whackie; and heaven grant that we may meet with success!"

Dancing with joy, Whackie flew to order out the carriage for his young lady, and in a short time they arrived at Waldenberg's mansion. Matilda was surprised to observe none but quadroon slaves about the premises; and, on inquiry, learned that the Colonel had sold off all his negroes, and had purchased mulattoes and quadroons in their place, and that he would not suffer a negro to be about his house.

(*To be concluded in our next Number.*)

THE AERIAL STEAMER.

What times are ours! each day some new device:
One day we hear of artificial ice;
Anon, some grand machine for setting types,
And next, perchance, some plan for cleansing tripes!
This is indeed the era of machines;
Nought now is done, as wont, by human means.
The cheery whirring of the spinning-wheel,
The solemn click of the revolving reel,
Is hushed, by that sad climax of thine ills—
My good grandame—the modern spinning mills!
Be jealous, housewives; these dread innovations
Are spreading fast and fatal through the nations.
They soon may deal with culinary matters,
And have machines to wipe and rinse your platters.
Your charter'd rights assert then while you may;
They suffer new invasions every day.
Our honest forefathers, how would they gaze,
And scan your face with looks of dumb amaze,
As you rehearsed the wonders of our age,—
The strange uneasy universal rage,
For something novel, curious, or rare;
Sure there 's a spell about our British air,
That acts in some strange way as an incentive
To tickle up the faculty inventive.
Gas, railroads, steam, how foreign to their ears
The nomenclature of these recent years!
All things now move by clockwork and by springs;
How chang'd, alas! the present state of things
From those good olden times when men had measure,
Both in their plans, their profits, and their pleasure:
Alas! alack! for these degenerate days,
When sons, forsooth! would mend their fathers' ways,
And madly, nay, more impiously ambitious,
Would force the wind and water to their wishes.
Hills tunnell'd—mountains shoved into the sea,
Portentous deeds! The good old times for me.
Shades of departed ancestors! you stare
When told of steam-ships scudding through the sea,
But here is one,—to fly, yes, through the air!
"The air!—oh, hold—my brain reels dizzily."
Nor be it thought that this aërial steamer
Is but the freak of some romantic dreamer—
The airy phantom of his fever'd head:
'Tis the reverse—'tis fact—indeed 'tis made;
And in the British Parliament of late,
It form'd the theme of serious debate.
So this you see, although it is surprising,
'Tis something more than empty theorising.
All former arts this throws into the shade.
The rumbling mail will soon be superseded,
Railways and ships, fleet mediums once of trade,
Shall rust and rot paused, because unneeded.
This new device will carry all before it;
Not grovelling *on* the earth but flying o'er it,
'Twill scud and glide throughout the liquid ether,
In proud defiance both of wind and weather.
To float—to swing—to dangle in mid-sky!
Sublime, etherealizing thought, to fly!
Not dragging painfully along the earth,
Or jolting sea-sick in a sailor's berth,
At every undulation of the ship;
(Yet this is what some call a pleasure trip!)
Not jerked and shattered on a railway train,
With objects crowding on the dizzied brain;
No everlasting friction to impede
The panting engine, and impair its speed.
But, shooting up, we'll wing our balmy flight
Air-borne sublimed, like messengers of light.
Secure and free from every earth-born care,
We'll dance along, elastic as the air.
Swift as the wind our steamer flits along,
Starting the airy tenants in their song.
How shall we scour illimitable space!
Scan the fair features of creation's face;
Gaze from aloft on Etna's belching fire,
And view the garden of our primal sire!
Burst through the barriers of this narrow scene,
Leave far beneath the lumbering terrene,
And soar to regions of the upper world,
Where Britain's flag was never yet unfurl'd!
Up to the lofty eyrie of the eagle
Where he sits sole, magnificent and regal,
Flapping his scornful wings at every danger,
And gazing fiercely on the mighty stranger.
Yet higher still we rise, nor shall we halt,
Till, past the curtain of yon azure vault,
We look supreme down on earth's murky maze,
See far beneath the lurid lightnings blaze
The forky shafts of their innocuous fire,
And winds expend the tempest of their ire!
And lolling thus our airy car within,
Ride proud and safe above the thunder's din.
What altered times when steamers such as these,
Shall quite displace the vessels of the seas;
Shall ply and flit to earth's remotest goal,
And hover proudly o'er her ice-girt pole.
And when their springy forms shall fume and snort
In every inland town and every port,
Thus too most likely will they advertise
The next predestined voyage of the skies—
"The Aerial packet Pegasus will sail,
(It should be fly,) precisely without fail,
On Monday next, the sixteenth day of June,
For Jebel Kumrah—Mountains of the Moon."

Where do you mean or wish to pay a visit?
To Paris—eh? perhaps to Dublin—is it?
Oh, then ascend, we'll land you in a jiffey—
There, now, you're on the margin of the Liffey!
But, pox! I've left my walking-stick at Dover;
Just stand there half an hour till I fly over.
The packet? Sir, 'tis flying just this minute!
Step up.—Catch hold—oh, there now, you are in it.
A jaunt to India will be plaguedly easy.
Your very children will begin to tease ye—
"Papa, I'd like a trip to India soon,
The "Comet" flies this very afternoon."
Well, ought I now to grant this lad permission?
Let me bethink me—Hem! why this is Monday.
Well, you may go, child—but on this condition,
That you be back—mark—to the church on Sunday.
The joyous youth soon pledges punctuality,
As well as strict financial frugality.
Thus, one could spend his breakfast hour at Cork,
Set off and take his luncheon at New York;
In a few hours—rapidity terrific!—
Could cross the bosom of the wide Pacific,
Steer to Pekin and be in time to dine (eh?)
With his Celestial Majesty of China!
But still, perhaps, some timorous soul may say—
"Yes, this is fine; but what if on the way
You knock your head, some dark and starless night,
When by misluck you lose your only light,
On some projecting mountain? don't you fear,
In such a case, you'd scarce know how to steer?
Or it may be, by some disastrous motion,
You might capsize and fall into the ocean."
Now this at first looks plausible and sound,
But closely viewed has not the slightest ground.
We can ascend above earth's highest dust:
Were this not so your argument were just.
As to our course again; why such a rumpus?
Does it not strike you that we'll have a compass?
Thus furnish'd, sure we can be at no loss,
Just fix the tail—then fly direct across.
Not like a ship's course intricate and sinuous—
Ours shall be straight, unchequer'd, and continuous.
A light! Why we could blow one from a cinder;
Or—better yet, might have a box of tinder.
Fear not, good friend, but rest yourself contented;
All such unlucky scathe shall be prevented.

What happy times! when every man could fly
From earth-bred danger to the upper sky.
The earthquake! Pho, we'll mount our flying car,
And view earth's dread convulsions from afar,
Buoyant and safe superior to all harm,
Without one faint emotion of alarm.

Hail, happy day! auspicious era, hail!
When, spirit-like, all men shall fly—not sail:
When brightest names shall be no more despised,
When Henson *thine* shall be immortalized,—
And last not least, when schools of education
Will have their class for AERIAL NAVIGATION!

G. C. H.

MEN OF PREY.

NATURALISTS admit the existence of birds of prey, beasts of prey, fishes of prey,—the jaguar, the shark, or the vulture;—why not of men of prey? The carnivorous fang, the crooked beak, the serrated jaw, the ferocious talon, may be wanting as indications; but it requires no over-wary activity of research to detect attributes equally characteristic.

In former times,

Ere human statute purged the general weal,

it was considered a fine stroke of governmental policy to rid the realm of a similar nuisance, by the exaction of an annual tribute of wolves' heads; and at the present day, every parish and farm has its official rat-catcher or vermin-hunter, whose business it is to issue rewards for the bodies of kites and carrion crows, which are nailed to the barn-door, like malefactors hung in chains, *in terrorem* to other vermin, and for the sake of public example. In our opinion, the moral annihilation of men of prey is an act equally beneficial to the community with the physical extermination of hawks and weasels; and we must consequently be permitted to congratulate the country on the casualties that have lately occurred among the predatory human kind. There has, in fact, been a murrain among these fat kine, which threatens destruction to the species.

But we even pretend to congratulate them on something *further*. No one can doubt that the order of privileged thieves to which we allude,—the money-lenders, usurers, and bill-brokers of the day,—are the mere excrescence of a corrupt order of society: like the fungi or vermiculi generated by decayed wood. In a wholesome framework of things, they could not exist;—there would be neither food for their sustenance, nor shelter for their loathsomeness. When, therefore, we find these noisome creatures perishing of inanition, we may as surely infer that the corrupt particles which nourished them are disappearing, as we are able to detect a house on the eve of falling from the migration of the rats. As the field which is covered with carrion crows must, we know, be fertile in grubs and worms, the city infested with usurers must also be infested with spendthrifts;—and, on hailing in the *Gazette* the names of notorious bill-brokers and their attorneys, we have a right to conclude that their occupation is gone. No victims being left to fill the maw of the men of prey, we are at once rid of the roué and his assassin.

It would be an apt lesson to the times,—a lesson which all who run might read,—were the effigies of these human kites nailed up, as a public example, over the ancient gateways of the various family mansions ruined by their interposition. As the heraldic achievement exhibits its proud escutcheon over the portals through which the master has been recently carried forth to the grave, the portraits of these extortioners should be affixed to the family mansion whose master is expatriated in consequence of the fatal ministry of the bill-broker. *There* they should hang, amid the curses of the miserable tenantry deprived of the protection of the noble landlord, to gild whose waste their labours were so fearfully taxed. The rural population, who have seen the Sheriff's officer and the auctioneer succeed each other in those time-honoured halls,—the fine old family pictures and plate, (in which they took a species of pride and delight, as an investment of the contributions of their forefathers to the family property,) transferred to the hands of strangers,—the old wines, and the last hogshead of October, brewed to grace the future coming of age of the heir of the ancient house, carried off by a publican's dray, to be sold in measures at a pot-house; and who turn away desponding from the mansion which, being entailed, cannot be transferred to a more deserving proprietor; aware that grass is about to clothe the court-yard to which the stranger never repaired in vain for hospitality in the olden time; and that no Christmas dole of blankets and coals is to requite the injury of their high rents and corn-law misfortunes;—the rural population, we say, should learn the precise name and nature of the evil;—should be enabled to place their finger on the livid spot from which emanates the plague and pestilence;—should be taught to pity the thriftless spendthrift, prematurely ruined, as a victim; but to execrate, as a privileged robber, the man of prey who has thriven on his undoing.

We do not allude simply to the bill-brokers,—the two hundred per cent. discounter, who pursues his mole-like calling in those dark corners of the metropolis, at the existence of which the law connives, till we are sometimes tempted to believe that Justice is represented with her eyes blindfolded, only that the people may be unable to discover she is fast asleep. When these men of prey have done their work,—when the silly schoolboy, into whom they inserted their vampire claws at seventeen years of age, is allowed to escape at twenty-one, with his strength exhausted, and scarcely a drop of blood remaining in his veins,—comes the operation of a secondary class of men of prey, more fatal perhaps than the first; who administer restoratives scarcely less exhausting than the attack of the original vampire-bat. In every malady, there are two dangers to apprehend,—the power of the disease, and the power of the physician; and in most fatal cases, the chances are even, which of

the two has finished the patient. But the chances are *not* even when, to the injuries of the money-lender succeed the machinations of the legal setter to rights,—the dry-nurse of ricketty estates,—the bankrupt's friend,—the man of prey, who, seizing from the hands of the trembling, bewildered fool, who has outrun his means, his rent-roll and banker's book, puts a purse into his pocket, bidding him use it sparingly in some foreign country; and that, in the interim, his affairs shall be "brought round!"

We should very much like to know *whose* affairs were ever brought round by one of these plausible extortioners, the quacks of the legal profession. Like the nurse who silences the peevish cries of an ailing child by fatal opiates, they reduce the spendthrift to a state of torpor, by means which he does not perceive to be an extension of the evil; and in the end, devour what spoil has been left by their less plausible predecessors.

Such men enjoy their villa in the neighbourhood of London; their dinners and their claret are quoted;—and they are seen at Epsom, Ascot, or Doncaster, on the plea that one or other of their unfortunate clients is on the turf, whose interests they must attend to. Other of their victims have private boxes at the opera or theatres, which, during their absence from England, are comprehended among the perquisites of the man of prey; for, in sharing the predatory habits of the sleek and spotted leopard, he often shares also the animal's pretensions to comeliness.

Others are forced (for the interests of their clients) to shoot over their preserves or moors, or take a personal interest in their deer-stalking, which might otherwise fall into the hands of interested keepers. The pine-apples of the spendthrift also want eating;—for as a matter of merchandize, what signifies so small an item in the budget? Occasionally a fine statue or picture, bought in by a mistake of the auctioneer, is left to adorn for years the villa of the man of prey, "till he can obtain a purchaser." In short, he is reluctantly compelled to appropriate to his own use, the property of the simple fool to whom every fortnight he despatches lectures and expostulations to economy, at Naples or Brussels; and once a-year, a handsome folio volume in sheets, back-stitched with green ribbon, and neatly tied up with red tape, containing a MS. account of their mutual obligations;—the balance-sheet of which exhibits so formidable a show of arithmetic, that the horror-struck spendthrift locks it up in his desk from the participation of his family; determined to examine it at some more convenient season, and begging, in his next letter to his man of prey—(in this case the true synonym of man of business)—"that it may stand over;" and stand over it does, till, at the end of half-a-dozen years of privation and remorse, the starveling wretch, whose fine estate is at nurse, finds the half-a-dozen volumes as impossible of perusal as though they were Parliamentary Reports.

This is no imaginary sketch. Such men live, and move, and have their being, with their betters so much in their power, as to have acquired a sort of station and respectability among the infamies that be. The flagrant pitch to which the vice of usury was attaining in the English capital, has fortunately wrought its own cure; and within the last year, so prodigious has been the crash of ruin, that, as in the case of the earthquake at Pointe-à-Petre, where, unable to concede separate burial to the dead, quicklime was flung over hundreds of bodies at a time, in order to remove them out of sight before a general pestilence was engendered,—a sort of jail-delivery process has been resorted to, towards the spendthrifts of the land.

The moral effect of this has been considerable. The light of the lantern turned by a gaoler into a dungeon, serves only to revolt the spectator, by exhibiting a black and noisome hole, infested by vermin, and a wretched prisoner mouldering away in the gloom. But the disgust created in the visiter finds wholesome vent. Prison discipline becomes improved; and the successors of that wretched captive profit by the miseries and the exposure he has sustained.

So, though nothing will restore to the venerable castles stripped in our own day of the shade of their ancestral oaks, (the price of which, filtered through the hands of the bill-brokers and other men of prey, has been melted at Crockford's or Newmarket,)—though nothing will serve to reunite the princely galleries dispersed—to remould the massive plate melted down, or efface from the annals of a noble family the stigma of expatriation, absenteeism, bankruptcy, and the sufferings of the poor created by the loss of their natural protectors, a better order of things must arise from the catastrophe. Such misdoings strike a death-blow at all that remains to England of her feudal institutions. Such acts, and such subversions of authority and influence, beget the necessity of a new balance of social power.

Let the Conservatives look to it!—The cause of liberalism derives more benefit from one such aristocratic crash, than from a thousand Chartist meetings. The bankruptcy of the Prince de Guéménée gave the first blow to the nobility of France,—the final one being effected by the axe of the Revolution. The bankruptcy of the Prince de Guéménée, of the noble house of Rohan, was like the sudden withdrawal of one of the props of the throne. The thoughtless Parisians talked of it as a nine-days' wonder. Yet at the end of nine times nine years, the vibration produced in the ancient structure of the monarchy by that breach of aristocratic faith, will not have subsided! Again we say, let the Conservatives look to it, and coalesce with us in measures for the annihilation of the fatal race of MEN OF PREY.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

A POLITICAL FABLE.

"THE land we live in,"—is a maxim good:
But then, it should be rightly understood.
Its meaning this: Let each one have a part,
Who delves by labour, or who spins by art;
For, saith the words which working hands inspire,
"The labourer is worthy of his hire."

"The land we live in, those who like it not,
May quit the soil, and seek some easier lot:
Roam east, roam west, or south, seek any space,
But leave your birth-right, and your dwelling-place."
So speak the proud monopolising powers,
"Ye are not worthy, and the land is ours."

The maxim hath a moral; since I'm able,
I'll turn it to account by way of fable.

A merry linnet, merry as the spring,
With tuneful voice, upon a hovering wing,
A young mate sought; and having won his bride,
Built them a nest along the hedge-row side;
A pretty nest with slight fronds interlaced,—
By the green branchings of the hawthorn braced.
The mossy bank,—the leveret's russet hide,—
The swan's white neck,—the heifer's dun sleek side,—
All furnished garniture of nature's best,
And so the pretty linnets made their nest.
Proud to erect, proud also to maintain,
And thinking labour was the road to gain,
The gentle birds ne'er felt a wish to roam,
And called their little nest, their island home.
Blest in their love, content and happy they,
Nor sought for other scenes, more bright and gay:
Happy chirped he, and sang from every tree,
And she as happy as a mate could be.
—Days passed along, and procreant love array'd
Five little eggs within the home they made;
When nature whisper'd, incubation rife
Shall bring the senseless globes to light and life.
Sweet Jenny Linnet reared her little crest,
"'Tis nature's work,—and nature's works are blest."

A rustling sound of pinions wild and strong,
Is heard the branches of the thorn among;
A voice as harsh as Discord's voice may be,
The cuckoo note of proud Monopoly.

Watching the hour, unheeded, by the side
Of native worth its noxious germs abide.
Her wings disclosed, the simple linnet waits
The weary hours, nor patient watch abates;
Till time displays, beneath her ardent view,
Her five loved offspring now increased by two.
On all she equal tends, at morn, at eve,
At sunny noon, nor knew she how to grieve;
While on a neighbouring branch her jolly mate,
Trill'd forth his song of tender love elate.

Such joy was theirs—Joy, soon alas! to close,
For lo! the cuckoos proved right arrant foes.
Their ugly offspring, stoutest on the wing,
Swell'd round in belly—gave the shoulder spring,
'Till gaining strength they stinted not their rest,
Until they flung the linnets from the nest.
The parents, home returning with the food,
For which they'd rang'd the fields and leafy wood,
In dire dismay beheld their offspring laid
On the bleak sod, chill'd, bare, and almost dead.
With thrilling voice unto the cuckoo bird,
The linnets in remonstrance then were heard.
Of kindness shown, and tenderness displayed,
They spake, but neither threats nor vaunting made.
Then from the Cuckoo's wide imperious throat,
Was heard the impudent defying note:
"The land we live in, those who like it not,
May quit the soil and seek some happier lot."
Forth to the woods the sorrowing linnets go,
And to their neighbours tell the tale of woe:
With flowing, sympathetic tears, they heard
The sad recital of the injured bird;
Then wing'd their way, to remedy the wrong,
With stronger power than that held by the strong;
And hurl'd the hideous cuckoos headlong down,
And placed the linnets in the home,—their own.

MORAL.

Ye proud and powerful, selfish, rich, and vain,
My fable hath a moral close and plain.
Read as ye list,—Oppression, for a while,
May triumph in a nest, as in an isle.
Still the good day must come,—and right ascend
The throne,—as wrong and villany descend. K.

"THE LITTLE RED ROSE."

(FROM GOETHE.)

A BOY caught sight of a rose in a bower—
A little rose slyly hiding
Among the boughs; O! the rose was bright
And young, and it glimmer'd like morning light.
The urchin sought it with haste; 'twas a flower
A child indeed might take pride in—
A little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Among the bushes hiding.

The wild boy shouted—"I'll pluck thee, rose,
Little rose vainly hiding
Among the boughs;" but the little rose spoke
"I'll prick thee, and that will prove no joke:
Unhurt, O then will I mock thy woes,
Whilst thou thy folly art chiding."
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Among the bushes hiding!

But the rude boy laid his hands on the flower,
The little rose vainly hiding
Among the boughs; O, the rose was caught,
But it turned again, and pricked and fought,
And left with its spoiler a smart from that hour,
A pain for ever abiding;
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Among the bushes hiding! J. B.

THE DEATH IN THE QUICKSAND, AND THE MOURNER OF THE ESTUARY.

A ROMANCE OF LOCAL WELSH HISTORY.

BY JOSEPH DOWNES, AUTHOR OF "THE MOUNTAIN DECAMERON."

CHAPTER I.

That ghosts are not gregarious seems an established fact in (spectral) Natural History. Gatherings, and *mobs* of ghosts, are not mentioned by any *historian* more modern than Ossian. Ghost-seers also seem to have been solitary in their habits, hardly an instance of an apparition appearing to more than one person at a time being on record, if we except that once-famous reappearance of the dead, to be narrated here, which produced a "sensation" (for a certain time) in all North Wales. About the middle of the last century, there was to be read, in the few small booksellers' shops then found in Wales, a pamphlet of a few leaves, so heavy of type, and of paper so dingy, as to resemble an old black letter one, professing to be—"The Straunge And Wonderful True Relation of the Apparition *Now* Appearing to Divers Persons Crossing the Traeth Mawr, Merionethshire, and residing in the Hamlet of Maentwrog thereto adjacent; being the true Ghostly effigies of the unfortunate Gentleman, Sir Rowland Gervase, who was lost in crossing those Quicksands five years ago—Giving a full and true account of his Life and Misfortunes, which, as some report, did drive him to end it, and them therein, by Felo De Se. Which wondrous and awful visitation is vouched by many Persons of Honour, also his disconsolate Widow," &c., &c.

An old man was living fifteen years since in Harlech, who remembered reading this book, and was, of course, cognizant of the remarkable story it pretended to record. The gentleman alluded to had been distinguished, for a short time after his accession to a fine estate, as a sort of rural Timon, winning the *tongue*-worship, at least, of the whole country squirearchy, till his profusion had exhausted his means, and left him a prey to distress; when, like the trencher friends of the noble Athenian prodigal, they all (except one, a Mr. Archibald Gwynne of Pencraig, his constant companion in both fortunes, but more constant in the adverse) left him with his misery; but not alone—for he had been blest with an exemplary wife and affectionate son. The river *Glasslyn*, swelled by the mountain streams of the region round Snowdon, expands into a beautiful estuary, dividing the counties of Merioneth and Caernarvon, and forming, with another river's debouchure, extensive sands, known by the names of "Traeth *Mawr*" and "Traeth Bach," (greater and lesser sands,) dangerous to cross from the frequent shifting of the quicksands, (a danger once experienced by the writer of this, in company with his two sons, then children,) and still frequently fatal to travellers crossing without a guide. It was on the shore of this fine channel, overhung with woods, that the fine taste of Sir Rowland had chosen the site of a marine villa, which the people named Plas Newydd. After his death, (which was witnessed by his friend Gwynne,) this mansion stood ruinous, but still tenanted by his widow; and it was on the opposite shore, when divided by high-water, that the figure so exactly resembling the deceased was first seen, standing, as if gazing sadly across the summer blue of the waters on his earthly home. Again, the same form appeared at dusk on the wood's edge, gazing on his son, who was salmon-fishing out in the rocky bed of the stream. The common people were confirmed by this, in the suspicion of his death having been a suicidal one, his troubles having been as notorious as his lamented death. The condition of his still beautiful widow afforded a topic of piteous interest, hardly less awful than that of her husband's repeated ghostly visits. She herself, indeed, might almost have been said to rather haunt than inhabit that now decayed (once tasteful) villa on the very edge of the river widening into the sea, where her brief wedded life had been passed with him in "much of joy, but more of woe." Its site was very beautiful. Behind towered, peak above peak, all the mountains that cluster round *Y Wydfa*, the giant head of Snowdon, with all their woods; before, at low-water, a marbled breadth of fine sands, shelly and sparkling, stretched away to the broad sea, heard murmuring on one hand, to a grand range of mountain, topped with a darksome ruin (Harlech Castle) on the other. Happy Welsh cottage girls, barefoot, singing and knitting as they went, strolled over this fine yellow floor of natural Mosaic, formed by many-coloured shells, and little pools mirroring the blue sky of noon, or its rainbow clouds in a glorious sunset; while (picturesque in their red and blue clothing) other cottagers waded those tiny lakes for shell-fish, shouting their joy to each other whenever some fine prey was secured. The vast amphitheatre of wooded mountains supplied such shady covert for the feathered tribes, that one continuous harmony floated thence on the noonday silence—over the sands, with silvery polypuses shining there—over the little island (Inys Gyftan,) blue and red, and green, with wild thyme and ivied rock, and their pink vegetable tapestry—over the mid-river and the sea; that harmony hardly broken by the fitful shriek of the gull, and other birds of the sea, with their plaintive additions to the chorus.

But those fine sands were her husband's grave; and their gay aspects in sun and summer became shocking to the eye of the mourner. It was only while overhung by a black evening, and ready to be palled in a double darkness of night and storm, that this unfortunate lady endured to look across them, with her head on her white, wasted arm, from the ruinous window-place; or through the

half-fallen iron barricade, which, with its rusty red bars, still leaned from the moss-grown stone balustrade enclosing the garden, now in ruin, which her own hand had planted to enjoy with him. Indeed, that lofty railing, discordant to the scene and the taste of both, had a sad recollection attached to it, and, *therefore*, was now no eye-sore to the broken-hearted lady. It was reared by the late baronet, to form a sort of *barbacan* against those to *him* worse than lawless—those lawful foes, ycleped "duns" or creditors, who there (detained by pulling at a large bell) afforded him time to become a fugitive, and use his own house as a hiding-place; while his ever-willing mate, (albeit all honour and all delicacy,) *forcing* him into some remote corner, always volunteered the sad office of evasion, and entreaty, and humble promise, to vulgar persecutors;

> Stood the fierce frown of supercilious brows,
> Deaf to their brutal threats.*

All this was over now. Too happy had poor Amelia now esteemed herself to have still fulfilled this loathsome part, had *he* been spared, for whose sake she welcomed—she usurped it!

Suffering no repairs to the mansion, nor any companion but one female servant, she was to be seen, in such evenings, pacing the green-grown garden walks, when the leaves were falling and yellowing all the surface of the river, at high-tide, or at low-water, rushing with a wild whistling noise, in red masses, across the undried expanse of sands; sometimes borne down in whirlwind from all the woods of Snowdonia, and often driven back, as in rout, by sudden opposing blasts from the sea, changing the peace into a tumult; joined to the screams of sea-birds, now congenial to one who now saw there but the grave where more than her heart's *hopes*—her heart's better half, lay buried. Insanity was suspected—whispered;—for she was known to take her perilous walk far out into the very mid-channel, over those sands, when the tide was running in; and great excitement often prevailed among the more than pitying—the fond inhabitants of the shores, when her lone figure had been espied half a mile out, alone in the shining wet waste, while the white leaping of the returning sea, and its hollow roaring, every minute grew greater on the eye and ear.

In the eternal blackness of all life before her, and of her mind within, she neglected the *outer* signs of mourning, deemed important by less desperate mourners. She did not wear black; but her face wore a ghastliness of hue, from loathing of daily food, sleeplessness, and sickness joined, far more akin to death and the grave, than any black habiliments. The whiteness of the shroud was added to her natural alabaster fairness of complexion, and the solemnity of what fancy deems the gliding movement of a ghost, to the native grace of her step. But it is time to briefly revert to an earlier period of her existence.

The connexion of this luckless pair had begun, as it closed, in romance and tragedy, connected with those sands. Lord Littleton has said of them, only "their appearance (in gloom and evening) was horrible." He has not noticed the beauty they impart to the noble marine and land landscape combined, in summer, (which I have attempted to paint;) but his epithet well applies to their appearance in shady hours; and had he been a loitering pedestrian, instead of an equipaged "lord," possibly he might have heightened his description, by actually catching a glimpse of this poor lady's figure out on those wild sands, and have given the world some particulars of a story, adapted, in my opinion, to purposes of the highest dramatic ambition. A terrible shipwreck on the sands of the "Traeth Bach," (smaller sands,) an adjacent river estuary, threw on that coast a most beautiful Irish girl of respectable parents, making her an orphan in the same moment, both perishing on the occasion; and their child being hardly rescued, with some property, from the barbarous hands of wreckers, by the gallantry of the youthful Welsh squire, afterwards her husband, and subsequently inheriting a baronetcy. One son was born to the juvenile couple, whose stolen nuptials had been so much before the usual period, that now (that is, at the period of her widowhood just described,) this son had reached his eighteenth year, while his beautiful mother was but in her thirty-fourth. Her husband's accession to title was marked with brief festive feelings, being the signal for the rush of ruin that followed his fatal imprudences. He had mortgaged all his available means so deeply, that a life-annuity, which his fondness had secured for his young wife in the event of his dying before her, was the only resource that remained for her against want when his tragical death occurred. Hence, much of their wedded life had been spent in the retributive pains of improvidence, humiliation, and terror, when, one autumnal evening, Sir Rowland ordered out his horse to cross the Traeths, in company with a friend.

He had been recently infuriated by an insolent creditor, who had caused his gentle lady to burst into tears by his brutal language; and, terribly agitated, while still pale with fury, after venting imprecations on his own head for his past folly, addressed her as follows; tears that followed this outbreak, like showers after thunder, terrifying, as much as they affected, his devoted wife, who well knew, that proud and fiery natures such as his, do not relieve themselves by that feminine mode of relief, but after the most terrific inward convulsions. Into no other bosom could he indeed have poured those (to him) unnatural drops forced out by the triple agony of fury, remorse, and despair:—

"Oh, Amelia, my dear Amelia, *you* shall bear this no more! Why would you go to the gate—why force me to skulk, like a poltroon, while I put *you* forth to be insulted? For God's sake, warn our Marmaduke, by his father's fate, against his father's folly! Tell him there is a hell on earth; it is—Debt! and a tormenting, degrading, pitiless devil of that hell—a creditor! Tell him—"

"My life and soul!" she replied, "you frighten me! Why do you bid *me* tell him? why do you talk like one dying, one leaving him and me? Let me hold your head! lay it on my bosom! Have you not

* Shaw's Monody.

often said nothing could reach you *there*? Oh, come, come, come!"

"Not even *here*, is refuge from these vulgar, these mean Furies that hunt me in this paradise," he rejoined, throwing himself into her embrace. "Who can bear this, and feel that it is deserved, self-inflicted? Tell him that *I* began with a dread of being thought poor-spirited and mean, so threw about wealth as worthless: and see me *now!* hunted into dark holes of my own house, God help me, for fear of the vile mechanic face of the meanest of mankind! Tell him how I scorned the miser, the money-hoarder, and, not to be thought like him, I cast it away on what others enjoyed but *I* did not, merely to show my spirit; and *now* there's not a starved miser breathing, that doats on gold as *I* do! Gold? gold! gold that would buy off these blood-hounds—that wolf-dog, who drew tears from these poor eyes," (and there he kissed passionately, as in madness, her wet eyes;) gold, that would restore peace to this sweet hermitage, sleep to my pillow, hope to my heart, some prospect to life—*our* life! waste *gold*? Oh, fool! madman! The sordid miser's madness is god-like wisdom to that! *He* has his pleasure over his heaps, *I* eat my own heart in wretched longing for gold, redeeming gold, and get only torment, remorseful torment for my love! I *was* a man of honour, tell him; I fancied myself such: but oh! who knows what horrid dreams of burglary, villany, foul, foulest felony, will force themselves on the purest mind, when a man has thrown from him that inestimable jewel, Independence, and he dreams of recovering it? What sea of horror, ay of blood, will he not be half ready to plunge into, in mad moments, to bring it up from its depths? Tell him, I once feared not the face of man, sword in hand or crown on his head. I felt neither fear nor awe: I was proud of this high spirit; but, despising Prudence, *now*, every day some mean wretch, with his vulgar face, stares in mine, and I dare not meet his surly eye, but deject mine like a chastised schoolboy. I could not endure injustice done to others, I fiercely resented the slightest offered to myself,—and *now* every day some such dirty tyrant and tormentor comes tearing at that bell, and insists on my doing an impossibility—paying, without the means of payment! I am lost, Amelia, lost, ruined and deserve to be; but *you* are not, my dearest, God be thanked! nor our boy: he will inherit those entailed estates, now unavailable to me, and you will be amply provided for by the several life-insurances I have effected on your behalf. My folly has cursed you in life, but my death will—I mean would—bless you with that competence, that affluence I must never know again!"

These were the last words heard by the weeping lady from the quivering white lips of the penitent prodigal. That same day, the friend who accompanied him returned with the dismal tidings of his death in the estuary quicksands. Passionate and desperate as they were, they involved truths not profitless for the warning of youth; showing how, what a youth often deems the soaring of a daring and generous spirit, is, in truth, the first stooping to abject slavery, and the buffets of the basest of mankind,—the contempt of money, but the first step toward the most sordid ravening, perpetual (yet hopeless) gloating on it, beyond the most insane longing of the meanest miser! And these sad, wild words remained engraven on the very heart of the widow like characters on a tomb, while their purport darkly hinted that the event of that (all-ending) day was not accidental.

Marmaduke, the son, failed not to profit by this terrible lesson. He grew up a wise, prudent, affectionate, though somewhat melancholic character, comforting his mother as far as filial fondness could avail against a "rooted sorrow." He constantly refused to assume the title of baronet, in (perhaps) morbid tenderness toward his parent's weakness, who could not hear, unaffected, that title borne by another, which of itself proclaimed the death of its former possessor.

When, after the lapse of four years, the rumour rose of her lost husband's very image having been espied gliding in the shade of the wood's edge, or solemnly standing by the river, looking, for hours, across the water, at the ruinous house, the living tomb of that mourning lady, she at first rebuked the credulity of the peasantry; but when the wonderful form of mystery was shown to her, seemingly leaning against a rock exactly facing Plas Newydd, (as the house was called,) but divided by the river Glasslyn, there from half a mile to a mile broad, she cried out for a telescope, and directing it, as well as her shaking hand allowed, to the dear delusion, as soon as it bore on the well-known features, fell down in a long and death-like fainting fit. But when repetition of this phenomenon had dulled the acuteness of her feelings, she seemed to derive strange comfort from the visitation. It was even whispered, that confirmed monomania had followed, and that she would frequent the loneliest recesses by moonlight, in the hope of attracting the spirit's awful society. There is a small island (already noticed) midway between the shores, then used only for pasturing a few goats and sheep, with a ruinous *shieling* upon it, or "*hafodty*" (summer-house,) as the Welsh call it, for sheltering the shepherd for a night, or during storm—a romantic little islet, like a Wales in epitome, ivied rock, greensward, precipice, and flowery hollow forming its few acres of sea-beat land. There the wretched lady had been known to seclude herself a night long, by crossing the sands to it and remaining till the sea cut her off, through the dark hours, from all sentient beings, except such as ghostly fancy may believe to have shared her solemn solitude; beings to which seas present no barrier, quicksand gulfs—even the grave itself, no prison-house.

CHAPTER II.

Truly has the great Roman Epic poet said,—"Varium et mutabile semper fœmina!" Behold a wonder! She whose self-immolated beauty seemed to forbid the very thought of passion in the boldest gazer—inaccessable as some glorious mountain flower, left high beyond the reach of human hands, by the sudden fall of the foundation-earth in which it grew from a seed, there to bloom out its last of life, gazed up to by men from below,

and smiled on by heaven from above, but never touched or breathed on more—*she*, the "Mourner of the Estuary," became the object of vulgar sensual scandal—and, sad to tell! not the *innocent* object! In plain truth, passion, mighty passion, by which Troy was laid in ashes, and Rome rose from a robber colony into the city of universal empire, through the mediation of Sabine beauty,—this voiceless conqueror, it was too apparent, had found a time to penetrate the citadel of eternal mourning, and produced its usual effects.

The faithful Gwenlian, her servant once, companion now, even she was excluded all confidence in this astonishing and revolting secret; yet it became at last, no secret, even to her, that this once immaculate beauty had forgotten her dead lord, and was in that condition wherein the poet says "ladies wish to be who" have "lords" to "love." Some change, some great though secreted change, in her state of mind, had indeed betrayed itself to this watchful attendant. She improved in beauty; the wanness of mental repining gave place to a faint flush like that of sunset upon snow, and something of voluptuous exhilaration peeped at times from within the depth of her still hollow eyes. The country gossip of her poor forgotten husband's reappearance, when "beneath the pale moon his ghost would glide over the green," was no longer listened to with tears, but discouraged, as if it involved a tacit reproach. The rustics of the Traeth and its pastoral borders never heard of the Ephesian matron, the fort of whose heart was fairly carried by a common soldier even within the death-vault of her "dear" husband; but banters as keen, if less classical, were all afloat, against this "modern instance," as those which have perpetuated the shame of the mourning wanton of Ephesus. She confessed nothing—she was evidently in confusion of mind, overwhelmed with shame; she still exhibited even despair, but of a commonplace kind, easily distinguishable from that solemn sadder unearthly resignation, which had so long benighted her beauty, like the gorgeous pall of the Muse of Tragedy herself.

There was but one person on whom the suspicion of the country fell: there was but one male person besides her son who had approached her in her solitude in the character of comforter and adviser. This was Archibald Gwynne, Esquire, a retired military man residing near, married, and a father, and of spotless character, ostensibly at least, *till then;* the friend of Sir Rowland, already mentioned as witnessing his death on the sands, from which he himself, he said, narrowly escaped in trying to save him. This gentleman was also one of the trustees to the entailed estates during the son's minority, and acted for the widow in receiving her large annuities accruing on her husband's death. It appeared but too clearly, that his frequent access to the mourner in the character of comforter, had insensibly won on so tender and so forlorn a heart, to admit him in a tenderer character at last. This issue of their friendship was the more lamentable, as involving the peace of a woman not less amiable than she herself had *once* been, and been universally considered. Matilda, the wife of this too attractive friend, (for although older than his lost school-fellow and companion, Sir Rowland, he was still a remarkably fine man, of bland manners, and kindly feelings,) was inconsolable under his infidelity. The country people felt for her, as she was espied wandering in self-neglect with eyes red with weeping, in the loneliest places; and a sudden revolution transferred all their pity from the mourner of the Traeth Mawr to this more innocent mourner, attaching to the former all the odium so just towards one, who, under the mask of grief, still preserved, had inflicted on her that mourning, seduced her husband's heart and society from her, and acted the wanton under the garb of almost sainted sorrow and eternal faith to the dead.

The lady Amelia, I have said, had been known more than once to cross the sands at nightfall, and pass the night on the island, with only the little "hafodty," beneath one of the rocks, shut in by the tide. Rumour now gave a very different motive for that melancholy wildness of act,—that forsaking of human homes at midnight,—from *ghostly* assignation.

The maid Gwenlian had detected her mistress in the act of anxiously adorning her person, (that person so long neglected!) just prior to these ostensibly despairing excursions. She watched, and at last surprised the suspected gentleman in the act of stealing along the edge of the isle, among the deep sand-banks surrounding it, by moonlight. She knew him by his military cloak, (one worn by Mr. Gwynne,) though muffled; and though the tide, fast running in, compelled her to hasten back, otherwise she must have spent many hours on the island, her conviction was equally strong, as if she had accosted him.

The unfortunate frail one now endured trials, the hardest to be borne by women yet retaining womanly delicacy,—the silent scorn of her own sex, the vulgar merriment of the other, the indignation of all who loathed hypocrisy, and pitied conjugal love suffering, and domestic happiness broken for ever. But there was one to whose eye she could not bear to raise hers,—one whose presence, long her only comfort, was become her heaviest trial to bear,—those of her high-minded, gentle-hearted, but now indignant son. His dumb wrath had long been smothering: he threatened the seducer of his mother, with his eyes, every time he met him—declining all conference with him, though earnestly sought. Loving his deceased parent tenderly, he seemed to extend to his apparition, or rather his unresting soul, so wonderfully figured to his senses, all the love he had borne to him living—resenting his mother's incontinence, like infidelity to him alive. Insulted with vulgar lectures on chastity by her own menial, disdainfully passed in silence by the poor lady whose peace she had broken, and home embittered,—meditating flight for concealment of an event manifestly not distant, and, worst of all, expecting every hour the burst of her pure-minded son's natural pain and wrath, (long deferred by the delicacy of his situation, and revolting nature of the task,)—reviled, insulted, shunned, and trembling before her own child, this unhappy lady seemed now,

when pitied no longer, most pitiable, and, under the pangs of her secret compunction, more truly, perhaps, than ever a mourner.

One day she ventured to hint to him a design of quitting, for a time, that melancholy home to which she had continued as constant as the dead to their eternal home, so long. Then the fury of the youth found vent, and dejecting his eye, while his cheek reddened like a girl's, whose modesty receives a shock, he vociferated, "Mother! mother! I am not so young as to be fooled in this manner. Though too young for such a part as this, which I could wish rather that poor lady you have wronged to have undertaken—"

"Son! Marmaduke! *wronged?* This is cruel,—a cruel trial!" she said.

"And crueller to others than to you," he retorted. "Cruel to poor Mrs. Gwynne!—cruel to me! I am quite an orphan now. I have no mother—I acknowledge not a—"

"Silence, Sir, I charge you! How dare you—oh! dear boy, how *can* you?——yet go on. What *can* I do?" and the poor penitent wrung her hands, her cheek flushed with all the crimson that virgin bashfulness ever painted there, and trembling in every limb before her son—her boy son! Such are the pains and penalties of frailty!

"Oh, mother! that I was once so proud to call so,—and now ashamed to hear called my mother,—how have you forgot yourself,—your sex, your fair name, everything,—for the sake of that hoary villain? I will speak with my father's tongue, and ask you why you have shamed his name in this manner? Have I been almost a stranger to you in your despair—it was so abstracted, so unnatural—for *this?* The comfort *I* could not give your society, which *I* sought in vain, a stranger could give, a stranger could enjoy, it seems, even while the spirit of my dear father—for what else can be that melancholy, wondrous picture of him?—hovering round our homes, seems conscious of some disastrous reverse to those still so dear, as to be watched by him, even from the world of the dead! And, oh! the filth of such hypocrisy, joined with such wantonness! Shame on you, mother! shame! Shocking as that sounds from *my* lips, I must cry shame on such conduct! Will you promise never more to meet, or speak to the author of that shame, if I refrain from that revenge I swear to take, if you will not? Will you swear?"

"Revenge!" she screamed, and saved herself from fainting, only by snatching at a supporting tree stump. "Marmaduke! my curse upon your head,—a mother's curse, who has loved you dearly,—if you ever mention, ever dare to think that *crime* again! I have known misery enough,—brought misery on others; would you make me the cause of more, and to——Oh! what has he not been to me?—my more than friend, guardian—"

"Oh, much more, dear mother!" returned the son, sarcastically, gnashing his teeth and smiling at once. "Who can tell what he has been to you? That pretty island does not invite *ghosts* only by moonlight. But, mark me, madam! I have learned to use a sword,—can strike, and can ward,—and, by the All-seeing God! if ever that island hold me and Archibald Gwynne at once, only one of us shall ever quit it alive! And assure yourself that he shall not easily reach it *again*, without having me at his heels like a dumb bloodhound!"

"I promise, then! I swear! Oh, anything, if you will promise to forego these deadly thoughts against your father's best, *dear* friend, and *yours*, Marmaduke, whatever you may feel,—to *you* a second father—"

"Ha! ha! ha! Why, mother, he *should* be my second father; but I see no other ring but that my first father put on that finger, and which you have so often kissed, so often wept upon, that you refused to have filed off when it pained you; that—"

"And so still kiss it," said the lady solemnly; "and still swear to keep, till this poor hand drops away from it in dust!"

"Madam!"—he interrupted her fiercely,—"these tragedy heroics melted people while you drooped here, in this ruined garden, a very nun to your widow-grief, making a sort of cloister of this wild orchard, and a cell of your chamber; but *now* ——However, you promise by the ghost of my father, and all that's sacred, never to meet again, wilfully, the man who has wrought you this shame?"

"I promise never to meet Mr. Gwynne clandestinely—I swear it! And now, my poor boy, let me kiss you! Kiss your mother, if your *heart* does not recoil: if so, pity me—withhold the kiss, but *pity* me; and know I love you ten times more than before you—used me thus!"

Marmaduke burst into a flood of tears, copious as a woman's, when suddenly the orchard-gate flew open, and a faded, but beautiful woman rushed in, disgust and anger equally depicted on her care-worn countenance.

"Young man," Mrs. Gwynne faltered, breathlessly, "I am not asking you to revenge my wrongs on that bad woman, but only not to be lulled into a dream of her still deserving those tears. My servants are ready to swear that they watched my husband, more than once, to places of retreat, where he awaited the coming of a female, closely muffled, whom your mother's servant will swear to have been no other than your mother *there* standing, and looking all injured innocence now!—so mournful, so reproachful, so perplexed how to clear herself from those *cruel* mistakes of us all!"

"Oh, Mrs. Gwynne—" the confounded mother began. But the wronged wife turned from her with ineffable scorn, and repassed the gate, not deigning to listen to her.

CHAPTER III.

In the terrible, but revolting tragedy of "The Mysterious Mother," its author represents his heroine as driven to violation of her conjugal vows, by mere force of grief for the death of a husband. Perhaps, if we except the horrible feature of the plot, the incestuous, which surely outrages nature as violently as it transgresses all legitimate sources of tragedy, the theory there involved is true to poor human nature,—that the utter prostration of

mind produced by love, melancholy, and despair, may drive the sufferer to apparent violation of love-faith, as relief from that despair; the very violence of a passion thus becoming the ground of its own cure. However this may be, the passionate expressions into which her son's threatenings surprised the mourner's tender nature, seemed to prove that a new passion had sprung through the very ashes of the first, and made even a broken heart its own, at the price of fame and virtue. Marmaduke, or Sir Marmaduke, for he now assumed the title, cherished almost the fearful melancholy and brooding vengeance of a Hamlet toward the erring pair. This feeling was roused to its height, by his ascertaining, through the female spies at each house, that Mr. Gwynne had *again* been detected in frequenting the old places of assignation, (though more perfectly muffled, and evading long observation,) and—alas! for female vows and constancy of purpose!—that his mother's absences from home had corresponded with those periods. Meeting the hated object in a solitary place, he for the first time broke the silence of smothered fury, and charged him with his parent's dishonour. His address was everything, short of assault, which could enrage and overcome all patience; but when he had ended, from exhaustion of breath, and the powers of vituperative language, such was the practised placidity of look, and command of temper in his well-bred opponent, who regarded him with almost parental softness, (which his fury interpreted into contempt,) that a degree of compunction stole over his mood, for using such language towards his father's once dearest friend—his own guardian—and he hardly yet arrived at manhood. But the gentle bearing of the soldier and gentleman, did not long disarm a youth burning with a sense of his mother's shame, and he resumed—

"Are you aware, Sir, that in continuing this intercourse, you are polluting my lost parent, body and soul? You have made her infamous in this world already: at least have mercy on her in that to come! Why, Sir, the wretched woman has sworn to me to abstain from these libidinous orgies, these prowlings about the moonlight sand-hills. A vow was on her soul, and she has broken it: *you* have tempted her to break it! You know you have, not long since, under cloud of night, stolen out from your own house, your weeping lady, to—"

"Meet me about sunset, to-morrow evening, on the green sward at the bottom of my preserve—"

"By Heavens, I will! and give you choice of weapons; and may my mother's, my father's wrong, hang heavy on your heart, and on your arm!" the fiery youth exclaimed, stopping his further speech.

The imperturbable veteran resumed his wily smile, by which he seemed to rebuke the young man's violence, and explained, that to *talk*, not *fight*, was the purpose of his appointment.

"You mean then, that you refuse, you *disdain* to fight me?"

Mr. Gwynne had been somewhat of a duellist in his time, and of undoubted bravery. "Not *disdain*," he rejoined mildly; "*refuse* I certainly do. With that eye, and that brow of poor Rowland, bringing him before me in our college days, so vividly again, you must offend me grievously, indeed, before I could—"

"Mighty soft spoken, Sir! very forbearing! But understand this, that my mother's shame shall not go unavenged, because you are—a coward!"

"Ha! recall that, young man, or——"

"Coward! coward! coward!" reiterated the frantic youth; but the blood of the soldier, which had leaped for a moment to his cheek, and almost hurried his hand to his sword-hilt, had subsided again before this fierce defiance was uttered. The parting words of the youth, (who desired nothing so much as to try the chance of battle in this quarrel,) were —"Understand, Sir, that your steps are watched, —beware how you set foot on yonder island for a foul purpose. I will not meet you for any purpose but one—life against life; and since you refuse me *that* redress, by the God who hears me, if I come upon you, prowling after my poor insane mother, I will *take* it through your heart's blood without a minute's mercy to save your soul alive! So beware, beware, beware! I forbid you that island! I forbid you my mother's company and speech!" Mr. Gwynne again smiled him into tenfold fury, under which he left him.

Evil reports, involved in mystery, through which the truth cannot struggle into light, assume more terrible forms, and a darker hue, as they spread, as objects viewed through evening fogs, enlarge as night deepens round them, and at last assume the blackness of that night itself. The mingling mysteries of the haunted sands, the mourning widow, and (last not least) of the unlooked-for criminal passion, took now the shape of imputed murder, which did not spare even the widow, whose long despair might have arisen from remorse, and who might have favoured a paramour without connivance at his treacherous murder of her husband, whose death, it was now remembered, occurred in the solitude of the evening waste of the sands, shadowed by extensive woods, with no eye but God's all-seeing one, conscious of what happened between the two travellers, of whom one returned no more.

Probably young Gervase did not at this time really credit this foul report, but it served to give a solemner character to his now unvarying mood of profound melancholy and wrath combined. It was hardly to be expected that a guilty passion, in a man of mature years and worldly fertility of resources in exigency, would bear sudden baffling from the threatenings of a boy. Accordingly, but a short time elapsed before Sir Marmaduke gained certain information that the cloaked person of his enemy had been traced to Inys Gyftan, not long before the flowing of the tide; that his infatuated mother was also "at her toilet," (employment of a mind at ease so long suspended!) preliminary, no doubt, to the guilty assignation; involving little less than perjury—breach of a promise, given with the solemnity of an oath!

In an hour, the fine form of the infuriated young man was seen, mounted on a black horse, spotted over with white particles of foam, to spur the noble animal on to the edge of the sea-water, rushing up the estuary channel. A poor woman, at a

river-side hovel, where had once been kept a ferry-boat, called to him to warn him that the tide had been some time running in, and was too deep for him to reach the island, for she had seen him rush by her door with the speed of huntsmen in full chase. He but waved his hand behind him, to signify that he saw her, and disregarded the warning. Plunging into the flood, he succeeded, by partly swimming his horse, in fording the current, which formed a sort of separate river in the estuary's wide channel, on the Merionethshire side; and setting his horse loose to return, took his lonely way across the sands, yet uncovered, to the island, where, however, he had again to ford, middle deep, a second water, already shutting up the little isle. It was one of those squally, variable nights common in late autumn. The moon broke, by starts, out of masses of piled clouds, hanging half of heaven with mourning, whose black background threw out into beautiful relief the leaping and falling line of sparkling snow foam, which stretched across the broad river's mouth, seaward, formed by the advancing tide, and glimpsed, with almost startling effect, every time the moon, overtopping the lower, broke out of lighter clouds, driven rapidly by the wind, and as suddenly vanishing with the overcast moon, was only known by its roar in the darkness, like some enormous beast retired into his den after shaking his white mane before the moon. The last leaves fluttered, yellow and thin, on the few trees there; all bent before the sea blasts, while the drift leaves, left by the last high tide, caught up, played round in separate eddies, their small whirlwinds all uniting their shrill rustling sounds into one, mournful, and in unison with the many-toned cries of sea-birds, and of land ones seeking covert. The numberless mountain rivulets (hardly heard in summer, from the distance inland) had now commenced their winter moan of low thunder from the rains that herald the advent of winter. On the little islet, however, all was peaceful; and his foot-fall was inaudible, except by the fallen leaves it disturbed, a depth of sand forming their bed, over which he passed stealthily, every moment expecting the muffled form of him whose blood he sought to appear in the silver light, or glide, glooming, in rock shadow. His purpose was indeed terrible. No other than to leave that form weltering in blood, for the eye of her who, he doubted not, was already shrouding herself from the chill gales beneath the sod roof of the low-browed "hafodty," little dreaming of his being so near. The furious spirit within him ill brooked that peace all around him; it rebelled against stealthy steps in sand. Bearing two swords, he flourished one in fancied passes of anticipated fight; and, tired with listening for footsteps, was just lifting up his voice to challenge any unseen prowler there, when an object appeared, before which his weapon dropped from his trembling hand, and he half bent his knee instinctively. What had at first seemed his own shadow, faintly limned on the rude wall of rock, as the moon flashed on it for a moment, revealed the very features of his father, the very form! A minute more and it vanished, smiling at him, as he fancied. Had he appeared to confirm him in his deadly purpose? He thought so; when, a few moments after, on rounding the rock-buttress, there hung with ivy and faded foliage, he met him he sought, drawing his cloak round him, and anxiously averting his face, and seemingly hesitating whether to turn and fly, or fight.

"Stop!" he exclaimed, "stop! I come not as an assassin; but rather than you shall escape——" He seized the arm of his adversary, and sprung on him from behind. The cloak, that minute snatched from a bough where, it seemed, he had suspended it recently, fell off ere he could muffle his person again; but, by a sudden bounding-spring, he extricated himself, and closed on the ill-guarded youth, rendering his sword useless; and Marmaduke (powerless as a child in his hold) found himself in the clasp of a—father! his cheek, already wet with tears falling fast from eyes on which his own had that moment flashed all the deadliness of his purpose! It was indeed the living, loving father—Sir Rowland, enveloped in the military cloak of his old, and faithful, and noble friend, true to his trust, true to his widowed wife, truly a second father to that erring son, his beloved ward, and still beloved while seeking his blood under that cruel error!

Hardly a minute's space was afforded for speech in this affecting rencontre, before the bewildered youth found himself encircled by other arms, of softer touch, a cold but softer cheek, succeeding in contact with his own; his own loved, loving, and *love-worthy* mother, rushed from behind the rock's hanging wood of ivy, and he stood (though almost sinking with the agitating revolution of so many feelings) the happy, astonished son, in the embrace of both parents! he whom death and guilt seemed but the previous minute to have orphaned utterly!

But the idea of a spiritual presence had been too long associated with that appearance for even the senses to instantly dissever them, and poor Marmaduke stood like one petrified, his teeth chattering, and whole person shivering as with cold. "Alas! you are ill, my darling!" the lady said tenderly, "or are you angry *still*? Will you not speak to me? nor to your poor father, your restored long-lost father? Oh, speak! Support him, Rowland; he totters!"

"And it *is* my father, and of this world still!" the youth faltered, inwardly, as in soliloquy. "Yet speak *you* to it—to him, dear mother, *for* me—yes, *dear* mother—virtuous mother; for I begin to see dawn through this darkness and this dream."

Limited space requires that we leave to imagination the thousand hurried questions and tender outpourings between the three restored and reconciled persons in this affecting moment. Provided with means of kindling fire in the lone hovel, almost overhung by a rock, and its bulging roots shut in by the high tide, ere long Sir Rowland explained to his now transported son (who had shed tears of repentant pain into his mother's bosom for the excess of his anger against her) the origin of these strange incidents in some such terms as these:—

"You remember too well, dear boy, the miserable life I led through my past improvidence. God forgive me the sin! But I firmly resolved to end that life, that your dear mother here might know that competence I must never know more, by receiving the several annuities which I had bought for her, claimable on my decease. My shocking resolve I disclosed to that dear friend—my life's—my soul's saviour!—poor Gwynne, (betwixt whose house and this island I have been spending these last months.) When he could, by no means, not by reasoning either religious or worldly, nor by entreaties, nor by tears, prevail on me to live, he stooped to suggest a mode of obtaining my object (your mother's rescue from poverty) without my dying; and for the first time in his life, poor fellow, left the high path of honour, by conniving at, and assisting a plot; alas! what avails soft language—a *fraud!* Procuring, first of all, my solemn promise to live, almost by main force wresting from me the instrument of death I had provided, he became the voucher for my death, at the risk of his own ruin and ignominy, and with the certain martyrdom of his conscience and honour, the severest trial of all. But his views—*our* views—embraced a prospect of return to honesty, which, blessed be God! is now accomplished, or very nearly. By his bounty I became a merchant—was joined in a great mercantile adventure in the Spanish Main, suffered some hardships, despaired, during many dismal months, of ever seeing native land or familar face again; but of all this hereafter. Success, wonderful good fortune, crowned our enterprise at last. Large portion of the treasures of a Spanish galleon fell to my share. I returned to these dear haunts, but returned, alas! a criminal. You may well start, my poor child: yes, I am at this moment liable to prosecution as a felon, at least as a fraudulent deceiver. Time was required for my dear friend (to whose door I ventured, and found, as ever, open to me as his heart and hand) to reverse all that has been done, on the presumption of my decease, to appease the directors of the life-insurance offices; all which was necessary to my escape from criminal justice, as my apprehension would have followed instantly on my being recognised as the living Sir Rowland. A cruel predicament, my boy! I hovered about both shores of these estuaries, watching you and your dear mother here in your daily doings; embracing both, in fancy; a hundred times in peril of detection; bursting, in my ignorance of your state and all which had occurred during my absence, yet afraid to address a question to any one but that fond friend, or even enter human doors. I cannot describe what I felt while watching you; it was like a ghostly existence *in truth*. The dumbness, and separation, and blank bondage of the state of death seemed indeed upon me, till I could bear it no longer. It was on this little island I first disclosed myself to my poor Amelia, who was almost agitated into insanity by the disclosure, and *here* we kept our second honeymoon. But time, stealing away, has brought fresh circumstances, your dear mother great perplexity, and, worst of all, domestic troubles to poor Archibald, which, however, I shall be able quickly to allay. Owing to my borrowing a large cloak he is known to wear, (the better to disguise myself, we being very alike in stature,) it was no wonder that my night wanderings involved him in suspicion."

A subsequent interview and confidential explanation soon after, restored harmony to the home of Mr. Gwynne, his lady cordially embracing her imagined rival; and the requisite transactions were completed in time for Sir Rowland to throw off his ghostly disguise prior to that "interesting event," whose advent had so much embarrassed all, and openly receive as his own the little stranger who came to crown the renewal of that conjugal happiness which once seemed eternally lost.

ON A PICTURE OF A VERY YOUNG NUN,

NOT READING A DOCTRINAL BOOK OPEN BEFORE HER, AND NOT CONTEMPLATING A CRUCIFIX BEHIND HER.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

So young, too young, consign'd to cloistral shade,
Untimely wedded—wedded—yet a maid;
And hast thou left no thought, no wish behind,
No sweet employment for the wandering wind,
Who would be proud to waft a sigh from thee,
Sweeter than ought he steals in Araby!
Thou wert immured, poor Maiden, as I guess,
In the blank childhood of thy simpleness.
Too young to doubt, too pure to be ashamed,
Thou gavest to God what God had never claim'd;
And didst, unweeting, sign away thine all
Of earthly good—a guiltless Prodigal.

The large reversion of thy unborn love
Was sold to purchase an estate above.
Yet, by those hands upon thy bosom prest,
I think, indeed, thou art not quite at rest.
Yon Christ, that hangs upon the sculptured cross,
Is not the JESUS to redeem thy loss;
Nor will that book, whate'er its page contain,
Convince *thee* that the world is false and vain.
Even now, there is a something at thy heart
Would fain be off; but may not, dare not start.
Yes, yes, thy face, those eyes, thy close lips prove,
Thou wert created to be loved, and love.

TEXIANA.

RIDES, RAMBLES, AND SKETCHES IN TEXAS.

BY CHARLES HOOTON, ESQ.

(*Continued from page 295 of our May Number.*)

Some few months after our location in the delightful habitation just described, an English vessel arrived in Galveston shallows, with emigrants of a tolerably respectable class, as the world goes; and amongst them was one married gentleman, without family, who died within two months (I think) after setting his foot upon Texan sand. A sprightly and gay widow, of about five-and-twenty, with the highly-prizeable qualification of a small property, (a qualification more invaluable, perhaps, in Texas than in any other known region of the earth,) was immediately subjected to a kind of matrimonial public competition. The town was thrown into a state of social hurly-burlyism: single gentlemen dressed up in their best, pranced and capered about upon unruly horses, all in the widow's neighbourhood; small, but ambitious and aspiring storekeepers, rubbed their hands till their eyes sparkled again; peeped into their tills, cleaned up their fronts, and respectfully invited the widow to a seat, a cake, and a glass of wine, whenever she honoured the public side of their counters with her presence. Nothing, in fact, could be heard all along that part of the coast of the Mexican gulf, but the name of Mrs. ——. It surpassed in intensity of interest, and (of course) in beauty of association, the most horrid murder that ever was committed: it superseded the news from Orleans, and slipped unconsciously out of the mouths of bachelors whenever they attempted to tell you either about their own health, or the present value of a Texan dollar.

As this lady's husband died while they were yet remaining at one of the hôtels of the town, she found it necessary immediately to take a private house; and, as chance would have it, she took one upon the prairie close by our own. A servant girl, about as big again as herself, constituted her only companion in this retreat; and, when she came to take possession of it, such an escort of anticipatory husbands attended as was truly marvellous to behold. In no long time, there were a wine-merchant, a sea-captain, a baker, a liquor-storekeeper, and a petty Galveston doctor, all together keeping a sharp look-out after the widow, and contending, in jealous emulation, for the honour of her hand. Nor was this all. Numbers of other bachelors, without an object but deficient in "pluck," talked and boasted of meditated conquests, as yet only in the egg state; while the aforesaid baker's woman, and the proprietor of a ten-pin alley, severally laid close siege to the servant. Now, the widow gave none of them the least kind of serious encouragement; but, being one of the most giddy, mischievous, wicked young witches that ever did undertake to tease and torment the heart of unfortunate man, exerted her utmost abilities (and they were not few) in turning the whole affair to funny account, and setting her host of mercenary lovers as much at loggerheads as possible. The baker, a steady, industrious, ignorant, and raw Irishman, tolerably "well-to-do" in the city, who was previously in the habit of bringing bread round our neighbourhood early in a morning, mounted on the seat-board of a cart, and dressed like any sloven, now shaved and spruced himself up, because he had to call at the widow's on his rounds. And, whereas he was always before in such a desperate hurry to get back to the town again, that he might justly have been regarded in the light of a flying baker, lo! now, he began to dismount at the widow's, and leave his horse to take an hour's nap standing at the gate, while that courteous and facetious lady allowed him to entertain himself at her breakfast table. Being, however, of not the most valorous disposition, he held his rival the sea-captain in great dread; and usually contrived to sit where he could have an eye upon the window, and discern him upon the prairie afar off, (in case he should be coming,) so that time might be allowed for his precipitate escape with his cart, before Greek could meet Greek face to face, and soft-bread and sea-biscuit could jostle too closely together. In the course of the morning, she would take a drive with the captain: he, by the way, in order to demonstrate his triumph, generally contriving to crack his whip close by the very door of the baker, who had been before him. After dinner, she might chance to ride out on horseback, attended by the young wine-merchant; and, in the evening, be perhaps so perseveringly waited upon by several together, that all her address was required to stow them away out of one another's reach or knowledge, in order to prevent any alarming symptoms which might else have arisen on her premises of bowie-knife and bullet. On Sundays, the baker's man arrayed himself in his Texan volunteer dress, and, with musquet on shoulder, marched, in military pomp, to subdue the female force of the kitchen; while he of the ten-pin alley shone in the glittering colours of a fantastical, half Mexican, frilled, and decorated garb, not very distantly related to that of a harlequin.

Not, however, to prolong this tittle-tattle, which is far better adapted to the genius of Mrs. Trollope, or of Miss Mitford, than to my pen, let it suffice the reader to be informed, that after the expenditure, on the part of all these loving applicants, of a vast deal of time, of buggy hire, and of attendance;—after the wine-merchant had betaken himself to scandal and claret in despair; the captain sworn a violent oath, that he would shoot or knife any man who dared to wed the widow except himself; after the liquor-storekeeper had

given it in as a hopeless speculation, the doctor discovered it was no joke to be made fun of; and the baker had even gone so far as to re-model, re-paint, re-furnish, and re-carpet, his bachelor's hall, in the self-imagined confidence of soon having a gentle addition to his household,—the widow openly avowed, that she knew they only wanted her for her money, refused to have any of them, and remained a widow still when I bade adieu to Galveston. From all this, however, a moral may be drawn for the benefit of the unmarried of the gentle sex at home; since it clearly appears that, if a woman may be no more of a witch in her own country than a man is said to be a prophet, she has only to go to Texas to charm and fascinate at least one-half of a town's bachelor population. I knew a lady there, about three-and-twenty, who had been married three times, and was then *on* with her third husband, who, if I recollect aright, was hardly expected to get better. For, notwithstanding the scarcity of women is so great in Texas, that the Government has recently offered six hundred and forty acres of land to any *female* emigrant who, within a given period, marries a permanent citizen of the Republic, yet the numbers of men who die there, as compared with the women, is as two or three to one; a fact partly attributable to the more evil habits of the former, but mainly to the greater exposures and out-door hardships commonly undergone by them. Still, I cannot conscientiously advise any one of my fair readers to go, either for the sake of becoming proprietrix of such an unavailable landed estate as the Government gives by way of marriage-portion, or to take the chance of becoming the wife of some wild squatter, scarcely more cultivated or productive than the waste prairie around him. Few and far between are the emigrant females of Texas who would not gladly go back again to the respective places from whence they came, if they conveniently could. The home-fever, of which Napoleon's Switzers died, is not unknown there, especially amongst the females, as many a longing-eye that too often gazes afar upon the vision of its birthplace can sufficiently prove. One notable instance of this yearning for home came across my observation, in the person of a lady from New York, whose husband was doing a respectable business in a store in the town, while he kept a sort of country house on the outskirts, as a more agreeable habitation for his family. During our first residence with Mrs. S——, (the English lady beforementioned,) this unfortunate victim, who was her next neighbour, used to come in about every other day at the very least, and invariably with the same doleful and piteous lamentations over the loss of New York.

"Well, Mrs. S——, and *do* you think you shall get to New York this summer?"

"I am rather afraid not, Madam," briskly replied the other. "My husband seems to have no intention of leaving Galveston at present."

"Ay dear, ay dear! I wish *I* was but going!—I'm sure I've been teasing my poor husband about it every day, both last year and this, and yet I can't get him to consent to go back to New York, though he was doing a deal better in New York than he is now, or ever will do in this miserable hole! I'm sure I was crying all day long yesterday to go back to New York, and couldn't eat a morsel of dinner, if it had been to save my life. Oh—o—h! If I could but persuade him to give up here, and go back to New York, I should be satisfied. Upon my word, Mrs. S——, I don't know how *you* feel about it, but *I*'d sooner starve in New York than be a first-rate lady here. I shall never be happy—that I know I sha'n't—till I do get back to New York. I'm always thinking about it, day and night. But I will tease it out of him, if I can. He sha'n't have a bit of peace as long as I'm here; for I couldn't let him, if I would. He'll be home to his dinner in about an hour or so, and then I shall be at him again about going off this summer to New York. If I had my will, I wouldn't live out of New York under any consideration; and only let me once catch myself there again, and if anybody ever sees me out of New York after that, I'll give 'em leave to take me, if they like me, for their pains. Well, good morning: and if you should think of going to New York, or happen to know anybody that is going, just step in and let me know; for I'm sure I envy anybody that's going to New York, that I do!"

And thus we used to be New Yorked, until the very name assumed the appearance of a verbal hobgoblin, and seemed to make us as anxious to keep clear of that famous city, as this dismal matron was to be once more embraced in its dear delightful arms.

Most feminine employments are liberally paid for—when paid at all—in this country. Seamstresses pick up a good living; and successful washerwomen flourish like vines and fig-trees. One of this latter profession, who occasionally washed for us, used to tell a story of her first interview with a great Texan commander, which amused me highly, though I fear it will not *tell* so well on paper.

"Now, yo' may believe me, Mrs. H——, for, upon my word, when me and my husband first landed on this island, we had but half-a-dollar in the world. But I'd brought a first-rate Yankee washing-machine with me, and set to work as soon as I could. Well, in a bit I got quite a reppytation for it, and was known all over th' town as the English washer-woman. One day a nigger man brought a big bundle of clothes to wash, and promised to call for 'em again at the end o' th' week. Setterday comes, and wi' it comes th' nigger. 'Them clothes,' says I, 'comes to two dollars and a hafe.'

"'Ain got no mony,' says he: 'Massa pay nex' week. Nebber pays till he sees how washin' done.'

"'Then them clothes don't go out of this house till he does pay. Next weeks don't do for me,—they're always coming, but never comes.'

"'Then I no tak clothes?'

"'Touch 'em at your black peril, if you dare, till them two dollars and a hafe is pead into these crinkley fingers that 's smarted over 'em!' says I; and in that way I got rid of him.

"After a bit he comes again, and says he—'Massa send his com'l'ment, and say he send mony Mundy; only he mus hav clothes t'night, cos he gwine out t'morrow, and his shirts all in that bun'l.'

"'I've nothing to do with his going out or his stopping in! If folks can't afford to pay for their shirts washing, they've no right to dirty 'em: that's my maxhum. Now, yo' need not stop stareing and grinning there; becos they sha'n't be stirred out of this house till they *are* pead for, be it longer or shorter, first.' And with that I sent him back a second time.

"Same night a gentleman taps at ar door,—a tall stout gentleman he was,—and says he,—'Ah, Mrs. Jones!' says he, 'so you won't let my slave bring my clothes home, I understand.'

"'Not till they're pead for, Sir,' says I. He smiled and said, he dare say it was right enough; and then began to look round the room, 'Well,' said he, 'you've a very delightful little house here,—very, indeed.—Ah!—that's a beautiful clock—a beautiful clock it is!—did you bring it from England?'

"'We did, Sir.'

"'Well, I should like such an one very much. Do you think your husband would part with it?'

"'I dare say he would, Sir, if he could get his price for it.'

"'Hum—well; when he comes home tell him a gentleman will buy it of him if he'll name his price, and I'll call up again on Monday. And at the same time, Mrs. Jones, I can settle this trifle about the washing, you know. You've no objection to *my* taking the clothes, I suppose?'

"'Not if you'll pay me for 'em, Sir.' He laughed at that, and said he, 'You don't seem to know who I am, Mrs. Jones.'

"'No, Sir,' said I, 'and, as far as that goes, I don't care either.'

"'My name is Sam Houston.'

"'Sam Houston, or Sam anybody else, it makes no difference to me. Them shirts sha'n't go out of this house till they are pead for, if they stay for six months; for I can't afford to buy soap and saleratus, and wash folkses things in at th' bargain, if they niver pay for it when it's done. Besides, Sir, I should think you can't buy the clock if you can't pay for your washing.' So he laughed agen, and bid me a good night. Next morning his nigger comed up agen pretty early, and broat th' money along wi' him; but I didn't know till then, when I axed him, that I'd bin talking a-that-a wey to th' President o' th' country hisself.

"However I always had his washing after; and he always took care to send th' money for it when it was done."

Any woman who happens to possess a genius for washing, an enthusiast in the business, a creature whose highest delight is in "fine drying-weather," must needs pass a blissful life in Galveston; since kitchen fires are altogether superseded by the more economical heat of the sun; and clothes-horses are a mechanical invention, the utility of which can scarcely be comprehended so close upon the tropic of Cancer. This will readily appear, if I may be allowed to pass, by such a rapid transition as the present, from washerwomen to the weather.

It has been affirmed by various Texan advocates, that the climate of the country is neither so hot nor so cold as in the more northern Atlantic States, but that the prevailing character of the weather, all the year round, is much the same with our fine summer weather in England.

Now as facts in this matter are preferable to assertions, and the quicksilver tongue of a thermometer is better to be depended upon than the silver tongue of any interested author, let us see what one of Fahrenheit's says of the heat and cold in Galveston. Opportunity did not allow me to begin a register until the 16th of July; but from that period to the middle of December, with some few unavoidable omissions, it is sufficiently complete to give a just idea of the heat which is "not too great to work in," and the cold which never grows unpleasant. The thermometrical "averages" given by Mr. Kennedy are very apt to mislead the reader. It is not by averages that the body feels changes or excesses of temperature. It is by these latter, relatively one to another, that the constitution is most affected. I prefer, therefore, to give a few accurate particulars, rather than to average the various temperatures throughout the day and night during any given month of the year. The season of 1841 was in no respect unusual; and as Galveston island is necessarily much cooler than the habitable "narrow strip" of main-land with its calm dead atmosphere, some idea may be formed of the greater heats of these swamps and alluvial bottoms. On the 16th July, at six in the morning,—about sunrise, the thermometer stood at 80° Fahrenheit in the shade; at seven it was 100° in the sun; at midday 100° in the shade. Next day, at seven A.M. 108° in the sun. On the 23d at nine A.M. 119° in the sun, and at the same point of time 91° in the shade, with a strong sea-breeze upon it. On the 25th, before sunrise, and in the house (open all night) 71°; at six, 102° in the sun, and at seven 115°. On the 29th, at ten A.M., 124° in the sun, with a N.E. breeze. This was at my house on the open prairie; but in the city the thermometer under the same exposure stood at 140°.

On the 5th of August, at six A.M., 80° in the shade, with an east wind; at ten A.M., 119° in the sun, and wind. On the 7th, at the same hour in the morning, 80°; and at half-past eight A.M., 122 in the sun, it being a dead calm. At mid-day, a strong breeze blew, and the thermometer fell to 120°. At four P.M., 108° in the sun, and wind. Throughout the remainder of the month, the average was some three or four degrees lower. About the middle of September, the thermometer varied from 70° in the shade, to 99° in the sun, and wind. A month later, the temperature varied from 50° to 70° morning and evening: noon is not marked. From the beginning to the middle of November, the lowest registration was 55° in the shade, at eight A.M.; and the highest 105° in the sun, at nine A.M. About this time many of the feathered tribes become migratory; as various red-birds and Bohemian chatterers staid, on the 14th, in our garden, apparently on their passage south. Dur-

ing the remaining portion of the month, the temperature varied, early in the morning, from 58° to 70°; and at noon, from 70° in the shade, to 98° in the sun. On the 26th, a "Norther" came on, and the thermometer suddenly fell, at seven in the morning, to only 2° above freezing. At noon, it mounted to 46°, and fell, by ten at night, to 40°. On the 28th, the norther still continuing, at seven in the morning it was as low as 22°, and of course there was a severe frost; at noon, 28°, and the same at sunset. The next day, at seven A.M., it rose to 44°. On the 4th December, at seven A.M., 43° in the shade; at noon, 56° in the same place, and 86° in the sun; at sunset, 56° again, in the house. Similar degrees of temperature prevailed until the 8th instant, beyond which my register does not extend.

The "averages" of all this might make a very delectable climate; but the fact is, that the various changes are felt very severely, and especially by individuals who are openly exposed to their influences. After a succession of hot weather, a norther, with the thermometer down to freezing-point, will, with many constitutions, produce the sense of excessive cold, and cause ague and fever to a certainty. These northers are sometimes accompanied by frightful storms of thunder, lightning, and rain, during which—what with the rattling of the latter upon your shingled roofs and wooden walls, the roaring of the wind, and the never-ceasing bellowing of the thunder, broken now and then by terrific claps, that convey the sensation of an immense weight let fall upon the top of the skull—it is next to impossible to make yourself heard by a person sitting close alongside, unless by literally shouting very loud. The lightning is incessant; the heavens appear one mass of vaporous fire, intermingled with streams of forked lightning of all colours, that really seem to run down from the sky like molten metal. Two or three hours of this are not amongst the most pleasant of things; but they have their glories nevertheless.

Amongst our band of emigrants who left England with the full and final intention of settling for life in Texas, was a sort of family-party composed of a Mr. L——, his mother, wife, several young children, and his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. P——. All were full of hope; but the first-named individual, the most full of money, perhaps, of any one who sailed on that occasion, with the fixed determination to live and die in the land of his adoption. As the story of this family is one of the most strikingly illustrative at once of the "healthiness" of habitable Texas, and of the fate which commonly awaits northern emigrants, that my observation and experience enable me to adduce, I will give it at once; and, without regard to the period of time it occupied in the development, state it from first to last as briefly as the subject will allow.

During our passage out, we heard great boastings from this family-party about a high-sounding locality in Texas called "Cedar Bayou," to which they were bound; as well as much grand small-talk touching a certain Captain S——, a friend and distant relation,—an old campaigner in various parts of America, who had finally settled in Texas,—and at whose recommendation also it was that these samples of three living generations had embarked for that blessed country. They were about to locate land (£300 purchase-money) immediately adjoining their good friend and cousin Captain S——, who had now been settled two or three years; and whose descriptions of the locality were almost as charming as Milton's of the mount of Paradise.

Cedar Bayou then was everything:—alligators swam about in the front of the house,—the whole region thereabouts abounded in game,—and herds of fine deer not unfrequently came, in all unconscious security, so close upon Captain S.'s log-mansion, that he could shoot them down without going farther in the pursuit than upon his own terrace, or to his chamber window. What a pleasant foreshadowing of future delight was this, to sick and heart-weary passengers gazing over a ship's bulwarks into the vacancy where land should be; and longing, like lovers after the absent, for that bliss to come, the very thought of which made present pain less durable!

Immediately upon their arrival, preparations were made for an instantaneous removal from the ship to Cedar Bayou; and cases of crockery, glass, and furniture, translated from a London drawing-room—not forgetting a piano-forte to enliven the prairies, and mingle its nightly music with the howling of the wolves—all were bundled into a barge alongside; and, with some few casks of dry provisions to fall back upon, the happy group set out for the head of Galveston bay, on which Cedar Bayou lies. For a while, we who remained on the island heard little or nothing of them, except now and then when Messrs. L—— and P—— rambled five or six miles through woods and prairie in order to reach the Houston steamer as she passed down the paltry channel of Buffalo Bayou, and thus got a lift as far as the island;—but on those occasions we received flourishing accounts of the delightful country in which they were situated,—of the magnificent cedar woods where the white man's axe might cut and come again with unlimited impunity,—of the captain's timber dwelling, upon a scale as gigantic as an English baron's castle,—and many protestations that they were literally so enchanted with the place altogether, that no consideration on earth could ever induce them to leave it again.

At this time they were felling trees, and engaged in interesting discussions and agreeable social squabbles as to the most eligible site for their contemplated house. In the meantime Captain S—— had accommodated the whole family with shelter beneath his ample roof; but as the captain, in the construction of his castle, had committed the small oversight of expending all his resources upon the outside shell thereof only, it is not very surprising (what was indeed the fact) that the whole of the interior should be without partition walls, so as to constitute chambers and separate apartments. With this large influx of new comers, male and female, one room, however extensive, would scarcely

suffice; the defect however was soon remedied by suspending sheets and blankets from corner to corner, and side to side; and thus shooting up woollen walls and linen defences instead of planks or lath and plaster.

But trifling inconveniences of this kind are cheerfully endured, if indeed, they do not vanish altogether, when thoughtful and reflective emigrants come to recollect that it cannot be expected that *everything* should be exactly to one's mind in any part of the world,—not even in Texas, though it does so far surpass every other known portion of the great globe in furnishing all that the human heart can desire.

The Captain also had a body-guard of dogs, of no mean size or very gentle nature, as may be surmised from the fact, that they earned their own living, equally with the wolves, by hunting down rabbits and other small game; and on one occasion fell unexpectedly upon one of their own species, and summarily disposed of his remains by devouring them.

On occasion of one of the visits of Messrs. L—— and P—— to the island, they purchased a boat for the navigation of the bayou, and also with the intention of using it, in future, on their various passages to and from the island. This they would be the better enabled to effect, inasmuch as Mr. P—— was previously a noted oarsman amongst the aquatic clubs of the Thames at London, and will be readily recognised by many members thereof, as the well-known Mr. Thomas. That this individual was also otherwise well adapted to brush through the difficulties and hardships of a settler's early life, may be inferred from the fact, that he was a pugilist of tolerable pretensions; and, at the period of our arrival in Texas, in excellent "training" for hard labour and endurance of any or all kinds.

The boat being purchased, they also found that another hand or two would be required, and accordingly fixed on one of the passengers who had come out with us, and whom they prevailed upon to accompany them back to Cedar Bayou, for the purpose of assisting them in building their log edifice, and enclosing and cultivating their land. This young man was Mr. T. B——, the son of an English curate, in the parish of W—lm—ton in Staffordshire. Sacred as his father's order was, he himself had been bred up to farming and cattle-breeding,—had been sent out (he said) by a gentleman in England who had purchased Texan lands, to discover and locate them; but had totally failed, like many others, in the attempt. The Cedar Bayou people had a shrewd eye to poor B——'s utility; and, seeing that his own enterprise had failed, reflecting that his knowledge of stock was likely to be eminently useful, while his own bodily powers of labour were none of the most contemptible, inasmuch as he stood nearly six feet high, and, though not positively robust, was strong in proportion,—they fixed upon him, as I have said; and, by the mere offer of "board and lodging," without wages, induced him to join his adventures with theirs.

In their own boat then, self-contained as it were, the three set off in high spirits, and with flying colours, to track, for the first time, by their own skill, the shoally waters of some forty or sixty miles of open bay. Boats discovered keel upwards, and swollen corpses found washed upon the desert shores of Pelican Island or Three Points, presented themselves to the imaginations of us treaders upon soft sand who remained behind; but, fortunately, no reality ever came to bear them out:—the three settlers arrived, after a long voyage, in safety; and, for "a time and a season" afterwards, very satisfactory accounts occasionally reached us, of their and their families' well-doing. But a change was about to come. Summer was advancing,—that season, when the "narrow strip" of Mr. Kennedy begins to reek and steam with pestilent carbonic acid gas, emitted imperceptibly through the myriad pores of the earth's surface,—when the fermentative part of animal and vegetable decomposition is most active beneath the almost perpendicular rays of the sun,—when water grows equally scarce and filthy, and fever-and-ague stalks forth alternately to scorch men's bodies with living fire, and shake their joints almost to dislocation with burning cold. And with the coming of all this likewise came flying accounts from Cedar Bayou, brought down by passing fishermen, hunters, or ramblers, who chanced to cross Captain S——'s, that some of the English family recently gone there were "sick,"—that one or two of them,—nobody knew who or which,—were dead; but that, altogether, they were in a very poor and desperate condition. These rumours obtained but a very partial and fluctuating degree of credit, until the return of a stout young Irish labourer, who had been at work upon the farm adjoining Captain S——'s, and had come back almost prepared for his coffin, confirmed, in great part, what had been previously said. About the same time, also, a strange, queer-eyed old vintner from the south of England, who had come out in the Francis,—but whose objects and intentions were as completely closed within himself as are the contents of a closely-bunged barrel of beer in the vessel which contains them,—chanced to penetrate into the country on a fruitless land-hunting expedition; and on his return to the island, called upon his friends at Cedar Bayou, not only for the purpose of seeing how they "got ahead," but also for the purpose of getting both his pockets and his belly filled with bread: an article which, as he did not find it growing wild in the prairies, he had rather naturally run short of during the two days last past. He found the inhabitants of Captain S——'s castle, with its blanket walls and sheet partitions, in a most deplorable condition,—nearly all of them being ill, few able to help themselves,—the whole without advice, or even medicine beyond what their own chests afforded,—and not a single one of all the four men, the Captain, Mr. L——, the Thames oarsman, or the curate's son, so much even as able to get down as far as the island for either physician, physic, or the ordinary necessaries of life. Indeed, so short were they run in the article of bread-stuffs, and so weak their prospects of being soon able to lay in an additional supply, that though our queer-eyed vintner had not enjoyed

an opportunity of blessing his crust during forty-eight mortal hours before,—Captain S—— refused to let him do more than satisfy the cravings of his stomach while he remained on the spot,—most resolutely opposing all the persuasives he used, in order to entice a few cakes or biscuits into his wallet, by way of provision for the morrow.

With the return of the vintner, also arrived an immediate invitation from Mr. L—— to a young surgeon of our party, Mr. T. W——, the son of a gentleman in Kidderminster, requesting him to repair immediately to Cedar Bayou, with all such physical consolation as his professional knowledge, combined with the resources of the Pharmacopœia, might be able to afford.

When Mr. W—— returned from Cedar Bayou, he brought no very refreshing or encouraging information. Ague and fever had taken possession of the house so far as the new residents were concerned,—the men were unable to get out of bed,—one of the children was dead and buried in the prairie,—Mr. L——'s mother (an old lady about 70) was very ill indeed,—Captain S——, the old campaigner, had nearly all the joints of his fingers on both hands in a state of running sore, accompanied by such a fetid odour, that it was scarcely endurable even by himself. Of course, he was disabled, and had to sit still with both his hands swaddled up in cloths and poultices; while his wife was lame with similar sores upon the legs, amounting, I think, in number, to about seventeen. Yet, in this wretched condition, they were without help, except what could be afforded by a very young maid-servant, (herself at times delirious with intermittent fever;) nor had they had, for some time past, any fresh meat, but were living upon dry and salt provisions. Eventually the old lady also died. With some difficulty, it may be presumed, her own kith and kin contrived to dig her grave, and she was laid beside her grandchild. This was not all. Subsequently, in consequence of their inability to get down to the island for stores, they lived about a fortnight in this diseased condition, without a morsel of wheaten flour or bread in the house,—principally consuming boiled rice.

At length, one day, the startling intelligence reached me, that Messrs. L——, P——, and young B——, the curate's son, had arrived at Galveston in their own boat; but in such a condition, that they had to be carried or otherwise assisted up the strand;—that they did not know how long they had been in coming, as all three had been delirious on the water, and thus buried count of day and night in oblivion:—and that they were so desperately ill, that no Christian in Galveston, either at inn, coffee-house, or private residence, would take them in.

In all this it proved there was too much truth. Finding themselves somewhat recovered after the visit of Mr. W——, and being in extremity as before stated, they had set out some few days previously,—it appeared uncertain what precise number: had very naturally found their disease woefully aggravated by exposure in an open boat to the sun during the blaze of day, and the damps and dews of ten or twelve hours' night. They remembered having forgotten their course. They knew that on one occasion, when Mr. L—— was very bad, he threw his coat overboard, containing, they thought, his pocket-book full of important papers:—the coat they caught up again, but there was no book in it; and Mr. L—— had not the most remote knowledge whether he brought it with him or not, although he intended to do so, as his visit to the island would have been of little utility without. They also recollected that Mr. B——, when he was bad, got out of the boat and stood upon a little island in the shade of a tree, until they fetched him off almost by force; and afterwards they found themselves amongst a number of little shell islands, somewhere, it seemed, about Redfish Bar,—but they were lost, quite lost.

After a while they saw a boat at a distance, and hailed it with hats and handkerchiefs as well as they could. It tacked about and stood towards them. A gentleman and two fishermen were in it. They had previously observed something amiss on board our sick party's craft, and were thinking about steering down upon them. This gentleman was Dr. C. F. W—rs—tr, who resided at a place called Edwards' Point, hard by. He soon saw how matters stood; and with great kindness and humanity conveyed the whole party to his house, where a day or two's rest, shelter, food and medicine, enabled them to make another start, and just reach Galveston in the manner described.

By the by that same Edwards' Point forms one and almost the only bright speck in my Texan recollections; for at that place did I pass ten days of the most delightful wild happiness that ever poor lover of nature enjoyed. It will make me a chapter some day;—a feast for readers of natural history. I could almost think it worth a voyage of three thousand miles to enjoy.

So, as has been said, neither inn-keeper nor private lodging-letter would open the door for the reception of our sick. What was to be done? It luckily (for them) happened then, that one of their fellow-passengers from England had recently been established in a comfortable general store in the heart of the town. He was a married man without family, and had sufficient room in his house. To Henry J——'s all three were therefore conveyed. Poor J——! little did he think then that the path of humanity and benevolence would indirectly lead him to the most deplorable and unfortunate of graves. So however it proved in the sequel. It must be understood however at the outset that J—— had very kindly been put into this store by the owner, a merchant of Galveston, in order to find him something by which to earn a living. His receipts were also to be accounted for weekly. That two out of the three invalids had nothing in the world to pay either board, lodging, attendance, or medical advice with, was well known. Whether the third, who had it in his power, would do so remained to be seen. Meantime, however, J—— found ready money for all they wanted, as it appeared inconvenient to Mr. —— to advance anything or even pay as he went along: while his wife found more than sufficient employment in

waiting upon them day and night. This was a heavy tax indeed upon a new beginner, without capital of his own, and acting in his capacity of shopkeeper merely as the retail agent of another. All the running expenses had to be supplied out of the till; and consequently the week's reckonings fell considerably short in actual cash. To add to these difficulties, the store also began to be deserted by the public who before appeared inclined to support it:—not so much perhaps from any fear of contagion, but because in fact, as one of the patients grew worse, it became highly disagreeable to enter the house. The Thames boatman was now in a wretched condition: for the most part insensible or raving deliriously. His legs also swelled to an enormous size, broke into sores, and rendered the office of waiting upon him so unpleasant and difficult to fill, that not one female in Galveston would undertake it for wages less than one pound English per day. Poor Mrs. J—— did it all for charity. I cannot enter into the full extent of the physical miseries to which poor humanity was reduced in the person of this individual. The curtains of silence must be drawn around this bed of suffering; and they that have hearts to sympathize may, if they will, drop a tear in secret behind them.

J——, in money matters, was now getting upon his last legs:—he knew it was useless to ask for supplies where none existed, and he had not the heart to attempt to relieve himself in the only practicable manner,—namely by turning the unfortunate out of his house. In this embarrassing and desperate situation, his moral philosophy forsook him:—hope of success now entirely abandoned his breast. He saw, or believed he saw, himself a totally lost and ruined man: and hence he abandoned himself as helpless at the edge of the declivity, and slid down to a pitiable death in despair. In utter recklessness he began to drink to excess: he foresaw the end; he pointed it out to others; he declared there was nothing else now left for him, and distinctly expressed to me personally his fixed intention to end his difficulties in that manner.

The Cedar Bayou settlement was finally abandoned as a delusive scheme, betraying only to disease and death. The women and remaining children, together with all the household gear, were removed at the earliest convenience, and preparations were contemplated for as speedy a retreat from Texas as the mitigation of disease would allow. At length the powers of human endurance triumphed so far, that all three patients were able to be removed,—a step which poor J——'s growing illness, combined with all other circumstances of this deplorable case, rendered absolutely indispensable. Our partially recovered oarsman did but vacate his bed just in time for his too tender-hearted and despairing entertainer to lie down upon it for the last time. I think he lay about two months; and notwithstanding everything that could be done was done, he gradually declined as though quietly going to sleep. At times he wandered in imagination over the scenes of more pleasant times in England;—he gathered dreamy fruits from visionary gardens; and often assured his afflicted wife that he was once more on the ship again, sailing back to that home which in this frail body he was destined to see no more. Then, by a transition which delirium never stays at, he bid her hurry,—make haste,—"Be quick, quick," said he, "or we shall be too late:—the ship is ready, and will go without us!"

Alas, alas, poor fellow! The phantom vessel of death was spreading her shadowy sails before his eyes, and pointing with her sable streamers across that obscure and horizonless ocean beyond which, let us hope, the mercy of the Almighty had prepared even for his erring but most charitable spirit, a more bright and golden land than that in which his bones were to be laid; and a happier home than any to which earth's seas could carry him. Every true catholic heart will believe, that as "charity covereth a multitude of sins," this unfortunate man's charity has blotted out the sin by which he died. Should any too self-sufficient moralist condemn the conduct of poor J——, and flatter his own vanity by boasting how very differently *he* would have done, had he been placed in the same circumstances,—let me remind him, that virtue without trial is but negative, not positive; that to conquer difficulties is easy enough at a distance and before trial, as the champions on both sides achieve a victory before the battle is begun. It is only he who does wrestle and contend, that is truly entitled to say, when he has tested the event, whether he has strength to stand or is only weak enough to fall. J—— died so, that life and death were fused together too closely for the actual line of distinction between the two to be observed. That gay young widow of whom I have before spoken, relieved his wife of all the last bitter duties, (for she was a good-hearted creature in truth;) and his body was buried as speedily as possible, after the Texan fashion; being about evening, if I recollect aright, of the same day.

Mr. I—— eventually disposed of his household goods by auction, and repaired with his own immediate family to New Orleans, on his way back to England: leaving his sister, and brother-in-law, Mr. P—— the oarsman, sick in Galveston, and reduced to the last extremity. From a fine powerful young man, such as I first described him, Mr. P—— was now become, it was believed by his physicians, a cripple for life; one of his legs, in which mortification had, it was said, at one time actually begun, being rendered comparatively useless. I was informed that he and his wife attempted to support themselves,—she by keeping a little school, and he by giving instructions upon the flute, an instrument that he played excellently. But what Texan barbarian could be found who would attempt to "soothe his savage breast" by learning music? I know not. An election drum or a nigger's fiddle makes up about the only orchestra ever heard in Galveston. The human voice "divine" is seldom heard in song; and in wooden church and chapel, where it is heard most loudly, truth obliges us to declare, that the divinity seems to have departed almost altogether from it. Sometimes a newly-imported voice from England will happen to trill an old country ballad, or detect itself half unconsciously murmuring some such tune as that of "I

hear them speak of my fatherland," while yet the body is fresh with unexhausted northern health, and the spirits are bounding and free; but even such songster soon grows mute;—the music of the past sinks into a saddened memory, and the expiring soul of former song gasps out, after a few months, its last breath in that fevered and enervating atmosphere. Save the wild laugh and shriek of tavern loafers, and the explosive "yah, ah!" of the negroes, nights are silent enough in this most gay and amusing of southern cities. There is enough of glorious moonlight—bright, dreamy, and inexpressibly delightful from its warmth and splendour, but it is still as the reign of silence herself;—there is no music, save that of the far-off breakers of the treacherous gulf, a solitary voice from the charmed tongue of nature, which, sounding remotely through the dim hollow of the night, only makes stillness fall yet more emphatically upon the spirit. Yes,—there are other sounds which to some ears might be music too. The prairie seems alive throughout its whole extent with the sharp quick whizzing of millions of insects—grasshoppers or locusts—which play their little pipes and clatter the sounding cymbals of their dry skeleton wings incessantly all night long. While now and then the loud drum-like burr of the invisible goatsucker, as she pursues her painted prey of moths in the air, startles the solitary rambler as the bird repeatedly sweeps in a tremendous circle from above, and each time bursts this singular sound within a few feet of his head. But of that music of art which cheers or saddens, and speaks to the soul in heavenly syllables, there is nothing. Poor P—— may gather listeners about his door and window, but few within his walls desirous of instruction.

In February of the following year, (about three months having elapsed,) I met Mr. L—— and his wife and children on the Levee in New Orleans, just as they were going on board a vessel bound for England. The former was still suffering from frequent and periodical attacks of the old complaint, and was in so weak a state as to be but just able to get on board, even with the assistance rendered him by his friends. The curate's son remained in Galveston, because he could not get away; and mainly subsisted upon the two most precarious and pitiful of props—chance and half-disguised charity.

What farther became of the various members of this unlucky band, I know not. Enough however has been related to satisfy the reader that the enthusiasm created by first impressions in a foreign country, almost every object in which is delightfully new and astonishing to the senses, can be very little depended on for its report of sensations, places, and things. When a fresh settler, to whom the idea of possessing landed property is perhaps altogether new, first finds some actual hundreds of acres within his reach, and all his own, other minor matters never peep from out the shade; and for the time-being he becomes in fancy equal with some old feudal baron, or the peer of an English lord, though without that title which he can well afford to kick from before him with scorn. But when he comes to gather his fancied flowers, the thorns remind him that they are there also; and too frequently teach the hard and unpalatable lesson, that what the heart most seems to desire,—liberty and one's own ground to tread upon,—may be purchased too dearly. The pleasurable idea of felling wild cedar, and building one's house of scented wood, like the beams of Solomon's temple of old, becomes worthless when the risks are, that one may perhaps not live long enough either to finish or to inhabit it. Alligators may be, as they are, highly interesting and exciting reptiles to watch and chase and shoot at,—but the loss of your dogs dragged under water by them, or a long and delightful "spell" of intermittent fever caught by wading into muddy bayous to fetch them out, are drawbacks upon the gratification of curiosity and the hunting mania, which people are prone to think too lightly of until they are too completely *in* for them to be able to withdraw again. The certainly most delightful of all human field-privileges,—that of roaming savanna and forest as free as the very wind that blows across your face, with no man nor tyrant law to arrest the crack of your rifle or the louder roar of your fowling-piece, when the finest of four-footed game or the most magnificent of birds comes within your reach,—also loses some of the gloss which an English, and especially an English town-bred imagination is apt to put upon it, when, from practical experience, it is found that even the most expert sportsman must make a perfect business of hunting, if he expect to live upon wild game; and that, to do so, he has time neither to raise a roof above his head, a fence around his settlement, or put a plough into his ground. To see wild speckled deer from your door, is mightily attractive in a book, a letter, or a magazine;—it is also amazingly gratifying to see them fall before your weapon;—but the eating thereof is far less satisfactory, and the trouble usual upon success very much greater, than the object sought is worth, save only for the sake of recreation and sport.

The venison of Texas is poor, dry, insipid, and hard stuff,—because, perhaps, it cannot be kept to render it in general fit for any man who has not the teeth of a shark or the snout of a saw-fish. Nor, in a country where good beef may almost be had for the asking, is it—so far as the larder is concerned—very much worth the killing; those parts, which in a sheep commonly go to the manufacture of that true-bred Cockney's delight, a "chop," being in reality the only tolerable portion.

Our old vintner's overland expedition in search of an appropriate place of settlement has already been alluded to. Although he had by no means found what he wanted, he did not altogether fail in catching something; as he arrived on the island in an ill state of health, and immediately afterwards was laid up in bed of brain-fever. While he thus lay helpless, and in such a position that he could see through the doorway into the garden, he was amused by observing the pigs squeeze through his fences, crunch up his melons with their usual gusto, and in perfect safety from him, close as it were under his very nose; while his pumpkins and squashes were not unfrequently gathered by the children in mere mischief, and laid, out of very devilry, upon his own step. On these occasions—though otherwise a faithful member of the church

—he has been plainly *seen* to swear inwardly with great spiritual energy; but beyond that, his efforts could not go. After his recovery he borrowed a few dollars of a friend who had sat up with him many a tedious night and supplied him with numberless little luxuries otherwise beyond his reach, —he also increased the amount by another small loan obtained from some other quarter;—paid his outstanding small debts in a two-legged table and an old umbrella which he left behind him,—and then slipped off to Orleans for the ostensible purpose of fetching his wife, whom he expected to meet there on her passage from England; but somehow, very miraculously, he never came back again! Whether he forgot it; or whether, when he fell into his wife's clutches, she first detained him by violence and eventually hugged him off to a place of greater safety, can only be conjectured.—The most liberal construction we can put upon his conduct is, however, that he lost his way some night and tumbled into the Mississippi; or he would have surely gone back to Galveston again, if it had been only to return the amount of his loan to the friend and constant watcher during his sickness, from whom he had raised it. To be sure, if we are to credit the moral philosophers, there is such a thing as ingratitude in the world; and such a venial crime as "serving-out" one's friends; but then at the same time, let us reflect that a good specimen of ingratitude may possibly teach its victim an invaluable lesson for his future guidance through life; while to drop upon a kind-hearted friend at the earliest opportunity is, assuredly, to save his pocket for the future, by demonstrating to him, in the most conclusive manner, the extreme folly of lending money before he well knows whom he has got to deal with. It is as clear as mud, then, that our friend the vintner was entirely in the right, and he of the generous disposition as decidedly wrong.

The old boy was not altogether bad.—In fact I never yet met with the monster that could, truly, so be considered. He enjoyed some sort of a tender heart, though of what precise genus I shall not attempt to explain. Fowls sick of repletion and the pip,—pigs in lack of potatoes, or sheep bleating over the wastes of the Atlantic, either for the nibbled mountains they had left, or for a wisp or two of hay as a substitute, always found a friend and supporter in the vintner—as many fierce wordy conflicts with the supercargo of our vessel, entirely on their account, can amply testify. He could behold a poor steerage passenger sick and drooping for a drop of drink, with unusual complacency; but a chicken-breasted cockrel pining for a barley-corn, or a ship-grunter minus his natural and proper allowance of wrinkled carrots and cuddy slush, appealed to his tenderest affections in a manner as strong as it was instantaneous. One would verily have thought that he either lay under some deep obligations to cockrel, which he knew not well how to discharge; or that, at some former period of his life's history, he had been saved from the jaws of death by bacon alone.

(*To be continued.*)

"HONOUR TO WOMEN."

FROM SCHILLER.

Honour to women! entwining and braiding,
Life's garland with roses for ever unfading,
In the veil of the Graces all modestly kneeling,
Love's band with sweet spells have they wreathed, have they bless'd.
And tending with hands ever pure, have caress'd,
The flame of each holy, each beautiful feeling.

Ever truth's bright bounds outranges
Man, and his wild spirit strives,
Ever with each thought that changes
As the storm of passion drives—
With heart appeased, contented, never
Grasps he at the future's gleam,
Beyond the stars pursuing ever
The restless phantom of his dream.

But the glances of women, enchantingly glowing,
Their light woos the fugitive back, ever throwing
A link round the present, that binds like a spell;
In the meek cottage home of the mother presiding,
All graces, all gentleness, round them abiding,
As Nature's true daughters, how sweetly they dwell.

Man is ever warring, rushing
Onward through life's stormy way,
Wild his fervour, fierce and crushing,
Knows he neither rest nor stay,
Creating, slaying—day by day
Urged by Passion's fury brood,
A Hydra band, whose heads, for aye
Fall, to be for aye renewed.

But women, to sweet silent praises resigning
Such hopes as affection is ever enshrining,
Pluck the moment's brief flowers as they wander along,
More free in their limited range, richer ever
Than man, proudly soaring with fruitless endeavour
Through the infinite circles of science and song.

Strong, and proud, and self commending,
Man's cold heart doth never move
To a gentler spirit bending,
To the godlike power of Love,
—Knows not soul-exchange so tender,
Tears, by others' tear's confessd,
Life's dark combats steel, and render
Harder his obdurate breast!

O wakened like harp, and as gently, resembling
Its murmuring chords to the night breezes trembling,
Breathe's woman's fond soul, and as feelingly too:
Touch'd lightly, touch'd deeply, O ever she borrows
Grief itself from the image of grief, and her sorrows
Ever gem her soft eyes with Heaven's holiest dew.

Man, of power despotic lord,
In power doth insolently trust;
Scythia argues with the sword,
Persia, crouching, bites the dust.
In their fury-fights engaging,
Combat spoilers wild and dread,
Strife, and war, and havoc raging
Where the charities have fled.

But gently entreating, and sweetly beguiling,
Woman reigns while the Graces around her are smiling,
Calming down the fierce discord of Hatred and Pride;
Teaching all whom the strife of wild passions would sever,
To unite in one bond, and with her, and for ever,
All hopes, each emotion, they else had denied.

NOTE FROM A COUNTRY RESIDENT.

To the Editor of Tait's Magazine.

I LIVE in a country town, containing an unusual proportion of families in independent, or, at least, easy circumstances. Of its geography, I will only say that it is to the north of the Forth. The heads of the best families are retired officers of rank, *Indians*, professional men, and small land-proprietors. They form a delightful society, and are generally amiable and virtuous people. The one sad feature of their life is the want of what are called *openings* for the young men. A gentleman, accordingly, finds nothing but plain sailing till his lads begin to approach manhood, when it is generally discovered that there is positively no place of any kind, *at home*, to be had for one of them. You speak of the great commercial towns, as Liverpool, Glasgow, &c., and find that inquiries have been made in those quarters in vain. Law in Edinburgh is overdone: witness the sad waste of educated mind which saunters every forenoon, year after year, on the boards of the Parliament House, spending in perfect listlessness, or the perpetration and dissemination of small jokes, the time which it is the delight of manly youth to give to active and profitable pursuits. Divinity with us, as you are aware, is not a line into which gentlemen are ambitious of propelling their sons. Farming requires large stock, and is full of risk. What *is* to be done? The first resource aimed at is the military or naval service; but commissions therein are difficult of attainment, and but a small number take that course. The grand alternative is India. The town, as far as the superior classes are concerned, might almost be called a nursery for the public service in that great dependency. Not a year passes which does not see several youths draughted off to take commissions in the Indian army, or, more rarely, of course, writerships. By the way, an East India Director lately pulled up a man before a magistrate for pestering him to be allowed to recommend young men to his patronage, on the understanding that they should divide the spoil. I can have no doubt that the East India Directors are above bribery; yet how happens it that, in this country town, the advance of some six or seven hundred pounds to obtain a cadetship, *although accompanied by the taking of an oath that no such money has been given*, is talked of openly as indispensable? I know a gentleman who had secured a cadetship for his son, and was ready to pay down the money, but gave up the bargain when he found that he had to swear what was not the truth. Passing from this,—year after year sees troops of these striplings go off to India, all hopeful, of course, in time to return and settle with a competency in the scene of their early days—which not one in twenty, as I am assured by an attentive observer, ever does. They are, at least, cut off from the domestic circle and the affections of their kindred for a long course of years, during which death seldom fails to remove one or both of their parents. Their parting, indeed, for India, may almost be described as a kind of death. It must be felt nearly as such, one would think, by mothers. It is there, evidently, that the hardship falls most heavily. I often pity my good lady neighbours who have broods of sons rising up, reflecting that with every one of these it is as sure they must part, when the young men reach seventeen, as that they are to reach seventeen at all. I have heard mothers speak of this prospect almost with tears in their eyes, at the same time that they acknowledged that it was inevitable, and, to their conviction, for the best. But this is not the entire evil. The boys go—but the girls remain. Our society presents numbers of amiable and accomplished young ladies: but a beau is as scarce as were the younkers after the battle of Flodden, in Miss Elliot's song. Parents, therefore, have not only to lament the absence of sons whom they will probably never again behold, but they have to grieve over the presence of daughters who, in the course of nature, ought to be settled in houses of their own, as the wives of happy men and the mothers of pleasant children. A marriage is a perfect wonder amongst us; and it too often happens that, when one does take place, the gentleman has reached an age not a little disproportioned to that of the lady.

What I admire most about this system is the tranquil unconsciousness of all concerned as to the cause of it. These people are, for the most part, well-meaning Conservatives, and great abhorrers of the Anti-Corn-Law League. They have not the faintest idea that the Corn Law has anything to do with the *want of openings at home*, of which they are so constantly complaining. The poor mother looks on her striplings, and grudges every inch that is added to their stature, as it marks the approach of the time when she must divorce them from her arms to be sons to her no more; but she knows not that, but for false and selfish legislation, there need be no such hardship in her course. The father frets at the buffetings he gets when he writes to his cousin in Liverpool in quest of situations, groans at expenditure for commissions and outfits—and perhaps also repines a little at parting with Jack and Harry. But he sees no more relation between these vexations and the bread-tax than between tight shoes and the toothache. *Most* of these men have no interest in the present *state* of the law. They are only blinded by political prejudice and a servile submission to authoritative names. It is quite vain to try to lead their minds to trace the effect to its cause. To have any chance of convincing them, one would need to instruct them in the very A-B-C of political economy—then to undo their prejudices, and then to implant the right principles: a task which, I, for one, rather shrink from. But I confess it is with pain that I see so many respectable persons at once suffering what natural affection tells us is one of the greatest of hardships; and yet, from ignorance, disposed to worship the system which visits them with it.

Our town is an example of many in Scotland, in all, perhaps, but the unusual proportion of this easy(!) class to the remainder of the population. To have sons or other relations in India is the fate of something like one-half, I should suppose, of the families which live in elegant circumstances in this country. I remember having this very forcibly impressed on me, on encountering, by chance, in a country house in Lanarkshire, two ladies who had not met till then, for some years. They began, as people in such a case generally do, to run over the list of their mutual acquaintance, giving and receiving information about the domestic circumstances of each family. It was quite startling how many references were made by them to members of the various families who had gone to India. And this related to a circle of acquaintance in a district of which *Glasgow* was the centre. I remember that you and I once talked of this, and your remark was, that the facility of disposing of children in India might be one of the reasons why the superior portion of the middle classes are in so few instances opposed to the Corn Laws, as not having occasion to feel the pinch in their own case.

Now that I have had an opportunity of close observation, I believe that the pinch is fully felt in that class as well as others, and that the draughting off of the young men to Hindostan is a *pis-aller* adopted with reluctance, as might indeed be presumed, if we allow that these people have the ordinary natural affections. The true cause of their supporting the Corn Laws is, as far as I can observe, a woeful lack of knowledge upon the subject, and the blinding operation of class and party prejudices.

F. L.

REMINISCENCES OF DUBLIN COLLEGE LIFE.

NO. II.—OLD CROW STREET.

In the spring of 1813, John Kemble accepted a long, and as it turned out, a very profitable engagement from the manager of Crow Street Theatre. The nett receipts of each night on which he played, after deducting a hundred pounds for salaries and other expenses, were divided, on the following morning, between the two potentates; and it rarely occurred, during a period of six weeks, that *King John's* share, for any one night, came short of a hundred and twenty pounds. As he played four times in the week, and never would face the footlights before his dues of the previous evening were safely lodged to his credit in La Touche's Bank, he had no cause to rail at the declining taste of the age.

At that period, indeed, the stage had lost none of its attractions. It was resorted to by all classes and professions, as a place of allowed and dignified delight. People were unconscious of the risk they ran; they dreamt not that they were consigning their spirits to the bottomless pit, by the endeavour to elevate them to the highest heaven of Eloquence and Nature. Shakspere was then looked upon as a man who might, in his day, have had "a soul to be saved." We know now what a sad mistake was that—modern discoveries in Celestial Topography having fixed a location for all such gallants, far wide of Elysium; and if old Wesley was determined that "the Devil should not have all the good tunes to himself," it is held to be true divinity, on the other hand, that all the good singers, actors, and dramatists, are his, to have and to hold, while grass grows and water runs.

In those days, however, as I have said, opinion was more generous, and even the Heads of the Church did not withhold their countenance from the stage. I never saw an actual bishop indeed at the play; but doctors in divinity, several of whom have since adorned the Bench, were constant frequenters of the theatre. I could, at this moment, place my finger on a prelate, whose style of preaching got him his mitre; and his whole merit lies in a close imitation of John Kemble's manner.

People say the world is more enlightened than it was thirty years ago, and that the clergy, as well as their flocks, dispose of their evenings much better. I cannot subscribe to either of these positions, in the sense intended. There is, to be sure, more literary cant and pretension, and a vast deal more of sanctimonious austerity abroad. The clergy, in particular, stalk about with an air that conveys, in some instances, to those "who know the men," the disagreeable impression, that it is only *on* the stage they dislike *acting*. But their performances are like Morton's tragi-comedies, very sad exhibitions indeed. Liston's *Mawworm* was far superior to the best of them; and of the boasted improvements in taste or manners, since the theatre has been interdicted, the signs are neither seen nor felt in the general tone and conversation of polite society.

The Provost of our University, Dr. Elrington, afterwards Bishop of Ferns, took great delight in witnessing the performances of Kemble; and the little commonwealth which he ruled, (with rather a rough hand, too,) was extensively imbued with the same taste. Each night during that memorable engagement, the three front rows of the pit were taken up exclusively by students. No townsman thought of encroaching within their critical pale; and when the veteran appeared in one of his Roman characters, another bench, sometimes two, were seized for their particular accommodation.

John Kemble, though past the climacteric, was then in the zenith of his fame, and still the unrivalled monarch of the stage. Kean, of whom no one had then ever heard, was playing in Waterford for half-a-guinea a-week. The discriminating audiences of that city were hardly disposed to think him deserving of so *liberal* an allowance; but as far as great bodily agility, and the unsparing use of a very husky voice, could be considered meritorious of that high figure, they candidly agreed that he went a good bit of the way towards earning it. How the Black Dictator was very shortly afterwards deposed, by that "swaggering upspring," from his pride of place in many characters, it is needless to relate. Unquestionably, there were other parts, besides that of *Young Mirabel*, of which Croker could have said with equal truth, being

> "By Kemble play'd,
> Were like Macbeth in masquerade."

But, in the classical worthies of antiquity, he never had, and—till I see the man—I will not believe that he ever can have, an equal. His outer man was cast in the antique mould, and he had a mind to correspond with it. The eagle-eye—the stern, and finely-chiselled features—(to which, by the by, that very handsome picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the National Gallery, bears only a remote resemblance,)—the stately form—the majestic port—the grandiloquent and rhythmical elocution—all marked him as a leader in the Capitol.

I respect Macready's genius, and always did, since he first appeared—an almost unheard name—in Dublin, and gave, among other fine personations, a noble and affecting representation of *King Richard the Second*. He is, of living actors, perhaps the only one, who is truly capable of fathoming the deep things of Shakspere. His *Othello* and *Hamlet* are such performances, as the most accomplished mouther of the parts could hardly comprehend, much less aspire to emulate. In *Harry the Fifth* he is a gallant and true prince, as ever led the chivalry of a great nation to victory; and if ever he ventures upon *Hotspur*, doubtless he will invest *rebellion* with

> "A grace beyond the reach of art."

I mean such "art" as exists anywhere without himself.

But let me not see Macready in *Coriolanus*, or *Cato*, or *Brutus*. I would also add *Macbeth* and *Wolsey* to the list. I have seen him in one of these, and he struck out some rare beauties; but I would not take a sterling sovereign of the gold coin of this realm, to sit by and have the glorious originals of the rest disturbed, in my mind's eye, as they even now stand out, all fresh and vivid, in the

"Well-remembered form and face"

of Kemble. Macready may play these characters to the delight of the present generation; but let me rather contemplate, through a vista of thirty years, the asthmatic old man,

"As he rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,"

or when, as Mr. Wyse graphically described him, in his prologue to one of Sheil's tragedies, he

Scar'd the Volscians with a Roman cheer.

Eheu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!

The first night that I saw Kemble in *Coriolanus*, was also that of my introduction to Billy Sheridan,—memorable events both of them. My companion was a freshman, lately *caught* near the far-famed Lough Erne, who called himself, in the *patois* of that loyal district, "an Inniskillen byhe,"* and was named in the college books, David M'Fad. Being the son of a Presbyterian minister, this was his first appearance before any stage. The praises of the great tragedian, which were sounded at Commons, and other places of collegiate colloquy, had excited his imagination, and he was overtempted of the Evil One, to put down his three shillings and threepence at the door. "Yon's a sight o' money," he said, "to pay for a nip of the conscience. But a *byhe* must sometimes go with the tide." And so Davy flung himself into the unruly current that was eddying, very tumultuously I must say, about the pit door of the "Crow Street House play."

If, as some of the good people used to assert even then, that was one of the adits of the bottomless pit, it was anything but a *facilis descensus*. Imagine two hundred people, or more, in a narrow street, gathered round a cellar door, bivalved, which opened inwards upon the topmost step of a steep flight of smooth stone stairs, much worn and polished by the many-footed public. Imagine those two or three hundred (as well becomes a modest Irishry) pressing forward, elbowing, crushing, squeezing and buffeting, to try who'll be first. Then, at the appointed time of half-past six, imagine the doorkeeper within, whose business it is to shoot back the bolt, stealing on tiptoe, for fear of being heard by the impatient crowd in the street, just as one might go about to open a tiger's cage; and the instant he performs the feat, bounding away before the roaring monster, as it follows, crashing, tramping, jostling, tumbling, capering, and yelling at his heels. Down it pours, a human cataract, through the palpable darkness of that sudden descent, careless who may be underfoot, and, indeed, without power—though it cared ever so much—to help or spare: for onwards it rushes, impelled from behind; and, like the hunted stag,

"Fearing the hind legs may o'ertake the fore;"

until a light, glimmering from a chink in the wall, calls upon every one to stop and pay.

This chink could conveniently admit just two hands; and as there were two hundred varieties of that useful part of man, each clutching three-and-threepence in its palm, and all thrust towards the half pint of candlelight in the wall, I defy you, reader, to imagine the struggle which then and there took place; unless, indeed, you have made the attempt, which once I did, (and failed,) to squeeze into St. Paul's cathedral, upon the heels of the Judges, the Recorder, the Queen's Counsellors, the Mayor, the sheriffs, and the aldermen, on that day—I forget exactly what day that is—when they all proceed in state, to hear a sermon, and thence proceed, in haste, to eat a dinner with the lord of the city at the Mansion-House.

The thought of forming a *queu*, as at the French theatres, and constraining all comers to wait their turn, never enters into the arrangements of our Police, who indeed keep themselves out of sight during such *melées*; but are ready enough, as soon as people are quietly settled in the body of the house, to haul out any malecontent that complains too audibly of the loss of a shoe, hat, coat skirt, or watch in the crush.

David M'Fad was considerably amazed, when he found himself afloat upon the shoulders of this uneasy mass: for he very quickly lost his legs, and, by a happy accident, instead of being drawn underneath, was hoisted above the heads of the people, his own head bobbing, every moment, against the low ceiling, which over-arched the passage. "Oh, if my poor mother knew where I am now!" he screamed, at every thump, with a voice so piercing that it was clearly audible above the din and uproar of the place——"If she only knew!"

By good fortune the old lady was not then aware of her treasure being "out;" and he was too tender, I am sure, of her maternal feelings, to apprize her of it afterwards. His distress and ludicrous manner of proclaiming it afforded great amusement, and created no bad *diversion* for himself in the end, by disarming the wrath of those who felt his weight upon their necks, so that they let him down easy, amid shouts of laughter, as soon as they were free to shake him off.

When he got into the body of the house, and his unaccustomed eyes were able to endure the blaze of beauty that lit up the dress-circle of the boxes—Lord help us all! I have seen some of the fairest stars of that galaxy looking very cheesy of late years:—he stared about with a look of bewildered admiration, seemingly forgetful of what his poor mother might be thinking about his present more perilous situation. After a long and earnest gaze, he exclaimed, with a sigh, or rather a grunt, "Dear—dear—but the ladies do wear their necks uncommon low down in this town!"

The curtain was drawn, and a pair of "bald Tribunes" came forward to agitate a bit against the

* *Scilicet*—"Boy."

favourite of the Senate. One of them was represented by an actor from the Canongate of Edinburgh, named Thompson, a man of considerable energy and talent; but his voice was harsh and loud, and he declaimed in a "*decalect*," which would have been more appropriate to a bailie of the Potterrow, than to the character he assumed.

Mr. Thompson was unreasonable enough to be annoyed at the jibes we were wont to bestow upon his accent; and he once carried his displeasure so far, as to retort something about *a pot and a kettle*. He thought himself justified in making the reflection, because we not only endured, but applauded to the very echo, a performer from Cork, named Connor, (a Trinity College man, by the by,) who had, a few evenings before, called Ophelia his "Sisthur," and told the King of Denmark, that he had

> "Bought an unction of a Mountybank,
> And would anynte his swoord."

An ignorant person was that Thompson, not to understand the proper distinction between the original English pronunciation, as it is to this day preserved, in the utmost purity, in the adopted county of Spenser, and a barbarous Sclavonian jargon, abhorrent both in sound and orthography from the genius itself of the language it deforms.

This bit of philology, by the way, is none of my own. I had it, with many other ἴσια συίζοντα of great value, from Billy Sheridan.

Davy M'Fad, however, did not participate in the general disrelish of the Scotch actor's *lingo*, which indeed was not very different from his own. He took it into his head, that a man who could wear such a black curled wig, and strut so fiercely, and scowl from under such a pair of shaggy eyebrows; one, moreover, who laid so marked an emphasis on so many of his words, must be the autocrat himself of the English stage. "Gray-she-ous!" he ejaculated, "what a grand man is Misther Kamble!"

But as soon as Foote, the other tribune, began to growl like thunder, in reply to Thompson, there was a manifest revulsion in his ideas; for Foote was "a grand man" too, and could "stalk o'er the scene" better than Thompson. He was in fact *the Ghost* of the company. A rustic youth, whose histrionic experience had never gone beyond the *King of Morocco* in the puppet-show, might well be charmed by such an imposing pair of ancient Radicals, dressed up in white togas. But the illusion was of short duration; for Caius Martius soon stept forth in person; and if the loud greetings of the audience had not made the case plain, the imperious waft of his arm, before he spoke a word, towards the Anti-Corn-Law brawlers at the opposite side of the stage, would have indicated him, to a greener than Davy, as the chief enemy of "The People," and the chief delight of the public.

"Yon's the man, after all," cried the *byhe*, and opened both his eyes and his mouth; all of which remained at their widest distension during the performance, till the green curtain dropped upon the bier of the hero; and the band in the orchestra struck up "*Saint Patrick's day in the morning.*"

"O, damn *that!*" said Davy; ('twas his first oath: how the recording angel dealt with it, I never could learn;) and he ran home, disdaining the fiddlers and the farce, which was to follow. From that night, he became a constant visiter at the theatre, when anything likely to delight the mind, or improve the taste, was to be represented; and, in a short time, there were not many frequenters of the house more ready to decide whether full justice had been done to the poet or not. He became an acknowledged critic, and wrote the best half of a "tragic play," after the German model, to be called "*Wickedness*, or the Bravo with the *Red Breeches*;" in which he was not without hope that Kemble would undertake the principal character. But the unfinished manuscript fell into his mother's hands, during a visit which he made to the north, in the long vacation; and she *singed* a *goose* with it! Many a promising drama has been brought into familiarity with that name in a less savoury manner.

On that memorable night, Davy sat beside a student, some five-and-twenty years of age, who took up the room of two men. I don't mean that his *séant* rested on a double quantity of space, like that of poor *Bumbo Greene*, who was always obliged to pay for two seats in the Limerick mail, and whose servant once, not being able to secure them both inside, wisely engaged one beside the coachman, and the other beside a young lady, who rode with her back to the horses. But this personage planted his hat by his left side upon the bench, and, as his right hand grasped a gold-headed bamboo of formidable height, no person chose to dispute his right to do so. His stature gave him a command over the occupants of the other benches, who seemed to be swayed by him, in offering the meed of applause, and choosing the time when to give it. He always began the fire by three loud knocks of his bamboo upon the floor, and a deep-mouthed "Bravo," which went to the farthest recesses of the house. If any impatient admirer attempted to break out prematurely, in the midst of some enchaining passage, which was in danger of being marred, or lost, by the interruption, he would rebuke the unseasonable homage with a shake of his uplifted finger, looking round, the while, towards the offending quarter, with nostrils wide distended, as in the act of command, and a contemptuous curl, or rather protrusion, of the under lip. Afterwards, at the proper moment, he would set loose the imprisoned spirits, with an emphatic "Now!" Down went the bamboo, like the stroke of a hammer; and instantly the pack of *claqueurs* broke out, nor ever ceased to repeat round after round, as long as the well-known thunder of the bamboo could be distinguished pounding against the floor. This man was Billy Sheridan; and he was well known by all play-going people, as "*the fugleman of the pit.*" That was his name about town.

He was extremely amused at the simplicity of the *byhe*, in worshipping that dull stick, Foote, by mistake, for Kemble; but he soon conceived a more respectable interest in him, when he saw the genuine enthusiasm which kindled in his eye, and seemed to agitate his whole inner man, as the

force of genius, which gradually developed itself in the representative of the noble Roman, wound its spell around him. Two or three well-timed interjections of praise confirmed this favourable impression of his judgment; and at last the Longinus of the pit condescended to enter into conversation with him during an interval between the Acts.

"This is *your* first visit to the play?" quoth Billy, interrogatively.

A nod from David made the proposition affirmative.

"It wont be your last."

"I'm doubtful myself," said the *byke*, with the accent of a *penitent* who has half made up his mind to repeat an offence,—"I'm doubtful myself if it be."

"No doubt of it at all, youngster. This night decides it. You've tasted the fruit, and will come again, though you should climb the wall to get at it."

Miss O'Neil was Volumnia; and it was at first a great trial of Davy's faith, to be required to imagine that so tender a young creature could be the mother of "Misther Kamble." But he soon lost sight of the incongruity, under the influence of her spirit-stirring and vigorous impersonation.

We, in Ireland, were accounted rather niggardly of praise towards that accomplished actress; because we would not consent to be run away with by the first burst of London enthusiasm, to pronounce her the equal of Mrs. Siddons. But we were duly proud of her; and never spared applause, when she "came out" for it, as on that occasion. It was, indeed, a great triumph of art, which enabled a lovely girl of nineteen, without even a mock wrinkle stamped on her brow of youth, to pass for the stern matron who "saved Rome, and lost her son." In the great scene, where her intercession had been rejected, and tears, expostulation, reproof, and scorn, had all been tried in turn, and all failed to move the warrior's heart, the glance of mingled shame and indignation with which she turned away, exclaiming, in a tone of calm, but bitter contempt—

This fellow had a Volscian to his mother—

quite melted away Davy's incredulity, and he whispered—"'Feth and *you*'re his mother, for all that."

Miss O'Neil's style of acting did not please Kemble. It was not the fruit of study. Doubtless it would have been better if she had *attended drill* more regularly: but she was young, perhaps idle, and not quite capable of the arduous mental toil which a perfect preparation would have exacted. She, therefore, committed her part to memory, trusting to a correct ear and most melodious voice, to give it the right expression, and to the inspiration of the scene, to communicate proper force to the thoughts and feelings of the character, as they should arise. The consequence of thus throwing herself, as it were, into the tide of passion, wafted onwards, as she was sure to be, by the injudicious breath of the applauding million, was, that she was often carried beyond her depth. But her efforts, in the very torrent of these extravagancies, were always graceful, unaffected, earnest; and, though nature might be overdone, still natural—highly natural.

But Kemble did not like to play to a young lady, who was thus apt to kick against the traces, and start out of sight. It was, in truth, a grave embarrassment to him. As to himself, every inflexion of his voice, every glance of his eye, every movement of his limbs, even to the snapping of his fingers, when *Brutus* says he'd "rather be a dog and bay the moon," nay, every turn of his head, were timed and regulated like clockwork. It was even said, that the number of strides he would take in changing his position from one side of the stage to the other, at a particular passage, were carefully chalked upon the boards beforehand. However that might be, a great part of his business and labour at rehearsals consisted in marshalling and prescribing the movements of the subordinate performers, so as to make them keep in exact harmony with his own. On the very night which more immediately concerns us, I distinctly heard him say, snappishly enough too, in "a playhouse whisper," to *Tullus Aufidius*, "Look in my face, Sir." The said *Tullus* was at the moment pouring out a fierce tirade against his equal in command, and addressing it in a most pointed manner to some ladies and gentlemen in the lord mayor's box.

Now it did not at all suit this methodical system of action, every line and passage of which had been pre-arranged and laid down, for pictorial as much as for rhetorical effect, that the principal personage should be obliged to wheel about, at every hand's turn, to *look for his mother*. He always desired to find the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, well up to time and place and attitude and aspect; or else, as he apprehended, (and rightly too,) much of the general effect of the performance, together with many of his own happiest conceptions, were marred in the delivery. But with Miss O'Neil, in the exuberance of her young fancy, Kemble often found himself under the disagreeable necessity of playing at *Hide and Seek*. When he thought he had her, at the stage-door, hemmed in between that and the foot-lights, a burst of enthusiasm would carry her slick away, as they say at New York, to the very remote end of the stage, and thither was he constrained to follow her, looking almost as amazed and unhappy as *Hamlet* after *The Ghost*.

Hence it was no wonder that, when some person asked his opinion of Miss O'Neil, he replied in a slighting tone,—"She is a very pert young lady."

On a certain occasion the Lord Lieutenant had bespoken the play of *The Stranger*; and, as a most brilliant audience was anticipated, Kemble was very desirous that the performance should be as effective as possible. At the rehearsal, therefore, he induced Miss O'Neil, who was the *Mrs. Haller*, to go with him four times through the grand reconciliation scene, which concludes the play. Such a *lecture* ought to have been worth a thousand pounds to her; but she did not then set that value upon it. She became pettish and impatient, like a child that tires of an irksome task; and when

he said to her, "Come, once more!" after the fourth turn, she pouted, and cried with downright vexation. "Pooh!" said John, as he strode stately off to the green-room, "you 'll never be an actress."

John was decidedly wrong; for she was at that moment an actress, and a very great one; nor was there in the whole range of the drama any character which she could represent with more truth and feeling than that very part of *Mrs. Haller*. Doubtless she was indebted for much of her subsequent brilliant success in the part to the instructions for which she appeared, at that time, so little thankful.

Kemble was peculiarly animated on the night we saw him; an effect which it required two concurrent circumstances to produce. First, that his lungs should be free from their chronic plague, the asthma; and secondly, the box-circle should be tolerably well filled. When he came upon the stage, and stood bowing his thanks for the storm of applause which greeted his first entrance, it was curious to observe the calculation in his eye, as he counted the house. This he did with surprising accuracy, while he smiled and salaam'd

From the centre all round to the *Scenes*.

That eye of his was a ready-reckoner, and informed him, in less than five minutes, of the *sterling* value of the audience; so that he seldom fell short or exceeded the actual amount by ten pounds. According to the result of this *measuring cast*, was the measure of his exertions. Three hundred pounds and upwards brought forth the *vim insitam*. If the receipts fell much short of that, he went through his part correctly, but without distressing himself in the least.

An incident occurred, which strongly proved the hold retained by this great man upon the mind of the spectators, in the midst of interruptions the most ludicrous and diverting. It was in the last act of the tragedy, when *Aufidius* begins his attack upon *Coriolanus*, taunts him with a betrayal of the *Volscian* interest, and haughtily requires him to relinquish his command. The whole passage is an interpolation of *Jemmy Thomson*, and one of the few, the very few, happy liberties which have been taken with Shakspere's text. The reply of the proud Roman, as delivered by Kemble, was exceedingly grand and impressive. The words dwell very imperfectly in my memory; but I think some of the lines ran to this effect:—

> Till I have cleared my honour in your councils,
> And proved before them all, to thy confusion,
> The falsehood of thy charge; as soon in battle
> I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy,
> As quit the station they have here assigned me.

The energy, at once impassioned and deliberate, with which he uttered these words, was enforced by action so noble and expressive, as to give a perfect idea of resolution and firmness of purpose "founded as the rock." Nobody would have thought that so much could be made of "sawing the air;" but, as Billy observed, "That was a 'wise saw.'" A roar of admiration, to which the bamboo beat time as true as a *Maestro's* fiddlestick, rose up from the pit, and was heartily echoed by cheers from every other part of the theatre. But during a brief interval, or lull of the tempest, the house was struck suddenly dumb by *Big Beatty*, who reared himself upon his hind legs, and swore a bigger oath than I choose to transcribe,—

"By ——, that bates Demosthenes!"

Yet, can you believe it reader,—especially such reader as may have seen the aforesaid *Big Beatty* in a moment of excitement, with his face red as the full moon in a fog, and his white cravat untied, and streaming like a meteor to the troubled air;—nobody laughed! We were actually too much afraid of *Coriolanus*, to laugh. *He* was not at all disposed to laugh; and the house respected his gravity too much to raise even a titter. It was only when the play was over, and a wag in the upper gallery proposed "Three cheers for Demosthenes' Nose!" —(*Big Beatty* had a strikingly prominent feature of that ilk,)—it was only then that we gave way to a ringing peal of merriment, which caused the big critic in the pit to look as black again as his admiring acclamation had made "*Black Jack*."

I remember this trifling incident with the more pleasure, because it was the means of bringing me acquainted with Billy Sheridan. When the current of our enthusiasm was so unseasonably obstructed by this grotesque interruption, I had almost unconsciously given utterance to my vexation by an Irish proverbial form of bespeaking silence—"Ah, will nobody put a wisp of straw into that calf's mouth?"

"That's an excellent suggestion, Sir," said Billy. "I desire your better acquaintance for it:—

Noris nos—docti sumus."

"Willingly," I replied. "Where shall I call upon you?"

"Call! call be hanged! Come and sup with me."

Trinity College men do not stand on punctilio, like your pompous *nobs* at Oxford and Cambridge, who must exchange cards regularly at each other's doors, before they will even bestow a recognition on an old school-fellow, or a neighbour's son, in the street. An invitation to supper is a very sufficient introduction; I should like to see the stickler for etiquette, upon our Foundation, who would make such a common ass of himself, as to refuse, because—"I have not the honour of knowing you, Sir." It is few men, worth knowing, a fellow of that starch gentility would have the honour of supping with, I fancy. In half an hour after we had first exchanged words in the pit, I was opening Billy's oysters, and calling him "Sheridan."

There were *Noctes*, good reader, not so select as those in *Number Twenty-five*, at which this convivial spirit, being less responsible for the decorum of his guests, was more of a boon companion. This was at the Shakspere Tavern, in Cope Street, which, being temptingly situated between the pit door and the College gate, it was not easy to pass its well-lighted window, rich in kidneys and ducklings, ready skewered for the spit. Mrs. Dempsy was a "genteel" woman, and attentive hostess. Her oysters were ever fresh; her spatchcocks done

to a turn; and her Welsh-rabbits served in successive plate-oons—hot, hotter, most hot. She sat in her bar, dispensing smiles on every side, like the rays of the planet Venus; and I believe that since the time of Hebe, no lady, mortal or divine, ever mixed a more agreeable jug of punch. A pleasant *flahoulagh* sort of a woman was Mrs. Dempsy.

"The *Shakspere*" was crammed with critics, when Mr. Sheridan's party, consisting of three hungry sophisters, besides myself, were ushered into a curtained stall, or box, bespoken for his use, before the theatre was opened. "It is my custom ever in an afternoon," said our sonorous host, "as I pass these doors on my way to Crow Sthreet, to look into Mrs. D.'s larder; and, according as I find it provided, to programmatize the order of the course. I can't say that she is well assorted this evening. There are ducks without paise; and salad, but no lobster. The old spinach is too old, and the new is not come in yet. I have ordered, therefore, a roast fowl, and 'sparagus, a broiled blade-bone, a vale cutlet—for, after dining at Commons, you'll be sharp-set enough—and the remains of that cold ham that was so excellent last night. But here come the oysters, to clear out the cobwebs of that infernal pit-passage, before we fall to; and, as they are the last of the saison, you'll, of course, take an affectionate lave of them. *Heus, puer!*—hark ye, Mister Ganymade!—Tim Tunny, I say, d'ye hear me?"

"Comin', Sir," cried Tim, as he flitted by, with three covered dishes and a breadbasket, in haste to serve a still more vociferous table than ours, at the upper end of the apartment.

"Ay, comin', Sir," (mimicking him); "and so is Christmas comin', Sir. I believe that fellow is called waiter because he waits to be called, ten times at laste, without coming once."

Tim stood hard by with a greasy cloth in his hand, to represent a napkin.

"Oh, you came—did you?" cried Billy.—"Well, *go* now, and bring five pints of porter. Casey, my dear fellow," he added, turning to me, "you've no objection to the metal?"

"No, I prefer it."

"I'm glad of that. I have a contempt for a fellow, who would not take his porther out of the pewther, especially with an oysther."

Billy was quite right. While you live, reader, drink Guiness's XX from the pewter, especially with oysters. It is a combination of solid, fluid, and mineral delight, which blends, in a manner most pleasing to the educated palate, the genuine smack—*integerrimum saporem*—of all the three: I mean of the oyster, the pewter, and the double X.

A foaming pint stood beside each of us, and moustaches not being *the go* in those days, except amongst the pioneers of the British army, we dipped fearlessly into the froth, all save a rosy-cheeked stripling from Armagh, who, setting up for a bit of style, declared that he could not possibly think of plunging his nose amidst such an enormous wig of yeast as o'ertopped his cannikin.

The words were scarcely spoken, when the obliging and officious Tim caught up the pewter, and lustily blew away the froth, to the great annoyance of the youth, and the equal satisfaction of our *Amphitryon*. Billy was the more amused, knowing that Tim, even in his ordinary talk, had a trick of sputtering, which would render such an operation, from his lips, distasteful to a less fastidious drinker. But oftentimes "ignorance is bliss;" and Mr Grumley did not remark Tim's peculiarity, until the pewter was well-nigh drained. Then he seemed to "agnize" the cause of Billy's uncommon enjoyment of the affair, for he waxed extremely petulant and disputatious.

The conversation at our table, as at all the rest, was on the one subject—the performance of the night. It was the theme of general admiration; and every one exerted his wit or memory, to point out some particular beauty in the action or declamation of Kemble, except Grumley. He, with all his abhorrence of *froth*, taxed his ingenuity in starting vapid and trite objections, which even, if well founded, were not of sufficient importance to injure the grand effect of the whole representation. He fastened especially upon the pronunciation of the name of the tragedy, as if it were enough to dispel the classical *prestige* of the scene altogether. "*Coriolanus!*" he exclaimed.—"Did ever ye hear the like? It is a violation of all prosody."

"Well," said Billy, "let her be violated; she's a jade that deserves no better. It may not be prosody; but it is poetry, it is harmony, it is euphony, it is music—'Coriolanus from Corioli!' —There—what have you to say to that?"

"I say, that if he was in Room"——Every one —Kemble himself, said "Room" in those days— "if he was in Room—"

"Why, then he'd do as Room does, I suppose; but he's in Dublin, d'ye see? and may improve the Roman pronunciation as he sees fit."

"Ay; but I doubt, if he was educated at Dr. Carpendale's, he'd ha' tasted the taws for it long ago."

"Pooh, pooh," said Billy, and his under-jaw came out to the onset portentously. "Look at the man—behold his fine Patrician bearing—his splendid person—the awful beauty of his face and form —his action, his squareness of attitude and rotundity of motion—his dress itself—the very helmet he wore this night, and the head he put it on,—then listen to his solemn, majestic, impassioned elocution, unaiqualled since Roscius declaimed in the amphitheatre—and tell *me* that an ould schoolmasther at Armagh could taich him what becomes a Roman to say or do!"

Mr. Grumley was silenced, but not convinced.

"Did you see Macbeth last night?" proceeded mine host.

Mr. Grumley had seen it.

"Maybe you'll say that was all wrong too! What fault do you find there?"

"As you provoke me to it, then, I will say that his pronunciation of 'Amen' was both vulgar and incorrect."

"Aymen!" said Billy, mincingly; "like a parish-clerk at a wedding! What a thing that would be to stick in a fellow's throat, who could eat a piece of a broiled Highlander! Kemble was right, Sir—

I had most need of blessing, but *Ah-men*
St—st—uck in my throat.

That 's a fine mouthful of a word, Sir; enough to choke any man. I honour Kemble for restoring it to the language, which has been emasculated by their Cockney refinements of *ees* and *aes*. I only wish he'd cut deeper, and remove some more of the *Inglified* * varnish. The first letter of the alphabet—not only of *our* alphabet, but of *all* alphabets—has been totally obliterated, Sir, by their affectation."

Here the tavern clock struck twelve; and as we had but a quarter of an hour's law to get inside the College walls, or else to wander about the streets all night—such were the wise regulations of the Board—the bill was called for, Tim duly remembered by all but Grumley, who could scarcely be restrained from giving him blow for *blow*; and we separated, in high spirits, to flutter the Volces o'er again, or to dream of Miss O'Neil, and wish that Heaven had made us such another—mother!

* An *Irishism* used generally in derision, to express the over-refinement of modern English pronunciation. It is most commonly applied to those *natives*, who affect the mincing phraseology and accent of the sister country.

SMITH'S PRODUCTIVE FARMING.*

This well-digested Treatise comes out exactly as a work of the sort is urgently required for the instruction, and also for the comfort and encouragement of the farmer. With the vague undefined terror of the utter ruin which Corn-law abolition is to produce hanging over him, and while suffering under the Tariff panic, together with the real evils of exorbitant rents and fluctuating markets, the British Farmer now more than ever requires to be told how he may retrieve his affairs and improve his future condition. This is to be done simply by rendering his acres more productive, by means of improved principles of husbandry, originating in the discoveries of science and philosophically applied to the cultivation of the soil. In the Introductory Observations to this Treatise, Mr. Smith contrasts the rapid, the indeed marvellous progress of all sorts of manufactures within the last half century, from the discoveries of chemical and mechanical science, with the stagnant condition of agriculture,—with, in other words, the *manufacture* of corn and of the other kinds of food. Within that period, the steam-engine and the jenny have, in manufactures, taken the place of manual and animal labour, of the primitive hand-loom and the spinning-wheel, and with an increased power of production which it is not easy to calculate; while the sons of the soil, who ought to have made some effort to keep pace with the march of improvement, still plod on through winter's cold and summer's heat, reaping not much more than the same quantity of produce which their forefathers did five hundred years ago. And yet this writer contends that the limits of the earth's fertility are no more to be permanently fixed than the powers of manufacturing productiveness. Both are alike under the dominion of mind. Nor will any one deny that the ultimate limits of the earth's fertility are only, from the still imperfect lights of science, but beginning to be guessed at. Mr. Smith remarks,—

> Half a century sufficed to Europeans, not only to equal, but to surpass the Chinese in the arts and manufactures; and this was owing merely to the application of correct principles deduced from the study of chemistry. But how infinitely inferior is the agriculture of Europe, even of boasted England, to that of China! The Chinese are the most admirable gardeners and trainers of plants, for each of which they understand how to prepare and apply the best adapted manure. . . . Patient observation of results, and a ready adoption of really useful plans; steady persistance, not in antiquated methods and notions, but in all that has been found by experience to be beneficial,—have raised the agriculture of that country, long ago, to a position which would rapidly, nay, instantly, be ours, if science were permitted to achieve for us that which, with them, has been the slow growth of centuries of experiment. The soil of England offers inexhaustible resources, which, when properly appreciated and employed, must increase our wealth, our population, and our physical strength. The same energy of character, the same extent of resources, which have always distinguished Englishmen, and made them excel in arms, commerce, and learning, only require to be strongly directed to agriculture, to ensure the happiest effects. We possess advantages, in the use of machinery and the division of labour, peculiar to ourselves; and these having been mainly instrumental in aiding one great division of human industry, we are justified in the assertion, that the steam-engine and machinery has not done more for trade, than science and skill, in various ways, may do for land.

There is, at the present distressing crisis, cheering and consolation for all classes of society in the spirit of these remarks. The treatise which they introduce is, strictly speaking, a judicious compilation. It is, perhaps, its distinguishing merit that it is so, and that from its pages the practical farmer may obtain such a degree of insight into those general principles upon which all successful cultivation rests, as will awaken his mind to the necessity of farther inquiry, besides informing it. The Lectures of Sir Humphrey Davy on the Chemistry of Agriculture, and those of Dr. Mason Good, the writings of Johnston the agriculturist, and, above all, the important views more recently unfolded by Professor Liebeg, are presented to the farmer in a condensed form, and stripped of those technicalities in which men of science sometimes invest their discoveries, as if to veil them from the uninitiated, or the men of plain sense and plain education. A more useful work could not therefore be given to the practical farmer, than this brief and lucid exposition of the first principles of his art, and of their results in increased production. The treatise is divided into thirteen chapters, the earlier ones being more purely scientific, while the latter chapters are strictly practical. To give an idea of the nature and objects of the work,

* Productive Farming; or a Familiar Digest of the Recent Discoveries of Liebeg, Davy, and other celebrated writers on Vegetable Chemistry; showing how the results of English Tillage might be greatly Augmented. By Joseph A. Smith. Edinburgh: Tait. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

we shall, at random, cite a few detached sentences from its practical department:—

FALLOWING.

Let us premise that Mr. Smith patronizes no systematic fallows. He shows how the necessity for them may, in all cases, be obviated.

The *exhaustion of alkalies* in a soil by successive crops is the true reason why practical farmers *suppose* themselves *compelled* to suffer land to lie fallow. It is the greatest possible mistake to think that the temporary diminution of fertility in a field is chiefly owing to the loss of the decaying vegetable matter it previously contained: it is principally the consequence of the exhaustion of potash and soda, which are restored by the slow process of the more complete disintegration of the materials of the soil. It is evident that the careful tilling of fallow land must accelerate and increase this further breaking up of its mineral ingredients. Nor is this repose of the soil always necessary. A field, which has become unfitted for a certain kind of produce, may not, *on that account*, be unsuitable for another; and upon this observation a system of agriculture has been gradually formed, the principal object of which is to obtain the greatest possible produce in a succession of years, with the least outlay for manure. Because plants require for their growth different constituents of soil, changing the crop from year to year will maintain the fertility of that soil (provided it be done with judgment) quite as well as leaving it at rest or fallow. In this we but imitate nature. The oak, after thriving for long generations on a particular spot, gradually sickens; its entire race dies out; other trees and shrubs succeed it, till, at length, the surface becomes so charged with an excess of dead vegetable matter, that the forest becomes a peat moss, or a surface upon which no large tree will grow. Generally long before this can occur, the operation of natural causes has gradually removed from the soil substances essential to the growth of oak, leaving others favourable and necessary to the growth of beech or pine. So, in practical farming, one crop in artificial rotation with others, extracts from the soil a certain quantity of necessary inorganic matters; a second carries off, in preference, those which the former had left, and neither could nor would take up.

Experience proves that *wheat* should not be attempted to be raised *after wheat* on the same soil; for, like tobacco, it *exhausts* the soil. But, if "humus," decaying vegetable matter, gives it the power of producing corn, how happens it that, in soils formed in large proportion of mouldered wood, the corn-stalk attains no strength, and droops permanently? The cause is this: the strength of the stalk is due to *silicate of potash*, and the corn requires *phosphate of magnesia*; neither of which substances a soil of decaying vegetable matter can afford, since it does not contain them: the plant may, indeed, under such circumstances, become an herb, but will bear no seeds. We say phosphate of magnesia is necessary;—the small quantities of the phosphates found in peas and beans is the cause of their *comparatively* small value as articles of nourishment, since they surpass all other vegetable food in the quantity of *nitrogen* they contain. But as the component parts of bone, namely, phosphate of lime and magnesia, are absent in beans and peas, they satisfy appetite without increasing the strength.

Again, how does it happen that wheat does not flourish on a sandy soil, and that a limestone soil is also unsuitable, unless mixed with a considerable quantity of clay? Evidently because these soils do not contain potash and soda, (always found in clay;) the growth of wheat being arrested by this circumstance, even should all other requisite substances be presented in abundance. It is because they are mutually prejudicial by appropriating the alkalies of the soil, that wormwood will not thrive where wheat has grown, nor wheat where wormwood has been.

One hundred parts of wheat straw yield 15½ of ashes; the same quantity of barley straw, 8½; of oat straw, only 4: the ashes of the three are, chemically, of the same composition. Upon the same field which will yield only one harvest of wheat, two successive crops of barley may be raised, and three of oats. We have, in these facts, a clear proof of what is abstracted from the soil, and, consequently, what plants require for their growth,—a key to the *rational* mode of supplying the deficiency.

Potash is not the *only* substance requisite for the existence of most plants; indeed it may be replaced, in some cases, by soda, magnesia, or lime; but other substances are required also.

We cannot go farther on this topic. Let us take another and more limited case of agricultural economy, guided by science.

The offensive carbonate of ammonia in close stables is very injurious to the eyes and lungs of horses, as the army veterinary surgeons are well able to testify. They adopt measures to carry it off by ventilation and cleanliness. If the floors of stables or cow-sheds were strewed with common gypsum, they would lose all their offensive and injurious smell, and none of the ammonia which forms could be lost, but would be retained in a condition serviceable as manure. This composition, swept from the stable floor, nearly constitutes what is sold under the denomination of *urate*. Manufacturers of this material state, that three or four hundred-weight of urate form sufficient manure for an acre: a far more promising adventure for a practical farmer will be to go to some expense in saving his own liquid manure, and, after mixing it with burnt gypsum, to lay it abundantly upon his corn-lands. For, in this way, he may use as much gypsum as will absorb the whole of the urine. . . .

We have already alluded to the loss sustained by the fermentation of dung-heaps. As we observed, in an earlier section, when it is considered that, with *every pound of ammonia* which evaporates, a loss of *sixty pounds* of corn is sustained, and that, with every pound of urine, a pound of wheat might be produced, the indifference with which liquid refuse is allowed to run to waste is quite incomprehensible. That it should be allowed to expend its ammonia by fermentation in the dung-heap, and evaporation into the atmosphere, is ascribable solely to *ignorance* of the elementary outlines of that science which hitherto the practical farmer has thought it no disgrace, but rather an honour to publish, glorying in his utter disregard of all bookish knowledge, and substituting his own notions of wasteful and vague experience, for the calm deductions of sound and rational investigation. . . . . It is by no means difficult to prevent the destructive fermentation and heating of farm-yard compost. The surface should be defended from the oxygen of the atmosphere. A compact marl, or a tenacious clay, offers the best protection against the air; and before the dung is covered over, or, as it were, sealed up, it should be dried as much as possible. If the dung be found at any time to heat strongly, it should be turned over, and cooled by exposure to air. Watering dung-hills is sometimes recommended for checking the process of putrefaction, and the consequent escape of ammonia; but this practice is not consistent with correct chemistry. It may cool the dung for a short time; but moisture is a principal agent in all processes of decomposition. Water, or moisture, is as necessary to the change as air; and to supply it to reeking dung, is to supply an agent which will hasten its decay.

If a thermometer, plunged into the dung, does not rise much above blood-heat, there is little danger of the escape of ammonia. When a piece of paper, moistened with spirit of salt, or muriatic acid, held over the steams arising from a dung-hill, gives dense fumes, it is a certain test that decomposition is going too far; for this indicates that ammonia is not only formed, but is escaping to unite with the acid in the shape of sal-ammoniac.

When dung is to be preserved for any time, the situation in which it is kept is of importance. It should, if possible, be defended from the sun. To preserve it under sheds would be of great use, or to make the site of a dung-hill on the north side of a wall. The floor on which the dung is heaped, should, if possible, be paved

with flat stones; and there should be a little inclination from each side towards the centre, in which there should be drains, connected with a small well, furnished with a pump, by which any fluid matter may be collected for the use of the land. It too often happens, that a heavy, thick, extractive fluid is suffered to drain away from the dung-hill, so as to be entirely lost to the farm.

EXAMINATION AND IMPROVEMENT OF SOILS.

In ascertaining the composition of barren soils with a view to their productiveness, or of partially unproductive land in order to its amendment, they should be compared with fertile soils in the same neighbourhood, and in similar situations; as the difference of composition will, in most cases, indicate the proper methods of improvement. For instance, if, on washing a portion of sterile soil, it be found to contain largely any salt of iron, or any acid matter, it may be ameliorated with quicklime, which removes the sourness, or, in other words, combines with and neutralizes the acid. For though pure fresh burnt caustic lime is injurious to vegetation, yet, in combination with acids, (as in chalk,) it proves eminently serviceable. A soil, apparently of good texture, was put into the hands of Sir Humphrey Davy for examination, said to be remarkable for its unfitness for agricultural purposes; he found it contained sulphate of iron, or green copperas, and offered the obvious remedy of top-dressing with lime, which decomposes the sulphate. So, if there be an excess of lime, in any form, in the soil, it may be removed by the application of sand or clay. Soils too abundant in sand are benefited by the use of clay or marl, or vegetable matter. To a field of light sand that had been much burnt up by a hot summer, the application of peat was recommended as a top-dressing; it was attended not only with immediate advantage, but the good effects were permanent. A deficiency of vegetable or animal matter is easily discoverable, and may as easily be supplied by manure. On the other hand, an excess of *vegetable* matter may be removed by paring and burning, or by the application of *earthy* materials, &c., &c. . . . . .
From what has been already said, it will be easily evident, that the beneficial effect of the burnt ash is chiefly owing to the ready supply of *inorganic* and saline material it yields to the seeds which may afterwards be scattered there; besides which, the roots of weeds and poorer grasses, if not exterminated by the paring, are so far injured as to lead to their death and subsequent decomposition.

DRAINING.

The improvement of *peats* or *bogs*, or marsh lands, must be preceded by DRAINING; stagnant water being injurious to all the nutritive classes of plants. Soft black peats, when drained, are often made productive by the mere application of sand or clay as a top-dressing. *The first step to be taken, in order to increase the fertility of nearly all the improvable lands in Great Britain, is to* DRAIN *them.* So long as they remain *wet*, they will continue to be *cold*. Where too much water is present in the soil, that food of the plant which the soil supplies is so much diluted and weakened that the plant is of necessity scantily nourished. By the removal of the superfluous water, the soil crumbles, becomes less stiff and tenacious, air and warmth gain ready access to the roots of the growing plant; the access of air (and consequently of the carbonic acid which the atmosphere freely supplies) being an essential element in the healthy growth of the most important vegetable productions. Every one knows, that when water is applied to the bottom of a flower-pot full of soil, it will gradually find its way to the surface, however light that soil may be: so, in sandy soils or subsoils in the open field. If water abound at the depth of a few feet, or if it so abound at certain seasons of the year, such water will rise to the surface; and as the sun's heat causes it to dry off, more water will rise to supply its place. This attraction from beneath will always go on most strongly when the air is dry and warm, and so a double mischief will ensue: the soil will be kept cold and wet; and instead of a free passage of air downwards about the growing roots, there will be established a constant current of water upwards. Of course, the remedy for all this is an *efficient system of drainage.*

The following judicious observations are found in a very brief chapter on Advertised "Mineral Fertilizers" for the soil; which, in their vaunted universality of useful application, Mr. Smith seems to hold in about the same relative value as fashionable quack pills for all manner of diseases. He lays down, that "fertilizers" which do not either add to the soil what it originally wanted, or what has been abstracted from it by previous cropping, must do more harm than good. Yet he sees many advantages that may result from the skilful use of these "fertilizers." There must, however, in the first place, be a close examination of the soil, to ascertain the kind of medicament or sustenance that it requires,—and then

Let us suppose that this is done, and that an artificial saline or mineral compost is judiciously and accurately put together, either to meet the deficiency, or added to a tolerably good soil to increase its fertility. The advantages of its use are not overstated in a recent pamphlet.

1*st*, It is cheap, compared with its value: a twenty shilling cask will supply an acre.

2*d*, It is light and easily carried, when compared with carting manure.

3*d*, It is suitable for small holders who cannot afford soiling, or keeping of cattle for making dung-heaps.

4*th*, It enables a tenant-at-will to take a good crop out of done-out land, if his landlord refuse to renew.

5*th*, It furnishes to barren land such food for plants as had been deficient; such defects of one or more substances being, *in general*, the cause of sterility.

6*th*, It enables the cultivator to extract ten times as much vegetable aliment for his plants from the soil, and from other manure, as they could otherwise, in most cases, yield.

But yet all these advantages remain to be tested in every case by individual experience.

The *constitution* of a *soil*, like the *constitution* of a *horse*, or a human being, requires to be known and understood, if we would prescribe otherwise than at random, expensively, unprofitably, or injuriously, either for the diseases of the one, or for the deficiencies of the other.

Many conditions are necessary for the life and growth of plants. Each kind requires special conditions; and should but one of these be wanting, although all the rest be supplied, the plants will not be brought to maturity. It is in vegetable as in animal life; a mother crams her child exclusively with arrow-root; it becomes fat, it is true; but alas! it is ricketty, and gets its teeth very slowly and with difficulty. Mamma is ignorant, or never thinks that her offspring cannot make bone, or what is the same thing, phosphate of lime, the principal bulk of bone out of starch. It does its best; and were it not for a little milk and bread, perhaps now and then a little meat and soup, it would have no bones and no teeth at all. Farmers keep *poultry;* and what is true of fowls, is true of a cabbage, a turnip, or an ear of wheat. If we mix with the food of fowls a sufficient quantity of egg-shells, or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay many more eggs than before. A well-fed fowl is disposed to lay a vast number of eggs; but cannot do so without the materials for the shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be. A fowl, with the best will in the world, not finding any lime in the soil, nor mortar from walls, nor calcareous matter in her food, is incapacitated from laying any eggs at all. Let farmers lay such facts as these, which are matter of common observation, to heart, and transfer the analogy, as they justly may do, to the habits of plants, which are as truly alive, and answer as closely to evil or judicious treatment as their own horses.

GUANO.

The barren soil on the coast of Peru is rendered fertile by means of a manure called Guano, which is collected from several islands in the South Sea. It forms a layer several feet in thickness upon the surface of these islands, and consists of the putrid excrements of innumerable sea-fowl that remain on them during the breeding season. This substance has recently been imported in large quantities into England; and its fertilising powers are very extraordinary. Its price, about £18 per ton, is a serious objection; and since the nitrogen it contains forms its principal recommendation, doubtless other matters nearer home will not be wasted, or their value remain unknown and disregarded, as to a great extent they have been. As to the practical results of the application of Guano, an intelligent agriculturist in the neighbourhood of Hamburg has forwarded the annexed remarks to the Editor of the *Gardener's Chronicle*. He observes that "Most of the experiments with guano in the vicinity of this city have been made on meadows and lawns. On these it has produced the best possible effects; so that, for instance, at Flottbeck, the patches manured with guano presented not only a finer and darker green, but the grass was closer and more rich; so that, comparing it with patches not guanised, the produce of the former may, without exaggeration, be stated to be double. To give an idea of the extraordinary forcing qualities of guano, we may mention, that at Flottbeck, on a spot of grass managed after the English fashion, the second cutting of the grass was necessarily five days after the first; while the grass growing close by, (which had not been guanised,) although healthy and vigorous, required double the time to arrive at the same state of progress. It deserves to be stated as something remarkable, that on the guanised spot, the dew appeared in the morning much stronger on the tops of the leaves, than on the part unguanised. In an experiment made by M. Staudinger on a barren hill, composed of granite or quartz, the guanised spot exhibited a dark bluish green sward, while round about nothing but barrenness was to be seen. If, therefore, a landowner wishes to cover bleak hungry pasture in a short time with nutritious grass for cattle or sheep, the guano certainly is the thing to do it. It would not only produce a plentiful fodder in the autumn, where cattle can be well nourished and prepared for the winter, but such guanised pasture will bring a heavy crop early in the spring. Guano has also been used advantageously on a sour meadow, overgrown with horsetails; and it produced, instead of reeds and bull-rushes, a dense turf of sweet grass, and the horsetail almost disappeared. Thus, in the first place, more grass is obtained, which may be put down as double the former crops; and then the grass is very much improved in quality. Of course good drainage must be attended to on each meadow, if the result is expected to be complete. In using guano we must be careful to pulverise it well; because, on account of its tenacity, it will form into lumps, and on places where it lies too thick, it will burn the grass, although subsequently, even on such places a luxuriant herbage will spring up. Experiments with guano on spring crops have been as successful at Flottbeck, with both wheat and rye, as on the above meadow. The wheat manured in the spring with guano is much superior to that manured in the ordinary way, both in grain and straw. The following experiment was tried on a spot of almost blowing sand:—'On the 18th March, several square rods in the above locality, planted with winter rye, were strewed with guano. The spot thus manured was in a short time not only conspicuous for its dark green colour, but the tiller became so luxuriant as to cover the whole surface. Notwithstanding a drought of two months, the guanised crops remained in the same flourishing condition; whilst the other rye standing close by had a weak and sickly appearance. Subsequently the former attained the height of five or six feet, with ears five inches long, with strong plump grain; whilst the latter were scarcely half that height in straw, and their ears were barren and empty.' This experiment speaks in favour of guano in preference to other manure in another respect. If a light sandy soil like the above is manured too much with common dung, and if there follows a luxuriant vegetation, with dark green foliage, we may be sure that, if there be subsequently any long drought, or sudden change of temperature from great heat to intense cold, rust will follow as a matter of course; whilst, in the above experiment, notwithstanding a nine-weeks' drought, and some intervening nights' frost, the growth of the guanised rye was uniformly good up to the ripening of grain—a sufficient proof that the guano must possess the property of attracting and retaining the fine vapour contained in the air. Hence the fact is to be explained why dew was more apparent on the guanised turf than on that not subjected to that process. As we know that, in general, during the long drought, the action of dung—in fact of every manure—ceases; and as it is light sandy soil which first suffers from drought, it must be evident what valuable manure guano is, not only on pastures, but for winter rye, our chief crop on light land. If an acre of land is dressed with 125 lbs. of guano, an abundant crop of grain and straw will fully repay the expenses incurred. If such a rye-field is laid down in spring with meadow catstail grass (*Phleum pratense*) and white clover, a heavy grass crop in the autumn would still increase the advantages already mentioned. As rape can by no means be too luxuriant, guano would produce an extraordinary result on it."

If a soil consist only of sand and clay, and be deficient of organic matter, or the decaying remnants of animal or vegetable life, it is sufficient, and chemically correct, to add to it guano, in order to ensure a plentiful crop. Guano consists of *ammonia* in separate combination with uric, phosphoric, oxalic, and carbonic acids, together with a few earthy salts and some impurities. If guano be the fertilizer employed, it is valuable, chiefly from the ammonia it contains; and ammonia is valuable because one of its elements is nitrogen, which is yielded to the plants.

Mr. Smith goes on to exhort the farmer to preserve and economise all the substances containing nitrogen, and he tells how to prevent the waste of this important constituent of manures.

These random gleanings will enable the reader to judge of the nature and merits of the work—this true "Farmer's Friend." If the book were not brief, and so low-priced as to be accessible to even the humblest individual engaged in agricultural studies or operations, we should deem it a duty to refer to it at greater length. As it is, we earnestly recommend it.

NEW NOVELS.—THE HOME; OR, FAMILY CARES AND FAMILY JOYS.*

The cordial welcome given to the Swedish novel, *The Neighbours*, has made Mrs. Howitt lose no time in laying another Tale before the public from the same source. *The Home* is written by the same Frederika Bremer who has so charmingly described the domestic life and the womanly relations and character of her own country, and, we may affirm, of every country and people that claim descent from the Teutonic family. England, in the race of external civilisation, may, by a few generations, have shot a-head of her sister lands, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway; but all the group essentially belong to the same stanch, honest stock, and, save in the mere superficies of society, exhibit many more points of resemblance than of dissimilitude. One cause of the pleasure which many readers received from *The Neighbours* must have been, that it recalled and vivified for them an England of the olden time.

This new story, taken as a whole, fully sustains all that we said in praise of the penetrative subtlety, nice discrimination, and exquisite delicacy of touch, which is displayed in the first delightful fiction of Miss Bremer. Yet, though *The Home* does in one view exhibit equal, or even superior powers, it may not all at once be found to possess the same popular attraction as the elder-born. If not less substantially excellent, it is less brilliant in tone, and less romantic in incident, and more quiet and every-day in character. In many respects *The Home*, in the early part of the work, resembles the best of our Juvenile fictions; as many of the characters are still mere children, or very young persons, and the incidents refer to them. There is a whole happy household of these human microcosms, each sharply distinguished from the other in intellect, disposition, person, and countenance; but all good, true, fresh, natural, and charming, and, under a discipline of wisdom and love, growing better and more amiable every day. Judge Frank, the family-father, is a man of humble birth, now a provincial magistrate, who has manfully fought his way upward in society, and attained his proper sphere. He is an active-minded, firm, judicious man, as well as one of superior understanding and attainments; warmly affectionate in his family, yet feeling himself fully the master there; an earnest bread-winner, desirous of promoting the substantial comfort and happiness of his wife, and of all about him, but, at the same time, expecting, and indeed exacting strict attention to domestic duties, a regular well-ordered household; nay, even a good dinner for himself and his friends, well cooked and punctually served. His wife is, in her personal tastes, in some respects, most unlike her sturdy lord; yet, after they come to understand each other, they harmonize deliciously; her finer nature softening and tempering his sternness; his masculine strength stimulating and sustaining her more delicate and susceptible mental organisation. Elise, the wife, was refined and elegant in all her tastes; rather delicate in health, and if not indolent, yet gentle, and fond of quiet and repose. But upon the energies and activity of the mother of a large family, where the head of the house was not rich, there were strong and incessant demands; and the warmth of her affections, the exigencies of her position, and the character of her husband, roused the refined and well-born, though penniless Elise, to a steady sense of those duties which soon became dear to her.——The Tale opens with a charming domestic scene—the children assembled, with their parents, in a comfortable and handsome apartment, around the well-supplied breakfast-table; and Madame Folette, as they merrily nicknamed the coffee-pot, making her glad rounds. The children were already six in number; one boy, the elder-born, and the mother's darling child, and five girls, ranging from ten to two years of age; and each an individual, a human creature, complete in herself, and differing from every other,—and not a little Miss, distinguished from all other Misses by her pink, white, green, or blue sash. This is the birthday of the mother of the flock; and when the children have been put to bed by the ancient and faithful Brigitta—who had been their mother's nurse—and properly kissed and cared for, Elise, her husband being abroad, sits down to tell her distant sister of her happiness, and her household treasures; to pour forth a maternal heart overflowing with the sweetest affections, thrilling with the most exquisite tenderness. And, first, of Henrik, "the first-born," "the summer child":—

> My first-born, my summer-child, as I call him, because he was born on a Midsummer-day, in the summer hours both of my life and my fortune; but only the pencil of a Correggio could represent those beautiful, kind, blue eyes, those golden locks, that loving mouth, and that all so pure and beautiful countenance! . . . . . My eleven-years-old boy is, alas! very—his father says—very unmanageable. Still, notwithstanding all this wildness, he is possessed of a deep and restless fund of sentiment, which makes me often tremble for his future happiness. God defend my darling, my summer-child, my only son! Oh, how dear he is to me! Ernst warns me often of too partial an affection for this child; and on that very account will I now pass on from No. 1. to No. 2.—Behold, then, the little Louise, our eldest daughter, just turned ten years old; and you will see a grave, fair girl, not handsome, but with a round, sensible face; from which I hope, by degrees, to remove a certain ill-tempered expression. She is uncommonly industrious, and kind towards her younger sisters, although very much disposed to lecture them; nor will she allow any opportunity to pass, in which her importance as "eldest sister" is not observed; on which account the little ones give her already the title of "Your Majesty," and "Mrs. Judge." The little Louise appears to me one of those who will always be still and sure; and who, on this account, will go fortunately through the world.

Happy the household that has for "our eldest" one of the sisterhood of the careful Marthas; a sage, orderly, acquisitive, though somewhat prim and dictating, but duty-loving, conscientious, and diligent Louise. She is the very pattern of an excellent, if somew hat common-place Swedish girl and Swedish

* 2 volumes. Longman & Co.

wife. And happy every land in which such commonplace wives abound. She has a woman's heart, too; falls in love, prudent as she is, and makes a disinterested choice, rejecting a wealthy, nay, landed admirer, for poor Jacobi; looking to build up her house upon a great stock of affection, some prospects, and very small worldly means, carefully and frugally husbanded. The second girl, *Eva*, was thought very like her mother; and when the critical hour of woman's destiny came to her, it was too surely found that Eva, the "rose" of the house, had her mother's own tender and susceptible heart, and more than enough of her mother's latent romance. She must have been very like her mother, the very same "Phantom of delight," —though, of the daughters, *Petrea*, the fourth, was the sole inheritrix of the poetical portion of the mother's nature. This is Eva:—

See, then, a little, soft, roundabout figure, which, amid laughter and merriment, rolls hither and thither lightly and nimbly, with an ever-varying physiognomy, which is rather plain than handsome, although lit up by a pair of beautiful dark-blue eyes. Quickly moved to sorrow, quickly excited to joy; good-hearted, flattering, confection-loving, pleased with new and handsome clothes, and with dolls and play; greatly beloved, too, by brother and sisters, as well as by all the servants; the best friend and playfellow, too, of her brother. Such is the little Eva.

Leonore, the third girl, had been a sickly infant, and grew up a very plain and peevish child; but her mother hoped to make her good and happy, and, by her tender care, and the happy influences of home and sisterly love, she succeeded. But *Petrea* is our favourite. She is the rarest creation, whether in point of *art* or *nature*, in Frederika Bremer's new group. Petrea bore the queer appellation of her humble maternal grandmother. She was the *genius* of the family, and long an unlucky genius; warm-hearted, an enthusiast, generous, disinterested, and candid to a fault; but restless, vaguely aspiring, ambitious to distinguish herself, and to make a sensation; though more, evidently, from an intense desire of sympathy than egotism. Petrea falls into a hundred scrapes and trivial follies, following the Will-o'-the-wisp lights of an extravagant fancy. She is a fair picture of the youth of a lively girl of really superior talents, whose undeveloped reason and small experience are unable to check her unregulated imagination. To crown all, there is a sad crook in the woman's lot of poor Petrea—a nose—how could she help it?—of most unseemly bigness. But for this nose she would have been positively pretty; as, with a little more discretion and tact, she would have been esteemed a very clever girl, instead of an eccentric, unlucky creature, whose carelessness and untidyness grieved her neat and decorous sister Louise; and whose unquiet temperament alarmed her mother. The youngest child, the pet of the family, the two years'-old Gabriele, was a bird, a flower, a gem; indescribably fascinating in her winning gentleness and playful graces.

She is a quiet little child, but very unlike her eldest sister. A predominating characteristic of Gabriele is love of the beautiful; she shows a decided aversion to what is ugly and inconvenient, and as decided a love for what is attractive. A most winning little gentility in appearance and manners, has occasioned the brother and sisters to call her "the little young lady," or "the little princess." Henrik is really in love with his little sister, kisses her small white hands with devotion, and in return she loves him with her whole heart. . . .

Peace be with my young ones! There is not one of them who is not possessed of the material of peculiar virtue and excellence, and yet, not also at the same time, of the seed of some dangerous vice which may ruin the good growth of God in them. May the endeavours both of their father and me be blessed in training these plants of heaven aright! But, ah! the education of children is no easy thing; and all the many works on that subject which I have studied, appear to me—whether the fault be in me or in them I cannot tell—but small helps.

Though the mother was at a loss to know all that she ought to do, she instinctively felt what to avoid. She therefore *scolded* the children as little as possible.

I know how perpetual scolding crushes the free spirit and the innocent joyousness of childhood; and I sincerely believe, that if one will only sedulously cultivate what is good in the character, and make in all instances what is good visible and attractive, the bad will by degrees fall away of itself.

I sing a great deal to my children. They are brought up with songs; for I wished early to make harmony, as it were, the very aliment of their souls. Several of them, especially my first-born and Eva, are really little enthusiasts in music.

The above resolution was unnecessary. It is impossible that a creature so deliciously soft as Elise could have scolded, though such an effort had been required. Her sway was solely one of love and gentleness. But this is her birth-night; and in her solitary hours she recalls the happy days of her bright youth with her sister, when life was joyous and free from care;

Made up of song, and dance, and merriment, with our so many cheerful neighbours; with the most accomplished of whom we got up enthusiasms for music and literature. We considered ourselves to be virtuous, because we loved those who loved us, and because we gave of our superfluity to those who needed it.

And then comes the remembrance of her courtship, when Ernst Frank came on a visit to her family; a man of humble birth compared with her condition, who had nobly fought his way, and gained the reputation of a learned and a strong-minded man. "Do you not remember," she asks,

How much he occupied our minds! how his noble person, his calm, self-assured demeanour, his frank, decided, yet always polite behaviour, charmed us at first, and then awed us? One could say of him that morally as well as physically he stood firmly. His deep mourning dress, together with an expression of quiet, manly grief, which at times shaded his countenance, combined to make him interesting to us; nevertheless, you thought that he looked too stern, and I very soon lost in his presence my accustomed gaiety. Whenever his dark, grave eyes were fixed upon me, I was conscious that they possessed a half-bewitching, half-oppressive power over me. . . . . Aunt Lisette gave me one day this maxim, "My dear, remember what I now tell thee: if a man thinks that thou art a fool, it does not injure thee the least in his opinion; but if he once thinks that thou considerest him a fool, then art thou lost for ever with him!"

Without having acted upon this maxim, (one not very complimentary to the nobler sex, take it in either sense,) Elise became Madame Frank; though even then trembling was slightly blended with her joy. And with much happiness domestic trials came, severe ones, and she tells—

My body and mind must both have given way under their burden, had Ernst not been the man he is.

It suited his character to struggle against the stream;

it was a sort of pleasure to him to combat with it, to meet difficulties, and to overcome them. With each succeeding year he imposed more business upon himself, and, by degrees, through the most resolute industry, he was enabled to bring back prosperity to his house. And then how unwearyingly kind he was to me! . . . . .

Do you know one thing, Cecilia, which often occasions me great trouble? It is that I am not a clever housewife; that I can neither take pleasure in all the little cares and details which the wellbeing of a house really requires, nor that I have memory for these things: more especially is the daily caring for dinner irksome to me. I myself have but little appetite; and it is so unpleasing to me to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning with my head full of schemes for cooking. . . . .

Ernst should have married a more energetic woman. My nervous weakness makes my temper irritable, and I am so easily annoyed. His activity of mind often disturbs me more than it is reasonable or right that it should; for instance, I get regularly into a state of excitement, if he only steadfastly fixes his eyes on a wall, or on any other object. I immediately begin to fancy that we are going instantly to have a new door opened, or some other change brought about. And, oh! I have such a great necessity for rest and quiet!

But Elise became better braced, and was enabled to perform her duties without effort and bustle, and to find pleasure in their performance. Though the cooking department was still distasteful to her, she knew its importance, and in the other departments she excelled; for order, beauty, and fitness, were her natural element. We would be charmed with the portrait of Elise, if it did not somehow remind us of the Julia of Rousseau; not, indeed, the fond girl, the impassioned lover of St. Preux, but the virtuous wife, and dignified matron of Clarens.

And clouds arose in the clear atmosphere of Judge Frank's home, as they will in the best-regulated families. A dashing, coquettish, and brilliant widow, an "Old Flame" of the Judge's, intrudes to mar the domestic harmony; and Jacobi, the young and handsome tutor of the children, somewhat of a *roué*, and more of a coxcomb, but kind-hearted, and possessed of many agreeable talents, who silently adores their mother, makes some slight impression upon the affections of the uneasy and depressed wife. These clouds are happily dispelled, and peace and mutual confidence are restored to the wedded couple, and established, beyond the reach of assault, upon the most solid foundation. This tranquillity gives place for a great many juvenile adventures and incidents, in which the dispositions of the young people are characteristically unfolded; Louise with her starch propriety, and Petrea with her wild ambition to "elevate and surprise." In the conclusion of the story, which becomes rather fragmentary, the fortunes of the sisters are followed, each finding the precise lot to which her natural character tended. The history of an adopted daughter—a beautiful girl of strong passions and imperious temper, who, in defiance of the advice and entreaties of her fatherly benefactor, Judge Frank, marries her music-master, a profligate and selfish foreigner—lends a little extrinsic interest and contrast to the domestic scenes. She goes upon the stage as a singer; but her wretched career is rather hinted at than described, until the lost sheep again seeks the fold, and the prodigal is tenderly welcomed back. Upon this girl, with all her vices of disposition, the enthusiastic Petrea lavishes her fondest affections; and she is at last rewarded. Henrik, the mother's darling, after displaying remarkable poetic talent, dies in early manhood of decline, carrying his mother's longing heart with him into the unseen world. The sage Louise becomes, in due time, and after sundry trials of her faith and constancy, the respectable wife of her early tutor; the kind-hearted, gay coxcomb—who had charmed everybody and adored Elise—now converted into a steady and industrious, though somewhat mercurial and slovenly schoolmaster, and finally, an esteemed preacher in Louise's native place. Louise, with her prudence, her frugality, her industry, her large stock of household virtues, her own eight fine boys, and numerous boarders, finds exactly her proper, useful, and honoured place. The beautiful Eva is the object from childhood of a romantic passion cherished for her by an eccentric, queer-looking, and solitary old bachelor, Munter, the friend of the family—an affected misanthrope, whose heart is full of the warmest and tenderest affections. And the beautiful Eva, "the rose," became herself the victim of a romantic and ill-placed attachment; suffered much, and caused much affliction to all that loved her; but at length rose superior to her youthful weakness, and lived on in happy serenity with her now amiable and cheerful, plain sister, Leonore; and with Petrea, with her erring, extravagant genius, and unlucky nose, now one of three happy, useful, respectable, and beloved old maids. We are not, indeed, sure but that Eva finally meditates the purpose of giving herself to the now aged philosopher, who had doated on her from her infancy,—of making his old age blessed by her affection. Nor had Petrea, the girl of genius, failed in what is thought to be the main object of every young woman's life. She had inspired a man of rank and fortune with a sincere passion; but he was a man of inferior intellect; and Petrea, living much in solitude with her own thoughts, her affections, her books, and her pen, had long since ceased to court distinction, and longed for exaltation of a higher kind than worldly rank. For she was an enthusiast, still longing to rise upwards, not now to grandeur, but to a higher, freer life. "Aunt Petrea" was, at the same time, the favourite of her brother-in-law, and the delight of her eight unruly nephews. Aunt Petrea was no common woman. In the course of twenty or more years, we see the family of Judge Frank tasting joyously of worldly prosperity and drinking the cup of adversity. Their handsome and even magnificent new mansion had been burnt to the ground; but it was built up again, and its library restored; and its master, now an aged but cheerful and vigorous man, owed much of his returning prosperity to the affection, industry, and talents of his daughters, exerted in the instruction of well-born girls, a plan in which they were aided by the generous, eccentric, and ugly, faithful family friend, the secret adorer of Eva, who was ever railing at all mankind, and constantly occupied in contriving blessings and benefits to individuals and the whole species. We must not grumble that all Judge

Frank's daughters, save "our eldest," remained spinsters, since such was their choice; all save the lovely Gabriele, who will, we are led to imagine, not prove utterly unrelenting towards the young Baron L——.

From her "Hermitage," her cheerful, chosen, garret apartment in her father's house, Petrea, who in literature and intellectual pursuits had at last found her true and high vocation, describes her family and her own feelings in divers eloquent epistles to her friend Ida. We select a part of this correspondence, not because it is the best thing in the book, but from its comprehensiveness. We might find many charming, detached scenes, impassioned or gay, such as the wedding of Louise, the death-bed of Henrik, and so forth; but we like best the end of all.

"Illusions! Illusions!" you cry over all joys, all faith, all love in life. I shout back with all my might your own words, "Illusions! Illusions!" All depends upon what we fix our faith and our affections. Must the beauty of love and worth of life be at an end to woman when her first spring, her bloom of love, her moments of romance, are past? No, do not believe that, Ida. Nothing in this world is such an illusion as this belief. . . . . Youthful love—the beaming passion-flower of earth! Who will belie its captivating beauty, who will not thank the Creator that he gave it to the children of earth? But ah! I will exclaim to all those who drink of its nectar, and to those who must do without it—"There are flowers which are as noble as this, and which are less in danger than it of being paled by the frosts of the earth—flowers from whose chalices also you may suck life from the life of the Eternal!" . . . .

You pray me to speak of my home and my family. But when I begin with this subject, who can say, Ida, whether I shall know how to leave off? This subject is so rich to me, so dear—and yet how weak will not my description be, how lifeless in comparison with the reality!

The dwelling-house—which may be said to have the same relation to home as the body has to the soul—arisen now out of its ashes, stands on the same place on which, twelve years ago, it was burnt down. I wish you had been with me yesterday in the library at breakfast. It was Leonore's birth-day, and the family had occasioned her a surprise by a little gift which was exactly according to her taste—ornament combined with convenience. It was an insignificant gift—wherefore then did it give us all so much pleasure? wherefore were there sweet tears in her pious eyes, and in ours also? We were all so still, and yet we felt that we were very happy—happy because we mutually loved one another, and mutually pleased one another so much. . . . . I will now, lively Ida, talk to you some little about the daughters of the house, and in order that you may not find my picture too sentimental, I will introduce first to you, "Honour to whom honour is due!"

"OUR ELDEST,"

well known for industry, morality, moral lecturing, cathedral airs, and many good properties. She married eleven years ago upon a much smaller than common capital of worldly wealth; but both she and her husband knew how to turn their pound to account, and so, by degrees, their house, under her careful hands, came to be what people call a well-to-do house.

Eight wild Jacobis during this time sprang up in the house without bringing about any revolution in it, so good were the morals which they drew in with the mother's milk. I call them the "Berserkers," because when I last saw them they were perfect little monsters of strength and swiftness, and because we shall rely upon their prowess to overturn certain planks—of which more anon—on which account I will inspire them and their mother beforehand with a certain old gothic ambition.

So now! After the married couple had kept school eleven years, he instructing the boys in history, Latin, and such like; and she washing, combing, and moralizing the same, and, in fact, becoming a mother to many a motherless boy; it pleased the mercy of the Almighty to call them—not directly to heaven, but through his angel the Consistorium, to the pastoral care of the rural parish adjoining this city—the highest goal of their wishes ever since they began to have wishes one with another. Their approaching journey here has given rise to great pleasure—it is hard to say in which of the two families the greatest. Thus, then, Louise will become a pastor's wife—perhaps soon also a provost's, and then she arrives at the desired situation in which she can impart moral lectures with power—of which sister Petrea might have the benefit of a good part, and pay it back with interest.

But the moral lectures of our eldest have a much milder spirit than formerly, which is owing to the influence of Jacobi; for it has occurred in their case, as in the case of many another happily-married couple, they have ennobled one another; and it is a common saying in our family, that she without him would not have become what she now is, neither would he have been without her what he now is.

The Rose of the Family, the daughter Eva, had once in her life a great sorrow—a bitter conflict; but she came forth victorious. True it is that an angel stood by her side and assisted her. Since then she has lived for the joy of her family and her friends, beautiful and amiable and happy, and has from time to time rejected lovers. I said that an angel stood beside her in the bitter conflict. There was a time when this angel was an ugly, uncomfortable girl, a trouble to herself, and properly beloved by none. But there is no one in the family now who is more beloved or more in favour than she is. Never, through the power of God, did there take place a greater change than in her. Now it gives one pleasure to look at her and to be near her. Her features, it is true, have not improved themselves, nor has her complexion become particularly red-and-white; but she has become lovely, lovely from the heartfelt expression of affection and intelligence—beautiful from the quiet, unpretending grace of her whole being. . . .

There is a peculiar little world in the house—a world into which nothing bad can enter—where live flowers, birds, and Gabriele. The morning would lose its sweetest charms, if during the same Gabriele's birds and flowers did not play a part, and the evening twilight would be duskier if it were not enlivened by Gabriele's guitar and songs. Her flower-stand has extended itself by degrees into an orangery—not large to be sure, but yet large enough to shelter a beautiful vine, which is now covered with grapes, and many beautiful and rare plants also, so as to present to the family a little Italy, where they may enjoy all the charms of the south, in the midst of a northern winter. A covered way leads from the dwelling-house down into the orangery, and it is generally there that in winter they take their afternoon coffee. The aviary is removed thither; and there upon a table covered with a green cloth, lie works on botany, together with the writings of the Swedish gardening society, which often contain such interesting articles. There stand two comfortable armed chairs, on which the most magnificent birds and flowers are worked, you can easily imagine for whom. There my mother sits gladly, and reads or looks at her "little lady" (she never grows out of this appellation) as she tends her flowers in the sun, or plays with her tame birds. One may say in fact, that Gabriele strews the evening of her mother's days with flowers. . . . . Gabriele, whose lively wit and joyous temper, united to her affectionate and innocent heart, make her deservedly the favourite of her parents, and the joy of every one. She asserts continually her own good-for-nothingness, her uselessness, and incorrigible love to a sweet "*far niente*:" but nobody is of her opinion in this respect, for nobody can do without her, and one sees that when it is necessary, she can be as decided and as able as any one need be. It is now some time since Gabriele made any charades. I almost fancy that the cause of this is a certain Baron Rudger L., who was

suspected for a long time of having set fire to a house, and who now is suspected of a design of setting fire to a heart, and who with certain words and glances has put all sorts of whims into her head—I will not say heart.

And so then we have nothing bad to say of "this here Petrea," as one of the friends of the house calls her. This Petrea has had all kind of botherations in the world: in the first place with her own nose, with which she could not get into conceit, and then with various other things as well within her as without her, and for a long time it seemed as if her own world would never come forth out of chaos.

It has, however. With eyes full of grateful tears, I will dare to say this; and some time I may, perhaps, more fully explain how this has been done.

Petrea speaks farther of herself, and thus of her improved moral condition.

One of Petrea's means of happiness is, to require very few of the temporal things of earth. She regards such things as nearly related to the family of illusions, and will, on that account, have as little as possible to do with them. And thus has she also the means of obtaining for herself many a hearty and enduring pleasure. I will not, however, be answerable for her not very soon being taken by a frenzy of giving a feast up in her garret, and thereby producing all kinds of illusions; such, for example, as the eating little cakes—the favourite illusion of my mother—and citron-souffié, the almost perfect earthly felicity of "our eldest," in which a reconciliation skil with the frenzy-feast might be proposed to her beloved "eldest."

If you would make a *summa summarum* of Petrea's state, it stands thus: That which was once a fountain of disquiet in her is now become a fountain of quiet. She believes in the truth of life. She does not allow her peace to be disturbed by accidental troubles, be they from within or from without; she calls them mist-clouds, passing storms, after which the sun will come forth again. And should her little garret tumble to pieces one of these days, she would regard even that as a passing misfortune, and hold herself ready, in all humility, to mount up yet a little higher.

The mother was more fragile than ever, and now the only real cause of disquietude to her family.—But—

For the present she is stronger and livelier than she has been for a long time. The arrival of Louise and her family have contributed to this, as also another day of joy which is approaching, and which has properly reference to my father. She goes about now with such joy of heart, with the almanac in her hand, and prepares everything, and thinks of everything for the joyful festival. My father has long wished to possess a particular piece of building-land which adjoins our little garden, in order to lay it out for a great and general advantage; but he has sacrificed so much for his children, that he has nothing remaining wherewith to carry out his favourite plan. His children, in the meantime, have, during the last twelve years, laid by a sum together, and now have latterly borrowed what was wanting for the purchase of the land. On the father's seventieth birthday, therefore, with the joint-help of the "Berserkers," will the wooden fence be pulled down, and the genius of the new place, represented by the graceful figure of Gabriele, will deliver over to him the purchase-deed, which is made out in his name. How happy he will be! Oh, it makes us all happy to think of it! How he will clear away, and dig, and plant! and how it will gladden and refresh his old age. . . . .

I would speak of the circle of friends which has ever enclosed our home most cordially; of the new Governor Sternhök and his wife, whom we like so much, and whose removal here was particularly welcome to my father, who almost sees a son in him. I would speak also of the servants of the house, who are yet more friends than servants—but I fear extending my letter to too great a length.

Perhaps you blame me secretly for painting my picture in colours too uniformly bright; perhaps you will ask, "Come there, then, not into this house those little knocks, disturbances, rubs, overhastinesses, stupidities, procrastinations, losses, and whatever those spiritual mosquitoes may be called, which occasion by their stings irritation, unquiet, and vexation, and whose visits the very happiest families cannot avoid!"

Yes, certainly. They come, but they vanish as quickly as they come, and never leave a poisonous sting behind, because a universal remedy is employed against them, which is called "Forgive, forgive, amend!" and which, the earlier applied the better, and which make also the visits of these fiends of rarer occurrence; they come, indeed, in pure and mild atmospheres never properly forth.

Would you, dearest Ida, be convinced of the truth of the picture, come here and see for yourself. We should all like it so much. Come, and let our house provide for you the divertisement, perhaps also the rest which is so needful to your heart. Come, and believe me, Ida, when one observes the world from somewhat of an elevation—as, for instance, a garret—one sees illusions, like mist, passing over the earth, but above it heaven vaulting itself in eternal brightness.

There are here lessons worthy of the study of every household, and of every individual member of a household.——We shall leave off with a more homely, but as characteristic a Swedish scene, in which—

We find Eva and Gabriele on a visit at the beautiful parsonage-house immediately in the vicinity of the city, where Mrs. Louise is in full commotion with all her goods and chattels, whilst the little Jacobis rioted with father and grandfather over fields and meadows. The little four-years-old Alfred, an uncommonly lively and amiable child, is alone with the mother at home; he pays especial court to Gabriele, and believing that he must entertain her, he brings out his Noah's Ark, to introduce to her, in his low, clear, young voice, Ham and Hamina, Shem and Shemina, Japhet and Japhetina.

After all how-do-ye-do's between the sisters had been answered, Gabriele loosened the paper from a basket which Ulla had brought in, and asked Louise to be pleased to accept some roast veal and patties. "We thought," said she, "that you would need something fresh, after the journey, before you get your store-room in order. Just taste a patty! they are filled with mince-meat, and I assure you are baked since the Flood!"

"Really!" replied Louise, laughing, "they are delicate, too! See, there's one for you, my little mannikin; but another time don't come and set yourself forward and look so hungry! Thanks! thanks, dear sister! Ah, how charming that we are come again into your neighbourhood! How fresh and happy you all look! And Petrea! how advantageously she has altered; she is come to have something quiet and sensible about her; she has outgrown her nose, and dresses herself neatly; she is just like other people now. And see—here I have a warm, wadded morning-dress for her, that will keep her warm up in her garret; is it not superb! And it cost only ten thalers courant.

"O, extraordinary—out of the common way! Quite unheard-of!" said they; "is it not so!—why, it is a piece of clothing for a whole life!"

"What a beautiful collar Eva has on! I really believe she is grown handsomer," said Louise. "You were, and are still the rose of the family, Eva; you look quite young, and are grown stout. I, for my part, cannot boast of that; but how can anybody grow stout when they have eight children to work for! Do you know, sisters, that in the last week before I left Stockholm, I cut out a hundred and six shirts! I hope I can meet with a good seamstress here at home; look at my finger, it is quite hard and horny with sewing. God bless the children! one has one's trouble with them. But tell me, how is it with our mother! They have always been writing to me that she was better—and yet I find her terribly gone off; it really grieves me to see her. What does Mr. Munter say!"

"Oh," replied Gabriele, warmly, "he says that she

will recover. There is really no danger; she improves every day."

Eva did not look so hopeful as Gabriele, and her eyes were filled with tears as she said, "When autumn and winter are only over, I hope that the spring——"

"And do you know," interrupted Louise, with animation, "what I have been thinking of? In the spring she shall come to us and try the milk cure; she shall occupy this room, with the view towards the beautiful birch grove, and shall enjoy the country air, and all the good things which the country affords, and which I can obtain for her—certainly this will do her good. Don't you think that then she will recover? Don't you think that it is a bright idea of mine?"

The sisters thought that really it was bright, and Louise continued:

"Now I must show you what I have brought for her. Do you see these two damask breakfast cloths, and these six breakfast napkins?—all spun in the house. I have had merely to pay for the weaving. Now, how do they please you?"

"O excellently! excellently!" said one sister.

"How very handsome! How welcome they will be!" said the other.

"And you must see what I have brought for my father—ah, Jacobi has it in his carpet-bag—one thing lies here and another there—but you will see it, you will see it."

"What an inundation of things!" said Gabriele, laughing. "One can see, however, that there is no shortness of money."

"Thank God!" said Louise, "all is comfortable in that respect, though you may very well believe that it was difficult enough at first; but we began by regulating the mouths according to the dishes. . . . Thank God, when people love one another, all does go right! I am happier than I deserve to be, with such a good, excellent husband, and such well-disposed children. If our little girl, our little Louise, had but lived! . . . . . Jacobi grieved as I have never seen a man grieve; but his happy temperament and his piety came to his help. She has now been dead above a year. Ah! never shall I forget my little girl!"

Louise's tears flowed abundantly; the sisters could not help weeping with her. But Louise soon collected herself again, and said, whilst she wiped her eyes, "Now we have also anxiety with little David's ancles; but there is no perfect happiness in this world, and we have no right to expect it. Pardon me that I have troubled you; and now let us speak of something else, whilst I get my things a little in order.

The sisters chat on, telling of old friends and relations; and the considerate Louise continues to describe the useful and appropriate gifts which she had brought for every one, servants included.

"Look at this dress, sisters—a present from my dear husband; is it not handsome? and then quite modern. Yes, yes, dear Gabriele, you need not make such an ambiguous face; it is very handsome, and quite in the fashion, that I can assure you." . . . "But tell me," continued Louise, "how will our 'great astonishment' go on? how have you arranged it?"

The Swedes seem as fond as the French are, or were, of scenes and pleasurable *surprises*. The Judge came in from his walk happy and warm.

"I must congratulate you," said he. "Louise, your boys please me entirely. They are animated boys, with intellects all alive—but at the same time, obedient and polite. Little David is a regular hair-brain, and a magnificent lad—what a pity it is that he will be lame!"

Louise crimsoned from heart-felt joy over the praise of her boys, and answered quickly to the lamentation over the little David, "You should hear, father, what a talent he has for the violoncello; he will be a second Gehrman."

"Nay, that is good," returned the Judge; "such a talent as that is worth his two feet."

The "Astonishment" was acted to admiration. The fence was joyously stormed by the Berserkers, and the piece of land taken possession of, on which the venerable Judge Frank had so long set his heart. Tears shone in the eyes of the family-father, but he spoke not. To see himself the object of so much love!—fatherly pride and joy, gratitude towards Heaven, towards his children, all united to fill his heart with the most exquisite sensations. Meanwhile—

Louise handed about white-sugar beer, which nobody praised more highly than herself. She found that it had something unearthly in it, something positively exalting; but when Gabriele, immediately after she had drank a half glass, gave a spring upwards, "our eldest" became terrified, for such a strong working of her effervescing white-beer she had by no means expected. Nevertheless she was soon surrounded by the eight, who cried altogether, "Mother, may I have some beer?" "And I too?" "And I?" "And I too?" "And I?" "And I?" "Send a deal of foam for me, mamma dear!"

"Nay, nay, nay, dear boys! people must not come clamouring and storming thus—you don't see that I or the father do so. Solomon must wait to the very last now. Patience is a good herb. There, you have it; now drink, but don't wet yourselves!" . . .

In the meantime the sun had set, and the cool kobolds of evening began to wander over the place, as the family, amid the most cheerful talk, arose in order to return to the house. As they went into the city, the ball on St. Mary's Church glimmered like fire in the last beams of the sun, and the moon ascended like a pale but gentle countenance over the roof of their house. There was a something in this appearance which made a sorrowful impression on Gabriele. The star of the Church tower glittered over the grave of her brother, and the look of the moon made her involuntarily think on the pale, mild countenance of her mother. For the rest, the evening was so lovely, the blackbird sang among the alders by the brook, and the heaven lay clear and brightly blue over the earth, whilst the wind and every disturbing sound became more and more hushed.

Gabriele walked on, full of thought, and did not observe that Baron L. had approached her.

The Baron and the lovely Gabriele, we doubt not, soon came to a proper understanding. He had been rather wild and foolish in his greener years; but all was right now.

They soon reached home. The mother stood with the silver ladle in her hand, and the most friendly smile on her lips, in the library, before a large steaming bowl of punch, and with look and voice bade the entering party welcome.

"My dear Elise," said the Judge, embracing her, "you are become twenty years younger."

"Happiness makes one young," answered she, looking on him affectionately.

People seated themselves.

"Don't make so much noise, children!" said Louise to her eight, seating herself with the little Elise on her knees. "Can't you seat yourselves without so much noise and bustle?"

Jeremias Munter had placed himself in a corner, and was quiet and seemed depressed.

Stillness pervaded the assembly; the glasses were filled, and the skäl began.

No. 1, which the Judge proposed, was "for the old friend, Jeremias Munter, on this last evening which he spends with us as our townsman—and may blessings follow him to his new home!" which was drunk with the warmest evidences of affection, and with tearful eyes.

This was the lover of Eva; and she had told her sisters that she had reflected deeply and seriously on what was best for her to do. Petrea had discovered that Munter, by his will, had left that estate to his "rose," to which he was now about to retire in sadness, feeling himself solitary in the

world, and unbeloved. "We will all of us join in making his future home happy," was Eva's resolution; and she alone had the power to make old Munter happy. And so toast No. 1 was drank. No. 2 came next. Jacobi, the husband of Louise, spoke eloquently, for it was—

"For the parents; for their happiness and wellbeing," said he, with emotion, "through which I, and so many others as well as I, will be blessed!"

No. 3, was drunk to the prosperity of the new Pastor's family.

No. 4, for the new purchased land.

No. 5, for the old—ever-new Home.

No. 6, was "the health of all good children!" The eight seemed as if they could not return thanks enough.

Before long, the voice of Mother Louise was heard saying, "Nay, nay, children, you must not drink a drop more! What do you say, my little David? A thee-and-thou toast with Mr. Munter? No, thank you greatly, my dear fellow, you can propose that another time! You have drunk to-day toasts enough—more perhaps than your little heads can carry."

"I beg for the boys," said the Assessor in his most friendly voice; "I will propose a skäl, and they must drink it with me. Fill, yet once more, the glasses!—I propose a skäl for peace! peace in our country, and peace in our homes! A skäl for love and knowledge; which alone can make peace a blessing! A skäl, in one word, for—Peace upon Earth!"

"Amen! amen!" cried Jacobi, drank off his glass and threw it behind him. Louise looked at her mother somewhat astonished, but the mother followed Jacobi's example; she too was carried away.

"All glasses to the ground after this skäl!" cried the Judge, and sent his, cover and all, smashing on the floor. With an indescribable pleasure the little Jacobis threw their glasses up, and endeavoured to make the skäl for Peace as noisy and tumultuous as possible.

One can hardly wish Father Mathew in Sweden for some time to come. The mother glides away from this festal scene to seek repose, but where she might listen to the distant festal voices, while she pondered over the blessings and happiness of all those on earth that she loved. Her letter to her sister closes this beautiful fiction. She rejoiced particularly in the happiness of her husband, with children and grandchildren clustered around him.

He has reason to be joyful over them and proud; they stand all around him, good and excellent human beings; they thank him that existence has been given to them, and that they have learned its worth; they are satisfied with their lot. The lost, and again-found-one has come home, in order to begin a new life, and her charming child is quite established on the knees of the grandfather.

"I hear Gabriele's guitar accompanied by a song. I fancy now they dance. Louise's eight boys make the floor shake. Jacobi's voice is heard above all. The good, ever-young man! I also should be joyful, for all in my house is peaceful and well-arranged. And I am so; my heart is full of thankfulness, but my body is weary—very weary.

"The fir-trees on the grave wave and beckon me. I see their tops saluting me in the clear moonlight, and pointing upwards. Dost thou beckon me, my son? Dost thou call me to come home to thee? My first born, my summer-child! Let me whisper to thee that this is my secret wish. The earth was friendly towards me; friendly was my home; when thou wast gone, my favourite! I began to follow. Perhaps the day of my departure is at hand. I feel in myself as if I were able to go to rest. And might a really bright and beautiful moment be enjoyed by me before my last sleep, I would yet once more press my husband's hand to my lips, look around me on earth with a blessing, and upwards towards heaven with gratitude, and say as now, out of the depths of my heart, 'Thank God for the home here, and for the home there!'"

We have but little space left for the RAMBLES OF THE EMPEROR CHING TÏH IN KËAN NAN.* It is the translation, and apparently a good one, of a genuine Chinese romance, which tells the reader a great deal about the political institutions, customs, and usages of China. CHING TÏH comes to the throne at the age of sixteen; is seduced by intriguing courtiers and evil advisers, and degrades himself by the commission of imprudencies and follies, unbecoming so mighty a sovereign. Some of them do not seem of a very heinous kind, such as looking at wild beasts, exhibitions of singers and dancers, and so forth; but these things were opposed to imperial dignity, and courtly etiquette; and they, besides, occupied the young Emperor, and led him to neglect his main duty of giving audience to his subjects, hearing their complaints, and redressing their wrongs, and looking after his officials. But his eyes are at length opened. He has some wise and steady friends in the ancient councillors of the late Emperor, his father; and he sets forth incognito, somewhat like the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, to investigate the state of affairs in the provinces, to learn the cause of the insurrections that are taking place, and how those, to whom the administration of justice, and the well-being of the people were entrusted, discharged their duties; also, how the people were supplied with food—always an important concern to the Chinese government. These objects lead the Emperor through all manner of scenes and adventures among people of every rank. The reader, in an artless and indirect way, by this means acquires much knowledge of the peculiar manners, and social and political institutions of China; and of those forms and superstitions which constitute the prevailing religion of the empire. The young emperor, having reformed himself, quelled insurrections, taken back into favour his father's old councillors, punished the wicked by death or degradation from office, rewarded the good of all ranks, restored peace and plenty throughout his dominions, and in the provinces chosen a few beautiful maidens for wives, returns to his palace, and reigns supreme, a pattern of all the Chinese kingly virtues. No brief extract which we could give would convey to the reader any proper notion of this romance, which should be studied as a true picture of Chinese customs and opinions. It shows that, among the three hundred millions of the Celestial Empire, the Son of Heaven is supposed to have weighty and incessant duties to fulfil to his subjects.

* Two volumes. Longman & Co.

THE AFFGHAN WAR—SIR A. BURNES—THE RETREAT AND CAPTIVITY.

(*Continued from page 370 of our June Number.*)

THE amicable connivance of Sir Robert Peel and LordJohn Russell, of the Whig and the Tory chiefs, in baffling and resisting parliamentary inquiry into the causes and conduct of the Affghan war, both when demanded last year by Mr. Baillie, and again in the present session by Mr. Roebuck, renders it the duty of the *Fourth Estate*, as far as possible, to supply to the country the information withheld from the *Third Estate*. Parliament has abruptly closed the record; and the case now remains to be tried by the public. The maxim—Don't expose my weak side, and I will spare you next time—may be very convenient to the leaders of party governments; but it is not one which ought to satisfy any independent representative of the people,—and it does not satisfy the nation. It is true, that the Affghan war, with its profligate waste of blood, treasure, and national reputation, is past beyond recall; but other wars, alike foolish and unjust, may be rushed into; and if Affghanistan has not been converted into the promised bulwark of defence to our Indian empire, it may serve as a beacon. Besides, the stifling of this particular inquiry has been accompanied by some very ugly and suspicious circumstances. Not only has information been refused, but where it has been wrung forth, documents have been so shamefully garbled, as to be made to appear the reverse of what they really are. The truth has been warped and distorted, as well as suppressed. This has been especially the case with the Despatches of the lamented Sir A. Burnes, who, from first to last, disapproved of Lord Auckland's aggressive schemes, though he magnanimously sacrificed his personal feelings; and when opposition became fruitless, did his utmost to make the best for his country of that unhappy course of policy which his judgment disapproved. Even his personal partialities and sympathies appear to have been enlisted on the side of Dost Mahommed Khan; while he distrusted and, probably, despised Shah Soojah. His mission to Cabul, and long residence there, had enabled him to see and understand the character of the Dost; and his decided opinion was, that the popular sovereign of Affghanistan was the man whose friendship and alliance it was the policy of England to cultivate: and we may add, that honesty here coincided with sound policy. It must have been exceedingly irritating to Captain Burnes to find, not only that his opinions were scouted at Calcutta, but that his despatches were afterwards so garbled in Lord Palmerston's office, as to make him appear an advocate for what he had ever repudiated; namely, for the invasion of Affghanistan, and the setting up of Shah Soojah. Yet in Parliament, every party interested or implicated continues gravely to affirm, first, that Sir A. Burnes' despatches have not been tampered with in any way, or that if they have, then the omissions are quite unimportant. So say Lords Palmerston and John Russell; and Sir Robert Peel echoes that the "published papers were not garbled," but "gave such an account of the motives for undertaking the war as might enable Parliament to form a fair and unbiassed judgment." But what says Sir A. Burnes himself as to his share of this account of motives,—and he will surely be admitted to understand the meaning of his own Despatches. We now quote from his private and unpublished letters what he states in reference to the printed Parliamentary Papers on the affairs of Affghanistan:—

"*6th November*, 1839.—The exposition of the Governor-General's views in the Parliamentary Papers is *pure trickery;* and I have said so in every company since I have read them. I, however, acquit Lord Auckland of the fraud, and I am sometimes charitable enough to acquit the other authorities, and to believe that they had not read ere they printed. All my implorations to government to act with promptitude and decision, had reference *to doing something when Dost Mahommed was king;* and all this they have made to appear in support of Shah Soojah being set up! But again, I did advocate the setting up of Shah Soojah, and lent all my aid, name, and knowledge, to do it. But when was this? *When all my advice had been rejected, and the government were fairly stranded.* I first gave my opinion, and I then asked leave to withdraw; but Lord A. [Auckland] proved to me that it would be desertion at a critical moment, and I saw so myself; but I entered upon the support of his policy *not as what was best, but what was best under the circumstances which a series of blunders* had produced."

We have the means, and shall deem it a bounden duty to investigate this affair; a duty which is owing alike to the memory of this distinguished victim of the policy which he strongly disapproved, and to the public interests prospectively, if not retrospectively. Fortunately for his own reputation, and for the cause of justice, Sir A. Burnes, knowing the ticklish ground on which he stood with the government, or Bureaucracy of Calcutta, took the precaution to lodge authenticated copies of his Despatches in safe hands in India; while his private letters safely reached his friends at home. They afford a cue to his feelings and opinions, and a valuable commentary on his public documents. The above extract is from a letter of November 1839; but, two years later, and not long before the insurrection at Cabul burst forth, we find its first victim so far from being free from all apprehension,—as is generally alleged by those unacquainted with what was passing behind the curtain,—expressing himself, in his private correspondence, in the following terms:—"*Cabul, 12th April*, 1841. I keep things quiet here, certainly; but in this country

we have done nothing, as you will see by a new paper I have drawn up, though I am sorely disheartened in doing anything, by the inattention of all."—"*Cabul, July* 1841. I think you overlook that my papers and notes are not to recommend what is best, but what is to be done under the abominable circumstances we have placed ourselves in. If they had listened to reason, the ex-chief of Cabul [Dost Mohammed] might have been converted into a valuable ally," &c., &c. And this was the man whose judgment, from his great knowledge of Indian affairs and interests, and the observations made during a lengthened residence in Affghanistan as a political agent, was held to sanction the invasion of that country, and the dethronement of the Dost, to set up Shah Soojah!

But though this is become, as regards the public interests in public servants discharging their duties efficiently and honestly, by far the most important part of the history of the Affghan war, we must, as we have commenced with it, conclude the account of the retreat, the destruction of the army, and the subsequent captivity of the ladies and the officers that were saved, before going further into the evidence afforded us by the unpublished private correspondence of Sir A. Burnes, and the suppressed passages of his official Despatches. Before we are done with these documents, the public will be enabled to judge how far the affirmations and denials of the Whig and Tory leaders in Parliament are well grounded, and whether the Despatches in question have not been garbled and perverted by studied suppressions and omissions. In the meanwhile, we may notice, that the idea conveyed by the Journals of Lady Sale and Lieutenant Eyre,—that Sir A. Burnes was lulled into unwise security, up to the moment that the insurrection broke forth in headlong force, appears a complete misconception. From his private communications, he appears to have been fully aware of the dangers by which the invading army was surrounded. When all were exulting in the surrender of the Dost, in the end of 1840, he writes: "The surrender of the Dost has made this country as quiet as Vesuvius after an eruption. How long this will last, it is impossible to say. . . . In my position, Government have a right to my support; and when I cannot give it, to my silence: they have in consequence far more of the latter than the former. Did I choose, I could a tale unfold that would make men stare. But I am silent. I see the wish to do good; but I see utter ignorance of affairs, for which abilities, however surpassing, can never make up; and we have no Wellesleys in these times."

These may serve as samples; and now we return to our proper business in the present article, reserving this discussion till next month.

We left off last month describing the un-British spirit and unsoldierlike conduct of the troops at Cabul; which anomaly in the service may be fairly attributed to the incapacity, and want of decision, which distinguished the whole of those in command, whether civil or military. Nor were the Affghans, as soldiers, contemptible foes. Their want of discipline, in the irregular and annoying warfare waged against the invaders, was fully made up by a fierce spirit of bravery, the enthusiasm inspired by what they felt to be a good cause, and also the baser motives of hatred and thirst for plunder.

The sudden cry of, Cavalry, latterly, always spread dismay among our troops; and not without cause. The Affghan horsemen, as irregulars, seem, indeed, the finest troops in the world. They remind one of the centaur-mountaineers of Circassia. Their martial appearance excited the warm admiration of many of our officers. Of the Affghan horsemen, one, who should be a judge of mounted soldiers—Troop Sergeant-Major Taylor—remarks,

These Affghan horsemen were a fine athletic set of men, and capitally mounted; their breed of cattle being much superior to ours, and exhibiting proofs of the most careful grooming. The riders wore coats of mail with steel gauntlets, and their arms consisted of a sabre, heavier and longer than ours, a dagger, and, in some instances, shields and matchlocks. I have no hesitation in saying, that the Affghan Cavalry, if these were a fair sample of them, are a most effective body of men. They may not be equal to ours in the field; but for a harassing system of mountain warfare, where they are required to make sudden descents upon Infantry, hemmed in between defiles, and embarrassed by ignorance of the country, no body of troops can be better adapted. Their horses are light-limbed, but strong and wiry, and capable of undergoing incredible fatigue; while the trooper himself, practised from infancy in the management of the animal, can ride him over places where no European horseman would venture. Had these wild mountaineers but the advantages of discipline, and proper organisation, their country would be inaccessible to any troops in the world.

. . . . . .

The celerity with which troops are raised is quite astonishing to us; who are accustomed to see recruits drilled for a length of time. Here, every man is born a soldier; every child has his knife,—that weapon which has proved so destructive in the hands of a hostile peasantry, incited against us by the moollahs, who threaten eternal perdition to all who do not join in the cause of the Ghazeeas; whilst heaven, filled with Houris, is the recompense for every man who falls in a religious war. With them, the only expense attending the soldier consists in his pay, which is scanty; his horse, if he have one, is his own; and every Affghan is armed completely with some three or four of these knives, of different sizes.

In the same page, where we find this description of the Affghan cavalry, which was given while the author was at Candahar, we find another paragraph which, though somewhat out of place, as relating to past events, we cannot resist:—

Several of the Affghan chiefs, who were known to be devoted to the interests of Dost Mahommed, becoming alarmed at the turn affairs were taking, or, as some said, being dissatisfied with that prince for refusing to guarantee the safety of their women, now came into camp and tendered their allegiance to Shah Soojah. These reluctant auxiliaries were warmly received by the Politicals, who hailed their adhesion as an omen of the success of the expedition; and I observed Sir Alexander Burnes carry his joy so far as cordially to embrace one of them. The chief smiled grimly, but said but little. I had an opportunity, however, of ascertaining his real feelings, on getting amongst his followers a few days afterwards. They openly expressed their regret at being compelled to join the invaders of their country, and stated, that they could not have a braver leader, or a better prince, than Dost Mahommed. They described him as being of a just and generous nature, whilst they represented the Shah as being cruel and unprincipled.

During the siege in the cantonments, and the

retreat from Cabul, the native troops in our service often behaved with more gallantry and devotedness than the Europeans; though the Sepoys upon some occasions did follow the bad example of their white comrades-in-arms. In one instance an important garrison, held by Europeans, was replaced by Indian troops, as no confidence could be placed in the former. The following disgraceful passage occurs in Lieutenant Eyre's Journal:—

December 7th.—The European garrison was this day withdrawn from the bazaar, and a company of the 37th N. I. substituted in their room! This, being the weakest point of our defences, had hitherto been protected entirely by parties of H. M.'s 44th, which post of honour they were now considered unworthy to retain. . . In the course of this narrative, I have been compelled by stern truth to note down facts nearly affecting the honour and interests of a British regiment.

There was recrimination among the differently-coloured corps of the force, each accusing the other of having been the first to give way. But on this subject the Court of Inquiry which was held kept a prudent silence. Nay, the very Affghan ponies, employed by the British were liable to be seized with panic; and, when exposed to the galling fire of their countrymen, they would cast off their burdens, and rush to the front for safety!

The Scottish Borderers were never more adroit horse and cattle stealers than the Affghans showed themselves in the passes and mountain ranges both in the advance and retreat; and they were often clever enough, after stealing the animals, to sell them back again to the original owners at a high rate. But, to resume our narrative, though, in the pathetic words of Lieutenant Eyre, it does "become a weary task to relate a catalogue of errors, disasters, and difficulties, which, following upon each other, disgusted our officers, disheartened our soldiers, and finally sunk us all in irretrievable ruin; as though Heaven itself, by a combination of evil circumstances, for its own inscrutable purposes, had planned our downfall."

The sojourners in the cantonments were, by the beginning of December, reduced to great distress from the failure of provisions and the many mouths to be fed; for, though the force numbered only about 5000, it was encumbered with the curse of all eastern armies—camp-followers to the amount of 12,000, besides numerous women and children. This was a fertile source of ruin, first and last. We hear of one regiment, the 37th, which had 5000 registered camp-followers. But for these encumbrances, the dreadful scenes of havoc on the retreat never would have occurred to nearly the same extent: for the regular troops could have made forced marches and saved themselves. Lady Sale makes this extraordinary statement:—

Added to these trying circumstances, the garrison [Ghoorkas,] were encumbered with their wives and children, who had been encouraged to come up from Hindostan in great numbers. It is affirmed that they did so by permission of Lord Auckland; it being supposed that they would have no wish to quit the country with their families settled along with them.

His lordship surely took Time by the forelock. By the middle of November the camels in the cantonments were fast dying for want of forage; and by the beginning of December, we learn,

A committee is ordered to assemble to-morrow to value all useless horses in the Bazaar, which are to be destroyed; so there will be plenty of cheap meat, as tattoos and camels have for some time past been eaten: even some of the gentlemen ate camel's flesh, particularly the heart, which was esteemed equal to that of the bullock. I never was tempted by these choice viands; so cannot offer an opinion regarding them.

The garrison at the Bala Hissar were equally destitute of provisions, as they had to send part of what remained to the famished people in the cantonments. Lady Sale makes no personal complaint, but she often expresses deep commiseration for the troops; harassed with incessant duty, and starving of cold as well as hunger, for fuel was as scarce as food. While Captain Sturt had a bottle of brandy remaining, he dealt to those about him a glass daily. Sometimes trifling supplies were smuggled into the officers' families, from their former friends in the city. When small quantities of flour were brought in, the competition to obtain it was hot, and the price exorbitant. The horses and cattle were, for some time, preserved by eating the bark and tender branches of the fruit and other trees in the gardens. One day Lady Sale was gravely told that the artillery horses had eaten the trunnion of a gun! and she saw her own riding-horse gnawing voraciously at a cart wheel. The garrison was, in short, starving, and the enemy knew it; and felt that, one way or other, the game was in their own hands. The Moollahs, or priests, at this time, went round all the villages, and laid the people under ban not to assist the infidel invaders with food, at any price. The General had often, before this time, begged the Envoy to negotiate; and new treaties were discussed every other day: the conditions varying with the military aspect of affairs: the demands of the chiefs rising in proportion to the distress of the British. But, in their first demands, the chiefs probably laid excessive damages, that they might afterwards afford some abatement. The Affghans gained time by these fruitless conferences, while the difficulties of the British accumulated, whether the negotiations proceeded or went off. By the 27th November, we learn,

The negotiations are now come quite to a close. The enemy's demands were modest, considering that they were the first to treat, it is said. They require, in addition to giving up the king and his family into their hands, all our guns and ammunition, muskets, bayonets, pistols, and swords. The married men, women, and children, to be given as hostages; and then—we are to trust to their generosity! To this the Envoy sent a chivalrous reply,—That death was preferable to dishonour,—that we put our trust in the God of battles, and in His name bade them come on.

The king is in an awful state of alarm; for he has been told that we have been making terms for our free exit out of the country, paying for the same five lakhs of rupees; and leaving him to his fate, poor man! He is certainly to be pitied, (if not at the bottom of it all,) fallen from his high estate, and believing us to have abandoned him.

Jan Fishan Khan is the only chief who stands by him; and he has had his forts and property destroyed: his wives and children, he hopes, may have been saved by some of his neighbours; but, as yet, he only knows the fate of one young boy, who was burnt alive. He had one wife with him in Cabul when the insurrection broke out, and urged her to fly to Pughman for safety; the old chief told me her reply was worth a lakh of rupees, "I

will not leave you: if you fall, we die together; and if you are victorious, we will rejoice together!" . . . . .

29*th*.—The horses are hard up for grain: those for the artillery have not been much looked after since Lieut. Waller was wounded; and one of them is averred to have eaten his comrade's tail! That he bit it off there is no doubt. . . . . .

30*th*.—Amongst other political barometers, the manner in which persons are spoken of indicates whether affairs are going on well or ill: just now, things are looking up again. A few days ago people spoke of "The Macnaghtens;" then they became again "Sir William and my Lady;" and to-day they have left their refuge in a tent in cantonments, and are gone into the great house again, which they think will have a good effect, and tend to quiet people's minds.

The Politicals are again very mysterious, and deny that any negotiations are going on, &c.; but letters come in constantly; and we know they are treating with the Ghiljyes. . . . . .

Treaty is certainly going on; and we think that the confederacy may be breaking up. Humza Khan of Téreen is said to be sending his women away from Cabul, and many have been seen mounted on yaboos going away on the road leading to Bhoodkhak. 1*st December*.—Mohun Lull writes that the enemy will show in force to-day, and attack us to-morrow. The firing we heard in the night was an attack on the patrol, who got in safe. . . . . .

The plan proposed for the capture of cantonments by the enemy, is, to send 200 bildars in front to cut down the ramparts; next come the infantry, and then the horse. I suppose we are to stand still and look on. . . .

6*th*.—The General, unsettled in his purposes, delegates his power to the Brigadier, and the Brigadier tries to throw off all responsibility on the General's or anybody's shoulders except his own: and the General is, as in the present instance, too gentlemanlike to tell him that he deviates a little from the exact line, and thus takes on himself the evasion. Sturt came home quite disgusted; vowing that if those dear to him were not in cantonments, they might blow them up for what he cared.

On the 11th December, Sir William Macnaghten had a conference with the assembled chiefs, in a plain that could be seen from the cantonments; the General having previously formally intimated to him that, in the present condition of the troops for want of provisions, no time ought to be lost in entering into negotiations for a safe retreat from the country. The support of the authority of Shah Soojah was, by this time, thrown completely out of view by his allies, though they were willing to carry him back with them, and thus ensure his personal safety. Lieutenant Eyre gives a circumstantial account of what passed at this conference on the open plain. The terms were, that the British should evacuate Affghanistan, including every station within the country; that Dost Mahommed and his family should be set at liberty and allowed to return home, and also every other Affghan in exile for political offences; and that no British force should ever again enter Affghanistan, unless called for by the Affghan government; and, finally, that between the countries a permanent friendship should be established. On the other hand, the British were not only to be permitted to return to India unmolested, but they were, on paying for them, to be furnished with the necessary supplies, and hostages were to accompany their march. Shah Soojah was to be at liberty either to follow the British or remain at Cabul the pensioner of the Affghan government. Lieutenant Eyre relates:—

To all these terms the chiefs cordially agreed, with the exception of Mahommed Akbar, who cavilled at several, especially that of the amnesty, but was overruled by his coadjutors. He positively refused to permit the garrison to be supplied with provisions until it had quitted cantonments, which movement he clamorously demanded should take place the following morning. His violence caused some confusion; but the more temperate of his party having interfered, it was finally agreed that our evacuation of the cantonments should take place in three days—that provisions should be supplied—and that to all the above-mentioned articles of this new treaty a formal assent in writing should be sent, with all the usual forms of a restored peace. The chiefs, on returning to the city, took with them Captain Trevor as a hostage for the sincerity of the Envoy.

Even while this conference was being held, the Affghan troops occupied the field in a very tumultuary manner; and strong apprehensions of treachery were felt in the garrison, and of the danger to which the Envoy was exposed. We do not learn how Lieutenant Eyre came to know that it had been the intention of Mahommed Akbar Khan to seize the Envoy's person at this meeting, and that he was with difficulty restrained by the other Khans; but the Lieutenant states the fact, and pays the compliment to the memory of Sir William Macnaghten, "that no sense of personal danger could have deterred him from the performance of his duty." The day after this treaty (which was not yet formally signed) had been agreed on, and Captain Trevor given up as a hostage for the performance of its stipulations, Lieutenant Eyre writes:—

December 12*th*.—It is undeniable that Sir William Macnaghten was forced into this treaty with men whose power he despised, and whose treachery was proverbial, against his own judgment, by the pressing representations of our military heads. . . . . .

The terms of the new treaty were immediately made known to Shah Soojah, by which that unfortunate monarch found himself once more doomed to an old age of exile and degradation. The first step towards its fulfilment was the withdrawal of our troops from the Bala Hissar, which was to have taken place this very day, but was postponed for a short time longer, to admit of the necessary preparations being made. A deputation of chiefs had an interview in the close of the day, who were the bearers of a most unexpected proposition, to the effect that Shah Soojah should continue king, on condition of intermarrying his daughters with the leading Affghan chiefs, and abandoning the offensive practice of keeping the chief nobles of his kingdom waiting for hours at his gate, in expectation of audience. The Affghans hate ceremony, which Shah Soojah carried at all times to an absurd extent; hence much of his unpopularity. . . . . .

December 13*th*.—Such was the inveterate pride of the king, that he yielded a most reluctant consent to the above-mentioned proposals, notwithstanding that the only alternative was the instant resignation of his kingdom. Little confidence was, however, placed by the Envoy in the sincerity of the chiefs, whose hatred of the Doranee ruler was notorious.

Continual disputes and misunderstandings were still arising between the parties negotiating. The Affghans had the British in their power; and it was hardly to be expected that they should make the most generous use of their dear-bought triumph. Many delays occurred in furnishing the carriage necessary on the retreat; and there were strong suspicions of meditated treachery. We have seen that the Envoy, whose life had been a burthen to him for weeks past, was deeply galled by the humiliating terms of the capitulation; for such, in

fact, it was. What a blow to the hopes cherished from the invasion of Affghanistan by the government at Calcutta, which hopes he had himself encouraged! In an evil hour he forgot what he owed to himself as an honourable and fair-dealing man, and what to the reputation of his country for good faith. He fondly imagined that he might bribe, buy off, or out-manœuvre Mahommed Akbar; sow dissension among the leagued chiefs; and, by a sudden revolution, retrieve the cause to which he was pledged and also his own reputation. He fell into the snare laid for him, or rather the plan devised by Akbar to test his fidelity to the provisions of the treaty. He failed in integrity, and sealed his own ruin; while he farther exasperated the Affghan chiefs against the British. We may imagine how the proud and fierce Mahommed Akbar must have despised the man who tried to conciliate and corrupt him with bribes and gifts, though he, nevertheless, accepted of them. Lady Macnaghten's carriage and horses were sent to him; and a splendid Arabian horse belonging to one of the officers, for which he took a fancy, the Envoy bought for him at an extravagant price. Every other thing which could mollify and gain him appears to have been tried. We cite from Lieutenant Eyre's narrative the relation of what is, perhaps, the most painful event of the whole war, as it was brought about by an unhappy and fatal policy, for which no honourable man dare hold up his face. On the 21st, the Envoy met Mahommed Akbar and another chief to arrange some details of the treaty, and to fix upon hostages for its due performance. It was at this time that he was loading Akbar with gifts; and, on the night of the 22d, this chief, with the connivance of some of the other leaders, laid the snare, from which the broad principles of common probity should have preserved any man of the most ordinary capacity.

Captain Skinner, at this time living under Mahommed Akbar's protection, was made the bearer of proposals to the Envoy, of so advantageous a nature, as to prove, in his forlorn circumstances, irresistibly tempting.

Amenoollah Khan, the most influential of the rebels, was to be seized on the following day, and delivered up to us as a prisoner.* Mahommed Khan's fort was to be immediately occupied by one of our regiments, and the Bala Hissar by another. Shah Soojah was to continue king; Mahommed Akbar was to become his wuzeer, and our troops were to remain in their present position until the following spring.—That a scheme like this, bearing impracticability on its very face, should have for a moment deceived a man of Sir William's usual intelligence and penetration, is indeed an extraordinary instance of infatuation, that can only be accounted for on the principle that a drowning man will catch at a straw. . . . . A treaty formed with men famed for falsehood and treachery, and who had already shown an utter disregard of some of its most important stipulations, could be regarded as little better than so much waste paper.

If not speaking as the apologist of the Envoy, but in his own person, Lieutenant Eyre falls here into the very error of Sir William Macnaghten. He proceeds:—

On either hand there was danger; and, miserable as Sir William's life had been for the past six weeks, he was willing to stake his all on the issue of a plan which seemed to offer a faint hope of recovering the ground we had lost.

In a fatal hour he signed his name to a paper consenting to the arrangement.—His doom was sealed.—The whole was a scheme got up by the chiefs, to test his sincerity.

Next day the Envoy took measures for the success of this grand *coup d'etat*, by calling on the General to have two regiments and two guns in readiness for a secret service; and directed that, as the interview he was about to have with the chiefs that day was of a delicate nature, the garrison had as well be kept on the alert. In riding from the cantonments, Sir William expressed his disappointment at the paucity of men on the ramparts, and the inertness of the garrison, saying, "However, it is all of a piece with the military arrangements throughout the siege." He now, for the first time, took the officers who rode out along with him and his small body-guard into his confidence; and one of them, Captain Lawrence, was warned to be in readiness to gallop to the Bala Hissar, to prepare the king for what was to follow.

Apprehensions being expressed of the danger to which the scheme might expose him, in case of treachery on the part of Mahommed Akbar, he replied "Dangerous it is; but if it succeeds, it is worth all risks: the rebels have not fulfilled even one article of the treaty, and I have no confidence in them; and if by it we can only save our honour, all will be well. At any rate, I would rather suffer a hundred deaths, than live the last six weeks over again."

Throughout the whole affair the doomed Envoy appeared in that state of extraordinary mental excitement, hurry, and perturbation, which the Scotch call being *fey*,—a preternatural condition, which is believed to precede a violent or unusual death.

That Sir William Macnaghten met his death at the hands of Mahommed Akbar himself there can be no reasonable doubt. That chief had pledged himself to his coadjutors to seize the Envoy that day, and bring him into the city, when the chiefs hoped to have been able to dictate their own terms, retaining him as a hostage for their fulfilment. Finding it impossible, from the strenuous resistance Sir William offered, to carry him off alive, and yet determined not to disappoint the public expectation altogether,—influenced also by his tiger passions, and the remembrance of his father's wrongs,—Mahommed Akbar drew a pistol, the Envoy's own gift a few hours before, and shot him through the body, which was immediately hacked to pieces by the ferocious Ghazeeas, by whom the dismembered trunk was afterwards carried to the city, and publicly exposed in the Char Chouk, or principal mart. The head was taken to the house of Nuwab Zeman Khan, where it was triumphantly exhibited to Capt. Conolly.

Captain Trevor, who, unfortunately, happened to stumble, was also instantly cut down. Captains Lawrence and Mackenzie escaped, by being protected from the violence of the ferocious Ghazeeas by the Giljye chiefs. Ameenoollah Khan, the chief who was to have been betrayed, gave vent to a torrent of angry abuse against these officers, and even threatened to blow them from a gun. One redeeming trait is found in this sad recital:—

It is deserving of notice, that, amidst the congratulations which on all sides met the ear of Mahommed Shah Khan on the events of the day, the solitary voice of an aged Moollah was raised in condemnation of the deed, which he solemnly pronounced to be "foul," and calculated to cast a lasting disgrace on the religion of Mahommed.

* As this sheet goes through the press, we have seen, from the *Calcutta Star* of the 8th of April last, an Affghan account of the murder of the Envoy, written at the time. It confirms in substance the details given by Lieutenant Eyre, save that the son of Amenoollah Khan, and not that chief himself, was to be given up, and that the assassination took place in the evening.

The account given by Captain Mackenzie of this affair, presses even more severely upon the unhappy Envoy, caught in the snare in which he fondly fancied he had coiled those who outwitted him.

Beset by this disgraceful imbecility on the one hand, and by systematic treachery on the other, the unfortunate Envoy was driven to his wits' end, and, as will be seen, forgot, in a fatal moment, the wholesome rule which he had heretofore laid down for himself, of refusing to hold communication with individuals of the rebel party. . . . . Late in the evening of the 22d December, Captain James Skinner, who, after having been concealed in Cabul during the greater part of the siege, had latterly been the guest of Mahommed Akbar, arrived in cantonments, accompanied by Mahommed Sudeeq Khan, a first cousin of Mahommed Akbar, and by Sirwar Khan, the Arbanee merchant, who, in the beginning of the campaign, had furnished the army with camels, and who had been much in the confidence of Sir A. Burnes; being, in fact, one of our stanchest friends. The two latter remained in a different apartment, while Skinner dined with the Envoy. During dinner, Skinner jestingly remarked that he felt as if laden with combustibles, being charged with a message from Mahommed Akbar to the Envoy of a most portentous nature.

Even then I remarked that the Envoy's eye glanced eagerly towards Skinner with an expression of hope. In fact, he was like a drowning man catching at straws. Skinner however referred him to his Affghan companions, and after dinner the four retired into a room by themselves. My knowledge of what there took place is gained from poor Skinner's own relation, as given during my subsequent captivity with him in Akbar's house. Mahommed Sudeeq disclosed Mahommed Akbar's proposition to the Envoy, which was, that the following day Sir William should meet him (Mahommed Akbar) and a few of his immediate friends, viz. the chiefs of the Eastern Giljyes, outside the cantonments, when a final agreement should be made, so as to be fully understood by both parties; that Sir William should have a considerable body of troops in readiness, which, on a given signal, were to join with those of Mahommed Akbar and the Giljyes, assault and take Mahmood Khan's fort, and secure the person of Ameenoollah. At this stage of the proposition Mahommed Sudeeq signified that, for a certain sum of money, the head of Ameenoollah should be presented to the Envoy; but from this Sir William shrunk with abhorrence, declaring that it was neither his custom nor that of his country to give a price for blood. Mahommed Sudeeq then went on to say, that, after having subdued the rest of the Khans, the English should be permitted to remain in the country eight months longer, so as to save their *purdah* (veil, or credit,) but that they were then to evacuate Affghanistan, as if of their own accord; that Shah Soojah was to continue king of the country, and that Mahommed Akbar was to be his wuzeer. As a further reward for his (Mahommed Akbar's) assistance, the British Government were to pay him 30 lacs of rupees, and 4 lacs of rupees per annum during his life! To this extraordinary and wild proposal, Sir William gave ear with an eagerness which nothing can account for but the supposition, confirmed by many other circumstances, that his strong mind had been harassed, until it had in some degree lost its equipoise; and he not only assented fully to these terms, but actually gave a Persian paper to that effect, written in his own hand, declaring, as his motives, that it was not only an excellent opportunity to carry into effect the real wishes of government, which were to evacuate the country with as much credit to ourselves as possible, but that it would give England time to enter into a treaty with Russia, defining the bounds beyond which neither were to pass in Central Asia. So ended this fatal conference, the nature and result of which, contrary to his usual custom, Sir William communicated to none of those who, on all former occasions, were fully in his confidence, viz. Trevor, Lawrence, and myself. It seemed as if he feared that we might insist on the impracticability of the plan, which he must have studiously concealed from himself. All the following morning his manner was distracted and hurried in a way that none of us had ever before witnessed. It seems that Mahommed Akbar had demanded a favourite Arab horse, belonging to Captain Grant, Assist-Adj.-General of the force. To avoid the necessity of parting with the animal, Captain Grant had fixed his price at the exorbitant sum of 5000 rupees. Unwilling to give so large a price, but determined to gratify the Sirdar, Sir William sent me to Captain Grant to prevail upon him to take a smaller sum, but with orders that if he were peremptory, the 5000 rupees should be given. I obtained the horse for 3000 rupees, and Sir William appeared much pleased with the prospect of gratifying Mahommed Akbar by the present.

After breakfast, Trevor, Lawrence, and myself were summoned to attend the Envoy during his conference with Mahommed Akbar Khan. I found him alone, when, for the first time, he disclosed to me the nature of the transaction he was engaged in. I immediately warned him that it was a plot against him. He replied, hastily, "A plot! let me alone for that; trust me for that!"

We need not a second time go over the catastrophe. Mackenzie had himself a very narrow escape, as we have in part seen; and certainly owed his life to the Giljye chiefs, who, at their personal risk, defended him. There were generous feelings at this period, even among Affghans. Lieutenant Eyre, though he denounces Mahommed Akbar almost as stoutly as Lady Sale, who would have him and his father-in-law hung without benefit of clergy, yet quotes Captain Mackenzie's confession.

I must do Mahommed Akbar the justice to say, that, finding the Ghazeeas bent on my slaughter, even after I had reached his stirrup, he drew his sword and laid about him right manfully; for my conductor, and Meerza Bàoodeen Khan, were obliged to press me up against the wall, covering me with their own bodies, and protesting that no blow should reach me, but through their persons.

Pride, however, overcame Mahommed Akbar's sense of courtesy, when he thought I was safe, for he then turned round to me, and repeatedly said, in a tone of triumphant derision, "Shuma moolk-i-ma me geered!" (*You'll* seize my country, will you!) He then rode off, and I was hurried towards the gate of the fort.

After encountering other deadly perils, from which he was rescued by the chiefs, one of whom was wounded in his defence, he and Captain Lawrence were, at midnight, taken for safety to the dwelling of the now triumphant Akbar. It is a characteristic trait, and one worthy of the Highlands two centuries ago, that those who defended these gentlemen's lives at the hazard of their own, in that same hour plundered them of their watches. We cannot forbear quoting another sentence of Captain Mackenzie's letter:

Reaching Mahommed Akbar's abode, we were shown into the room where he lay in bed. He received us with great outward show of courtesy, assuring us of the welfare of the Envoy and Trevor, but there was a constraint in his manner for which I could not account. We were shortly taken to another apartment, where we found Skinner, who had returned, being on parole, early in the morning. Doubt and gloom marked our meeting, and the latter was fearfully deepened by the intelligence which we now received from our fellow-captive of the base murder of Sir William and Trevor. He informed us that the head of the former had been carried about the city in triumph. We of course spent a miserable night. The next day we were taken, under a strong guard, to the house of Zeman Khan, where a council of the Khans was being held. Here we found Captains Conolly and Airey, who had some days previously been sent to the hurwah's house as hostages for the performance of certain parts of the treaty which was to have been entered into. A violent discussion took place, in which Mahommed Akbar bore the most prominent part.

We were vehemently accused of treachery, and everything that was bad, and told that the whole of the transactions of the night previous had been a trick of Mahommed Akbar and Ameenoollah, to ascertain the Envoy's sincerity. They declared that they would now grant us no terms, save on the surrender of the whole of the married families as hostages, all the guns, ammunition, and treasure.

Whether from shame or policy, for we imagine remorse had no place in his feelings, Akbar was then, and has always been, unwilling to confess that, in a sudden outburst of rage, he shot the Envoy with his own hands. Yet the fact seems beyond question, though the crime was evidently unpremeditated. During the time that the two officers were sheltered in Akbar's house, some of the Affghan gentlemen, who came to visit them, asserted that the Envoy had been murdered by the unruly soldiery; while others did not affect to deny that crime, which to Mahommed Akbar was passing the Rubicon.

In those days when the mutual treachery, or plotting and counter-plotting, was concerting and ripening, Lady Sale, unconscious of what was going forward, and pursuing the even tenor of her way, set down in her Journal:—

22*d*.—The wagons, ammunition, &c., given up to our "allies."

Lady Macnaghten's carriage and horses given to Mahommed Akbar Khan. . . . . .

The Envoy, in taking the part of Mahommed Akbar Khan, and in giving him money, has given him the means of doing much harm. Before he received money from us he had no power, and was not a person of any consequence; now he is in force, with the disadvantage of possessing a very bad disposition. . . . . .

Captain Skinner came in at eleven last night with two Affghans; one, I believe, was a half brother of Mahommed Akbar, by name Sultan Khan. At one this morning they returned to the city on important business. Moussa Khan was also sent into the city early this morning on some affair connected with negotiations.

The 54th, Shah's 6th, and some guns, are ordered for a secret service; which the staff officer who gave the order, said was to attack Mahmood Khan's fort, and from thence to bring away Ameenoollah Khan, dead or alive.

. . . . . .

I remarked that Lawrence styled the chiefs rebels instead of allies; which, coupled with the order to the commissariat officer to lay in provisions, looked very suspicious.

About two o'clock we suddenly heard firing, and all went to the rear gate to see what the matter was; when I met Mr. Waller, who informed me that the Envoy had been taken away by the chiefs.

The reader is already aware that Skinner, on this day, came charged with the fatal message of Mahommed Akbar, and also for what secret service the two regiments were ordered out. Great anxiety prevailed all that day in the cantonments about the issue of the conference, and latterly for the fate of the Envoy, and also of the hostages in the city. Lady Sale concludes—

There is a general opinion in cantonments that faith has been broken on both sides, and that the Affghans have made the cleverest chupao. . . . . .

The plain was at one time covered with people; but the horsemen seemed wending up and down trying to quiet them, and they gradually dispersed.

There was a great crowd about a body, which the Affghans were seen to strip: it was evidently that of an European; but, strange to say, no endeavour was made to recover it, which might easily have been done by sending out cavalry. . . . . .

24*th*.—I received a note from Lawrence, enclosing one from Conolly (Sir William's nephew) to Lady Macnaghten, and had the sad office imposed on me of informing both her and Mrs. Trevor of their husbands' assassination.

Lady Sale thinks that the Envoy was quite justifiable in his crooked diplomacy, and only erred in supposing that Akbar Khan, "proverbially the most treacherous of all his countrymen, could be sincere."

The murder of the Envoy brought Major Pottinger, by the appointment of the General, to the head of the diplomatic department; and the original treaty was once more presented and discussed, but with new exactions. And now it was alleged that no faith could be placed in the words of the British, and the perfidy of the Envoy was loudly condemned.

It is a bitter chapter that, which Lieutenant Eyre has headed, "How we avenged him!" The military leaders showed on this occasion, it must be owned, a most quaker-like meekness and peacefulness of disposition:—

Although it was evident that our Envoy had been basely entrapped, if not actually murdered, before our very gate, and though even now crowds of Affghans, horse and foot, were seen passing and repassing to and fro in hostile array, between Mahommed's fort and the place of meeting, not a gun was opened upon them; not a soldier was stirred from his post; no sortie was apparently even thought of; treachery was allowed to triumph in open day; the murder of a British Envoy was perpetrated in the face and within musket-shot of a British army; and not only was no effort made to avenge the dastardly deed, but the body was left lying on the plain to be mangled and insulted, and finally carried off to be paraded in the public market by a ruffianly mob of fanatical barbarians.

The most dismal Christmas that was ever passed by British soldiers in a strange land, was next day spent in the cantonments. "25th December," says Lady Sale,—"A dismal day, and our situation far from cheering." Three additional hard clauses are stated by her as having been added to the treaty: viz, that all the treasure should be left, and all the guns, excepting six, and, instead of the present hostages, the married men with families.

General Elphinstone said he might give the officers as hostages; but that their wives and families were not public property: and, unless their husbands consented, he could not send them.

Major Thain was accordingly sent round to ask all the married officers if they would consent to their wives staying; offering those who did so a salary of 2000 rupees a-month. Lieutenant Eyre said, if it was to be productive of great good, he would stay with his wife and child. The others all refused to risk the safety of their families. Captain Anderson said he would rather put a pistol to his wife's head and shoot her; and Sturt, that his wife and mother should only be taken at the point of the bayonet: for himself, he was ready to perform any duty imposed on him.

And yet captivity, to Akbar Khan, became the final, and only resort of these ladies, and their only chance of safety—their last blessing. Some of the other officers, besides Lieutenant Eyre, were willing to remain with their wives and children as hostages, and were to have a handsome allowance, while others resented the proposal as the deepest insult—as something affecting their personal honour; and declared that they would rather die than surrender the ladies and children belonging to them. The floating rumours in the

cantonments were now of a complexion that justified the most extreme apprehensions, though, throughout the whole war and period of captivity, no insult was offered to any woman of whatever rank. Indeed they were well-treated, even by the acknowledgment of Lady Sale. During the captivity, one woman, a half-caste, and the wife of a British sergeant, chose to become a Mahommedan, and change her English husband for an Affghan; but this was Mrs. Wade's own taste. A natural consequence of her bad conduct was extreme spite to her forsaken husband, whom she annoyed in every way possible, and to the rest of the prisoners.

While the treaty with the chiefs was still under discussion, Lady Sale prophetically says, "Whether we go by treaty or not, I fear but few of us will ever live to reach the provinces."

29th.—Mackenzie and Skinner came in, in handsome dresses presented to them by Mahommed Akbar Khan, who professed to them he had no hand in the Envoy's death; and, to prove his sincerity, wept for two hours. . . . . .

The night the Envoy was killed, the Ghazeeas rushed even up to the door, determined on Conolly's and Airey's death; and it was difficult to get rid of them. The poor Envoy's hand was held up to the window, to show it to Conolly! . . . . . .

30th.—The Nawaub's second son, Soojah ool Dowlah, is to go down with us: he is represented as a very nice fellow, about twenty-two years old. A postscript, added this morning, informs me that the chiefs are very well pleased; and do not wish us to go till all our arrangements are comfortably made, for their suspicions are now at an end.

It was this "very nice fellow" who, shortly afterwards, murdered Shah Soojah. The ungrateful cub had, in infancy, the honour of receiving the Shah's name of Soojah; the king (before his exile) having been what we call his god-father. The crime was loudly reprobated by the Affghans, and the father of the young assassin banished him from his house.

When the retreat was about to commence, the few friendly Affghans in Cabul were still secretly warning the families in the cantonments that they were doomed; and Lady Sale and her daughter were advised to wear turbans and men's outer habits over their own dresses, and to ride in the advance with the horsemen, rather than in the rude carriages furnished for the ladies. This they did.

On the 5th of January, and after endless delays, orders were issued that the retreat should commence next morning; Akbar and the other chiefs having been, by bills on India, extravagantly paid to provide for and protect them on the march to Jellalabad. It is extremely difficult to arrive at the truth as to the degree of fidelity to his engagements maintained by Akbar, though the following statement, made by Lieutenant Eyre long after the event, if it is to be implicitly received, would settle the question:—

Of Mahommed Akbar Khan, I have been told from an authentic source that, on the morning of the departure of the army from Cabul on the 6th of January, he and Sultan Jan made their appearance booted and spurred before the assembly of chiefs, and being asked by Nuwab Zeman Shah where they were going, Mahommed Akbar replied, "I am going to slay all the Feringhee dogs, to be sure." Again: on the passage of our troops through the Khoord-Cabul pass on the 8th, he followed with some chiefs in the rear, and in the same breath called to the Giljyes in *Persian* to desist from, and in *Pushtoo* to continue, firing. This explains the whole mystery of the massacre, and clears up every doubt regarding Mahommed Akbar's treachery.

It is curious to see the terms on which the British parted with their august protegé in the Bala Hissar. He was not too well used at the last:—

Shah Soojah has sent a message to ask if not even one officer of his force will stand by him. This message was, I know, delivered by Sturt himself to several; but circumstances admitted not of their further adherence. Indeed it is more than doubtful that the king was at the bottom of the insurrection, never dreaming that it would go so far. [This is said by Lady Sale.]

The assumption is not altogether established, though supported by subsequent evidence. Though the king was very desirous to be rid of his allies as soon as was consistent with his safety, and had been peculiarly jealous of the surveillance of Burnes, who was all along personally obnoxious to him; how far he actively participated in the treachery of his vizier, and other officials, can never now be fully ascertained; nor is it of much consequence. In one place it is stated by Lieutenant Eyre:—

Captain Conolly had obtained convincing proof that Shah Soojah originated the rebellion with a view to get rid of Burnes, whom he detested, and of several chiefs, whom he hoped to see fall a sacrifice to our vengeance; little anticipating the ruinous result to himself and to us. Poor Burnes had made but few friends among the chiefs, who now never mention his name but in terms of the bitterest hatred and scorn. He seems to have kept too much aloof from them; thus they had no opportunity of appreciating his many valuable qualities, and saw in him only the traveller, who had come to spy the nakedness of the land, in order that he might betray it to his countrymen. The king considered him as a personal enemy, and dreaded his probable succession to the post of Envoy on the departure of Sir W. Macnaghten.

The morning on which the unhappy retreat commenced was intensely cold; with snow lying a foot deep on the ground, and the thermometer considerably below the freezing point. So ill had the preliminary measures been taken, and the army was so encumbered with camp-followers, and women and children, that from a bridge intervening, two hours and a half were spent in marching the first mile from the abandoned cantonments. And already the havoc had begun. Lady Sale tells:—

Mrs. Sturt and I rode with the horsemen through the river, in preference to attempting the rattling bridge of planks laid across the gun carriages: but the camp-followers determined not to go through the water, and jostled for their turns to go over the bridge. This delay was the origin of the day's misfortune, which involved the loss of nearly all the baggage, and the greater part of the commissariat stores.

The troops had been on half rations during the whole of the siege: they consisted of half a seer of wheat per diem, with melted ghee or dhal, for fighting men; and for camp-followers, for some time, of a quarter of a seer of wheat or barley. . . . . The poorer camp-followers had latterly subsisted on such animals (camels, ponies, &c.) as had died from starvation. The men had suffered much from over-work and bad feeding, also from want of firing; for when all the wood in store was expended, the chiefs objected to our cutting down any more of the fruit trees; and their wishes were complied with. Wood, both public and private, was stolen: when ours was gone, we broke up boxes, chests of drawers, &c.; and our last dinner and breakfast at Cabul were cooked with the wood of a mahogany dining-table. . . . . .

When the rear-guard left cantonments, they were fired upon from the cantonment, then filled with Affghans. The servants, who were not concerned in the plunder, all threw away their loads and ran off. Private baggage, commissariat, and ammunition, were nearly annihilated at one fell swoop. The whole road was covered with men, women, and children, lying down in the snow to die.

The only baggage we saved was Mrs. Sturt's bedding, on which the ayah rode; and keeping her close to us, it was saved.

Lieutenant Eyre relates, that the last of the troops had not left the cantonments, when thousands of Affghans, the majority of whom were fanatical Ghazeeas, thronged the cantonments, rending the air with exulting cries, and committing every kind of atrocity. As soon as they had satiated themselves with plunder, some of them began to burn everything that had belonged to the hated "*Feringhee dogs*," while others amused themselves by firing on the rear of the troops.

The friends of the British in the city had reiterated the advice that the army should push on, at all risks, to Khoord-Cabul the first day, a distance of ten miles; but, instead of following this wise counsel, the General gave orders to halt within five miles of their place of starting, where the first wretched night was spent, the foretaste of worse days and nights. We have seen that they had already been plundered of every comfort and necessary; and Lady Sale relates of this first night:

There were no tents, save two or three small palls that arrived. All scraped away the snow as best they might, to make a place to lie down on. The evening and night were intensely cold: no food for man or beast procurable, except a few handfuls of bhoosa, for which we paid from five to ten rupees. Captain Johnson, in our great distress, kindly pitched a small pall over us: but it was dark, and we had few pegs; the wind blew in under the sides, and I felt myself gradually stiffening. I left the bedding, which was occupied by Mrs. Sturt and her husband, and doubled up my legs in a straw chair of Johnson's, covering myself with my poshteen. Mr. Mein and the ayah fully occupied the remainder of the space.

. . . . . .

Previous to leaving cantonments, as we must abandon most of our property, Sturt was anxious to save a few of his most valuable books, and to try the experiment of sending them to a friend in the city. Whilst he selected these, I found, amongst the ones thrown aside, Campbell's Poems, which opened at Hohenlinden; and, strange to say, one verse actually haunted me day and night:—

> "Few, few shall part where many meet,
> The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
> And every turf beneath their feet
> Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."

I am far from being a believer in presentiments; but this verse is never absent from my thoughts. Heaven forbid that our fears should be realized: but we have commenced our retreat so badly, that we may reasonably have our doubts regarding the finale.

Never was ill omen more terribly verified. They were on the move by half-past seven next morning; "no order given—no bugle sounded;" the men half frozen, and having spent the night without bedding or a particle of food. Several had died in the night; discipline was at an end; the soldiers straggling everywhere, and the camp-followers pushing a-head to gain an imaginary security;—wholly imaginary, as the enemy were collecting everywhere around them; front, centre, and rear. As they advanced, the snow lay deeper; and, according to Lieutenant Eyre, the cold was so intense, that their breath froze, and formed a coating of small icicles on their moustaches and beards. It is to be remembered that Affghanistan is altogether a high-lying central region. In weather so extreme to Europeans, what must the shivering, puny natives of India have felt? The second day's march had not long commenced, when an attack was made on the rear by numerous small parties of Affghan horsemen, that had been hanging upon the flanks of the army. Much baggage was captured, and a harassing fire kept up on the rear of the force. By an unlucky accident, some mountain-train guns were at this time upset; and this was the signal for the Affghans to rush in and seize them. The soldiers were too much dispirited to defend the guns; and, shortly afterwards, the Affghan horse in a body charged into the midst of the remaining baggage, carried off great quantities of plunder, and created the utmost confusion and dismay. Many soldiers now dropped from exhaustion as well as wounds. Towards the close of the second day we learn from Lieutenant Eyre's narrative, that the General, instead of pushing on for Khoord-Cabul, on hearing that the rear had been attacked, ordered a halt, and sent back troops and two guns to drive off the hourly-increasing enemy. This was done by Brigadier Shelton. But where, meanwhile, were the protecting chiefs? those who had received bills on India to the amount of £45,000, to escort the army safely to Jellalabad? Captain Skinner, knowing that Mahommed Akbar was encamped in the neighbourhood, sought an interview with that chief, who told him that they had been attacked, because they had marched contrary to the wishes of the chiefs:—

He insisted on our halting at Bootkhak till the following morning, in which case he would provide food, forage, and firewood for the troops; but he said that he should expect six hostages to ensure our not marching beyond Tézeen, before tidings should be received of General Sale's evacuation of Jellalabad, for which an order had been already despatched to that officer, in compliance with the stipulations of the treaty.

These terms having been agreed to, the firing ceased for the present, and the force came to a halt on some high ground near the entrance of the Khoord-Cabul pass, having in two days accomplished a distance of only *ten miles* from Cabul.

Thus closed the second day of this fatal march; but not thus ended its horrors:—

Here, again, the confusion soon became indescribable. Suffice it to say that an immense multitude of from 14,000 to 16,000 men, with several hundred cavalry horses and baggage cattle, were closely jammed together in one monstrous, unmanageable, jumbling mass. Night again closed over us, with its attendant train of horrors,—starvation, cold, exhaustion, death; and of all deaths I can imagine none more agonizing than that, where a nipping frost tortures every sensitive limb, until the tenacious spirit itself sinks under the exquisite extreme of human suffering.

January 8th.—At an early hour the treacherous Affghans again commenced to molest us with their fire.

Too well does this, and similar passages, bear us out in affirming that nothing in the retreat of the French from Moscow was more appalling than those terrible six days in Affghanistan.

It was now the morning of the third day, and once more the living mass of men and animals was in motion, and entering the pass of Khoord-Cabul. The strongest men were now prostrated from the effects of the extremes of cold and hunger which

they had endured. Even among the cavalry, who had suffered least, some of the men were obliged to be lifted on their horses, and only a few hundred fighting men remained fit for service. We can neither omit nor abridge the terrible description which Lieutenant Eyre has given of the march of the harassed army through the pass of Khoord-Cabul:—

The idea of threading the stupendous pass before us, in the face of an armed tribe of blood-thirsty barbarians, with such a dense irregular multitude, was frightful; and the spectacle then presented by that waving sea of animated beings, the majority of whom a few fleeting hours would transform into a line of lifeless carcasses to guide the future traveller on his way, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. We had so often been deceived by Affghan professions, that little or no confidence was placed in the present truce; and we commenced our passage through the dreaded pass in no very sanguine temper of mind. This truly formidable defile is about five miles from end to end, and is shut in on either hand by a line of lofty hills, between whose precipitous sides the sun, at this season, could dart but a momentary ray. Down the centre dashed a mountain torrent, whose impetuous course the frost in vain attempted to arrest, though it succeeded in lining the edges with thick layers of ice, over which the snow lay consolidated in slippery masses, affording no very easy footing for our jaded animals. This stream we had to cross and recross about eight-and-twenty times. As we proceeded onwards, the defile gradually narrowed, and the Giljyes were observed hastening to crown the heights in considerable force. A hot fire was opened on the advance, with whom were several ladies, who, seeing their only chance was to keep themselves in rapid motion, galloped forward at the head of all, running the gauntlet of the enemy's bullets, which whizzed in hundreds about their ears, until they were fairly out of the pass. Providentially the whole escaped, with the exception of Lady Sale, who received a slight wound in the arm. It ought, however, to be mentioned, that several of Mahommed Akbar's chief adherents, who had preceded the advance, exerted themselves strenuously to keep down the fire; but nothing could restrain the Giljyes, who seemed fully determined that nobody should interfere to disappoint them of their prey. Onward moved the crowd into the thickest of the fire, and fearful was the slaughter that ensued. An universal panic speedily prevailed; and thousands, seeking refuge in flight, hurried forward to the front, abandoning baggage, arms, ammunition, women and children, regardless for the moment of everything but their own lives.

The rear-guard, consisting of H. M.'s 44th and 54th N. I., suffered severely; and at last, finding that delay was only destruction, they followed the general example, and made the best of their way to the front. Another horse-artillery gun was abandoned, and the whole of its artillerymen slain. Captain Anderson's eldest girl, and Captain Boyd's youngest boy, fell into the hands of the Affghans. It is supposed that 3000 souls perished in the pass.

The children snatched were well taken care of, and, as soon as possible, restored to their parents. Captain Anderson's little daughter, who had resided in the family of a chief in Cabul, where she was treated with the utmost kindness, had been instructed to say, "My father and mother are infidels, but I myself am a Mussulman!" Lady Sale mentions her own *wound* as slightly as if she had been in the service and bound to receive wounds; and on this awful day, to her and to the army, there was no time for considerations of self. We formerly noticed that she allows that the chiefs riding with the advance were exposed to the same risks with the British, and that their commands were ineffectual in preventing the people on the heights from firing down into the Pass. And now her own most melancholy share in this dismal tragedy was drawing on. She relates—

After passing through some very sharp firing, we came upon Major Thain's horse, which had been shot through the loins. When we were supposed to be in comparative safety, poor Sturt rode back (to see after Thain, I believe:) his horse was shot under him, and before he could rise from the ground he received a severe wound in the abdomen. It was with great difficulty he was held upon a pony by two people, and brought into camp at Khoord-Cabul.

The pony Mrs. Sturt rode was wounded in the ear and neck. I had fortunately only *one* ball *in* my arm; three others passed through my poshteen near the shoulder without doing me any injury. The party that fired on us were not above fifty yards from us, and we owed our escape to urging our horses on as fast as they could go over a road where, at any other time, we should have walked our horses very carefully.

Fortunate it was for Mrs. Sturt and myself that we kept with the chiefs. Would to God that Sturt had done so likewise, and not gone back.

The ladies were mostly travelling in kajavas, and were mixed up with the baggage and column in the pass: here they were heavily fired on. Many camels were killed. On one camel were, in one kajava, Mrs. Boyd and her youngest boy Hugh; and in the other Mrs. Mainwaring and her infant, scarcely three months old, and Mrs. Anderson's eldest child. This camel was shot. Mrs. Boyd got a horse to ride; and her child was put on another behind a man, who being shortly after unfortunately killed, the child was carried off by the Affghans. Mrs. Mainwaring, less fortunate, took her own baby in her arms. Mary Anderson was carried off in the confusion. Meeting with a pony laden with treasure, Mrs. Mainwaring endeavoured to mount and sit on the boxes, but they upset; and in the hurry, pony and treasure were left behind; and the unfortunate lady pursued her way on foot, until, after a time, an Affghan asked her if she was wounded, and told her to mount behind him. This apparently kind offer she declined, being fearful of treachery; alleging as an excuse that she could not sit behind him on account of the difficulty of holding her child when so mounted. This man shortly snatched her shawl off her shoulders, and left her to her fate. Mrs. Mainwaring's sufferings were very great; and she deserves much credit for having preserved her child through these dreadful scenes. She not only had to walk a considerable distance with her child in her arms through the deep snow, but had also to pick her way over the bodies of the dead, dying, and wounded, both men and cattle, and constantly to cross the streams of water, wet up to the knees, pushed and shoved about by men and animals, the enemy keeping up a sharp fire, and several persons being killed close to her. She, however, got safe to camp with her child, but had no opportunity to change her clothes; and I know from experience that it was many days ere my wet habit became thawed, and can fully appreciate her discomforts.

Some European women, soldiers' wives, and some children were carried off. The troops were now through the Pass; another terrible night was closing upon the army; and yet the little episode we have to cite makes a deeper impression upon the feelings than the overwhelming misery which involved that entire mass of suffering humanity.

Poor Sturt was laid on the side of a bank, with his wife and myself beside him. It began snowing heavily: Johnson and Bygrave got some xummuls (coarse blankets) thrown over us. Dr. Bryce, H.A., came and examined Sturt's wound: he dressed it; but I saw by the expression of his countenance that there was no hope. He afterwards kindly cut the ball out of my wrist, and dressed both my wounds.

Half of a Sipahee's pall had been pitched, in which the ladies and their husbands took refuge. We had no one to scrape the snow off the ground in it. Captain

Johnson and Mr. Mein first assisted poor Sturt over to it, and then carried Mrs. Sturt and myself through the deep snow. Mrs. Sturt's bedding (saved by the ayah riding on it, whom we kept up close with ourselves) was now a comfort for my poor wounded son. He suffered dreadful agony all night, and intolerable thirst; and most grateful did we feel to Mr. Mein for going out constantly to the stream to procure water: we had only a small vessel to fetch it in, which contained but a few mouthfuls.

To sleep in such anxiety of mind and intense cold was impossible. There were nearly thirty of us packed together without room to turn.

The Sipahees and camp-followers, half-frozen, tried to force their way, not only into the tent, but actually into our beds, if such resting-places can be so called—a poshteen (or pelisse of sheep skin) half spread on the snow, and the other half wrapped over one.

Many poor wretches died round the tent in the night.

The night so dreadful to them, was not better to their companions in misery:—

An immense number of poor wounded wretches wandered about the camp destitute of shelter, and perished during the night. Groans of misery and distress assailed the ear from all quarters. We had ascended to a still colder climate than we had left behind, and were without tents, fuel, or food: the snow was the only bed for all, and of many, ere morning, it proved the *winding-sheet*.

Another dismal morning had hardly dawned, when the scenes of confusion and disorder of the former day were repeated and increased. There was now no attempt made to preserve discipline; and every one able to move did the best he could for himself. Mrs. Trevor, the new-made widow, and the mother of seven orphans who were travelling with her, gave up her place in a sort of rude carriage, to Captain Sturt, who must otherwise have been left to die on the ground.

The rough motion increased his suffering and accelerated his death: but he was still conscious that his wife and I were with him; and we had the sorrowful satisfaction of giving him Christian burial.

More than one half of the force is now frost-bitten or wounded; and most of the men can scarcely put a foot to the ground.

This is the fourth day that our cattle have had no food; nd the men are starved with cold and hunger.

Surely no English Lady has ever written anything more piteous than this brief and simple statement of a fact.

Mahommed Akbar, although he had been an incarnation of the Enemy of Mankind, as some of the British still believe him, deserves at this time some credit for a touch of humanity, nay, a strain of generosity. The proposal which he made on this day was to guarantee the safety of the widowed ladies, and those of the married men and their families who would accept of his protection, assuring them of honourable treatment, and a safe escort to Peshawar. He stated that he felt a delicacy in making the proposal, which more concerned them than himself. This proposal, the best which could have been made in the circumstances, was eagerly accepted; and to Mahommed Akbar the preservation of the children, the ladies, and those officers who accompanied them, is surely owing. Had they remained with the army, many, if not all of them, must inevitably have perished in the common destruction. There was, on this arrangement, no difference of opinion between the military and civil officers—all agreed on the expediency of the measure. Lieutenant Eyre relates—

Up to this time scarcely one of the ladies had tasted a meal since leaving Cabul. Some had infants a few days old at the breast, and were unable to stand without assistance. Others were so far advanced in pregnancy, that, under ordinary circumstances, a walk across a drawing-room would have been an exertion; yet these helpless women, with their young families, had already been obliged to rough it on the backs of camels, and on the tops of the baggage yaboos: those who had a horse to ride, or were capable of sitting on one, were considered fortunate indeed. Most had been without shelter since quitting the cantonment—their servants had nearly all deserted or been killed—and, with the exception of Lady Macnaghten and Mrs. Trevor, they had lost all their baggage, having nothing in the world left but the clothes on their backs; *those*, in the case of some of the invalids, consisted of *night dresses* in which they had started from Cabul in their litters. Under such circumstances a few more hours would probably have seen some of them stiffening corses. The offer of Mahommed Akbar was consequently their only chance of preservation.

Yet it must have been with no tranquil feelings that it was received. Lady Sale and her daughter were, on this day, in that condition of overwhelming sorrow, when the wretched become for the time indifferent to their fate. This is the only occasion on which the indomitable spirit of Lady Sale appears to have been utterly subdued. She relates—

Overwhelmed with domestic affliction, neither Mrs. Sturt nor I were in a fit state to decide for ourselves whether we would accept the Sirdar's protection or not. There was but faint hope of our ever getting safe to Jellalabad; and we followed the stream. But although there was much talk regarding our going over, all I personally know of the affair is, that I was told we were all to go, and that our horses were ready, and we must mount immediately and be off.

We were taken by a very circuitous route to the Khoord-Cabul forts, where we found Mahommed Akbar Khan, and the hostages. Mr. Boyd's little boy had been brought there, and was restored to his parents. Mrs. Burnes and young Stoker were also saved, and joined our party. Anderson's little girl is said to have been taken to Cabul, to the Nawaub Zeman Shah Khan.

Three rooms were cleared out for us, having no outlets except a small door to each; and of course they were dark and dirty.

Here a large party were huddled together in a small apartment, with no comfort of any kind save shelter from the elements, some coarse food, and the hope of personal safety. We shall afterwards see something of the weary marches, and countermarches, and hardships of the captives, for so they accounted themselves, though Akbar affected to call them guests; but shall first follow to the close the fortunes of the doomed army. On the 10th, the day after the officers and ladies who had accepted the protection of Mahommed Akbar had left the army, no enemy appeared for some hours; though many of the men dropped from fatigue, or were violently deprived, by their companions, of their camels and horses, and thus left to perish on the snow or be butchered by the Affghans. But, long before the day closed, the enemy again appeared, and the troops when attacked made no resistance, but threw away their arms, and fell an easy prey to the avengers of Affghanistan. The army was now greatly diminished in numbers, though many more had perished from hunger and cold than by the hands of the enemy. On this day, and after this fresh attack, Captain Skinner was sent by the General to remonstrate with Mahommed Akbar, who replied, that he could not control the Giljyes

with his small body of horse, amounting to only three hundred. We have already seen the furious spirit displayed by these lawless chiefs, to which the English officers were themselves witnesses. Akbar also protested that the desertions to him which were taking place to a great extent among the native troops, were not incited by him; and, in proof of this, he offered to shoot every deserter that came in from the British camp. There were strong doubts of his good faith, to which his unfulfilled promises to provide food, fuel, and forage for the army, gave countenance; but it was thought wisest to dissemble. Lady Sale states that, at this interview, Akbar undertook for the safe escort of the troops to Jellalabad, if the general would consent to conduct them *unarmed*, and give his Affghans the use of their weapons, as an assurance that no treachery was meditated. This might have been listened to as the proposal of the Paladin of some high-strained romance of the age of chivalry, but not one to be entertained by a modern soldier. It was rejected by the General; and it is impossible to say what other course he could have followed, though it may be that Mahommed Akbar was not wholly insincere when he said, that the last chance of safety for the remainder of the army was to lay down their arms, as the Affghans had no faith in their promises. Yet how could he have guaranteed their safety from his fanatical followers, whatever had been his true purpose? From Lady Sale, who, like Lieutenant Eyre, received her information after the calamity was past, we borrow this account of the fourth day's march:—

The troops continued their fearful march [from Khoord-Cabul:] the remnant of the camp-followers, with several wounded officers, went ahead: for five miles they saw no enemy; *all who could not walk were necessarily left behind.* They descended a long steep descent to the bed of the Tézeen Nullah. At this dip the scene was horrible: the ground was covered with dead and dying, amongst whom were several officers: they had been suddenly attacked and overpowered. The enemy here crowded from the tops of the hills in all directions down the bed of the Nullah, through which the route lay for three miles; and our men continued their progress through an incessant fire from the heights on both sides, until their arrival in the Tézeen valley, at about half-past four P.M.

The descent from the Huft Kohtul was about 2000 feet; and here they lost the snow.

About 12,000 *persons have perished!*

A quarter of an hour after their arrival, the Sirdar and a party came into the valley to a fort higher up, belonging to his father-in-law, Mahommed Shah Khan. A signal was made to his horsemen to approach: two came, and Captain Skinner, by the General's desire, accompanied them to Mahommed Akbar Khan, to devise some means of saving the remnant—about 4000 people of all descriptions.

Skinner returned at dusk; and brought back the same message as from Kubber-i-Jubhar, regarding disarming the Europeans.

It was on the evening of this day that the proposition for disarming the troops had been rejected by the General, who, weak and famished as every one of the army now was, yet resolved to push on through the Pass of Jugdaluck at an early hour, before the enemy could be apprized of their intention to do what should have been done on a previous day. This seemed the last chance of safety to those that now remained of the broken force. They resolved to leave the camp-followers behind, —to, in short, abandon them to their fate. But no sooner had they started, than every poor wretch still able to crawl accompanied the march. We continue the narrative from Lady Sale's notes, which are more succinct in this place than those of Lieutenant Eyre, and not less impressive:—

The camp-followers having been the bane of this unfortunate army, *they hoped to move off quietly and leave them behind;* but no sooner did they start, than they found that all who were able to stand were accompanying them. They left their remaining gun behind; and Dr. Cardew, who was mortally wounded at the dip into the Tézeen Nullah, was laid on the carriage to await death, which was rapidly approaching: he was found dead by Mahommed Akbar's people the next morning.

The night was fine and moonlit, and they reached Seh Baba about midnight; here a few shots were fired on them; and the rear being attacked, the whole remains of the 44th, with the exception of about nine files to form the advance, were ordered there; and thus the column remained until their arrival at Jugdaluck; their progress being again impeded by that evil which always attends Indian armies, the camp-followers; who, if a shot is fired in advance, invariably fall back; and if in rear, rush to the front.

11*th*.—From Seh Baba the road turns off sharp to the right over the mountains to Jugdaluck; and across the Nullah is seen the short road to Cabul, but which cannot be travelled by guns or camels.

At Seh Baba, Dr. Duff, (the Surgeon-General to the forces in Affghanistan,) who had had his hand cut off with a penknife at Tézeen, in consequence of a severe wound, was from weakness obliged to lag behind, and was two days afterwards found murdered.

Bareekub is three miles from Seh Baba: there is a clear stream of water, and several caves cut in the rocks. Here our force observed a number of people in the caves; with whom they did not interfere, as they did not molest them. They eventually fired some volleys on the rear.

At day-break the advance arrived at Killa Sung, about seven miles from Seh Baba, where there are some streams of water: this is the general encamping ground, though very confined, and commanded by hills all round.

They proceeded about half a mile further on, and then halted, until the rear-guard should arrive; but they, having been much molested on the road, did not arrive for two hours. On their first arrival not an Affghan was to be seen; but shortly several made their appearance on the hills, and the number continued every moment to increase. Not a drop of water was procurable; nor would they get any until their arrival at Jugdaluck. They had marched for twenty-four hours consecutively, and had still ten miles to go before they could hope for rest. On being joined by the rear-guard they continued their march; the enemy in small numbers watching every opportunity to murder stragglers from the column.

At two miles from Jugdaluck the descent into the valley commences.

The hills on each side of the road were occupied by the enemy, who kept firing from their long juzails; and again the road was covered with dead and dying, as they were in such a mass that every shot told.

On arrival in the valley, a position was taken up on the first height near some ruined walls. As scarcely any Europeans of the advance now remained, and the enemy were increasing, the General called all the officers (about twenty) to form line and show a front: they had scarcely done so, when Captain Grant, Assistant-Adjutant-General, received a ball through the cheek which broke his jaw.

On the arrival of the rear-guard, followed up by the enemy, the latter took possession of two heights close to our position: on which our force went for security within the ruined walls. The men were almost maddened with hunger and thirst: a stream of pure water ran within 150 yards of the position, but no man could go for it without being massacred.

For about half an hour they had a respite from the fire of the enemy, who now only watched their proceedings.

The General desired Johnson to see if there were any bullocks or camels procurable amongst the followers: he obtained three bullocks, which were killed, served out, and devoured instantly, although raw, by the Europeans.

A few horsemen coming in sight, they signed for one to approach: he did so, and on being questioned what chief was present, said Mahommed Akbar Khan. A message was sent to the Sirdar by the General to know why they were again molested: the chief replied, he wished to converse with Skinner, who immediately accompanied the messenger. This was about half past three P.M. of the 11th.

After marching for thirty hours they lay down on the ground, worn out by cold, hunger, thirst, and fatigue: but scarcely had Skinner taken his departure, when volley after volley was poured into the enclosure where they were resting. All was instant confusion, and a general rush took place outside the walls; men and cattle all huddled together, each striving to hide himself from the murderous fire of the enemy.

At this time *twenty gallant men* of the 44th made a simultaneous rush down the hill, to drive the enemy off the heights they occupied: in this they were successful; for, supposing they were followed by the rest, the foe took to flight ere our men could reach their position.

In about a quarter of an hour, as so small a party would not admit of any division, this party was recalled. They again entered within the broken walls; and instantly our inveterate foes were in their former position dealing death amongst them.

About 5 o'clock Skinner returned with a message that the Sirdar wished to see the General, Brigadier Shelton, and Johnson; and if they would go over to confer with him, he would engage to put a stop to any further massacre, and also to give food to our troops: and on condition of their remaining with him as hostages for General Sale's evacuation of Jellalabad, he would escort all the small remaining party in safety.

Mahommed Shah Khan, father-in-law to the Sirdar, and whose daughter is with the Dost at Loodianah, is one of the principal Giljye chiefs: he came at dusk with an escort to receive them; and they started in the confident hope that some arrangement would be entered into to save the lives of the remainder of the army. The general and the above-mentioned officers proceeded to the top of the valley for about two miles, and found the Sirdar and his party in bivouac: nothing could exceed the kind manner in which they were received. The chief, on hearing they had not tasted food for forty-eight hours, had a cloth spread on the ground; and a good pilao and other dishes, as also tea, were quickly brought; and they formed a circle round it, and all ate out of the same dish.

Their hunger, though great, was not to be compared to their thirst, which had not been quenched for two days.

The European force now at Jugdaluck, was by this time reduced to 150 men of the 44th, 16 dismounted artillerymen, and 25 of the 5th cavalry. Not a single sepoy had now either arms or ammunition. On the morning of the 12th, the General, and the English officers who had been the night before with Mahommed Akbar and his friends, were treated with the same civility, and cautioned not to leave their tents, lest they should be ill-treated by the fierce Giljyes. It was at an interview which the Sirdar had with the chiefs of the Giljyes, on this same morning, that they avowed their bitter hatred of the British; refused 60,000 rupees offered by Mahommed Shah Khan, the father-in-law of Akbar; and declared that nothing would satisfy them but the extermination of the invaders! But we have already referred to this characteristic interview. The day was spent in altercation, and an attempt at conciliating these turbulent chiefs, which on the part of Akbar seems to have been sincere. All this while the wretched remainder of the troops were waiting, famishing of cold, hunger, and thirst. Towards evening, it was announced by Akbar's father-in-law, Mahommed Shah Khan, that everything had been amicably arranged for the safe conduct of the troops—the wretched remnant of the army—to Jellalabad; and the General wrote a letter, requesting General Sale to evacuate that place, as one of the conditions of the truce. While the General was writing this letter, shots were heard; and it was discovered that the troops were moving off through the pass, followed hard by the Giljyes. The desperate resolution to continue the march had been taken in the absence of the General, and Brigadier Shelton,—had, in fact, been forced upon the army from a constant harassing fire being kept up on them all day, followed by a furious onset at its close; while no supplies were obtained, and time was wasting by the absent commanders in fruitless negotiations. Another trait of generosity in Akbar occurred this day, which is related by his "unfriend" Lady Sale:—

Mahommed Akbar Khan told Johnson, after Mahommed Shah Khan went out to consult with the chiefs of the pass, that the latter were dogs and no faith could be placed in them; and begged Johnson would send for three or four of his most intimate friends, that their lives might be saved in the event of treachery to the troops. Gladly as he would have saved his individual friends, he was under the necessity of explaining to the Sirdar that a sense of honour would prevent the officers deserting their men at a time of such imminent peril. The Sirdar also proposed, that in the event of the Giljyes not acceding to the terms, he would himself, at dusk, proceed with a party of horsemen to the foot of the hill where our troops were; and, previous orders being sent to the commanding officer for all to be ready, he would bring every European away in safety, by each of his horsemen taking up one behind him: the Giljyes would not then fire upon them, lest they should hit him or his men. But he would not allow a single Hindostanee to follow; as he could not protect 2000 men (the computed number.)—Johnson interpreted all this to the general: but it was deemed impracticable.

The troops, now commanded by Brigadier Anquetil, in absence of General Elphinstone and Brigadier Shelton, had, as we have stated, taken the resolution to move forward without orders, rather than be cut off piece-meal.

Between 8 and 9 o'clock P.M. they took their departure; which was rendered a very trying scene, from the entreaties of the wounded, amounting to seventy or eighty, for whom there was no conveyance; and therefore, however heart-rending to all, they were necessarily abandoned, with the painful conviction that they would be massacred in cold blood, defenceless as they were, by the first party of Giljyes that arrived.

The enemy, who seem to have been aware of the intended removal, soon commenced an attack upon the straggling camp-followers; and a number of Affghans, favoured by the darkness of the night, stole in amongst the followers that were in column, whom they quietly despatched, and proceeded to plunder. These daring men, however, were nearly all cut up or bayonetted by the enraged soldiery; who shortly after came upon an encampment of the enemy; in passing which they were saluted with a heavy fire, followed up by a sally upon the camp-followers, as usual.

They proceeded on until they came to a gorge, with low, steep hills on either side, between which the road passed, about two miles from Jugdaluck. Here two barriers had been thrown across the road, constructed of bushes and branches of trees. The road, which had been flooded, was a mass of ice, and the snow on the hills very deep. The enemy, who had waited for them

in great force at this spot, rushed upon the column, knife in hand. The camp-followers and wounded men fell back upon the handful of troops for protection; thus rendering them powerless, and causing the greatest confusion; whilst the men, in small detached parties, were maintaining conflicts with fearful odds against them.

In this conflict the Acting Quartermaster-Sergeant fell: and in the confusion, caused by an overwhelming enemy pressing on the rear in a night attack, it is not surprising that it was found impossible to extricate the colour from the body of the fallen man; and its loss was unavoidable. The disorder of the troops was increased by a part of them, the few remaining horsemen, galloping through and over the infantry in hopes of securing their own retreat to Jellalabad. The men, maddened at being ridden over, fired on them; and it is said that some officers were fired at; but that rests on doubtful testimony. When the firing slackened, and the clashing of knives and bayonets had in some measure ceased, the men moved on slowly; and on arriving at the top of the gorge were able to ascertain the fearful extent of the loss they had sustained in men and officers. Of the latter, Brigadier Anquetil and above twenty others, were missing. The troops now halted unmolested for an hour; during which time a few stragglers contrived to join them.

The country being now of a more open description, our small force suffered less annoyance from the fire of the enemy: but the determination of the men to bring on their wounded comrades greatly retarded their marching; and from the troopers having proceeded onwards, the wounded could not be mounted behind them: thus their pace did not exceed two miles in the hour. From time to time sudden attacks were made on the rear; particularly in spots where the road wound close under the foot of the hills, and there a sharp fire was sure to be met with. In this manner they went on till they reached the Soorkhab river, which they forded below the bridge at 1 A.M. on the 13th, being aware that the enemy would take possession of it, and dispute the passage. Whilst fording the river a galling fire was kept up from the bridge: and several men were killed and wounded.

We have now reached the last day of this fatal retreat.

13th.—From Soorkhab the remnant of the column moved towards Gundamuck: but as the day dawned the enemy's numbers increased; and, unfortunately, daylight soon exposed to them how very few fighting men the column contained. The force now consisted of twenty officers, of whom Major Griffiths was the senior, fifty men of the 44th, six of the horse artillery, and four or five Sipahees. Amongst the whole there were but twenty muskets; 300 camp-followers still continued with them.

Being now assailed by an increased force, they were compelled to quit the road, and take up a position on a hill adjoining. Some Affghan horsemen being observed at a short distance were beckoned to. On their approach there was a cessation of firing: terms were proposed by Captain Hay, to allow the force to proceed without further hostilities to Jellalabad. These persons not being sufficiently influential to negotiate, Major Griffiths proceeded with them to a neighbouring chief for that purpose; taking with him Mr. Blewitt, formerly a writer in Captain Johnson's office, who understood Persian, that he might act as interpreter.

Many Affghans ascended the hill where our troops awaited the issue of the expected conference; and exchanges of friendly words passed between both parties. This lasted upwards of an hour; but hostilities were renewed by the Affghans, who snatched at the fire-arms of the men and officers. This they of course resisted; and drove them off the hill: but the majority of the enemy, who occupied the adjoining hills commanding our position, commenced a galling fire upon us. Several times they attempted to dislodge our men from the hill, and were repulsed: until, our ammunition being expended, and our fighting men reduced to about thirty, the enemy made a rush, which in our weak state we were unable to cope with. They bore our men down knife in hand; and slaughtered all the party except Captain Souter and seven or eight men of the 44th and artillery. This officer thinks that this unusual act of forbearance towards him originated in the strange dress he wore: his poshteen having opened during the last struggle exposed to view the colour he had wrapped round his body; and they probably thought they had secured a valuable prize in some great bahadur, for whom a large ransom might be obtained.

Eighteen officers and about fifty men were killed at the final struggle at Gundamuck. Captain Souter and the few remaining men (seven or eight) that were taken alive from the field were, after a detention of a month in the adjoining villages, made over to Mahommed Akbar Khan and sent to the fort of Buddeeabad in the Lughman valley.

The General, still absent negotiating with the chiefs, never again saw the army. It had marched on the 12th, at night. On the morning of the 13th, he rode to the pass of Jugdaluck with Mahommed Akbar, and witnessed the dreadful spectacle of the struggle of the previous night.

They passed some 200 dead bodies, many of them Europeans; the whole naked, and covered with large gaping wounds. As the day advanced, several poor wretches of Hindostanees (camp-followers, who had escaped the massacre of the night before) made their appearance from behind rocks and within caves, where they had taken shelter from the murderous knives of the Affghans and the inclemency of the climate.

The final struggle at Gundamuck—the close of this dismal tragedy—was but some few hours later. Lieutenant Eyre thus closes the melancholy narrative of the retreat:—

It only remains to relate the fate of those few officers and men, who rode on ahead of the rest after passing the barriers. Six of the twelve officers, Captains Bellew, Collier, Hopkins, Lieutenant Bird, Drs. Harpur and Brydon, reached Futtehabad in safety, the other six having dropped gradually off by the way and been destroyed. Deceived by the friendly professions of some peasants near the above-named town, who brought them bread to eat, they unwisely delayed a few moments to satisfy the cravings of hunger; the inhabitants meanwhile armed themselves, and, suddenly sallying forth, cut down Captain Bellew and Lieutenant Bird; Captains Collier and Hopkins, and Drs. Harpur and Brydon, rode off, and were pursued; the three former were overtaken and slain within four miles of Jellalabad; Dr. Brydon by a miracle escaped, and was the only officer of the whole Cabul force who reached that garrison in safety.

Such was the memorable retreat of the British army from Cabul, which, viewed in all its circumstances,—in the military conduct which preceded and brought about such a consummation, the treachery, disaster, and suffering which accompanied it,—is, perhaps, without a parallel in history.

General Elphinstone survived the destruction of the army only three months, hastened to his grave by fatigue and anguish of mind. After the annihilation of the army he accompanied the other captives of Mahommed Akbar.

No one can have yet forgotten the alarm and consternation universally felt in England when the dismal intelligence of the insurrection at Cabul, the assassination of the Envoy and Sir A. Burnes; but, above all, the capture of the ladies, came upon the nation at "one fell swoop." The fate of the whole army excited, for the time, much less interest than that of the female captives, carried off to the hills, and at the mercy of the wild, blood-thirsty, and revengeful Affghans. To their adventures we shall now turn.

(*To be concluded in our next Number.*)

LITERARY REGISTER.

A Voice from the Vintage. By the Author of "The Women of England." Fisher & Co.

Mrs. Ellis has herself been a Tee-totaller for four years, and in this little volume she comes forward as the eloquent advocate for *Total Abstinence;* a subject which she has introduced more or less in all her late publications, and to which her fiction in numbers, *Family Secrets*, was, so far as we have seen it, entirely devoted. The stories of that work are so many Total Abstinence Tracts. Mrs. Ellis is a thoroughly-earnest pleader; and she strengthens her argument by frequent reference to her personal experience. She enforces upon the whole world, the men and women of every rank and class, but especially those who are influential from wealth or position, the duty of joining the Total Abstinence Society, of solemnly subscribing the Abstinence bond, as she has done. Temperance is not sufficient. Moderation is declared more dangerous, because more plausible and seductive, than actual excess. Mrs. Ellis was at one time quite contemptuous of the Temperance movement—an unwise contempt, which she has atoned for by running to exactly the opposite extreme. She says of this cause:

By degrees it began also to assume with me somewhat more of a personal character. I could not see how I was right while indulging in what was so fearfully destructive to others, and to some whom I had known and loved. Yet such was the force of habit; such my willingness to believe what doctors told me, that wine was necessary to my health, at that time far from good; and such, also, was my dependence upon stimulants, for increasing the strength of which I often felt miserably in want, that three years more elapsed before I had the resolution to free myself practically, entirely, and I now trust for ever, from the slavery of this dangerous habit.

Four years of total abstinence from everything of an intoxicating nature, it has now been my happy lot to experience; and if the improvement in my health and spirits, and the increase of my strength during that time, be any proof in favour of the practice, I am one of those who ought especially to thank God for the present, and take courage for the future.

Like many other women, and especially those who are exempt from the necessity of active exertion, I was, while in the habit of taking wine for my health, subject to almost constant suffering from a mysterious kind of sinking, which rendered me at times wholly unfit either for mental or bodily effort, but which I always found to be removed by a glass of wine. My spirits, too, partook of the malady, for I was equally subject to fits of depression, which also were relieved, in some degree, by the same remedies. During the four years in which I have now entirely abstained from the use of such remedies, I have been a total stranger to these distressing sensations of sinking and exhaustion; and I say this with thankfulness, because I consider such ailments infinitely more trying than absolute pain. That time of the day at which it is frequently recommended to take a glass of wine and a biscuit, I now spend as pleasantly as any other portion of the four-and-twenty hours, without either; and when fatigued by wholesome exercise, which is a totally different thing from the exhaustion above alluded to, I want nothing more than rest or food, and have not a symptom remaining of what I used to experience when I felt occasionally as if my life was ebbing away. Thus, I am fully persuaded, in my own mind, and by my own experience, confirming as it does the testimony of many able and important judges, that the very medicine we take in this manner to give us strength, does in reality produce an increase of faintness, lassitude, and general debility.

This is the best passage in the book. High time it is that every one, man or woman, liable to those sensations of sinking and exhaustion, and periodical craving, for which Medicine has a distinct name, and for which it assigns a distinct cause, should pause, and bethink themselves; and if not amenable to the control of reason and duty, then, by all means, call in any and every adventitious aid possible; among others, if they choose, that of the Total Abstinence Pledge. The irritable and sinking condition described is the first stage of those affections which often terminate in *Delirium Tremens*. This persons so affected should do, for their own sakes, and not on the more debatable ground of example to others. During four years of total abstinence, in which Mrs. Ellis has been connected with the Tee-total Society, she has never felt the want of the stimulants which her physicians and herself formerly deemed so necessary for her; and her health has been excellent. While, during two years that she acted on the partial Abstinence principle, her condition was uncomfortable.

But no sooner was an entire surrender made of inclination to a sense of duty, than all temptation vanished, all trial was at an end; while the act of totally abstaining became so perfectly easy, as to call forth no other feelings than those of gratitude and joy, that I was thus enabled, *for the sake of others*, to share in the self-denials of the tempted, and the privations of the poor.

We should, however, say, looking back to the above statement of the individual case, that her own sake made this renunciation prudent in Mrs. Ellis, both from regard to health and mental tranquillity, which had suffered under the use of stimulants. For the benefit of those meditating Total Abstinence, and likely to find the practice difficult, we find the following rules laid down:—

If your abstinence is not entire, the experiment is far indeed from being a fair one; for so long as the habit of taking even a little is kept up, the inclination to take more is kept up also, and consequently the trial and the difficulty remain. If also, during the time that you abstain, you sit up late at night, neglect to take exercise in the open air, or in any other manner fail to adopt the most rational and obvious means of preserving health, it cannot be said that the experiment is a fair one; more especially when, as is too frequently the case, every malady occurring during this period is charged upon the newly-formed habit of total abstinence.

Like all new converts, and especially such as have been persecutors, Mrs. Ellis may be zealous overmuch: but her book will be useful, particularly to those of the respectable of her own sex who are liable to forenoon sinkings, or who are under the necessity, as she tells us, of repairing to the sideboard for stimulants to soothe their ruffled spirits, if annoyed by any trivial domestic casualty, such as the ill conduct of a servant. The advice will also be useful to those ladies described in the passage below:—but all this is for their own sakes, for self-preservation, and not at all for the sake of the example, which is, in cases of this sort, a secondary consideration.

The stimulus to which we most habitually, and, according to the generally received opinion, most lawfully resort, is wine. We feel a little faint about the middle

of the day, and we take it then. We are thus strengthened, and enabled to go out and make our calls, or to attend to our duties in any other way. We can even visit the poor; and we really do feel more vigour, more ability, and more courage to admonish them of their extravagance and excess, particularly in the way of *intemperance*, immediately after what we call the necessary stimulus has been taken. We come back, however, exceedingly tired, and did not the dinner-table present us with a fresh supply, we believe we should scarcely be able to get through the day. Our fathers and brothers, however, are surely not subject to this faintness about the hour of noon! No;—but they come home reasonably, and absolutely tired, and they, too, must have their strength restored by the same invigorating draughts.

Mrs. Ellis mentions other cases in which no one will demur to Total Abstinence being a duty, and where the necessity of Total Abstinence necessitates an absolute rule against the taste, sight, or smell of the powerful and seductive fluid.

A lady of my acquaintance, and I have it upon her authority, whose mind was seriously impressed with the importance of personal abstinence, struggled on for some time in the manner I have described, without being able to make a sufficient effort for the effectual carrying out of her purpose. Thus, she was often an abstainer for a week or a month, hoping she might keep up the habit, without really resolving to do so. While she remained in this state, it happened that on those days when she partook, with her friends, even of the smallest quantity, such was the force of habit, and such the power of association, that she invariably went to her store-room immediately after they were gone, and poured out for herself a glass of the wine she had just tasted; nor was she exempt from the same weakness for two or three days afterwards.

Dr. Johnson is often quoted as high authority in favour of the safety of abstinence, when compared with moderation. When asked by Hannah More, at a dinner-party one day, to take a little wine, he replied, "I cannot take a *little*, and therefore *I never take any*. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult."

It was the undeniable duty of both the lady and Dr. Johnson to *abstain* totally, if they could not be temperate; but the latter individual would no more have thought that, because he could not take *a little*, his friends should give up the moderate and proper use of wine at their own tables, to keep him out of all temptation, as that none of them should eat fresh-baked bread or butter, because his health required a plain, stale loaf. Nor had Johnson, or persons of similar temperament, any particular merit in practising entire Abstinence, if they found it easier than Temperance, which Mrs. Ellis contends that it is; though, bad as the drinking world may be, this surely does not hold as a general rule. A very great majority of those who taste more or less freely of all kinds of liquids that, if taken to excess, have the power to intoxicate, are decidedly to be pronounced Temperate; and have no personal reason to come under any pledge of Abstinence; unless it is contended that any use of such beverages, however moderate, is, under all circumstances, sinful, with the exception of the use permitted by the physician's leave. Is it then a duty to have a consultation, and pay a fee, before a man can allow himself a glass of wine, however much he may feel that he needs it, or however agreeable to him is what he regards as a perfectly innocent luxury? From Mrs. Ellis's treatise one is led to imagine that the use of intoxicating liquors is carried to an excess among women in respectable and high society in England which is little suspected, if this "means of excitement" really betrays them into the follies and errors enumerated in the passage cited below. Having spoken of the ill effects of moderate—or what she calls moderate, though it must, from the effects, be immoderate—stimulus on men, she proceeds,—

Hence an endless catalogue of evils, arising from the miscalculations, oversights in business, hasty conclusions, intemperate expressions, weakness under temptation, and general subserviency of principle to inclination, amongst men; while amongst women the sad consequences of the tell-tale tongue, the sudden impulse, and the wilful act, have been scarcely less calamitous. To women especially, the excitement of society alone is often enough, and too much for the equanimity of minds over which there has been exercised no habitual control; and, after the accustomed means of increasing that excitement have been freely, though not according to the opinion of the world *too* freely used, how many, through the long, dull, weary, morning hours, have to look back with shame to the confused and busy scenes of the previous evening, amongst which the dim, but certain witness of their own folly stands forth conspicuous, as if to warn them against ever venturing upon the same unguarded course again!

But it would require volumes to detail even the most familiar instances arising from this practice as it prevails in society, impregnating with its poison the secret springs of feeling, and stimulating to all those little acts, thoughts, looks, and words which constitute the *beginnings* of evil, and which may justly be compared to sparks applied to a long train of mischief, including the practice of every kind of selfishness, duplicity, and, too often, bad faith. Would that peculiar look, for instance, have been given? Would that word have passed the fair speaker's lips? Would that strange eccentric act have been committed, had no artificial stimulus been used? Oh, woman! reckless woman! how often has thy character received a bias, and thy whole life a shade, from the consequences of some rash purpose conceived without a thought of harm, and acted upon from the sudden impulse of a moment! How often has the friend of thy bosom been wounded, the love of years destroyed, and shipwreck made of happiness and peace, from the mere indulgence of a transient inclination too impetuous for reason to control! And yet under circumstances of peculiar temptation from the excitement incident to society, woman is the first to place herself in peril, by voluntarily adding to the stimulus, of which she has already more than her natural prudence can restrain.

Thus, then, we venture to trifle with the immortal mind; thus we presumptuously dare to ruffle the calm of that bright mirror which ought to reflect the image of Divinity!

Now, if all this evil comes of the glass of wine, or sip of negus or punch, that the ladies are allowed at dinner or at evening parties, and which is, "according to the opinion of the world," not too freely allowed, they surely ought to abstain, or else the world ought to alter its standard of the measure ladies are permitted to drink. But when or where in respectable society are these over-stimulated, these excited and reckless women to be seen?

It would appear, from Mrs. Ellis, that the ministers of religion sometimes prime themselves for extraordinary oratorical efforts by artificial and intoxicating stimulants. This is scarcely a legitimate use of the "creature;" nor can we think it one frequently had recourse to; although, in peculiar and indeed impossible circumstances, Mrs. Ellis seems willing to allow of it. She says,—

Were it lawful or expedient for the Christian to throw the whole energy of his mind and body into one great public effort, and to leave nothing for his private hours, for his family, or for the religion of his closet, but nervous irritation, weariness, or senseless sleep, I should be willing to allow that the use of stimulants might be favourable to such a course of action. Indeed, I am but

too well assured, that many extraordinary instances of oratorical power, many startling flashes of brilliant genius, and many single efforts, almost supernatural in their force and their effect, have been produced under the influence of this kind of excitement. But who has followed the individuals, from whom such extraordinary action emanated, home to their families or their closets? or, having so followed them, who would pronounce upon their condition there as being that of happy men—of men whose daily and hourly conduct constituted one continued homage to the purity, the holiness, and the benignity of their Creator?

No. I appeal to common sense, to experience, and to observation of the world in general, whether the individuals thus occasionally wrought upon by artificial stimulus for a particular and transitory purpose, are not, of all mankind, the least enviable in their private experience and habits, the most irritable in their feelings, and the most weary of life and its accumulated ills.

Just in proportion then as the religious professor allows himself to approach to this extreme, his private life and the secret history of his religious character become stamped with an impress fearfully at variance with the calm purity, the clear intelligence, and the high spiritual enjoyment which constitute the Christian's happiest foretaste of the blessedness of the heavenly kingdom.

Such observations, however, belong only to the theory of this dangerous practice. Facts, awful facts, attested by ministers of every religious denomination, are not wanting to assure us, that of the causes of religious declension now prevailing in the world, the drinking usages of our enlightened country have been the most fatal in their consequences.

An argument against the use of anything whatever from its abuse, is as old as human discordance in opinion and taste, and is of universal application. It lies against turtle-soup and custard, because aldermen are or were apt to over-eat themselves, when these good things were set before them, and to die of apoplexy,—against music, because some enthusiastic amateurs fiddle all day long,—against dancing, because it sometimes excites youthful spirits beyond the rigid line of decorum,—against a warm and lively faith, because some men and women became fanatics, or deranged in their intellects. The Tee-totallers employ the same arguments in denying *totally* the *use* of those beverages which medicine freely prescribes as among its best and its most grateful restoratives; and which the common sense of mankind in all ages have placed among the thousand other admitted harmless luxuries and solaces of existence, all of them to be used, not abused. These they hold not merely useless, but noxious, and this not only in their abuse, but in their elementary character, of producing, when taken to excess, intoxication in all its direful degrees. Mrs. Ellis's discourse may probably gain a few more pledges to the Total Abstinence Societies; and, in the meanwhile, we rejoice to think that refining taste, improved morals, and the force of example, are silently settling this great question everywhere; and that if pledges are not universally given, it is because they are not felt to be required. Meanwhile, we wish all manner of success to Father Mathew; and no harm to those who take the pledge, provided they are tolerant and charitable with those who do not yet entertain their notions, nor follow their practice.

An Enquiry into the Principles of Human Happiness and Human Duty. In Two Books. By George Ramsay, B. M., Author of an Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, &c. Octavo, pp. 554. London: Pickering.

No speculative inquiry can have the importance of that which comprehends the entire "end and aim" of our being;—the pursuit of the purest happiness by the best means, the scope of which embraces the present and the future—Time and Eternity.

In entering upon the Enquiry into the Principles of Human Happiness, our author recognises two grand divisions of this subject; *first*, Speculative Morality, or that branch which treats of the *nature* and *origin* of the moral sentiments; and Practical Morality, which investigates the qualities of actions, and fixes their rule or standard; what Mackintosh terms "the Criterion of Morality." The fundamental principle of moral action is admitted by Mr. Ramsay to be *Utility*; but not utility in the restricted or loose sense in which, as he thinks, the term has been employed by Paley and Bentham, and the other utilitarian moralists; who, our author alleges, have, in general, laid too much stress upon the sensual and self-regarding pleasures, and too little on the purely mental and social; or if the masters have not done so, then this tendency has been shown by the disciples. He thinks the *Utility* of the Benthamites, in short, not sufficiently exalted and comprehensive. He would discard the phrase, if it were practicable, in favour of another; *Eudemonism*, invented by Mr. Whewell, and derived from the Greek word signifying happiness; and rather be called an *Eudemonist* than a Utilitarian.——A decided, if not, indeed, the leading merit of the work, is the manner in which the writer has treated his subject. His style is singularly lucid; and from scope and felicity of illustration, the treatise is calculated to be generally attractive, even to those who shrink the most from such speculations and discussions. If necessarily sometimes grave, it is never dull, complex, many, or monotonous. Though it is not in our power to give an analysis of the treatise, we shall, as far as is possible, (within very limited bounds,) endeavour to convey an idea of the spirit and execution of the Enquiry, by the quotation of a few detached passages, principally recommended by their *utility*, or *Eudemonism*.

MORAL EDUCATION.

The grand object of all moral education ought to be to stir up those inclinations which are naturally weak, and so to tame, or at least curb, those which are apt to run into excess. It will readily be granted that the self-regarding desires are more likely to become excessive or exclusive than the social; and that the natural tendency to the pleasures of sense is stronger than to those of the intellect, the imagination, and the affections. Moreover, the gratification of the present hour, fleeting though it may be, is apt to be preferred to a more permanent but distant interest. From these general facts, which are amply confirmed by experience, we draw the following conclusions. Moral Education ought to have three principal objects in view; first to encourage the social desires, and thus keep in check the self-regarding; secondly, to foster a taste for the pleasures of the intellect, the imagination, and the affections, and so discourage the sensual; thirdly, to teach self-control.

Man, though born with a capability for much that is great and exalted, would have scarcely any idea beyond the pleasures of sense, were he left by others to follow his natural inclinations. Education alone can call forth this latent capability, and create a taste for refined enjoyments. What a miserable miscalculation is that which seeks for happiness chiefly in the indulgence of the senses! For the sake of short-lived gratifications we lose the constant pleasure derived from a consciousness of the dignity of our nature, and get a distaste for purely mental delights which are very durable.

Since man, when left to himself, degenerates into an animal but little raised above the brutes, and since education alone can draw out his susceptibilities for the joys of the intellect,—of the imagination,—of the affec-

tions; wherever we find a strong attachment to these, we may be sure of a cultivated mind. A considerable part of mankind, even of those who have leisure from manual toil, know little of the pleasures derived from the two former, though there are few in civilized regions who do not share in the last. Travellers in picturesque countries are often surprised at the insensibility of the peasantry to all the beauties around them, and these again equally wonder what strangers come to see. Even among those who are called well educated, how many are dead to high intellectual delight, as well as to the charms of poetry! Even the great Newton called poetry ingenious nonsense, because he could not relish it; and how many treat metaphysics with no greater ceremony! . . . . . If man without education be naturally sensual, it is no less true that he is also selfish. Men may form erroneous notions of their interest, they may pursue apparent rather than real good; and they may often be diverted from their permanent advantage by a present temptation; but in all this we see the tendency to self more or less guided by reason. No one seems to think that this tendency is too weak, however badly it may be directed. On the other hand, the tendency to sympathize with the pleasures and pains of others, and to desire their welfare is very rarely too strong; and in the want of cultivation, it may scarcely appear at all. Here then again education steps in and opens our minds to feelings as necessary to our own happiness as to that of others; since the pleasures derived from the exercise of the benevolent affections, whether towards a few or many, are probably the greatest of which our nature is susceptible. The culture of these affections has a twofold good effect; for it checks those two great tendencies of our nature, the tendency to self, and that to sense; whereas the improvement of the intellect and imagination counteracts the latter alone. How can a being immersed in sensual indulgencies have any relish for the exalted and lasting delights of love and friendship? But without supposing a devotion to such indulgencies in particular, the circumstance of constantly pondering upon our own interests, of whatever kind they may be, tends amazingly to shut the heart to social affections, and therefore to deprive us of the greatest happiness of life.

We stop before the discussion reaches the difference which, according to our author, ought to be made between the education of man and woman, as we are not sure that the female philosophers and their champions will approve of the distinctions laid down. Mr. Ramsay's favourite, Madame Roland, undoubtedly cultivated her intellect as carefully as her imagination.——There is a long and very recondite and poetical chapter on Love, which we recommend to readers of all ages; the recent case of M. Gentz,—by no means an uncommon one,—establishing the fact that the subject may have interest to the latest term of life. This alluring topic is dwelt upon, and embellished and enriched by apt quotations gathered from the entire range of poetry and imaginative literature. From the conclusion of the dissertation on *Love*, we copy, as a sober specimen, the following remarks on marriages of convenience:—

If purely passionate marriages be very silly, marriages of pure convenience are so too; though in this case the folly is not quite so palpable. The evils of the former are such as any one may see: straitened circumstances, misunderstandings, quarrels, and sometimes final dislike; all which strike us the more by contrast with the previous love. The latter, on the contrary, carry an air of wisdom about them; they are said to be prudent, convenient, and so forth; but how often is folly clothed in a borrowed garb! One would think that any man of sense and spirit, having the common use of his bodily faculties, would rather delve or plough than submit to pass his life with one who was quite indifferent. To be burthened for life with such a weary load, to feel it at all hours, and on all occasions, at home and in society, at table, and by the fire-side, to be hampered eternally, and never be able to forget it, is a consummation of annoyance, which nothing, one would think, but absolute necessity, could induce a man to undergo. But facts speak otherwise; for marriages of this kind are not only very common, but in some countries there are scarcely any other. This, it must be confessed, does not speak much for the general clear-sightedness of men; but above all, it shows how they are led by example; for where such alliances have long been usual, they are entered upon as a matter of course.

Independently of its merits as a systematic treatise on Morals, the Enquiry deserves commendation from the beautiful character and pure tendency of what may be called its accessories and adjuncts. At once, as specimens of the style, and from their specific object, we cite two brief passages, distinct in their nature, but each commendable:—

PURE AND INEXPENSIVE PLEASURES.

It has often been said, but cannot be too often repeated, that there is no such source of enjoyment as an innocent, pure, and simple mind, ready to enter into every passing amusement, and to cull every flower, however humble, that may strew the path of life. How mistaken the notion that happiness consists in fuss, splendour, and noise, and in splendid rather than in cheap recreations! but how much greater is the delusion, that the transitory delirium of intemperance can compensate the loss of innocence and simplicity of mind, which are necessary to give relish to all natural enjoyments! Take, for instance, the pleasure to be derived from the contemplation of nature in all its various forms. Can we conceive any source of gratification more accessible, more permanent, more free from immediate pain or ultimate evil? Wherever men are brought together, whether for business or pleasure, there is always the possibility of something disagreeable, from the clashing of opinions or interests, the difference of tastes, the varieties of humour, or simply the contrast of position. Since inequality must always exist, there will always be inferiors who may feel disagreeably humbled in the presence of their superiors. But in the presence of nature, we are free from all these causes of annoyance, for she has neither opinions nor interests, tastes nor whims, pride nor affectation. She is indeed a loving mother, for she calls upon all her children to come and drain her treasures and be satisfied,—treasures that contain no alloy, and require neither bolt nor bar, which are gathered without present pain, and enjoyed without future sorrow.

Oh, nature! a' thy shows and forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms,
Whether the kindly summer warms
With life and light;
Or winter howls in dusky storms
The lang, dark night.

But rarely are the votaries of intemperance susceptible of pleasures such as these. As well might we suppose that a palate long used to high dressed dishes should relish simple fare, as that a mind given up to dissipation should feel the charms of nature, and conceive the luxury of contemplation.

WHY HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

In regard to justice, it has long been a maxim that honesty is the best policy, and if we consider the nature of men, we shall be satisfied that the maxim is true. For one man that makes a fortune by dishonest practices, we may rest assured that there are ninety and nine who fail. The great error of the dishonest is this, that they think themselves wiser, or, at least, act as if they thought themselves wiser, than all with whom they have to do. They forget that men in general are by no means inattentive to their interests, and that persons, on other occasions dull and narrow-minded, are here sufficiently alive. How short-sighted is a line of conduct which can prosper only if people in general were foolish, or indifferent! From the well-known eagerness of men about their own affairs, dishonesty is almost sure to be detected, and

followed by disgrace and shame, desertion and ruin, if not by legal punishment.

Besides, even while undiscovered, there must be a constant dread of discovery, and what sort of life is that which is passed in continual alarm? Suppose knavery undetected and finally triumphant, would such triumph compensate for a long life of previous anxiety? Palpable success may be great, outward appearances may be splendid; but who but the giddy and superficial are deceived by these? Let us look to the mind within, and then let us say whether a life of fear can be balanced by the gifts of fortune, or all the outward advantages which the wide world can bestow.

In some cases, the period of triumph is the period of the greatest anxiety; for a high estate, though gained, may still be lost. Such, in particular, is the fate of those who by violence and injustice have risen to supreme power. Read the intimate history, as far as known, of the most celebrated tyrants of ancient and modern times, and then say whether they were happy. When we know that men naturally of the greatest courage, came at last to tremble at a shadow, we must confess that vice is inseparably connected with punishment; for if that punishment do not follow from private vengeance or public justice, it is sure to flow from the terrors which haunt the guilty.

The Perils of the Nation. An Appeal to the Legislature, the Clergy, and the Higher and Middle Classes. London: Seeley, Burnside, & Seeley.

The author of this singular book may be described as a prosaic, matter-of-fact, or "coat-and-waistcoat" Carlyle—Carlyle without his robes, his attitudes, his rolling cataract of words, the clouds of incense in which he involves himself, and the divining-rod with which he alternately astonishes and menaces his auditory; and we must also add, without his genius and eloquence. The author of *The Perils of the Nation* has most carefully exhibited the condition of the nation by the Daguerreotype process, where Mr. Carlyle dashes off his pictures with a few bold Martinic lines, filled up with vague, flitting, horrible shadows of coming events, veiled in portentous blackness. The substance of their respective appeals is the same; the style as opposite as the poles. Both are called for by the times: both must produce a good effect. The author of *The Perils* grounds his arguments on facts drawn from Parliamentary reports, and other authentic sources. He takes, as a starting-note, a sentence of Lord Ashley's late awful speech, and after some pertinent prefatory remarks, comes to his chapters—"England's Power and Weakness—Wealth and Peril," "The Manufacturing Poor," the "Mining Poor," the "Commercial Poor," the "Agricultural Poor," "The Selfish Principle," "Taking care of Number One," "Pauperism," "Want of sanitary regulations," "Education," &c., &c. And next, the remedies are proposed, where, if the great principle, assumed and inculcated, of doing as we would be done by, were kept in view, none would be required. As to details, he would have sanitary regulations, good education for the poor, moral training, church extension, more efficient pastoral care—but only by the Church of England—and a better Poor Law. But as we cannot fully detail the objects of the work, we shall go no further than to say, that with strong prejudices, and even bigoted notions on many points, the author displays much benevolent feeling and sound Christian morality. The feeling is always better than the judgment.

The volume is also of value, as it brings within reasonable compass a view derived from undisputable facts, of the wretched condition of the poor of England, and of the besetting errors and vices of the middle class.

As poor specimens of what, with all its errors, we must esteem a useful and well-timed book, we select these passages from the chapter contending for Parliamentary interference with what are considered private affairs, and repudiating what Mr. Carlyle calls *Laisses faire*.

Among those who are interested in upholding the present state of things, we often hear of an infringement of constitutional liberty, if Parliament shall presume to interfere. On the assumption, that in this country a man may do whatsoever he will with his own, some would uphold the English husband's right to condemn his wife to the drudgery of a beast of burden, to probable prostitution, and no less probable death;—an English father's right to cripple and destroy his infants by selling them to such toil as their tender bodies are utterly incapable of enduring, and to shut out from their minds every ray of knowledge, human or divine;—an English master's right to use his hired servants with a cruelty more withering than that beneath which the African slave formerly groaned; binding them under the yoke, by exhibiting as the penalty of their refusing to earn a scanty meal at so grinding a price, the certainty of imprisonment in a Union workhouse, divorced from every natural tie, unless they prefer starving in the midst of their famishing family. Of such rights as these, the persons in question are very tenacious; and extremely sensitive of the least approach to infringement on chartered liberties; but the legislature has a higher duty to perform, than sanctioning this licentious abuse of our national birthright, freedom.

The House of Commons consists of a certain number of gentlemen, sent thither by their respective constituencies, as being in their judgment best qualified to represent them. Their duty is, to take a comprehensive view of all national matters, and so to apply legal checks, encouragements, and regulations, as shall, in the view of the majority, best conduce to the well-being of the people. They are sworn to the right discharge of these and other well-defined duties; and the conscientious performance of their oath is the paramount obligation.

. . . . . One portion of the community has been encroaching on another, until the latter have not means to live, and scarcely room to die. To mask the true source of the anomalous evil, a cry is raised of "surplus population," and this surplus is always, by some fatality, found to exist among the poor. In the peerage, we may find instances of a dozen or fifteen children, and nobody ventures to call them "surplus;" they are rightly and scripturally regarded as a blessing: but let a labouring man admit the fact of having half as many mouths to satisfy, and they are all "surplus:" and preventive checks, and moral restraints (the latter being the most glaring abuse of language that ever was perpetrated) are talked of.

FEMALE MANUFACTURERS.

Marriages are formed, despite the universal licentiousness that seems to set the sacred tie at defiance; and the young wife enters upon her domestic duties wholly unacquainted with, and unfitted for, their performance. Her morals *may* have escaped the practical pollution of the mass, her mind cannot have continued undefiled in the daily hearing and seeing of such abominations; and she becomes, if the injuries sustained by the crippling nature of her employment have not incapacitated her from child-bearing, the mother of infants whom she knows not to train otherwise than upon factory principles; who are probably doomed, as soon as their little limbs shall have gained sufficient strength for the lightest description of labour, to be driven to the same shambles, and sacrificed to the same golden idol as their parents were. The man, meanwhile, finding no household fireside rendered pleasant in its poverty by female neatness and good management, cheerfulness and love, betakes himself to the gin-shop, or the Chartist meeting, to be wrought up by fiery potations and fiery harangues, to the pitch necessary for whatsoever evil work lies before him; whether it be in the dens of grovelling sensuality, or in scenes where the murderer whets his weapon, and the incendiary trims his torch.

A letter received last summer from a large town in Yorkshire, said, "Three years ago, at the opening of the morning, you might have seen flocking into our town, from the hamlets adjacent, more than seven hundred men, who were regularly employed in the factories of the place. You would now see them no longer; but in their room you would see seven hundred *women*, leaving the husbands unemployed, and their infants without female care, and all thronging in to do that very work which formerly gave occupation and a maintenance to their husbands. I need not explain, that the wages they receive are far lower, the condition of their families far more miserable, and that the saving thus effected by their employers is the sole cause of this deplorable change."

From Birmingham, one of the most energetic and well-informed of the clergy writes to the same effect. Even in the heavy and laborious metallic works of that place, female labour is rapidly superseding that of the men. The cause is quite obvious. A woman may be offered ten or twelve shillings a-week, when a male artisan would expect twenty or twenty-four. Hence vast numbers of the men have, within the last two or three years, been dismissed, and their wives taken on, to do *the same work* at lower wages. The operation of the change is deplorable. The man remains bound to the spot, because it is *there* that his wife is earning a poor subsistence for himself and the children. Yet he,—there being hundreds in the same circumstances, finds it quite impossible to get *any* employment. He lounges about the streets, or at the door of the beer-shop, or tries in vain to supply a mother's place to the miserable and crying children; till, exhausted in the vain attempt, he is driven forth into the streets, a fit instrument for Chartist or Socialist agitators. Meanwhile the woman becomes brutalized by her toil, and by workshop society, and cares only, when she returns home at night, for the recruiting her exhausted strength and spirits by such means as her poor earnings will afford.

Arts, Antiquities, and Chronology of Ancient Egypt. By George H. Wathen, Architect. Longman & Company.

Egypt, as the birth-place and cradle of his art, must ever be a country of peculiar interest to the Architect; but if he is also an antiquary, the attraction is irresistible. Mr. Wathen visited Egypt partly for professional improvement, and also to gratify a liberal curiosity. The result of his investigations leads him to conclude, that many incorrect opinions are current regarding Egyptian antiquities, and particularly as to the age of some of the most interesting monuments. In his very elegant work, Mr. Wathen, with diffidence, submits these views to the judgment of the public. This is the original feature of the volume. It is embellished with architectural and other plates, mostly taken from the magnificent works published by the French and Tuscan governments, and with tinted lithograph plates from views made by the author.

History of the Life of Cœur-de-Lion. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Volume III. Saunders & Otley.

This, we imagine, is to turn out a complete History of the Crusades, under the name of Cœur-de-Lion. The new volume relates more to Palestine than to England. It is full of interesting matter, and shows careful study.

Life of the Rev. James Renwick, the last of the Scottish Martyrs. By the Rev. Robert Simpson, author of "Traditions of the Covenanters," &c., &c. Edinburgh: Johnstone.

The early history, and perilous adventures of Renwick, while concealing himself from the myrmidons of a persecuting government, and persisting in preaching and teaching what were called the seditious and treasonable doctrines of *active* resistance, form the subject-matter of a small and rather homely volume, which will, however, be perused with interest in the rural parts of the south and west of Scotland. Those the most directly opposed to Renwick's conscientious views, must admit that he was an honest and amiable enthusiast, most severely treated, and most unjustly condemned for offences which would now be thought sufficiently expiated by, at the utmost, a few months' imprisonment.

The Last Days; their near Approach and Perilous Character, &c., &c. London: Ward & Co.

A Treatise on Astronomy, displaying the Solar System, &c. By E. Henderson, LL.D. Second Edition. London: Cotes.

Benthamiana; or, Select Extracts from the Works of Jeremy Bentham, with an Outline of his Opinions on the principal Subjects discussed in his Works. Edited by John Hill Burton, Advocate. Edinburgh: Tait; London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

This is an excellent book of an excellent class, and one that must, as the world grows older, and as books and readers are multiplied, be greatly increased. It is a compendium which brings the whole doctrines, opinions, and systems of Bentham within the reach of men of moderate means, and of moderate leisure for study. It affords them the very pith and marrow of all that Bentham has thought with the most power and originality, and expressed with the greatest clearness and felicity. Many of these brief sections form a striking moral Essay; many of them are apt and forcible illustrations of some question in legislation, or administrative justice and general police. Mr. Burton has given interest and completeness to his BENTHAMIANA, by an Introductory Sketch of the Life of the Philosopher, and specimens from his familiar Correspondence. He has given the public a suggestive, useful, and what ought to be an imperishable book.

Rambles in the Isle of Wight. By John Gwilliam. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

These sketches are written in verse. Rhymed couplets is the metre adopted. The author takes a text from a prose description of the scenery of the island, and expatiates upon it; interspersing reflections, sentiments, and incidents. It is a work of no great mark; but may prove a pleasant travelling companion to persons making the now favourite and easy tour of the Isle of Wight.

NEW NOVELS.

The Amnesty; or, the Duke of Alba in Flanders: An Historical novel of the sixteenth century, in 2 volumes. By Charles F. Ellerman. Longman & Co.

A melo-dramatic novel, full of romantic situation and incident, which gets along trippingly, without the encumbrance of a heavy load of public events or characters, and which, without much depth, makes pleasant light reading; while, in a liberal spirit, it conveys a modicum of historical information in the way best suited to the popular taste.

King Eric and the Outlaws; or, the Throne, the Church, and the People, in the Thirteenth Century. By Ingemann. Translated from the Danish by Jane Frances Chapman. Three volumes. Longman & Co.

This is really what it purports to be—a historical romance, though of too solid a character, and too remote from English knowledge, sympathies, and tastes, to offer much attraction to the ordinary class of romance-readers. ——To those who like to see the manners of past ages

among a kindred people, revived in a dramatic form, the romance, will, however, have considerable attraction. It is learned in antiquities, faithful to costume and historical character, and a very fair specimen of the school of Sir Walter Scott. The success of Frederika Bremer's Swedish novels in this country seems, however, to intimate that English readers would be more easily fascinated, and the Translator's labour better repaid, by the selection of a good Tale of Modern Denmark, than by Ingemann's national romances of the olden time.

NEW POEMS.

KELVIN GROVE, AND OTHER POEMS. By William Bentley, Senior. Glasgow: D. Robertson.—This is a neatly embellished little volume of fugitive verses on an endless variety of poetical subjects, or such as are usually chosen to write rhymes upon. Though none of the pieces are in a very striking or original vein, many of them are fluent and sweet.

JUVENILE POEMS. By John Ingham Black, Trinity College, Dublin.

IRWELL, AND OTHER POEMS. By A.

GATHERED LEAVES. By James A. Page, of Trinity College, Dublin. Longman & Company.—A bundle this of verses considerably above the average of those that it is often our weary task to turn over.

RETRIBUTION, LOYAL LYRICS, &c. London: Ward.

POEMS. By Viator. Saunders & Otley.

*** Some volumes of verse that have appeared in Scotland within the last few months we reserve for a more convenient season.

SERIAL WORKS.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. Vol. II. Part II. Longman & Co.—We are glad to find that the committee appointed to carry through this great undertaking, have obtained some pecuniary aid from several noblemen and gentlemen, as a great deal of money must be required to carry the work to the conclusion contemplated, or indeed to any satisfactory conclusion. A few more names of really useful *working men* are, we perceive, added to the list of contributors; so that we may reasonably hope that that great desideratum in English literature, a comprehensive and accurate General Biography, may, in due time, be supplied.

THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH SONG, Nos. V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. This comprehensive "Book of Ballads" goes on prosperously. The *cariorum* notes turn out an immense improvement; and the work altogether must prove the most comprehensive popular body of Scottish song, and of songs by Scotchmen, published at a cheap rate, which we yet possess. The short biographical notices of such a host of hitherto nameless bards, are of themselves a great curiosity. Alas! that so many of them should be but the brief record of a life of adversity and conflict, and a premature death. But, as Burns has it, "Man is a soldier, and life is a faught."

One among the most graceful of the new songs, affords both a cue and consolation:

Weep not over poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances,
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

Rills o'er rocky beds are borne,
Ere they gush in whiteness;
Peebles are wave-chafed and worn,
Ere they show their brightness.

THE ZOIST: A Quarterly Journal of Cerebral Physiology and Mesmerism. No. I. London: H. Bailliere.—The other day we announced the PHRENO-MAGNET—a new periodical devoted to the now twin sciences of Phrenology and Mesmerism. Here is another which takes higher and more classic ground, though on the same field. The editor of the ZOIST, whoever he may be, is greatly scandalized at the editor of the Phreno-Magnet, Mr. Spencer Hall, having, by the aid of Mesmerism, discovered whole clusters of new organs about the eye-brows, and the root of the nose, to which Mr. Hall gives appropriate names; and at the mania for lecturing on Mesmerism and Phrenology, which has of late seized so many individuals, ill qualified to meddle with these mysteries.

THE ASIATIC JOURNAL AND MONTHLY MISCELLANY. Third Series. No. I. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

KNIGHT'S PICTORIAL SHAKSPERE. Part LIII.: of Shakspere, a Biography, Part 7.

CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Parts VI. and VII.

THE OLD SAILOR'S JOLLY BOAT. Nos. I. II.

POPULAR FLOWERS—the Camellia, the Cactus.

CUMMING'S FOXE'S BOOK OF MARTYRS. Part XXIV.

SCENERY AND ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND. Part XXV.

THE MILLER OF DEANHAUGH. Nos. II. and III.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.—This purports to be a Directory for all parts of the United Kingdom, as to the times of sailing, and fares of steamers, and the time of setting off of railway and other coaches. The little paper guide contains a great mass of information which must be found very useful to travellers. It notices the Continental railways and Colonial steamers in the same manner as the home ones.

GLYPHOGRAPHY; OR, ENGRAVED DRAWING, for printing at the type-press after the manner of wood-cuts.—We have here specimens of cuts executed by Palmer's patent, with directions for the use of the patent. The plates look fair; but are by no means equal to the best of those executed in the old manner. They are, however, recommended by cheapness.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MANIPULATION.—This Tract contains directions for executing the details of the improved processes of Daguerreotype and Calotype drawing, if drawing it may be called. So many amateurs are at present trying this curious process of making pictures, that these directions will be found very useful in directing their labour, and tending to prevent the disappointment which too often follows their crude attempts.

EQUITY WITHOUT COMPROMISE; OR, HINTS FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A JUST SYSTEM OF NATIONAL EDUCATION. By Edward Swaine.

Printed by WILLIAM TAIT, 107, Princes' Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1843.

THE REPEAL AGITATION.

THE Repeal Agitation is a new name in politics to many inhabitants of Britain; but the spirit, of which it is the outward sign, is as old as the historical event of which it demands the nullification. Clarendon, when he speaks of the bursting out of the flame in Scotland, which blazed into a civil war throughout the empire, says, "The truth is, there was so little curiosity either in the court, or the country, to know anything of Scotland, or what was done there, that, when the whole nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany and Poland, and all other parts of Europe, no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland." And so have the British people continued ignorant of the national feeling that has been smouldering in Ireland, till they find that they have been standing on the ashes of a slumbering volcano, ready to burst forth again. It may be that, before these pages have reached the public, the war-trumpet has been sounded. But while we write, there is a stillness in the councils of the Ministry—the stillness of terror—the silence of men who wis not what to do; while, in the people, there is a breathless half-curious, half-timid expectation of some coming event, of which the results are as far beyond the grasp of accurate prediction, as the causes have been kept out of sight, and out of mind. When we look at the catastrophes which distant countries or old times reveal to us, as the consequences of tyrannical and selfish legislation, we wonder at the blindness and perversity of the men who provoked them. When we ponder over the History of Maximilian of Austria, and Philip II. of Spain, and Christian of Denmark, and our own Charles I., we seem to read of men whom some supernatural destiny kept blind to the moral causes of the moral effects by which their empires were broken; and yet it may be that some of our shrewd and wary politicians, being human beings such as these monarchs were, and such as George III. was when the people of Boston cast the tea-chests into the sea, may be subject to a like blindness, and may have been living in a like dangerous security. It would have been better, perhaps, for the peace, the integrity, and the prosperity of the country, if our statesmen had examined the view which foreign politicians—calm, but not uninterested observers—take of the relative positions of England and Ireland. They would have there found the question stripped of all its class and party disguises, and exhibited in the nakedness of historical truth—such as it will be when examined by the Hallams and the Raumers of the next century. They would have seen, that what Switzerland was to Austria, what Holland was to Spain, what Sweden was to Denmark, what Greece was to Turkey, and what Poland *is* to Russia, such is it considered that Ireland is to Britain; and they would have found, that from the time when Hoche collected his forces, to the present hour, Europe has been looking in anxious expectation for the day on which Ireland, outraged and crushed for centuries, will turn and bite, with poisoned tooth, the heel by which she has been trodden. The proclamation of the Emperor Nicolas spoke of the Polish rising as an "unnatural rebellion;" and Sir James Graham tells us, that conciliation to the Irish is exhausted. The two expressions are the representatives of each other. What will foreigners think of Sir James Graham's remark? let us ask it at ourselves—What do *we* think of the Emperor Nicolas's? Alas! of the quantity of sympathy for lacerated human feelings which we have at our disposal, there is much exported to a distance that might be beneficially expended near our own door. The patriot bosom burns with indignation at the story of Tell ordered to bow down before the hat of Gesler in the market-place; while seven millions of the Irish people are forced to bow their heads in subjection to a faith which they conscientiously believe is not the right path to salvation. Sir Robert Peel, in one of the speeches which he made before he had resolved to support Catholic Emancipation, said, "Emancipate the Catholics; and if they are constituted as other men—if they have organs, senses, affections, and passions like ourselves—they never will submit to our intrusive Church, or cease to aspire to the reëstablishment of their own." Is it not a startling illustration of a guilty consciousness of the perpetration of injustice, that the perpetrator can calculate from the extent of the injury

itself, without any other data, what will be the amount of indignation among "people constituted as other men"? It was the remark of the Premier's congenial colleague, Stanley, when he was supporting the Whig Coercion Bill, that the very extent of its infringement on the Constitution, marked it as a measure not likely to be had recourse to without sufficient cause. How barbarous is our Political Philosophy, when the very extent of the injustice they commit, is the vindication of our statesmen!

It will be inferred from the foregoing remarks, that we are not inclined to take a harsh or uncharitable view of the proceedings of our Irish brethren. We believe them to be men sorely wronged; and if in their hour of wrath and power they should demand more than seems to be abstractly just, we are not prepared to judge of them severely. But the course which may be palliated on account of the provocation which has occasioned it, and that which may be abstractly vindicated as right, are two very different things; and it does not follow, that because we may palliate the present agitation for repeal, we hold its object to be a good one. The question is one which we think, in its abstract merits, and apart from passion and prejudice, has not been fully examined by the press, and we propose to bestow a page or two on its consideration. We do not pretend—our present disposable space would not allow us—to exhaust the subject, or even to present it for consideration in all its bearings. Great books have been devoted, and not superfluously, to subjects less pregnant with important interest; and if we can state the considerations that ought to weigh with the public mind in examining such a question, and give a few reasons and illustrative facts, we shall be content. We shall give no harbour to unsubstantial visions concerning national independence and national name, about arms and their bearers, mottoes, costumes, and colours. The day when these things decided the fate of a country is past—at least in this quarter of the world,—and substantial utilitarianism, with statistical reports and political economy under her arms, has taken their place. We care for none of these things nearer home; and it would be affectation to profess a sympathy for any relic of them that may exist in Ireland.

The arguments that have been used on this subject have generally affected to look solely to the interests of Ireland. When you advise a man to abstain from the thing he is inclined to do, you generally try to persuade him that you act solely for his own interest. In weighing the matter, however, abstractly, and without consideration as to the party-strength with which either side can be supported, we cannot admit the proposition, that in considering whether two islands, which have been united for more than forty years, should voluntarily sever, the interest of one alone is to be considered, and that of the other to weigh as nothing. It may be said, that it was a forced partnership; and that Ireland, which was seized and bound over to Britain, is justified by all principles of morality in making her escape when she can, without troubling herself about the effect which such an event may have on her deserted partner. The argument would be a sound one, if the British people had forced the Irish people into the Union; but the former had as little influence in the matter as the latter had. The arrangement was made between a section of the British aristocracy, on the one hand, and of the Irish aristocracy on the other. The people of both countries were injured—the Irish, perhaps, more materially than we. If the Union had been a free and honest one between the people of the two islands, we believe that the Irish would have readily consented to bear their full share of the mutual taxation, and we should certainly have agreed to let them have the same political and religious privileges as ourselves. But as the matter came to pass, the inhabitants of England and Scotland were over-taxed, in order that the Irish aristocracy might enjoy exemptions, by way of compensation for the insults heaped on the Irish democracy. The thing was as little the doing of Jenkins, and Smith, and M'Donald, in Britain, as it was of O'Leary, and Murphy, and O'Doud, in Ireland. If the British aristocracy in Parliament have been no friends to the Irish people, we can tell, in return, that the Irish aristocracy, whom the Union brought to hold rule over us, have been no friends to the British people. The present state of matters was, in short, no more the doing of the people of Britain, than it was of the people of Ireland. We are all "in the scrape;" and in whatever measures may be taken to get out of it, we deny that it is fair to look to the interest of Ireland solely and exclusively,—we deny, we say, that it is abstractly fair to view the question in such a light, although, in the exasperated state of Ireland, we can have some charity for one-sided views being adopted. But we profess to be able, at least on the present occasion, to discuss only a part of the question; and we have no objection to limit our remarks to the bearing which a Repeal of the Union would have on Ireland alone, leaving out of view its influence on ourselves.

A Repeal of the Union means a separation of the governments. It involves the most perfect freedom to Ireland to choose her own constitution—to have any king, or no king; to have her own alliances and her own wars. It is the most puerile folly to say, that she shall have an independent internal constitution, with which she may not do as she pleases. There might be a treaty of separation; what is a treaty to an independent nation, with its own legislature, its own laws, its own religion, and its own army? The succession to England is limited to Protestants. Degrading as that limitation may be felt by Ireland at present, how much more so would it be that the separate kingdom of Ireland should be bound to pass over a Catholic and adopt England's elected Protestant monarch? There can be no union of the executive with a distinct legislature, unless the one country be under the control of the other. If the monarch should be called on to do one thing by the English parliament, and another by the Irish, the stronger would invariably triumph over the weaker. Where is the monarch that would do what the Irish parliament commanded and the English should for-

bid? The history of Ireland before the Union is full of instruction on this point. During the existence of Poyning's Law, no act could pass the Irish legislature unless it had previously obtained the sanction of the privy-council of England; the British parliament legislated for Ireland, and the British House of Lords decided in appeals from the Irish courts of law. It must always be borne in mind, that Ireland had only for eighteen years—from 1782 to 1800—a separate independent legislature. These were years of despotic principles and strong governments, lavish in rewards to friends and punishments to foes. Yet with all the quantity of influence they had substituted for constitutional control, English statesmen could not look without tremulous anxiety at the movements of the independent authority that had erected itself beside them; and they worked their way with deadly energy towards the Union as a city of refuge. All the drilling and all the rewarding could not keep the Irish from an attempt at separation, on the only question that gave room for it; and the recovery of George III., in 1789, probably averted disunion and war. The English parliament, by statute, gave the Prince of Wales a restricted regency: the Irish parliament, by an address, acknowledged his possession of the full rights of a reigning sovereign. On another occasion, nothing but the stringent pressure of British influence could have prevented Ireland from declaring a separate war against Portugal, the ally of England. But we have said more than enough in support of what is self-evident, and shall make no farther apology for discussing the Repeal of the Union as the virtual separation of the two countries.

Among the greater grievances of Ireland, that which seems to be the most closely interwoven with the legislative Union, is the inequality of her representation in parliament. In the House of Commons, England, with a population close on fifteen millions, has 500 representatives, being 1 to every 30,000. Ireland, with a population of 8,179,359, has 105 representatives, or 1 to every 77,908. In this view, England is nearly three times as well, or rather as much, represented as Ireland. Then take the proportion of the electors to the population. The whole electors of the kingdom amount to about a million, being about 1 to every 27 inhabitants. Of these, England has (or had, by the last return we can command, which dates in 1839) within a very few of 800,000, or about 1 to every 19 inhabitants. Ireland has a fraction above 100,000, or about 1 for every 80 of the population. If Ireland were represented on the same scale as England, she would have 250 members, instead of 105. In England there are upwards of 80 represented boroughs, the population of each of which is under 10,000.* Of these there are 57 which each return two members; and taking the average population of these at 6000, a population of 342,000 returns more members to parliament than the eight millions of Ireland.

This is undoubtedly a grievance of great magnitude. However, it is not in the scantiness of the representation that the grievance consists, but in its disproportion to that of England, and its consequent incapacity to represent the interests of the people of Ireland with proper relative strength. The numerousness of Parliament is in itself a defect; 105 members might be sufficient for independent Ireland; and, as a method of accomplishing an equalisation, we would prefer the lopping off and uniting of the smaller constituencies of England, to the making any considerable addition to the number of Irish members.

But admitting, as we do, the extent of the grievance, and the efficacy of the remedy, are there not simpler, surer, less dangerous paths by which the Irish people may reach this object, than a severance of the connexion with Britain? They are not, let it be remarked, without large classes of people in Britain to make common cause with them. Scotland is unequally represented, though not so much so as Ireland. Our more than two millions and a half of people have only fifty-three representatives, or one to about 50,000—England having one to every 30,000. There are twenty-seven boroughs in England, containing among them a population of 120,000, that return as many members as Scotland does, and one more. Edinburgh is the smallest town in Scotland that returns two members. In England there are six boroughs, each with a population less than 4000—Buckingham, Dorchester, Evesham, Honiton, Thetford, and Wenlock,—that return each two members. In some cases, indeed, Ireland would appear to be better cared for than Scotland. Waterford, with a population under thirty thousand, and Galway, with one very little above it, have each two representatives; while Aberdeen and Dundee, with each nearly 60,000, and Paisley with nearly 50,000, have each but one. In Ireland there are eleven constituencies, each not exceeding 10,000 in population—in Scotland there are but two. But these are in themselves trifling matters—the inequality of representation is a small matter as regards nation or district—it is in regard to class that it is baneful and mischievously operative. The aristocracy of the three nations have an interest and an influence against their democracy, of an extent and effect that may laugh to scorn the competing interests of the three kingdoms as distinct communities. It is in this form that inequality of representation tells. Dublin, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Leeds, with a population exceeding a million; and Dorchester, Honiton, Thetford, Evesham, Wenlock, and Buckingham, with a population of 22,000 among them, return the same number of representatives. Let Ireland ponder on this subject. If there had been a reform of the Reform Bill, removing these weak points from the hold of the enemy—abolishing a system by which the securing the vote of one man in one place, is as effectual as representing the opinions of forty in

* It is necessary to say, that this part of our calculation is taken from the census of 1831; that of 1841 not being accessible to a sufficient extent to allow any general estimate, such as the above, to be taken. The reader may make what allowance he pleases for supposed changes in population.

another—Ireland would have had more justice than she has obtained.

"This may be all true," says the repealer; "but what is it to us?—we wish to redress our own grievances—do you look to yours." But it does signify thus much. There is a vast portion of our eighteen millions oppressed by the same grievance that crushes the eight millions of Ireland. If the removal of the evil be the end in view, and repeal be the proposed means, will the former be the more likely to be achieved by a project that divides and isolates the common interests? In favour of all that can be of good effect to either, there is a link of common sympathy and common feeling between the people of Ireland and the popular constituencies in Britain, that it would be a crime and a calamity to break. It is in making common cause with us that Ireland has her best chance for ultimate justice. A demand for the extension and equalisation of the Suffrage is the true policy of Ireland; and O'Connell would have done more to remove the grievances he can recount with such bitter and burning energy, if he had prevailed on the liberal members of Ireland to vote for Household Suffrage, than if he got all his millions to make one simultaneous hurrah for repeal. Eight Irish members, only, voted for Mr. Hume's motion, in 1839.* There were twelve against it.

Let us now look at the pecuniary branch of the question—the items that will have to be allowed for in the winding-up of the partnership accounts. The net receipts of the public revenue for the year ending 5th January 1842, were £48,937,397. Of this sum, the share borne by Ireland was £3,616,192, being less than a thirteenth part. The permanent branches of expenditure in Ireland were, in round numbers, (we exclude fractions,)—For courts of justice, £138,710. For police service, including the custody of convicts, secret-service money, &c., £416,744. For the Lord-lieutenant's establishment, and the public offices, £64,746. For public works and improvements, compensation salaries, the Regium Donum, &c., £107,615. For charities and educational institutions, £103,867. We have picked out the items relating to Ireland as they caught our eye in the dense thicket of the finance accounts for 1842, and we have grouped the numerous individual sums together, under the above general heads. We daresay many items may have escaped our notice; and we purposely overlooked many petty sums, or such expenditure as appeared to be of a temporary character. We have likewise passed over £91,326 charged as pensions and superannuation allowances, on the Irish list, because it is not clear how much of it is spent within Ireland. The sum total is £831,682. To compare this with the expenditure of Great Britain would bring us to no satisfactory result; because it is next to impossible to separate the charges that peculiarly affect England and Scotland, from those applicable to the services of the United Kingdom, as an individual country. Let us, however, compare the revenue and expenditure of Ireland with those of Scotland. The net revenue, for the same year, from Scotland, (exclusive of receipts from Crown lands,) was £5,026,048, being £1,409,856 more than that from Ireland. The payments (which "Oliver & Boyd's Almanac" enables us to give with great minuteness) were,—For the administration of justice, £196,042. Miscellaneous permanent charges, £63,753. Total, £259,795. It thus appears that the sum contributed to the purposes of the general revenue of the empire, by Ireland, is £2,784,510, while that contributed by Scotland is £4,766,253.

We are far from considering that the expenditure of money in Ireland is any great advantage to the Irish people. It is, in fact, as we have already hinted, a gilding of the slave's chain,—money taken from Britain, to render the perpetration of injustice more easy in Ireland. It was stipulated in the Act of Union, that "a sum not less than the sum granted by the Parliament of Ireland, on the average of six years immediately preceding 1st January 1800, in provisions for the internal encouragement of agriculture and manufactures, or for the maintaining institutions for pious and charitable purposes, shall be applied, for the period of twenty years, to such local purposes in Ireland as the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall direct." A committee, appointed to inquire into the fulfilment of this article in 1829, reported that the average expenditure, for the six years preceding the Union, was £73,270; and that the amount had gradually increased, until, for the three years preceding 1828, it averaged £173,866,—besides the grants for Maynooth college and the public works. The Report of the Finance Committee of 1817 gives an insight into the motives for this expenditure:—"Your committee must remark, that many of the charitable institutions appear to be of very doubtful advantage to those classes of society in whose favour they have been established; and that the expediency is more than questionable, of drawing together, into the capital of any country, large bodies of people desirous of partaking of the temporary support which these institutions may afford. Nevertheless, your committee do not suggest, at present, any reduction in the amount of these establishments, understanding that the people of Ireland have been accustomed to look upon them not only as affording a valuable relief in many cases of great distress, *but as proving the liberal disposition of Parliament towards that part of the United Kingdom.*" On the one hand it gave vitality to many profitable jobs; on the other, it acted as a partial substitute for Poor-rates, in favour of the landlords.

The interest on the public debt of Ireland, for the year ending 5th January, 1842, was £1,186,963; while that on the debt of Great Britain was £28,263,161. The disparity in the amount seems

* We may here observe, in passing, that Mr. Hume's speech on this occasion, as authentically reported in Hansard, is a mine of information on the state of the Suffrage. The existence of such a document should not be forgotten; it might be useful to republish it as a separate pamphlet, with notes, bringing the information down to the present day.

to supersede the necessity of considering nice questions, as to how far Ireland should be held justly involved with Britain in the overwhelming debt with which she has been calamitously burdened. Deducting now this sum from the contribution which Ireland makes to the general revenue of the empire, we have a remainder of £1,597,527. This is what Ireland contributes to the active expenditure of an empire, of which the army and navy cost nearly fifteen millions. This does not look like a very grievous and unequal share of the burden; and the question comes to be: Could Ireland, left alone, "find herself" cheaper? It seems to be the general idea of the repealers—so much have Irishmen experienced of Saxon kindness and disinterestedness—that if Ireland be separated from Britain, she will have nothing to do but to follow her own interest and aggrandizement, backed by the gratuitous protection and assistance of England. Ireland is to trade, manufacture, and economise—England is to protect her with navies and armies. What has Britain ever done to warrant so ridiculous a supposition? Is British gold to be thus diverted from its proper channel? Yea, doubtless, if the Union were repealed to-morrow, our statesmen, as of old, would have their Irish army, and their Irish police too, paid by England; but they would not keep them up for nothing—they would get value according to their own notions of value—a resuscitation of the corruption and oppression of past times, when the protection administered to Ireland was in the blockading of her trade, and the crushing of her manufactures. But this can never be again. Ireland would have her alliances and balance-of-power projects. She might, perhaps, come under the protection of France, as Portugal has been under that of Britain; but France cannot sport subsidies. The protégé would require an army and navy—and pretty formidable ones too—to protect her from the jealous wrath of England. These things would be expensive. As to a stock to commence with, she would, of course, at parting company, be entitled to a share of the goods in communion in proportion to her contribution to the original cost; but she would have to provide for all her current expenses.

Nor would an army and navy be her only expense, in addition to that of supporting a government. She would require a cordon of custom-house officers to superintend the trade with Britain. There would be counter-restrictions and prohibitions. Freedom of trade would, doubtless, be the mutual interest of the two nations; but, from the beginning, the repeal agitation has been clamorous against importation from England, and has denounced the exportation from Ireland to England as a robbery. "Heads you win,—Tails I lose" is the principle which Mr. O'Connell finds in free trade. Our barbarous ancestors were contented with one-half of the fallacy. They counted imports a loss; but they did not double the amount of their calamities by considering the exports in the same light. Is it seriously the view of the Repealers to put an end to the free trade between Britain and Ireland, which their prototypes, the volunteers, fought for and achieved? The resolutions to eschew calicoes and adhere to linen of Irish growth and make; the use of Irish frieze, with repeal buttons and home-made velvet to make it genteel, as a substitute for Yorkshire broad-cloth; the patriotic denunciations of Dutch tobacco-pipes,—are all innocent but expensive follies, which affluent people who can afford to do so, are quite entitled to indulge in. It would be as useless to interfere with these frolics, as with a patriot's determination to grow his own pepper and coffee in his own hot-house. The cost, is the protection of the public against such schemes being voluntarily acted upon: it is only when governors, who can cry, "Sink the expense!" and sleep soundly amidst the crash of bankruptcies, interfere, that they are carried to a formidable extent. And unless it be for the sake of getting the restrictive system sanctioned by laws, we see no change that can be operated by repeal. If the Irish have made up their minds voluntarily to act on the system, they are as free to pursue it at the present moment as they can ever be. The abolition of all imposts on the transfer of commodities between any one part of the world and another, is a blessing; and their restoration, where they have once been removed, would be a curse,—both alike beyond calculation. It is this blessing that the nations of the Prussian league have wisely braved so many impediments to obtain. The restrictions on the commerce with Ireland did not wholly disappear till 1825. During the course of their removal, from the Union to that period, the exports from Ireland into Britain increased from 3½ to 8½ millions. As there is now no money made to the Exchequer by the trade, there are no official returns; but there is no doubt, that since it was completely thrown open, it has increased almost in mathematical progression. M. Porter finds the import of live animals alone into the port of Liverpool from Ireland to have been, in 1837, worth £3,397,760. Between two countries so well-fitted for mutual interchange, he would be a bold man who should mark limits to the benefits that may arise from absolute freedom of trade. Nor are the advantages of like commercial laws and practices to be overlooked. The bill circulation of the British empire is supposed to amount to six hundred millions, and a uniformity of practice as to bill transactions in the two countries, would of itself be worth a considerable proportion of the annual customs duties of Ireland. As matters stand, by the way, such a uniformity has not been sufficiently cared for.

But there is a fiscal alteration, and one of a sweeping and comprehensive character, which if it should follow in the footsteps of repeal, and were not obtainable otherwise, might go far to justify the struggle. This is, the reduction of the customs and excise duties,—of all those duties which affect the consumption of the poorer classes, duties on intoxicating liquors excepted; the latter we would keep at the highest point that would not remunerate the smuggler. We must do the Repealers the justice to say, that they have held forth the reduction of these duties, and the obtainment for the people of

civilized luxuries at a cheap rate, as among their ultimate objects. The Irish exemptions from taxation have been much, and justly attacked; but the working men,—the millions of the poor population, the tale of whose miseries is an overflowing well of sorrows,—are in nothing benefited by them, save in the absence of the soap-tax. It is the same classes who are benefited by the lavish expenditure, that profit by the exemptions. What chance have those whose history adorns the pages of the Poor-Law Inquiry, of reaping advantage by the exemption from the duties on armorial bearings, game certificates, dogs, horses, carriages, and houses with more than eight windows? Yet they have to pay a tax of twelve hundred per cent on their tobacco, and their sugar is trebled in price, to exclude foreign competition. These grievances are not peculiar to Ireland; but it is there that, from the preponderance of the poorer classes, their operation is exhibited on the largest scale. If, in 1825, the assessed taxes were given up to the aristocracy of Ireland, might it not be worth while trying if the democracy of the whole empire can influence the taxes that press upon the poor?

The evils of absenteeism have been prominently urged among the reasons for repeal. It is asserted that a rental of six millions is thus carried out of Ireland. We believe the only effectual means of dealing with this evil is—no thanks to Mr. O'Connéll—now in operation, in the progress of the Poor-Law. The evil consists not so much in the absence of the person of the proprietor, as in the grasping selfishness, and disregard of future consequences, characteristic of the man who believes that property has rights but not duties, and that it is only the instrument of supplying his momentary avarice. It is not less in the hunger it will prevent, than in that which it will appease, that a poor-law will make its greatest conquest. When the tenant ceases to be a mere machine for grinding rent, and must be supported on the land from which he sprung, landlords will cease to find their profit in stretching rents to the utmost that will leave a momentary support to the payer, but will adjust them to a rate that will admit of comfort and content, and call forth the exertion and emulation that are never wanting in Ireland when there is anything there worth living for. How the repeal of the Union can do much to further the return of the exiles, we cannot distinctly see. If the whole power of the Legislature were thrown into the hands of the aristocracy, we can imagine their having some inducement to leave Bath and Cheltenham—for a part of the year, at least; but if the institutions of Ireland are to be democratic, as the sympathizing Americans expect them to be, —if the franchise is to be even as wide as it is at present, we do not see how a parliament in Dublin, and no Italian opera, (Oude's reason for resigning the comptrollership of the kitchen to a Lord-Lieutenant,) would mend matters.

We admit, that as the natural consequence of repeal, there would be a pretty tolerable gathering in Dublin, and sundry butchers, bakers, tailors, and cabmen, would find the whole affair much to their advantage. The pecuniary influence of the change would go little or no farther; and, like all such alterations, it would hurt one class of tradesmen to the profit of another. The removal of so many good customers from the capital at the Union was, we have no doubt, a severe shock to the tradesmen of Dublin, and productive of much hardship. But it is now forty years since the change was made. Trade has fallen into settled channels. Very few of the present shopkeepers of Dublin commenced life with the view of employment from a legislative wisdom in College Green. Many of them, we doubt not, followed their patrons to London, and their children would have to re-migrate if matters were altered. Worthy Mr. Bish, the great lottery contractor, used to make an annual motion for an address to hold a parliament occasionally in Dublin; and the notion was characteristic of a brain accustomed to direct the revolutions of the wheel of fortune.

We cannot admit the theory, that it is a matter of indifference whether a proprietor resides among his tenants or not; but we believe his absence to be a less evil than popular opinion makes it. If it be much felt, it is a sign that there are evils of a far graver hue in the social condition to be remedied. Political economists tell us that the sending money out of a country is merely another word for sending produce; but, apart from this principle, it is in the exertions by which the rent is created, more than in the rent itself, that the wealth of a district consists. The landlord's part is but the surplus left, after the productive energy of the agriculturist or manufacturer has fed a multitude of producers. The landlord spends his income chiefly on unproductive beings,—many of them idle and worthless: and if the removal of this fund of subsistence be a calamity to a neighbourhood, it must be at all times, whether in his absence or in his presence, poor indeed in what constitutes real national wealth—an industrious productive population. Now, we do not deny that this latter is the sad condition of Ireland; but it is not in any efforts having for their ultimate object to force or coax back the landed proprietors, that an effectual remedy can be found. Their return, when it comes, will be but the effect of national prosperity—an effect that, like many others, is in anticipation confounded with its cause. In the meantime, a few of the great capitalists in England, finding temptation to settle in Ireland, would do more for her than the return of half her aristocracy. The field is wide,—the material is good. Irish heads are clear, and Irish hands are strong and active; and, what is of better augury still, Irish hearts are sound and honest, when not corrupted by the poisonous drug of oppression. Let temperance, accompanied by peaceful habits, industry, and self-respect, gain progress. Let it assume the aspect of a deep-seated moral feeling; not merely flashing forth amid the glare of religious enthusiasm, but impregnating itself with the every-day feelings and habits of the people. Then will the land be ploughed, and the seed sown; and who shall predict limits to the abundance of the harvest!

LOVE LAYS.

I.

INVITATION.

Not by Leman's lovely lake,
Or Italy far away,
Where the jocund Sun doth make
Perpetual holiday;
Not in fair and festal Rome,
Not where Venice airy
Piles the palace and the dome
On her waters fairy;
On my own, my Scottish braes,
Where the tall pine darkly sways
O'er the fresh and purple heather
Green-bedappled with the fern,
Fondly, while we stray together,
I will teach, if thou wilt learn,
To love, sweet maid, to love.

Freshly blows the Autumn breeze
High over Ciach-na-Ben,
Fragrant wave the birchen trees
At Dye-brig, low in the glen.
There, if thou with me wilt stray,
Bird in April weather
Never was merrier on the spray
Than we shall be together.
Yes, fair maiden, thou wilt go!
Such sweet silence ne'er meant NO.
Thus my faithful fancy guesses
These bright eyes might ne'er look stern,
And who owns these golden tresses,
She can teach, as well as learn,
To love, sweet maid, to love.

II.

LIKING AND LOVING.

Liking is a little boy
Dreaming of a sea-employ,
Sitting by the stream, with joy,
Paper frigates sailing;
Love's an earnest-hearted man,
Champion of Beauty's clan,
Fighting bravely in the van,
Pushing and prevailing.

Liking hovers round and round,
Capers with a nimble bound,
Plants light foot on easy ground,
Through the glass to view it;
Love shoots sudden glance for glance,
Spurs the steed and rests the lance,
With a brisk and bold advance,
Sworn to die or do it.

Liking's ever on the wing,
From new blooms new sweets to bring,
Nibbling aye, the nimble thing,
From the hook is free still;
Love's a tar of British blue,
Let mad winds their maddest do,
To his haven carded true,
As am I to THEE still.

III.

LOVE'S REASONS.

Tell me why the forky fire
Darting dire,
From its cloud-home dark profound,
Seeks the ground;
Tell me why the magnet's soul
Finds the pole;
Why the warm-rubb'd amber wings
Stirless things;
Tell me why the pungent power
Of the sour,
Harshly wedding, this mate chooses
That refuses;
Why the fragrant birch, with grace,
Decks the face
Of the bare crag; why the willow
Loves the billow;
Why to-day the gentle West
Fans the breast;
Rudely why the North did bray
Yesterday;
Tell me why thy own self art
What thou art
Now, not Pompey, Cicero
Long ago;
Why, with eager agile start,
Thy strong heart
Bounds to-day, to-morrow why
Thou must die:
Tell me this, and I will tell
Why I love my lov'd one well.

IV.

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee
When day's first gleams through the east casement glitter,
When 'neath the eaves the frequent swallows twitter
With busy glee;
When quiet eve, with crimson curtains mellow,
O'erspreads her couch of soft green-tinted yellow,
I think of thee.

I think of thee
In noon-tide's heat, when myriad wings, sun-glancing,
O'erlace sweet waters with their woven dancing,
(Life's revelry;)
In dewy night, when the blithe birds are silent,
And earth, i' the ambient blue, sleeps like an island,
I think of thee.

I think of thee
I' the babbling streets, where din with din contendeth,
And the chaste eye sees much that much offendeth
Chaste eye to see;
In the lone glen, where no rude tread may follow,
Plucking the gem-eyed flowers from shady hollow,
I think of thee.

I think of thee
In happy hour when healthy fancy, firing
The pure-toned blood, wings me with high aspiring,
Noble and free;
When I have sinned, and written mine own sentence,
And the foul stain is washed in fair repentance,
I think of thee.

V.

LOVE'S LULLABY.

Ye waters wildly pouring,
With hollow murmurs roaring,
Plunging o'er the rocky steep
With a furious foamy sweep,
In the cavern'd cauldron boiling,
Turning, tumbling, twisting, toiling,
Sounding from the glen's dark throat
Old hymns of deep and drowsy note;
Ye waters, hollow-roaring,
Lull ye, lull my love asleep!

Ye forests, dark-surrounding,
With hollow whispers sounding,
Breath that stirs the horrid woods,
Voice of vasty solitudes,
Like the sea, with murmurs swelling,
Solemn, sacred, awe-compelling,
Speaking to the pious ear
Like God's guardian presence near;
Ye forests, hollow-sounding,
Lull ye, lull my love asleep.

J. S. B.

MAGIC AND MESMERISM.*

MESMERISM, and Phreno-Mesmerism, seem the prevailing popular frenzy of the hour. The epidemic is, we presume, on the decline in America, where it broke out fiercely about four years back; but it has had a powerful revival in France, where the belief in Mesmerism has languished on for sixty years; while in Britain, in every town, village, and hamlet, adepts of both sexes, professional and amateur, are mesmerizing, and being mesmerized, hypnotizing, or being hypnotized; lecturing (for money) and exhibiting, in illustration of their lectures, the varied phenomena of Animal Magnetism, from the simple rigidity of a finger or a limb up to the highest achievements of phreno-magnetism, ecstatic delirium, and *clairvoyance*. Tailors, hand-loom weavers, sempstresses, and females of no ostensible calling, are all (for money) exhibiting the Mesmeric phenomena in various degrees of perfection, to select private circles—consisting of ladies, idlers, and men of science; while the less profoundly initiated, or the less enterprising, are content to perform before thin or crowded audiences, as it may happen, and generally at very moderate rates. The first crop of these itinerant lecturers and exhibitors in this quarter have been peculiarly unfortunate in their staff; that is, in the adepts who accompany them; clumsy, ill-trained, maladroit rogues, whose bungling performances were enough to ruin any professor, if the great majority of the audiences had not been in the humour of being gulled, while the minority viewed the thing in the light of a broad, acted piece of farce, too absurd to require exposure, and which served to laugh out the hour as well as anything else. It is not easy to say which class of society has been the most tickled with the excitement and palpable humbug of these edifying exhibitions. We restrict these remarks to the platform and private exhibitions in Edinburgh and the neighbouring towns; pronouncing no opinion upon genuine Mesmeric phenomena; a matter for grave and searching investigation, and one quite unconnected with the tom-fooleries and egregious humbug to which we allude. Meanwhile, we have reached a stage in Scotland which may well make England envious. If *clairvoyance* arose in France, and has made a distinguished progress in America, it ought to be remembered that second-sight, and second-hearing, though extinct for generations, was an exclusive attribute of the Scottish Highlanders, and chiefly of the Hebrideans; and, consequently, that modern *clairvoyance* is, in Scotland, but a recovered faculty. Scotland, also, has a prior claim to "The Tongues," though there were powerful "manifestations" both in London and Oxford. The only remarkable difference is, that science now pretends to explain the phenomena which formerly were said to be produced by supernatural influence, or the agency of the Devil. *Clairvoyance* is, we understand, at present as fashionable in Paris as ever was fortune-telling in the palmy days of Le Normand; and *clairvoyance*, we prophesy, will get fast ahead at home; while, instead of the magistrate sending the prophetesses to Bridewell as cheats and impostors, they are petted and well-paid by the ladies, and every encouragement afforded to keep up the deception, and attain greater proficiency in their art.——We therefore apprehend that anything we have yet witnessed in *clairvoyance* will be utterly eclipsed by what is to come hereafter, if proper encouragement be given. We have heard of a female whom a Frenchman, her mesmerizer, for a length of time exhibited at private parties in Boston, at 12 dollars for each exhibition, whose doings take the shine completely out of all that we have yet attained in Scotland. No doubt, after exhibiting in that intellectual city, the American far-seer must have been accredited to every town in the Union, and may still be prosperously pursuing her career. We are not here entering upon the question of the possibility, by certain means, of inducing artificial somnambulism, and even the cataleptic state: which is nothing new, and for which there seems an explicable cause. The agency by which this abnormal condition is produced, is, however, still the subject of controversy, some rejecting Animal Magnetism, who yet, under another name, recognise the Mesmeric phenomena to an extent at which others hesitate. The state of coma being produced, all besides may be resolved into the power of imagination, which has effected greater marvels, even of a curative sort, than have yet been attributed to Mesmerism.

Having, however, in the North, made a hopeful beginning in the development of the sublimer phenomena, and already got far beyond the poor lengths of allaying or curing disease, bringing out "the organs," and rendering patients insensible to pain during the most severe, painful, and protracted surgical operations, we are naturally unwilling to retrogade from our high vantage ground until we shall be driven from it. We have also, as a *moral nation*, laid strong hold on the *moral uses* of Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism. We confess, individually, that we are not prepared all at once to live in a house of glass, and have our curious or prying neighbours looking after all our movements, reading our very thoughts, and depriving us of the useful power

> Still to keep something to oursel
> We scarcely tell to ony.

That belief in Mesmerism has reached this length among us, may be gathered from the consolation administered by a correspondent of one of our ablest newspapers,—consolation under the novel and extraordinary condition impending over society. One might have tolerated such lucubrations in one of the mushroom towns of the Far West, overrun with all sorts of lecturers; but in Edinburgh, in June 1843, it does astonish, not to say humble us, to hear any man gravely saying, "Great terror has been expressed of the extraordinary power of *clairvoyance*. This can only be felt by the wicked; and not by

* A Tale. In 3 volumes. Saunders & Otley.

the good. It is shocking to think how much we are in the habit of forgetting that God sees us, and how terrified we are lest our evil deeds should be exposed to the world's eye. Since, however, too many are unreformed by the thought of God's omniscience, is it not a proof of His extreme beneficence to His creatures to permit a discovery which will effectually check an inconceivable amount of evil, and bring mankind to a strict regard of moral duties. . . . . The power of *clairvoyance* will, doubtless, be eagerly sought after, [no doubt of it,] and, with whatever motive, a belief in its existence may have some influence in improving morals, and in establishing religion on the interpretations placed in our hands by God himself of his marvellous works." It is, at least, pleasant to find that every one can seek after and perhaps attain, this wondrous power for himself—and not be compelled to consult, and pay one of the initiated, when he wishes to peep in and see what mischief his neighbours are about in their blinded parlours and locked closets. One thing is clear: no police, or other crime-detector, should be appointed to office who does not possess *clairvoyance* —if there is to be any farther use either for them or for priestly confessors. How useful to Judges this faculty, if, like our female exhibitors, they can see what is past, as well as present—and also to physicians and lawyers, who never can get at the true facts and real symptoms of cases. There is, indeed, no end to the moral and social advantages of this new power. To a jealous or languishing lover it is exactly the magic-mirror of the ancient magician; he may always know what his absent mistress is about, and thus save anxiety, letter-writing, and postage. How pleasant, and satisfactory, for a neglected wife to look in at the Club, or elsewhere, and see what her truant husband is after—hear what he is saying, and when he thinks of moving homeward! How pleasant for the fagged reporter of the galleries to bring "the House" before his mesmerized eyes, or rather to go to it without the expense of cabs or bodily fatigue, and report all that is said without moving from the fireside! But "the discovery" opens up a field of speculation so vast, a state of society so entirely novel, that we, for the present, waive it. It is enough that men and women, who are in no immediate danger of walking into a draw-well, believe such things probable, or, rather, certain. The powers of magic, necromancy, and sorcery, were, and are believed by the vulgar, to be possessed by only a few persons in compact with the devil; but the men of science who believe to the full extent in the alleged higher Mesmeric phenomena, out-Herod the vulgar when they assert that all mankind are capable of *clairvoyance*. But, if not capable, on how unequal a footing are human beings placed! Those who possess, or have power to acquire the extraordinary faculty, must be supreme masters of the destinies of those shut out from participating in it. What would be an ordinary physician, however able, when compared with one who can look minutely into his patient's viscera, and examine his brain or spine; or Talleyrand himself, to the statesman who, instead of employing spies, and tampering with seals, could at once Mesmerize himself, and be transported, in spirit or by exalted sense, to the privy councils and cabinets of St. Petersburg, Madrid, or the Tuileries?——To come to our tale of *Magic and Mesmerism*, which, in the present fantastic humour of the public, is likely, we think, to make a favourable *debût*.

The tale is said to be founded on facts that occurred about a hundred years ago, when a Jesuit priest, who had atrociously abused his office of confessor, was tried for sorcery. He had corrupted the minds of many young women whose confessor he was, robbed them of their innocence, and obtained an extraordinary influence over them, which was, at last, imputed to magic and sorcery, though the phenomena exhibited were, it is said, precisely those which are witnessed in persons under the influence of Animal Magnetism.——The singular trial of the Jesuit is said to be found among the *Causes Célèbres;* though we do not remember it. The author of the tale appears to be a believer in Mesmerism, to the extent of ecstatic delirium and *clairvoyance*. He concludes, that what in former ages was attributed to sorcery, magic, demoniac possession, and witchcraft, was, in fact, the consequences of Animal Magnetism, or, as others think, of nervous disease, imagination, and trick. The tale is written with considerable power and skill, and has a certain Mesmeric influence. Although it is felt repulsive, and even unwholesome, one is constrained to follow it out. The scene is Toulon; the principal heroine is Catherine Cadières, the inspired and Holy Maid, who, like Isabella Campbell of Row, and other persons labouring under nervous disease, foretold future events, possessed the most exalted *clairvoyance*, and was followed and worshipped as a prophetess, until it was found, too late, that all was delusion, and that the weak-minded and weak-nerved excitable girl, who at last awoke to reason, had been the dupe and victim of a consummate villain and hypocrite. Remarkable instances are not wanting of the power of both priests and presbyters over women, through merely natural magic. But the Jesuit's magic was not simply the art of playing with and inflaming the passions, exciting the mind, and unhinging the reason, but that art or science afterwards named Mesmerism, in which he was a proficient. Protestant young ladies, of enthusiastic temperament and weak nerves and understanding, who are in danger of losing their sober-mindedness and retiring modesty from the ambition to make a distinguished figure in the religious world, or who, through the delusions of vanity, are betrayed into wild fantastical pretensions, may find a useful lesson in the fate of the Holy Maid of Toulon. She was constitutionally a natural somnambulist, and from childhood she had a decided vocation, and was, partly through her mother's excessive vanity, led to imagine that she was born to be a saint. Saintship, it should be noticed, was at that period the only passport possessed by the middle class in France for admission into the society of the aristocracy.

Such was the power of the priesthood, that what

nothing else could effect, religion could; and before its members all doors flew open, all artificial barriers fell. Royalty itself was fain to humble its head before the cowl, and the veil had precedence of the coronet. Hence, perhaps, the secret of many a misnamed religious calling, the source of many a fervent devotion, and of a certain mania for saintship, a prevailing distemperature of mind at that epoch, which was a convenient channel for female ambition.

The young saint was exceedingly beautiful, and the object of the passionate attachment of a young lawyer of great worth and abilities. But spiritual vanity and delusion had shut up the womanly springs of her heart; though she was fluctuating between her natural affections and her imaginary spiritual vocation, when the Jesuit appeared on the scene, and began his magnetic and other practices, under the veil of the most stern and rigid sanctity, the most exalted spiritualism. His first object and his last was the honour of his Order;—to raise the Jesuits of Toulon above the Carmelites of that city, who had the best preachers, the care of the most fashionable souls in the place, and enjoyed more of the favour of the bishop. The ruin, soul and body, of the Holy Maid, was but an episode in the life of the wily Jesuit, who fell under the temptation of her beauty, though his master-passion was the exaltation of his Order. Before the arrival in Toulon of this star of the Order, rumour was busy about his talents, eloquence, and exalted piety. The Jesuits were triumphant by anticipation; the Carmelites incredulous and scornful. When the decisive Sunday arrived, the Carmelites were fairly routed, old and ugly as the Jesuit champion was found to be:—

Already past fifty, his tall, gaunt, emaciated frame made him look considerably older. His skin, sallow and drawn like parchment, adhered tightly to the frontal and cheek bones, giving to their cavities beneath a remarkably ascetic appearance—his pallor, contrasting with harsh, heavy unintellectual brows—his large mouth, and ears that stuck to his head like two plates, formed altogether one of the coarsest and most ungainly exteriors imaginable. His eye was the only redeeming point about the man—large, dark, and fiery, it scanned the assembled crowd with a glance of fierce assurance that seemed the prologue to success, and was not devoid of a sort of rude dignity.

His voice was at first husky, but cleared by degrees, until it became loud and full, and, like his glance, seemed to search every conscience, and descend into every heart. . . . . The Carmelites were routed; and the Jesuits looked that ineffably humble and meek triumph of which women and monks only have the secret.

The fame of Father Girard increased every day:—

Gradually, the churches of the bare-footed Carmelites were deserted, their preachers voted tame, their confessors unsatisfactory, and the tide of public favour was rapidly ebbing from them. Father Girard understood, marvellously, the art of warming the zeal of elderly ladies, and making them denounce and renounce the pleasures in which they could scarcely continue to take a share; but he had for some time no opportunity of exercising his power over the minds of the junior members of the community.

But this time came. Catherine had, in piety, always been the pattern of her young companions, and she, constrained by the will of Heaven, [by Animal Magnetism,] had chosen the Jesuit for her confessor, telling her friends—

It is not Father Girard's brilliant eloquence that has touched me, nor am I dazzled by his great reputation; for I should have resisted both these impulses, as being too worldly to induce me to resign my soul into the keeping of a stranger. No! it is the will of Heaven. You all remember St. John's Day, when Father Girard preached at the church of the Carmelites. The service being over, I was about to depart, when, crossing the porch, I happened to meet him, and caught his eye, as I had often done before, resting upon me. At the same instant, an angel form appeared visibly to me, pointing towards him, and a voice distinctly murmured in my ear—"This is the man who is to lead thee unto Heaven." I well-nigh fainted with surprise, and can well imagine yours in listening to this extraordinary fact. Yet, when we remember how of yore the will of God was revealed in visions to his chosen, we may wonder, but may not doubt. His voice bids me seek Father Girard, to whom, alone, the mission of my salvation is given. I follow not, therefore, my own blind, erring judgment, which might deceive, but the guidance of Providence, which I obey with joyful confidence.

Father Girard had thenceforward the care of the tender consciences of all the young ladies of Toulon, save the soul of one clear-headed and soberly religious girl, who stuck to the old Carmelite confessor, who from childhood had trained them all, and benefited them in many ways. Mademoiselle Raymond told her companions—

"This, I regret to say, seems, to me at least, a mere love of change, caprice, imitation. I, for one, am quite certain of having no part or parcel in Catherine's vision, and I am not likely to be visited by one myself. I shall not, therefore, attend Father Girard either at the confessional or even at mass, though I allow him to be an excellent preacher."

A murmur of disapprobation went round the circle, and the word *heretic*.

To Catherine's lover Mademoiselle Raymond remarked, as they walked home together:—

"You, I am sure, are not bigoted, and will not misunderstand me if I tell you, that I object to Father Girard as a confessor for Catherine on account of his zeal. The good fathers who have until now guided us, used all their efforts to maintain my poor friend within the bounds of real piety, and prevent her imagination from taking too wild a flight. They thought of her happiness and their duty only, and were not, like this idol of the day, struggling for notoriety. I hear that of him which convinces me he will be but too glad to have such a disciple, and will make of her an instrument for the advancement of his own vain-glory and ambition. But I am afraid," she added, hesitatingly, "you will think it very bold in one so young, so inexperienced, to advance such opinions."

Being reassured on this point, she continued,—

"Next to the danger of over-exciting a young person so predisposed to religious enthusiasm as Catherine is, there will be another and very serious evil attendant upon this. There will arise among these young ladies an emulation of holiness, a struggle to get furthest in the esteem and good graces of their teacher, who will know how to turn this rivalship to the advantage of his reputation. His disciples will no longer consider religion a duty, but desecrate it into an occupation—an amusement to fill up the void that must at times be felt in such a quiet life as ours. The loftier feeling of religion will be lost, in the hearts of many, amid its grimaces."

This is among the lessons that we consider excellently adapted to Protestant as well as Catholic young devotees. The greatest change in the character of these girls was soon visible. Some of them had been previously engaged to be married; but their approaching nuptials seemed, by a tacit understanding, to be something savouring of worldliness and levity, which should be altogether eschewed.

They walked as though they dreaded the contact of anything so material as earth, even with the soles of their feet; and their eyes sought the ground as if to avoid the subjects of scandal with which the air around must be filled. Confession, communion, and penance, employed all their days—holy converse with each other their evenings—and melancholy meditations their nights. The great reform that the rector had wrought in these lovely young pupils soon became known, and his power in reclaiming and purifying souls was the theme of every tongue.

The Jesuits deemed their triumph complete; but the Carmelites bided their time with that quiet, untiring patience of which men of the world cannot even form a conception.

But the individual most changed was Catherine:—

Her manner was strange and fantastic. Whenever the subject mentioned before her had no reference to religion, she either sat abstracted, with folded hands and uplifted eyes, the image of pious meditation, or testified, by fretful tones, her impatience of the topic. Instead, however, of listening with lively interest—as might naturally enough have been concluded—when religious discourse was introduced, she was restless and dissatisfied until she had the lead in the conversation. Then she would break out in the most flighty rhapsodies about visions and martyrdoms, saints and devils, temptations and submissions; in short, her language was mystic, and her ideas confused. She assumed a loftiness, a triumph in look, word, and action, that seemed plainly to intimate her consciousness of angel wings fast growing and spreading around her, shortly to waft her to the world of fleecy clouds above, which alone now filled her mind waking or sleeping. Her feet scarcely touched the earth when she walked; a painter must have been struck with the light buoyancy of her figure when in motion, so dreamy was its grace, and he might have borrowed inspiration from the heaven-wrapt expression of her countenance. . . . . She delighted now in the society of none but those who, like herself, were under Father Girard's direction. The intimacy of these young ladies, but lately differing so much from each other in temper, taste, and prospects, was—to borrow their own quaint, exaggerated style of expression—a bond of union; they were but as one in submission and love to Heaven and Father Girard, and through him, and with him, of Heaven's elect. It was, indeed, clear enough to the meanest comprehension, that he was the corner-stone of this alliance; for they met, as it seemed, merely for the pleasure of talking of him, and spent all their powers of figurative language in the ever-renewed struggle of outstripping one another in the most fulsome and extravagant adulation of his sanctity.

They were already under his Mesmeric influence:—

The imagination of poor Catherine was fast ripening at the fires of Saint Theresa's ecstasies of divine love, and Saint Anthony's temptations in the desert—both which, to the reflective mind, must appear but the self-deceits of poor, erring mortals, who had lost their path in life in seeking that to heaven. Her mind, naturally weak, yielding and affectionate, requiring, to maintain its equilibrium, a calm, serene state, was, by this constant effervescence of thought, wearied beyond its power, and in danger of being destroyed altogether. Already her health began to suffer from this feverish excitement: her nights were restless, or visited by the most appalling visions; and her mother, so obtuse in the ordinary matters of life, soon became painfully sensible, by the state of her daughter's nerves, of the necessity of medical assistance, and earnestly consulted Father Girard on the subject. But the rector, who saw, or pretended to see, in the altered state, sinking frame, and disturbed slumbers of his young penitent, nothing but the workings of the Divine Spirit, strongly opposed the intervention of an earthly power, proposed his own aid,—a measure joyfully accepted,—and, finally, established himself as a constant visiter at the house of the Cadières.

Catherine's earthly lover was now tacitly forbidden the house. The Holy and seraphic Maid was no fit object of an earthly love. The slang of people, whether Papist or Protestant, who are in this condition, is well hit off in the subjoined speech made by Catherine's mother, whose vanity in having given birth to so bright a Saint, was now boundless. She was recommending a wife to her saintly daughter's dejected lover, and mentioned several young ladies:—

"There remains, it is true, that half-pagan, half-heretic, Mademoiselle Raymond," she continued, with a frown,—"she has plenty of money to make one forget her uncomeliness; but ah! what can efface the uncomeliness of the heart that comes not unto God?"

"I thought Mademoiselle Raymond gave full satisfaction to the directors of her conscience?"

"The Fathers Carmelite! Lukewarm drowsy set, as they are—Catherine's soul languished beneath their care, like a flower in the shade. No warming up—no elevating—they understood nothing, felt and saw nothing—they would rather have turned away my Catherine from the glorious path she is about to tread, than, like Father Girard, borne her onward in it with a mighty hand."

The plain-featured, but handsome, sensible, kind, and excellent Mademoiselle Raymond, glided by degrees into the warmest affections of the young lawyer, and they were now often drawn together by their common pity and regard for the unhappy Catherine. One day he inquired of Mademoiselle Raymond, with some curiosity, what spell could have been exercised over the female imagination, to attract these young women to so austere and uncomely a person as the Jesuit:—

His very austerity, she said, was, to many women, a charm. Their weakness required a stay, which his severity afforded; their self-love was flattered by the importance which he attached to every trifle connected with his penitents; there was a species of voluptuousness in this petty sinning, constant reproof, performance of daily penances, and the necessity of satisfying his exalted notions of righteousness. It was a perpetual excitement, which chased away all languor from the mind, and kept it in unwearied exercise. The divine love, in short, as taught by Father Girard, had in some sort the advantage of an earthly one. It kept its votaries awake.

Mademoiselle Raymond was still unsuspicious of any *spells* being employed; but she knew the force of that passion for excitement among unoccupied women, which is often attended by even worse consequences than the excitement of worldly dissipation; as, in attending balls, plays, and operas, no woman fancies she is performing any very meritorious, and much less any exalted religious duty.

The sanctity of Catherine now became the theme of every tongue. There had been a signal *revival* among all the young ladies of Toulon; but she was supreme.

Her visions, too, and celestial colloquies, were much talked of—all crowded the Jesuits' church to obtain a glimpse of this beautiful and holy maid; and Father Girard's reputation spread like a mighty shadow, veiling completely the radiance of Mount Carmel—at least, in Toulon. . . . . Poor Catherine held on her course; from visions she passed to miracles, and grew every day more sick, and more saintly, drawing towards her all the praise the town could spare from Father Girard.

About this time Mademoiselle Raymond, unswerving in her attachment to her doomed friend, forced a visit upon Catherine.

Catherine was reclining, listlessly, on a couch, her head propped up by a deep crimson cushion, which, by its harsh contrast, caused the paleness of her features to be more apparent. At the slight noise caused by Eleonore's entrance she started up in nervous alarm, and on perceiving who was the intruder on her solitude, she became yet more agitated. Uncertainty, hesitation, a sort of reluctant shame, seemed to overwhelm her; but when Eleonore approached with open arms, she threw herself into them, and sobbed aloud on her bosom. Mademoiselle Raymond gently led her back to the couch, sat by her side, and still retaining her hand in hers, with the other stroked down her hair with a soothing fondness. Her manner was impressed with an eloquence that needed no words; Catherine evidently felt and understood it, for when she could control the vehemence of her first emotion, she said, in a tone of gentle reproach—

"Oh! Eleonore, why did you leave me for so long, or ever!"

Her friend fancied that poor Catherine felt remorse for having treated her ill, and she tried to soothe her with the kindest expressions of unchanging affection. But she had not touched the true cause of Catherine's grief.

"Oh! it is not that!" she impatiently exclaimed—"not that which torments me—not of that I would speak! Had I but followed your advice from the first, and never come near that *man*, or that you had never left me!"

"It was not my choice," gently remonstrated Eleonore; "you must not forget *that*. Leave Father Girard."

It is said that the unfortunate Edward Irving awaking from his delusions, on his death-bed, expressed a desponding doubt which, under such solemn circumstances, amounted to certainty, "that it was all delusion!" In like manner, poor Catherine began to be troubled with doubts about her ecstatic spiritual condition, and her singular feelings for her confessor, whom she alternately loathed and liked.——But here she reveals the secret of his influence, and her own Mesmeric subjugation to the will of her magnetizer.

"He has taught me the holiness of self-abasement—the necessity of sinning in order to repent—of yielding in all things to the will of Heaven, blindly, darkly, with the heart, not with the understanding."

"And *he*, I suppose," said Eleonore, with a flashing eye and contracted brow—"he is the oracle of that will!"

"Not he alone, he merely expounds it—it is revealed to me in visions, in ecstasies; and the palpable signs of these supernatural communions remain with me!"

"The palpable signs!—I don't understand you!" said the amazed listener.

"Yes, I can show them to you as I have to my mother and brothers. Look here!" and, removing the hair that clustered over her brow and neck, she exposed to view some rather severe and but recently-healed wounds.

Eleonore was mute with surprise.

"Yes," continued Catherine, "these are the inflictions with which the devils are permitted to visit me, during my trances; but do not look so shocked, there is more fear than pain attending them—my soul alone is conscious at such times, my body lies in a state of torpor that deadens feeling."

"This is passing strange," said Mademoiselle Raymond, as she closely examined the marks thus subjected to her observation. "These are but too real, and cannot well have been self-inflicted, even in the worst fit of —of——"

"Insanity, you would say," added Catherine, with a mournful smile. "I am not insane—but, oh! I often dread becoming so!"

"Do these fits—these trances, come over you by day or by night?"

"Both; they sometimes rouse me from my sleep, but, strange to say, it is but to another sort of slumber—a numbness steals over my frame whilst my mind wakens to activity."

"You describe but the state of dreaming, which is common to all," remarked Eleonore.

"Ay," resumed her companion; "but dreams do not extend to the waking moments. This phenomenon overtakes me when I least expect it—whilst talking or walking—even at meals."

"I have read of people being drugged into a forced sleep," said Eleonore, thoughtfully.

"But Father Girard gives me nothing, nor is he always present at such times. When he is, my slumber is more peaceful, and I feel more tranquil on waking. In his absence, the fits are torture; and on their leaving me I am totally exhausted."

"If you do not attribute these accidents to Father Girard, how do you account for them unto yourself and others?" demanded Eleonore, who was desirous to sift the matter to the bottom, and to probe her friend's feelings to the uttermost, before venturing on advice, or even on conclusions.

"I have already told you, I sometimes fancy he has charmed me; but am more often inclined to think myself, like Saint Theresa, one of those elected to suffer and to love, and unto whom mysteries are revealed in visions—through whom and upon whom miracles are wrought."

"This is a most extraordinary delusion," observed Eleonore, carried away by the feeling of the moment beyond the reserve which it was her desire to maintain until the close of the conference. . . . . .

"An unnameable, unaccountable feeling of repulsion at times possessed me, which I could with difficulty control. Well, this was again counteracted by his alternate severity and praise. Thus, even whilst secretly disliking him personally, I derived great benefit from his spiritual guidance. It is remarkable that Marie Langières, Anne Guyol, and all his penitents, have felt exactly like me in this respect. The bright side of my existence—I may even call it its glorious sunshine—was the hope I entertained of treading in the footsteps of the blessed virgins who adorn our church. He taught me to believe myself called to the same path as that of my holy patroness, sweet St. Catherine of Sienna. All the bright dreams of my childhood came back to my heart with renewed freshness. I was like one suddenly transported to the summit of a high mountain, whence the eye could bathe itself in the blue of the heavens, the green of the valleys, the radiance of the setting sun. I looked beyond the very heavens, and I was proud and very happy. My mother and brothers also encouraged me in my new vocation, to the utmost of their power. They already saw the halo of canonization encircling my brow; but we were all too vain-glorious—I especially. In vain did Father Girard warn me of the dangers of this self-exaltation; nothing could damp my glowing ardour; the warning was overlooked, but the punishment was not long in overtaking the fault. One day—I had already been a whole year under his care—he breathed gently on my brow, and looked full into my eyes as he did so. From that hour I have been his slave. He often repeated this form, and each time it drew the chain tighter that bound me to him, until I had no will but his. I could neither act nor feel as I pleased, nor even think. Thus I became, if I may so express it, estranged from my own self.—Oh!—but you cannot understand me—indeed, how should you? I cannot myself,—this perpetual struggle between my own will and that of another, gliding into my very being, was the dark side of that period of my existence."

As Catherine thus unbosomed herself to her friend, she became hardly intelligible.

After a time, her beatific visions completely changed their character.

"I had already had many visions of a mystic and holy character, all of a nature to flatter my inordinate vanity; but now came one predicted by Father Girard, in

which I was told I should be possessed for more than a year by evil spirits, to whom the power of tormenting me should be given, in order that a soul in much pain should be freed from purgatory. From that time, my trances have changed their heavenly form,—foul fiends have haunted me under every shape, and burnt wounds into my flesh, which, upon waking, I still found there. Father Girard told me this was necessary to my soul's weal and to the perfection of my character, as well as implicit blind obedience to him in all things. . . .

"Father Girard must know best. He has forbidden me prayer; saying, that it is not an efficient means of binding myself to God: that has cost me the severest pang of all. But since I have fallen into the power of the spirits of darkness, I *can* no longer pray, even when I feel most the necessity for so doing. There is a moral impossibility, a clog on my thoughts, a seal on my lips, which all the warm impulses of my heart, and even the force of habit, are inadequate to vanquish. This is one of my greatest torments, which I am sure you, who knew me when the outpourings of my spirits flowed as freely from my lips as water from its source, will be well able to imagine."

"There may be a remedy to all this," said Eleonore, thoughtfully. "Have you thought of none?"

"Exorcism might afford a relief to my soul, and a physician to my enfeebled frame; but it is for my own future weal and glory that all this should be unflinchingly borne. How high the price at which both are bought, none shall ever know but myself. Oh! Eleonore, conceive, if you can, what are my feelings; when, in spite of all that *he* can say, I sometimes doubt if my path is a right one,—dread that I am altogether misguided,—that Father Girard is the only evil spirit which torments me! When that idea crosses my brain, I am for hours the prey to despairing regrets and the bitterest remorse. Then he comes and talks me over, or barely looks at me—for he reads my thoughts at a glance,—and I repent my miserable guilty doubts, so that my soul is ever dark and troubled as the most tempestuous night."

"It was once clear as a summer morning," said Eleonore, spiritedly; "why should not the mists that obscure it clear up again?"

Here every detail and circumstance of Father Girard's power over his penitents is referred to the agency afterwards named Mesmerism. Of that principle, a character in the story,—the individual, indeed, who relates it to a young German officer long after the events,—thus argues,

It is worthy of remark, indeed, that in the exposition of practical magnetism, Mesmer's directions tally so completely with some of the fantastic assertions of the talented secretary of Charles V., [Cornelius Agrippa,] in his occult philosophy, that on these points, at least, it may be said they have treated one and the same subject. And it is a no less remarkable fact, that every detail which has transpired concerning Father Girard and his penitents can be referred to that system, and, in my opinion, to nothing else.

You may adduce, and with truth, that by playing upon the mind—especially in youth—exalting and debasing it by turns, it is easy, without the assistance of any extraneous agency, to affect the reason, if not actually to destroy its equilibrium. You may further urge, and with equal truth, that so complete is the power which he who wields skilfully the dangerous weapon called enthusiasm may obtain over his miserable victims, it remains no difficult task to sway, not only their judgment, but their feelings also. It is, indeed, the knowledge of numerous cases handed down to us in history, and even still of daily occurrence, in which fanaticism conducts to crime,—to madness,—even to death, that has caused me sometimes to hesitate in my conclusions.

Had this, however, been the Jesuit's real hold on Mademoiselle Cadières, it is not likely that she would have struggled so painfully with the influence he exercised over her; she would rather have yielded cheerfully and wholly to it. But it is averred by the most experienced writers on the subject of magnetism, that the operator has an unlimited power over the patient, obtained by the concentration of his own thoughts, and their transfusion into the mind of the person subjected to this process, either by means of manipulation, which supposes consent in the party concerned; or by the mere attraction of gaze, and sympathy with surrounding objects submitted to the ordeal of magnetism by the one party, and unconsciously much used by the other; which does not imply connivance. This was the case with Mademoiselle Cadières and all the worthy Father's penitents, who yielded to, or rather suffered by an artifice whose very nature and existence was totally unknown to them.

When once affinity is established between the master and the patient,—or victim, as the case may be,—that strange psychological phenomenon takes place, of which I have often read in works on magnetism, but which I have never witnessed, or even heard of in real life, except in the case of Mademoiselle Cadières,—I mean that state of high exaltation of the nerves, which permits spirit to commune with spirit without the grosser intervention of the organs of speech,—when the half-formed thought is met by a corresponding thought, and the unspoken, unspeakable feelings are, at once, conveyed to a heart that throbs,—that *must* throb with sympathy;—a communion so full of harmony that, when we first contemplate its nature, we are excusable in believing it to belong to spheres and to beings of a higher order than ourselves, and the little world that contains us;—but when we bethink ourselves of the further consequences of this latitude, and perceive that the will of man, the noblest, holiest of his attributes, is also to be enchained by the same mysterious link between a stronger and a weaker mind, while both are yet clothed within their frail human tenements, liable to be shaken and riven by human passion, we shudder and turn away from the picture of mental degradation which this subject may offer to our view.

The antagonists of Mesmer have advanced a fact which, if true—as it seems likely enough to be—would bear me out in my supposition of his science being applicable to this particular case. They assert that magnetism is highly prejudicial to the health, and, by overexciting, is apt to cause the most serious derangements of the nervous system,—that the senses are frequently brought to a state betwixt waking and sleeping, which can hardly be said to be either, and yet partakes of both,—that this unnatural condition, in which the intellect is constantly struggling betwixt its perceptions of the real and the unreal, is most dangerous alike to mind and body, and that magnetism can produce other consequences as fatal to the sufferer as the convulsions which are its usual accompaniment.

After this meeting of Catherine and her friend, it was rumoured that the Holy Maid was about to retire to a convent and take the veil. Such was the fiat of the Jesuit. The seducer willed to immure his victim; and when dragged to the convent, the care of the soul of the beautiful saint—the Holy Maid—still occupied so much of his time, that his other fair penitents became jealous and discontented because they saw so little of him. Catherine was meanwhile rapidly advancing towards canonization.

Serious rumours now began to circulate about miracles having been wrought upon Catherine, visibly and palpably impressing her with the sign-manual of special election; and they soon became not only universally discussed, but credited in every circle, drawing the attention of the clergy and the great, in a marked manner, towards the convent. . . . . At Ollioules, as at Toulon, Catherine had trances, ecstasies, and fits of a character that almost bordered on epilepsy. At other times, she seemed to walk, talk, and exist, like one in a perpetual dream. The miracles spoken of had

indeed wrought visibly on her person. She received the communion, and confessed almost daily with Father Girard; and the fame of her sanctity spread far and wide over the country, so that priests and *laics*, grandees and beggars, devotees of all classes, ages, and sexes, were daily entreating admittance to this new saint, of whom the strange fact is recorded, that she could read the thoughts, and guess the ailings or troubles, of those who approached her, before they had even spoken them.

Miraculous cures and heaven-inspired advice was soon reported to have emanated from her, and curiosity attracted even those to see the lovely saint of Ollioules whom credulity did not bring to her shrine.

Fashionable ladies came from Paris and the court to see and listen to the inspired novice, quite as much excited as are the Parisian ladies at this moment about Mesmerism, and women pretending to *clairvoyance*. Catherine's former lover now began to think that in this grand imposture she must herself be the arch-deceiver, and the Jesuit her dupe. He was far from suspecting the atrocity of the priest, and he had not yet wholly ceased to love her. Her friend Eleonore, at this time, magnanimously volunteered to repair to the convent, and bring him a report of the real condition of the prophetess. Eleonore Raymond went and was a witness of many things precisely similar to those exhibitions of *clairvoyance* which have long been naturalized in France, and which—thanks to the march of mind—may now be witnessed in every considerable town in our own country, at very reasonable cost. Catherine's revelations were, however, more imaginative and poetical; and, unlike the modern oracles, she never failed, which, spite of all the charitable help voluntarily, and involuntarily given, our prophetesses often do.

The abbess and nuns began to indulge strange worldly suspicions; and, though they durst not question the supernatural powers of the Holy Maid, they fairly wished her out of their house before scandal arose, and begged her spiritual director to take her away. Father Girard still visited her frequently, and claimed the privilege of being left for hours shut up with his penitent. He now saw the necessity of withdrawing her to another and more remote convent, in which the rule was much more austere than among the kind nuns with whom the unhappy girl had performed her noviciate. She, however, found means to send a note to her mother, imploring to be taken home, else she would perish! When visited at this time, she was found by her two faithful friends, now betrothed lovers, apparently dying, her person meagre and neglected, her beauty despoiled, her mind shattered, or utterly crushed and prostrate. She acknowledged that she would like to go home, if Father Girard would allow her—but he never would. "Exert your own will," said her friend.

"Why should this redoubted Jesuit wish to immure you here, or anywhere else?"

"Because he wishes my speedy death now he has ceased to like me; that is why he wishes me to go to Saletta. He may cheat others with fair words, but from *me* he cannot hide his thoughts."

"I daresay you know him thoroughly. But knowing him and his purposes well, why not defeat them?"

"I may not," muttered the novice, with a slight shudder.

"Then why write to your mother to take you away?"

"I don't know," was the disconsolate answer.

"If Father Girard be persuaded to let you go,—if he gave his free consent, what then?"

"Then—then I should be saved!" exclaimed Catherine, with some vivacity. "But, no: he never will consent!"

"He must have strange reasons for this insistance, Catherine."

"Of course he has. It would never do if the world at large were to learn that he is a magician—a sorcerer—and has bewitched me! But the lady abbess and all this community know it, and do not approve of my vocation, nor of him,—that is why I am to be withdrawn hence."

Catherine was brought home, suffered severely, and was tortured by the exorcisms of the Carmelites; but at length she was emancipated from the Mesmeric influences of the Jesuit, who, when the truth came out, was, through the intrigues of the jealous Carmelites, brought to trial for sorcery, seduction, and *Quietism*. This charge was met by the Jesuits, by that of Catherine having been a sacrilegious impostor who had deceived her spiritual director; and it was rumoured that the Bishop was about to prosecute her and her family for conspiracy, and for the defamation of Father Girard the Jesuit.

This news was the more startling, that it was well known throughout all coteries and classes that Catherine was no more of an impostor than any of the other young females who had come within the fangs of the wily priest; that all had been alike seduced from the path of innocence and honour, many of whom were even more unfortunate in the consequences of their fault than poor Catherine. All these were facts too well established to be disputed; and public opinion altogether flowed in her favour.

The singular trial was one of interest in France, equal to that of Madame Laffarge. People came all the way from Paris to attend it. The Lady Abbess and the mother of the novices were important witnesses for Catherine, and so were her young companions, the other victims of the Jesuit; while the Jesuits did everything that money or intrigue could effect, to screen their fallen brother from conviction.

They were moving heaven and earth; exhausting at once their credit and their treasury, to save a wretch whom it would have been wiser, cheaper, more honest, to have left to the justice of his countrymen. The most shameless and persevering corruption was tried upon the witnesses. Some, whom promises could not seduce, were intimidated by threats—anonymous letters were despatched to those who could not be openly addressed in the strains in which they were penned—in short, every engine was at work to crush, if possible, the accusers along with the accusation. . . . . Catherine, whom they had threatened with the rack and the faggot if she persisted in her vile falsehoods—thus the Jesuits were pleased to style her artless admissions, so unwelcome and disparaging to themselves—menaces, which she well knew were not idle breath, yet remained unshaken in her high resolve of unmasking vice and villany, let the consequences of her bold but virtuous deed be what they might.

The trial, as detailed, is full of interest. Catherine's former lover,—now the affianced husband of her friend,—unable to avert the exposure of her dishonour, which the envy of the Carmelites forced on, was her zealous and able advocate. The evidence in the extraordinary case was strong and clear; and that of the other young women whose confessor Father Girard had been, fully confirmed Catherine's testimony.

In admitting their individual dishonour, they one and all, like her, swore to breathings on the brow, fixed and prolonged gazes that bewildered their senses, and declared their conviction that their ruin had been accomplished by means of foul, dark acts of magic. Indeed, in spite of the enlightenment of that or any other period, it was next to impossible to assign a rational cause for the errors of so many youthful maidens in favour of the prisoner at the bar. It was difficult to believe these young victims, all equally perjured, willing abettors of a detestable fraud; and yet human reason was confounded in the inextricable labyrinth into which their disclosures were well calculated to involve it.

Thus ended the first day; and with perturbed, agitated spirit, did every single individual of that countless throng return to his home or his inn, as the case might be, to discuss throughout the livelong night possibilities that seemed to verge on the impossible; and dreamy questions, that led to anything but the sweet oblivion of slumber.

Had Mesmer but been there to give a new name to that mysterious phenomenon of nature, whose definition in darker ages, by their few and much-calumniated philosophers, has become a despised and contemptible by-word,—had Mesmer proclaimed his startling propositions to those whose minds the artless revelations of a few simple, uneducated young women had so much perplexed,—all would have been explained. Father Girard had been held a magician no longer; but a perfect adept in Animal Magnetism would have been unmasked at once.

The trial occupied many days, and all went favourably for Catherine. The Abbess and sisters established, by indisputable evidence, the motives which the confessor had, or might have, to practise magical arts on his penitent, and

The singular phenomenon of an exalted state of *clairvoyance* and artificial somnambulism of which the unfortunate Catherine had furnished so striking an example, was deposed to by physicians, doctors in divinity, nuns, and chance witnesses of every grade and station, and details were furnished which, as might well have been imagined, excited the court even more than all that had gone before. In short, to avoid wearying your patience as much as possible, no case was ever more complete as to evidence. There was not the least shadow of a doubt left wherein to conceal Father Girard's shame, nor outlet, however small, for him to creep through.

The Jesuit, when examined, completely broke down, subdued in mind and body; while Catherine acquitted herself nobly.

The Jesuits, ever since the beginning of the affair, had scarcely ventured to pass through the mob, so intense was the execration in which they were held at that moment by the very people who had worshipped them with slavish respect but a few short days before. The excitement within and without the court was at its height.

The spectators had nosegays of white flowers at their breasts, as if in joyous expectation of the triumph of that innocence for whose emblem they had been selected. Catherine looked still more beautiful than on the previous days, though somewhat more moved than usual; a slight blush suffused her face at almost every alternate minute, and her eyes more frequently sought those of her trembling mother, who was scarcely less an object of deep sympathy and interest than herself.

The judges seemed more perturbed and gloomy than ever, and turned no friendly glances towards the plaintiff and her advocate. . . . .

Once, and once only, did that advocate's eye light upon the Jesuit's countenance, whose every movement he had hitherto watched, nevertheless, most carefully. He seemed moody and absorbed, but in great measure recovered from the abject consternation and terror which had overwhelmed him throughout the proceedings of this harassing trial. The advocate remarked, that in the course of that morning he had helped himself repeatedly from a water-flask that stood near, in order, as he thought, to calm his inward perturbation; and when his glance fell on him, he was in the very act of raising a glassful of the pure element to his lips. There was nothing in this simple movement to excite any attention, and the advocate soon turned his thoughts to other objects. Shortly afterwards, Catherine feeling much exhausted, one of the inferior officers about the court approached her with a tumbler of fresh water, which was accepted, and drained at a draught. . . . . .

The examination of other witnesses went on, and, finally, Catherine was again confronted with Father Girard. Her behaviour in public had been, until that moment, in such perfect accordance with the sentiments she expressed in private, that her advocate no longer watched her with the same keen, sickening apprehension which at first his doubts of her stability had occasioned. But now there was something so strange and unsteady in the sound of her voice, as to cause him to start and look round, when the change that he beheld in her whole mien and bearing riveted at once his eye and his attention.

Had the wand of an enchanter touched her, and that wand been invested with all the mysterious qualities ever bestowed on it by the most generous imagination, it could not have wrought a change more complete, and to her friends and well-wishers more appalling. Her eyes wandered with uncertain, dreamy gaze from object to object, or sought the ground, not, however, from natural bashfulness, but from a heaviness that seemed to press the lids forcibly down; her lips and brow were contracted as if by an intense effort at collecting thought; her answers were broken, dark, vague, unconnected; and the light from within, that had irradiated her countenance and diffused its brightness into every lineament, seemed fading away from her perplexed brow, on which the mists that had lain so heavy on it at St. Claire's were slowly again gathering.

Gradually as Catherine lost her self-command—and that, too, at the most critical moment of her fate,—Father Girard assumed an air of growing courage, as much at variance with his hitherto abject timidity and unmanly incoherency. His manner grew proportionably assured, as that of his opponent lost firmness; the advocate gazed in speechless amazement; whilst the judges exchanged smiles, that showed how much this change relieved their minds at that decisive hour.

The rest passed with the rapidity and with the indistinctness of a dream. The advocate more than once made a violent effort as if to awake from some troubled vision, as he heard Catherine, in a hurried, confused manner, recant, one by one, every word she had before spoken, deny every fact that had been proved by irrefragable evidence,—assert herself a mean impostor, the tool of a vile conspiracy,—Father Girard, an injured saint,—herself, her friends and supporters, the vilest of sinners that ever trod the earth.

When Catherine was next day visited in her dungeon by her advocate, she asserted that the glass of water alone had produced such extraordinary effects, and he was more than ever bewildered. Father Girard, she said, had by some means charmed it.

"Scarcely had the draught passed my lips, when I felt its intoxicating qualities mount to my brain. I was lost in a world of deception; everything appeared under a new light—myself a monster; *he* was again, for the hour, the master of my soul, and I felt, thought, and spoke as he desired; the spell was again on my brain, on my heart, and my lips obeyed its suggestions. Oh! how could you imagine that of my own free will I could have uttered such horrid falsehoods—have thrown shame and danger on the innocent to save the guilty—sacrificed Father Nicholas, my brothers, my poor mother, for whom?—for that monster? No! surely you cannot think that, left to my own free will, I could ever have done this. It is impossible!"

A second trial was with difficulty obtained before the Parliament of Aix, and truth triumphed over Jesuitry and sorcery or *Mesmerism* combined; though, while Catherine was pronounced *innocent*,

Father Girard was declared *not guilty*, and made over to his superiors. The whole phenomena and incidents of the singular case, are represented as coinciding in every particular with the phenomena of modern Mesmerism; the trances, the visions, the *clairvoyance*, the fits and convulsions, the breathings on the brow, the signs of the cross, or wavings over her person and head; all were similar to the operations and effects of what is now named *Animal Magnetism*. It is said, "the charm that bound a young and lovely girl to an old, disgusting monk, and the magical influence of the glass of water, and even the vision which made Catherine choose Father Girard for her confessor, are completely in the course of Mesmerism."

Starting from the fact of her being from childhood upwards afflicted with natural somnambulism, thus predisposed to magnetic slumber, and by her constitutional delicacy laid open to every attack on the nerves, how easy for a man like Father Girard to practise upon her the dangerous skill which he had, doubtless, long before acquired by a close study of the old occult philosophers and mediciners.

As has already been seen in the course of the narrative, the advocate had no doubt but that primarily the Jesuit used this powerful agency merely as a means of exalting and guiding the human susceptibilities, in such a manner as to confer honour upon himself and his Order; but that his unbridled licentiousness, in spite of his better reason, led him away from his original design. Such a supposition is, however, but speculative.

It is easy, in many instances, to trace the numerous miracles and saintships that agitated France about that period to the same cause; showing that Father Girard was by no means the first monk who had made himself master of this mystery, though, perhaps, few ever adapted it to such vile ends.

But where unfair means are put into the hands of weak erring mortals, who can vouch for the purposes to which they may be applied? The moral of my tale is, therefore, that though I most firmly believe in the existence of such an agency as Mesmerism, and even think it might, in some cases, be turned to a good account, it is my conviction that it would for the most part be made an abuse and a nuisance of; perhaps, even as I have shown, admit of crime to which, unhappily, there are but too many inlets into the world without human ingenuity seeking to add to them.

Yes, I know that such a science exists; but I am of opinion *that no government should allow it to be in any way practised within its boundaries; that no conscientious person should meddle with it, and that no prudent one should expose himself, or any member of his family, to its influence; and that, as a thing more likely to lead to evil than to good, it should be just sufficiently accredited to put people on their guard against it, but certainly not made the object of particular research or inquiry; its eventual utility to mankind not being sufficiently established to make it worth the student's while.*

The moral is sound, but too weak to counteract the influence of this attractive but unhealthy tale; though, while Mesmerism is so much in vogue, it may be right to supply a popular antidote.

Unregulated enthusiasm, and the magical power of the passions in vain and unstable minds, is equal to everything alleged here to have been produced by Mesmerism. It would not do to absolve women from their moral responsibilities, nor to burn men as sorcerers, because, to take a familiar case, and one quite in point, a Dr. Lardner may seem to have enchanted or magnetized a Mrs. H——, a case that Mesmerism, were it true, would at once satisfactorily account for. It will not do to shift the blame of errors, once conveniently laid upon the stars, to the Mesmerizers. Dr. Elliotson, though pretty far gone in the science, disclaims the alleged power of the Mesmerizer over the will of the Mesmeree, who is compelled, it is averred, to act, think, suffer, taste, smell, and feel, as the more potent spirit chooses to ordain; to be in complete subjection to his absolute will. No one, he says, can be Mesmerized against their will; though, by his own account, Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield surely took Miss O'Key at vantage when he was suddenly converted. What power of resistance—what *will* could a poor half-conscious girl, dangling over a balustrade, oppose to a gentleman who stole on, and made passes at her behind her back, unless she could, like others in her condition, see with the back of her head—and so apprehend her danger?

Mr. Wakefield had been induced to witness one of Dr. Elliotson's wonderful exhibitions of Mesmerism. He had gone an unbeliever; and, when the experiments were over, was retiring at least sceptical, when, in passing through a gallery of the Hospital, "he accidently noticed one of the O'Keys, with her back to him, hanging over the balusters, and still in the Mesmeric delirium, and therefore highly susceptible. He thought this a most favourable opportunity to test her, because he was satisfied that she could not see anything that he did. He made a pass behind her back at some distance, and she was instantly fixed and rigid, and perfectly senseless. He had sense enough to believe his senses; was satisfied of the truth of Mesmerism, and has since mesmerized many hundred persons, and spread the truth widely."

This was indeed a sudden and remarkable conversion; but how, we again ask, could Miss O'Key's *will* have protected her from the magnetic influence of Mr. Wakefield? The wonder was, that thus left to roam about alone, she had not tumbled over the balusters and broken her neck.

THE SERENADE.

(FROM UHLAND.)

"What from my slumbers wakes me now,
With sweetest music's power?—
O mother, see! who can it be
In this deep midnight hour?"

"I nothing hear, I nothing see—
Break not thy slumbers mild!
No lover tunes his lute for thee,
Thou poor, pain-stricken child."

"It is not earthly music, this,
Which makes my joy so light—
The angels call me with their songs—
O mother, dear, good night!"

J. R.

PERAULT; OR SLAVES AND THEIR MASTERS.

(Concluded from page 416 of our July Number.)

CHAPTER XIX.

WALDENBERG was sitting alone in his library when Miss Bellgrove was announced; and she had scarcely crossed the verandah when he was at her side. "This is an honour," he exclaimed, as he pressed her hand to his lips; "an honour, indeed, that I little anticipated."

"I fear it may be deemed a rash intrusion," she answered, smiling.

"Say not so," he answered; "surely an angel of mercy may deign to visit the afflicted."

Matilda sighed, and spoke not till they entered the drawing-room and were seated; when, after a few words of every-day courtesy, she at once explained to Waldenberg the object of her visit, and used every effort to gain him over to befriend Zama. He listened with his eyes bent steadfastly on the ground, now and then biting his nether lip, and knitting his brows; and when she had ended, he said, "You seem deeply interested for this negro!"

"I am," she eagerly answered. "I ever found him faithful, generous, and affectionate."

Waldenberg started, and bent upon her a look of searching scrutiny; but, unconscious of his gaze, Matilda continued: "And then his poor sister, Zada, was the companion of my childhood and my friend." Here her voice trembled as she looked up in Waldenberg's face. "Surely," she said, "you have not harmed *her?*"

"*Her!*" exclaimed Waldenberg; "harm *her?* I really do not understand you."

"Say that Zada is safe—save Zama, and I will forgive all," said Matilda, imploringly.

He drew his hand across his forehead as he muttered, "Zada? I remember now—the dog accused me of carrying off his sister, when he struck me to the earth.—Miss Bellgrove," he added, aloud, "I cannot, will not, interfere on this negro's behalf."

"If you have any humanity," said she, "do not, I implore of you, wreak your ill-judged vengeance on the poor lad!"

He frowned bitterly, and striking his heel on the floor, answered in a deep, stern voice,—"If every hair on that negro's head could ransom a universe,—if every breath he drew, could save a soul from perdition,—I would not, and I *shall not* save him!"

"This is fearful!" said Matilda, shuddering. "But surely, when Matilda Bellgrove asks you to befriend one who saved her life, you will not scorn her entreaties."

"I know that the negro saved your life, Miss Bellgrove," said the Colonel, fiercely. "I saw him save you from the Indians—yet, in that hour of dread and danger, I also saw the base-born dog press his burning lips to your cheek!"

"Slanderous liar!" exclaimed Matilda, starting to her feet, her eyes flashing like fiery orbs, and her whole frame convulsed with passion. The blood suddenly rushed from her cheek, and left her deadly pale, then flowed again, dying her face and bosom with the deepest blushes. "Yet," she said, as she recovered her power of speech, "I have acted wrong in degrading myself so far, as to solicit favours at the hand of one so utterly beneath contempt; or to talk of pity and mercy to one who has not the common feelings of a man!" She turned, and proudly walked from the apartment, leaving Waldenberg overwhelmed with confusion and regret. He saw the rashness of his conduct, and would have thrown himself at her feet and sued for pardon, but stood rooted to the spot, without the power to move, till looking up, he encountered the stupefied and perplexed countenance of Whackie, who stood, with gaping mouth, staring at him. "Here, fellow," cried Waldenberg, drawing a well-filled purse from his pocket, and placing it in Whackie's hand, "take that—fly after your mistress—delay her for one moment—I wish to speak to her—fly!"

Poor Whackie knew as much about love's diplomacy and bribery, as he did about Hebrew or High Dutch; and naturally thinking the purse was intended for his mistress, hurried after her. Matilda was just stepping into her carriage, when the negro called on her to stop. "Coram Wallinbeg want for speak wid you, and he was send you dat." He placed the purse in her hand, but started back, as she suddenly dashed it at his feet, and with flashing eyes, exclaimed—"What! insult upon insult! Colonel Waldenberg may thank his stars that I am not a man, otherwise he would pay dearly for his conduct." She stepped into the carriage and drove off, leaving Whackie more confounded than ever. He had just enough of sense left to perceive, that Matilda was insulted; and, highly indignant at Waldenberg, he picked up the purse to return it to him.

"Will your mistress consent to see me?" cried Waldenberg, as Whackie entered his presence again.

"No," answered Whackie, sulkily.

"What says she?" inquired the Colonel.

"She says, she get a man to gib you good lickee for insult she. She no want you money—she no take um," said Whackie, as he tossed the purse on the table.

"The fellow's mad," exclaimed the Colonel. "I gave you no money to give her."

"O Lor! wot a lie!" exclaimed Whackie.

The Colonel darted at Whackie like an enraged tiger. "Curses on you!" he exclaimed, "you have ruined me, you black dog! I will tear you limb from limb!"

Whackie did not await the onset of his foe, but fled from the apartment with the utmost speed, tumbling over one of the quadroon footmen, and rolling headlong down the outer staircase; then starting up, vaulted over the closed gateway, nor halted till he had gained the innermost recess of his master's kitchen.

Miss Norrisville was sitting alone in her apartment when Matilda returned, and was surprised to see her cousin enter in a state of violent agitation. Springing towards her, she caught her in her arms, and kindly inquired the cause thereof; when Matilda, leaning her forehead on her fair cousin's bosom, burst into a flood of tears. Suddenly shaking the cloud of sorrow from her brow, she said, "It is past now; I am only angry at myself for being so blinded." The cause of her grief was soon told; and Letia gave free vent to her honest indignation at Waldenberg's rash and ungentlemanly conduct.

The period fixed for the execution of Perault, and the other ringleaders of the plot, was rapidly drawing nigh; and such was the dread felt by the white population of another outbreak, that many of the principal families quitted the city, and retired to the Northern States, and to such other places they considered safe.

Waldenberg resolved to give one blow to the temper and pride of Maitland, which he hoped would gall him to the heart's core. Knowing that Maitland was averse to the wholesale butchery of the condemned negroes, he arranged so that more than twenty of them should be executed on one gallows, and at the same moment; and caused the orders for carrying of the sentence into effect, and superintending the execution, to be placed in the hands of Major Maitland. Against so broad an insult as this, Maitland at once protested, and forwarded the resignation of his commission as major in the Cadet Brigade. Had Waldenberg been in a fit state to meet him in a hostile encounter, he would instantly have challenged him; but the Colonel, knowing the proud and fiery nature of his rival, cautiously kept out of his way, and confined himself to his own mansion, on the allegation of ill health.

While Maitland was chafing against the studied insult he had received, Mr. Bellgrove, accompanied by Lieutenant Galliard, called on him. To them he unfolded all the story of his wrongs, and announced his determination to retire from the city.

"I have been thinking of leaving the city also," said Mr. Bellgrove; "but must retire with my friends to the Northern States; for, in the present excited state of the plantations, I cannot think of my friends risking their lives by returning amongst the negroes."

"And I," said Maitland, smiling, "mean to retire to my own plantation on the coast, and take up my abode amongst negroes, whose affection and fidelity I can depend upon."

"As for me," said Galliard, "my negroes are nearly all in this confounded plot together; and if some of the poor fellows should be executed, the rest will be up in arms beyond all doubt."

"Then, gentlemen," said Maitland, "I shall be most happy if you will accompany me to Tenda Cove. Mr. Bellgrove, if you can influence your fair nieces to risk themselves among my faithful negroes, it will afford me much pleasure to watch over their safety till the city becomes more settled."

Mr. Bellgrove caught him by the hand, and said, "Joyfully do I accept of your kind invitation; and, therefore, I shall burden you with my whole household for a season."

"And I with mine," said Galliard.

Maitland expressed his pleasure at the ready acceptance of the invitation; and Mr. Bellgrove and Galliard hurried homewards to make the necessary preparations.

Miss Bellgrove and Letia received the invitation with much pleasure; for they had long wished to see a plantation so much spoken of, and so highly praised as was Maitland's. Maitland sent an express to Tenda Cove to prepare for their reception; and, in the course of the afternoon, the whole party embarked for the plantation, attended by several of their household negroes.

On approaching the island, the party beheld a large body of negroes drawn up on the beach; and Mr. Bellgrove cast an anxious and alarmed glance at Maitland, who, smiling, answered the look.

"There are an immense number of negroes on the beach," said Mr. Bellgrove. "In such troublesome times as these, such numbers might excite alarm."

"Were every planter as certain of a loving welcome from his servants, as I am from mine, he would not dread to encounter them," answered Maitland.

Amid loud cheers and shouts of joy, the party landed on the beach. The negroes seemed actually frantic with rapture, at beholding Maitland. Old men pressed forward to meet him; the young ones were jumping with joy; negro mothers were elevating their little chubby, black, pudding-looking piccaninnies, to get a view "ob Massa;" and the little ones crowed, and kicked, and laughed, with as much glee as their seniors: it seemed a perfect jubilee among the negroes. And as Maitland walked along, with Miss Bellgrove leaning on his arm, the acclamations of the crowd around him sounded more grateful to his ears than any praises he had ever met with. He cast a proud and happy look on the joyous, sable mob; and their merry countenances beamed with redoubled pleasure on catching the kind looks of their "young Massa." The company now entered a long shady avenue of orange, fig, pride-of-India, and magnolia trees, beautifully arranged; and, on each side of the avenue, deeply embowered in their shade, stood the huts of the negroes. Each negro had his beautiful garden in front, and its porch trimmed with vines and jessamines; and flowers of brilliant hues tastefully laid out, glittered here and there.

"I thought," said Matilda, "that my own plantation of Myrtlegrove vied with any in the South; but this surpasses it by far."

Maitland was about to answer, but was interrupted by a band of negro children, all neatly dressed, who came pressing around them, offering them flowers and fruit. "Ah! Massa, good Massa, do take one from me"—"Do take present, Massa"—"I keep all dese flowers for you, Massa"—cried some of the little ones, offering him beautiful nosegays of the rarest flowers. "And de pretty lady, too," cried another. "Ah! Missee, oblige me

by taking some fruit: see here be nice peach and nectarine—I keep all for Massa; and if you come and be our pretty Missee, we gib you all de flowers and de sweet fruit. Do take some, dear lady." Had the party taken all the fruit and flowers offered them, they would have had a wagon-load; and the wild joy the negroes showed, on their presents being even kindly looked at, was truly pleasing. The happy, healthy looks of old and young—the neat and clean, nay, even elegant appearance of their clothing, denoted the great attention paid to them by their generous-hearted master.

"Truly," said Mr. Norrisville to Mr. Bellgrove, "this is an earthly paradise. Never did I think that one man could inspire so many hearts with such true delight."

"And he deserves it all," said Mr. Bellgrove; "for if any man ever befriended the poor negro race, it is Major Maitland."

Galliard, who was escorting Miss Norrisville, was somewhat surprised to observe her in tears, and kindly inquired the cause of her grief.

"Nay," said she, smiling, "do not call it grief—*for* grief cannot be known in so gay a scene as this. How happy must he be who causes such joy!"

"I verily believe," answered Galliard, "that he has the saddest heart on the plantation—that is to say, if he has a heart at all, which I sadly doubt."

"No heart!" said Miss Norrisville, with a look of surprise.

"No more than I have," said Galliard, with a profound sigh. "Both were stolen by two fair cousins—heigho!"

"You should apprehend the fair thieves," said young Charles Bellgrove, who was at their side.

"So we have," answered Galliard; "but they don't *apprehend* us."

Bantering each other they walked onwards.

"'Pon soul, Whackie," said Tom, who had again been taken into favour by his master, and now brought up the rear of the party with a few more of the household, "'pon soul, dis is fine place. Nice, good-looka gals here—'pon soul! Dere is two ob dem smile on me!" and Tom, grinning, kissed his hand to the sable damsels.

"Caw!" said Whackie, "de gals be only laugh at you confounded nonsense. Don't make fool ob yoursef!"

"'Pon soul, Whackie, you no know de female heart: em is so werry suspectable of lub—specially wid good-looka chap like I."

"You is worth *ten dolla* any day!" cried a negro at his side. Tom started, looked frightened-like around, and, hanging his head, muttered "Dam de ten dolla!"

Maitland and his party now reached the front of the mansion-house, and here all that was rich and beautiful in that sunny clime, seemed to strew their stores with liberality. The garden glowed in gorgeous beauty like a second Eden, and the senses were intoxicated with the richest perfumes. The front entrance to the house was of the purest marble; whilst the sweet rose, the jessamine, and vine climbed around the verandahs, giving the house the appearance of a bower of richest beauty.

A host of gorgeously-apparelled household negroes were drawn up to receive them; and scarcely had they ascended the marble staircase, when Maitland was clasped in the arms of an aged Mustee woman, who wept with joy, and gave vent to her feelings in broken exclamations of fondness.

"My dear, kind nurse," said Maitland, affectionately, "I am come to you again."

"And you have been in battle and in danger," she sobbed, "and I far from you. But heaven has heard my prayers: you are safe."

"Ladies," said Maitland, "you behold in this kind-hearted female, the protectress of my infancy. But for her love and intrepidity, I might have perished, helpless and unknown."

"And this," said Matilda, "is the nurse who braved your grandfather's wrath to place you in his arms?"

"The same," answered Maitland. "And while I breathe she shall meet with the affection of a son from me."

They entered a large and richly-adorned apartment, and the eyes of the company were attracted towards a portrait of a young female, of dazzling beauty, which was surrounded by a hanging of black crape.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Norrisville, entranced with the lovely features portrayed on the canvass. "Could such a being belong to earth? who, what was she?"

"My mother," said Maitland, in a voice trembling with emotion. Mr. Norrisville stepped back abashed; and the ladies were shown into their apartments to arrange their dresses.

Tom and Whackie, by way of spending the time, resolved to sport their figures through the different gardens attached to the negro huts, hoping to dazzle the eyes of some sable Venus. In passing one of the huts, a band of children came running along the walk, each with a book in its hand.

"Eh!" cried one little girl, as she observed the two strange negroes, "here be two nigger genelem from town!"

"Ha!" grinned Tom, "you is hear dat, Whackie?—'*Genelem from Town!*'—dat gal is hab good dish-crymation,"—meaning discrimination, as we suppose.

"Cleba gal dat is," said Whackie, pleased at being mistaken for a town swell.

"Come here, my pratty gal," cried Tom to the girl, who drew nigh and curtsied to him. "Wot is dis you hab got—book, eh?—you is read um?"

"Oh yes, Sir," answered the girl. "Massa is werry good: he teach all de boys and gals on de plantation for read and write."

"*All* de boys and gals!" cried Tom. "'Pon soul, dat is strange!"

Tom opened the book, and holding it upside down, pretended to peruse its contents; while Whackie thrust his head over Tom's shoulder, to see "wot de book was say."

"Oh, Sir!" cried the girl to Tom, "you hold de book upside down; dat is de wrong way for read!"

"Ah!" said Tom, gravely, "dat is de way nigger use for read long ago."

CHAPTER XX.

It was the night preceding the execution, when Zama, tired of pacing up and down the narrow limits of his cell, threw himself upon the rude couch therein, and gave way to the conflicting feelings which raged within his bosom.

"Fool!" he exclaimed, "to be led aside by a vain chimera—a thing which I might have known was an impossibility! To be dragged to ruin by a vain enthusiast—forfeiting the good opinion of all I loved—branded as a rebellious murderer—an ingrate—all that is vile! and dying the death of a dog!—Let me not think of it," he continued, as he started up, and once more hurriedly paced to and fro. "Ah, Zada!" he exclaimed, "who will tell thee of thy brother's fate? and *thou*, whose very name was a spell to urge me on—Matilda! what must thou think of me? Alas! there is none to feel for—none to pity the poor slave." He flung himself again upon the couch, as he added, "Let me at least meet my fate like a man. I have erred; and if heaven has doomed me to this death, why should I fly in the face of its decree?" The sound of a key grating in the lock of the door of his dungeon aroused him. "It cannot be time yet," he said; "it is not yet dawn." The door slowly opened, the rays from a dark lantern shone into the cell, and a voice, in a low yet earnest whisper, said, "Zama, arise!"

"I am here," answered Zama. "What wouldst thou with me?"

"Be silent," answered the voice again. "Arise, and follow me."

"Where, and for what purpose?"

"Escape is in your power!" was the earnest answer. "I come in name of your sister, to aid your flight from captivity and death."

"My sister!" exclaimed the negro; "where —how?"

"For heaven's sake be silent," answered the voice. "A single word may betray us: follow me—quick—cautiously, now." Zama sprang to his feet, and followed his deliverer from the dungeon. Silently and cautiously they moved through several windings of the building, till, ascending a narrow staircase, they entered a large hall. Here the stranger paused and whispered, "We must descend from this window. If we escape the sentinel's notice, 'tis well; if not, we must secure him." They approached the window, and the stranger fastened a strong cord to one of the balustrades and quickly descended. Zama, following him, found himself within the small garden attached to the prison. With rapid steps they hurried through the garden; and the stranger, applying a key to a small gate, opened it, and catching Zama by the arm, dragged him along, through the most retired lanes, till they reached the bank of the Ashley. Here the stranger paused and said,—"We are not yet safe; there is a canoe amongst the reeds in yonder swamp, we must cross the Ashley in it." Directing Zama where to find the canoe, the stranger remained close by the banks of the river, till Zama rowed up—then springing into the canoe he took one of the paddles, and telling Zama to pull strongly, they soon passed the current and reached the opposite side of the river. Here they stepped on shore; and the stranger, addressing Zama, said, "Your work is not yet done. I proceed through the woods to warn your friends of your safety. Enter the canoe again, and row to the bar of the bay, where you will find a small vessel waiting to convey you to the Bermudas."

"You spoke of my sister," said Zama. "Tell me of her: is she safe—is she well?"

"She is," answered his deliverer; "and will meet you on board of the vessel!"

"And you?" said Zama, "surely I may know to whom I am indebted for my escape?"

"To one," answered the stranger, "who foolishly has been the cause of grief to both you and Zada. I am *Charles Waldenberg!*"

"Charles Waldenberg!" exclaimed Zama, starting with surprise.

"Yes," said the Captain. "Led aside by my own foolish passions, and the devices of that arch-deceiver Perault, I carried your sister forcibly from her mistress's plantation. Touched by Zada's grief, I had not the heart to do her farther wrong; and I give you the word of a Carolinian and a soldier, that at my hands, she has, beyond her abduction, received no insult—no injury."

"I will believe you," said Zama. "And yet, what an abyss of guilt and misery you have plunged me into!"

"Let that pass," said the Captain. "I was on the point of restoring Zada to her mistress, when intelligence of your ill-timed rebellion, and your defeat and captivity reached us. I then solemnly pledged myself to aid your escape; and Zada, anxious to accompany you, remained at my plantation on the coast. Repeated attempts were made, but failed; till to-night, imposing on the guards as being on command, I entered your prison. I have been successful—the rest remains with yourself."

Scarcely crediting his senses, Zama listened to the detail of the young man; but was suddenly aroused from his stupor by Charles saying—"Remain here till you observe a light upon yonder point of land: that light will be the signal that all is ready; then row the canoe to the opening of the bay—we will be watching for your arrival." Grasping Zama by the hand, he said,—"God bless you! —I hope to see you soon beyond the reach of danger." He turned, and hurriedly hied through the forest, leaving Zama on the bank of the river. Joyful that his sister was safe, and anxious to behold her once more, the negro earnestly awaited the signal to approach the bay. Yet his joy was oftentimes clouded, with the thoughts of his hapless countrymen, who were so fast drawing nigh their doom; and dark doubts would arise on his mind, whether his own escape could be fully effected. At length he observed the beacon on the point; and as it shot up in a flickering flame, the assurance of safety filled his bosom, and inspired him with new hopes.

Zama entered the canoe, and, seizing the oars, strained every nerve to reach the opening of the bar. He soon passed Fort Pinckney; and, by dint of hard rowing, speedily approached the passage betwixt Fort Moultrie and Fort Jackson; but

the wind suddenly changed, and blew in heavy blasts from the Atlantic ocean. The sea began to rise rapidly; and the heavy swell bursting on the breakers at the bar, whirled their long wreaths of white foam, like fiery flakes, high in the air; while the loud roll of the approaching thunder, came in sullen and terrific peals from the raging main. Zama knew this was a prelude to one of those awful tornadoes, which burst with such wild devastating fury over the southern coasts; and with a view to save himself from the hurricane, he resolved to run the canoe ashore, and seek his way, through the woods and swamps, to the beach. He had scarcely come to this resolution, when the canoe was raised by a heavy swell, while the heavens seemed rolling back like a scroll, and vomiting forth one continual blaze of lightning. A loud prolonged peal of thunder burst around the canoe; while the whirlwind catching it, tossed the canoe, like a feather, in the air, and dashed it to pieces, leaving Zama struggling amongst the raging waters. Boldly he crested the huge billows, and with vigorous strokes strove to reach the nearest point of land. At length he felt himself amongst the breakers, and tossed to and fro in the boiling surge. A fragment of the broken canoe struck against him; and, clutching it in his grasp, he was drifted on along with it. The waves were bursting fast over him; the noise of the waters became louder and louder in his ears; while the waves rolled around him like liquid flame, and a thousand demons seemed whirling their wild flight before him. Helplessly was he drifted onwards, till, seized by one huge billow, he was borne along with fearful force, and dashed headlong on a sand-bank, where he lay stunned and bleeding.

On recovering his senses, Zama was horror-stricken at the fury of the storm. The billows seemed every moment increasing in magnitude, and the lightning blazed forth incessantly, wrapping the ocean in a canopy of fire. His attention was now attracted towards a small dark speck, which was tossing among the breakers. With straining eyeballs he gazed upon the advancing object. As it drew nigher and nigher, and became more distinct beneath the lightning's blaze, he beheld a small vessel dismasted, and drifting before the gale towards the sand-bank on which he stood. One bright, broad flash illumed the deck of the drifting wreck, and Zama beheld two figures clinging to the broken mast, and the glare shone upon the white robes of a female. With a thrilling cry, Zama rushed amongst the surf, as if his feeble arm could still the raging of the storm; but he was hurled back. Again he saw the vessel borne on the crest of an enormous wave; a piercing shriek arose above the wild uproar of the storm—and the ill-fated vessel was swallowed up by the waters. Again Zama attempted to rush forward, to the rescue of the hapless beings cast amongst the surge; when beholding something floating amongst the foam, he clutched at it, and dragging it to the sand-bank, found his worst fears confirmed—*it was his sister!* In bitter agony of soul he pressed his lips to the cold, cold cheek of the inanimate form. "Zada—my sister—my beloved one!" he cried, "dost thou not hear thy heart-broken brother? She hears me not," he cried, in accents of deepest woe. "She is gone; my last, my only hope on earth." He cast himself at the side of the hapless girl, and sense and brain seemed reeling beneath the shock of this unlooked-for misfortune. "Zada, Zada!" he shrieked, as if calling on her name would awaken her to consciousness—and he pressed her to his bosom as if caresses could restore her again to life. "She is dead," he cried, as he started up, and, gnashing his teeth, shook his outstretched hands against the heavens. "Ye unrelenting and avenging powers," he exclaimed, "was it too much that the poor slave had one fond tie to earth?" He threw himself again on the sand, and clasped the insensible body of Zada in his arms. Suddenly he observed a movement of her bosom. With a thrill of reviving hope he placed his hand upon her heart, and, almost frantic with joy, he felt that it still throbbed. "She lives—she lives!" he cried, in a voice of rapture. "Oh, heaven! forgive—forgive my blasphemy! My own Zada," he continued, straining her to his breast, "we will yet be happy. I will bear thee far amongst the forest glades,—our white oppressors will not find us there,—we will be all in all to each other,—I will toil for thee, Zada. Oh! we shall be happy." A sullen roar of the waters startled him, and, looking up, he beheld with terror a mighty wave crested with vivid fire come rolling on towards him. Regardless of himself, his only care was for his sister. Throwing himself between the advancing billow and his sister, he stretched forth his hand as if to repel the advancing waters. . . . . .

Swept from the sand-bank on which they had been cast, Zama still clung by the body of his sister, and struggled gallantly with the swelling surge. Each deep-drawn sob, which burst from his bosom, proved that nature was unequal to the stern struggle. One earnest prayer burst from his lips, and heaven in mercy answered it. When, faint and weary with his exertions, Zama had abandoned every hope of safety, his feet touched the firm ground; and the bright glare of the lightning displayed the dark forests of the land, at a short distance before him. Clasping his helpless burden closer to his bosom, he pressed through the shallow tide, and once more trod the firm land. Breathing a heart-felt prayer for so miraculous an escape, Zama, with renewed strength, hurried through the forest, in the hopes of reaching some abode where he could obtain aid for his sister; nor had he proceeded far, till he reached the clearings of a plantation: the lights shone brightly from the negro huts, and, guided by them, he hurried forward. Faint and sick at heart, he staggered against one of the outer huts, and, listening for a little, he heard voices, which he instantly knew to be those of dandy Tom and Whackie.

"'Pon soul, Whackie," said Tom, "um is ob no use for cry your eye out 'bout Zama; dey will hang him as sure as I eat dis sweet tatie. When dey was hab de dam insurance for seek for hang I, (de most fassonable nigger in de city,) dere is no hope for poor Zama."

"If Zama was do like you," sobbed Whackie, "he would be safe: he fight like man; no hide heshef like dog, in a cella'."

"'Pon soul, Whackie, dat is insult!" responded Tom. "Dere be few braver nigger den I—when I like." Farther colloquy was cut short by Zama bursting the door open, and, with his fainting sister in his arms, rushing into the hut. "Help, brethren, help, for the love of heaven!" he exclaimed, as he sank with his burden on the floor.

"Zama, my own Zama!" yelled Whackie with a delirium of joy, as he started up and ran to aid him. Tom, however, sat for a second struck dumb with terror and astonishment; then, giving vent to his alarm in a loud diabolical howl, he tumbled heels over head through a window, and ran, winged with fear, to his master, to tell of the ghost he had seen.

CHAPTER XXI.

That morning was a melancholy one at Tenda Cove. It was fixed for the execution of the insurgents, and of the brave and faithful Zama. The night had been passed in restless gloom by Maitland and his visiters; and when they met for their early morning-walk, to enjoy the freshening seabreeze before the burning rays of the sun shot forth, there were traces of deep melancholy in every face. The only exceptions to the lachrymose countenances of the party were Galliard, and Whackie, who followed the lieutenant like his shadow, grinning and giggling, and playing off his negro antics, till Mr. Bellgrove seriously thought poor Whackie had lost his wits. In vain did Galliard shake his head, and try to frown at him; Whackie still persevered in his drollery, till the rest of the party began to comment on it.

"Surely the poor fellow has not gone crazy with grief for his friend;" was the remark of Maitland, as he beckoned on the negro to come nigh him. "You seem merry this morning, Whackie," said he, as the negro advanced.

"Yes, Massa, I is wery merry—ha, ha, ha!" roared Whackie, as he cut a caper in the air, and clapped his hands. "Oh! Missee," cried he, with a comical grin to Matilda, "if you know what I is sabey, you would dance wid joy too!"

"What do you know, Whackie? Do tell me; there's a good lad," entreated Matilda.

"Get along with you, Whackie," cried Galliard; "what are you about?"

"I was gone for tell Missèe 'bout Zada," said Whackie, laughing.

"Zada!" cried Miss Bellgrove; "what of her?"

"Fie shame, Massa Gallard," cried Whackie, as Galliard strove to push him out of the way. "You no want for tell Missee that Zada be here."

"Zada here?" said Miss Bellgrove, as she suddenly paused; and in a few minutes Zada, who had rapidly recovered under the care of the negro women and Maitland's nurse, was wrapped in the rms of her affectionate mistress. As yet Zada new not that she had been saved by her brother; that he was in safety and near her, concealed by generous friends.

his welcome intelligence was now communi- l by Miss Bellgrove. "Cheer thee, my sweet ' said Matilda, "Zama is now in the care of friends who will aid and protect him. Let no fears for his safety grieve thee."

"Alas! that he should have acted such a part," exclaimed Zada.

"Nay," said Matilda; "blame him not, blame those who forced him into the act. I will hear no harm of my brave Zama."

The meeting of the girl with her brother was affectionate indeed—the very thoughts of his danger endeared him the more to her; and her health being once more restored, she became his watchful guard and attendant, and would scarcely leave him, unless Whackie was nigh to watch in her place.

In a retired apartment in the mansion-house at Tenda Cove, Mr. Bellgrove consulted with Maitland and Galliard, concerning Zama's future prospects. Zama and Whackie stood close by them.

"It seems to me the best project to get him safely out of this country, and sent to Liberia," said Mr. Bellgrove.

"I beg leave to object to that proposal," said Maitland. "Liberia as yet is but a chimera; and it will be many a long year ere it realize the hopes of its founders. His talents would be completely lost there. However, let him answer for himself."

"Is there any other part of Africa you would wish to go to?" inquired Mr. Bellgrove at Zama.

"Alas! no," said Zama, mournfully. "Poor lost Africa! There the strong oppress the weak—and slavery, in all its hideousness, reigns throughout the land: the brother sells his brother, the parents their offspring, and rapine rules uncurbed; why then should I wish to go to the land of my forefathers, to mourn over the degradation of its people."

"No, Zama," cried Whackie, eagerly, "no go to Africa. Massa Joolay is tell I, dat all de people go naked dere!—Oh fie shame! de nasty indecent waggybones! Um no decent place. No, no, Zama; no go to Africa."

Maitland could scarcely refrain from smiling at Whackie's denunciation of African fashions; while Galliard, laughing, said, "Well, Whackie, suppose we send you and Tom out there."

"Ki! no, Massa," answered Whackie, with a look of disgust. "Tom could neber live wid people dat is go wantin' trousa'; I no like dat—um is no Christine—ki! fie shame!"

"The influence which a mind like yours would have over the untutored rabble, would lead to great good amongst them," said Mr. Bellgrove to Zama.

"It is not by individual examples that Africa is to be raised in the scale of nations," answered Zama. "Some powerful civilized nation must take the lead; and by opening up the vast resources of so rich a quarter of the world, introduce the blessings of peace and refinement. Then, and not till then, will Africa know her own power."

"I admire your sentiments, Zama," said Maitland; "and I trust in God, that the day is not far distant when Africa will arouse from her lethargy. May I anticipate your wishes, Zama?" continued Maitland, kindly. "There is a land where the negro is free; where his freedom was gained by his own

exertions and bravery; where freedom will reign in defiance of the white man's power, and where a mind like yours will rise to eminence—that land is *Hayti*."

Zama started, and looked confused; while Mr. Bellgrove sat silent, and Whackie muttered, "Dat must be queer place."

"Recent events," said Zama, "make me almost tremble at that name; but to that land I would gladly turn for safety."

"Then," said Mr. Bellgrove, rising, "since that is your wish, you shall go to Hayti."

An arrangement was speedily entered into, by which Maitland agreed to give Zama one of his small schooners which traded to the West Indies; and Galliard undertook to see the captain of the vessel and bring him privately to Tenda Cove. This was done to the satisfaction of all parties; and the captain of the vessel agreed to sail without delay, whenever the signal-flag at Tenda Cove should be hoisted, which was to be the sign of danger.

"I fear that you are placing yourself too rashly in danger," said Zada to her brother, as they wandered into a flowery glade near Maitland's mansion-house. "Perhaps there may be spies around you now."

"Fear not for me, my sister," he answered; "but since my rambling here distresses thee, I will return." He turned, and Zada, leaning on his shoulder, looked fondly in his face and said, "In a few days you will be free from such surveillance; till then I must be your keeper."

"Alas! my sister, there will be one pang, and that a bitter one, to wring my heart at setting out."

"What is it, Zama?" said the fond girl, in alarm.

"The thoughts that I must leave thee behind me," he answered.

"Surely," she exclaimed, as she clung to him, "surely you will not leave me! Shall I not go with you? you will not refuse? When you are in sickness, who could tend you so carefully and so fondly as your Zada; when you are in sorrow, who will cheer you so lovingly as your own sister? You must take me with you—I cannot live separate from you. It will break my very heart, to think of your being cast amongst strangers, and no one nigh to cheer you."

"You forget, my dear Zada, that it is not in my power to take thee with me," answered her brother, while the tear glistened in his eye.

"Why not?" said the girl, eagerly; "if I am willing to go with you——Why do you turn from me? Brother, you are weeping."

"Oh! Zada," he said, in a voice almost choked with emotion, "God knows I would cheerfully bear thee through the world with me; gladly would I toil day and night to keep thee happy. You forget that it rests not with me to remove thee from this land."

"Who does it rest with, then?" she inquired, looking earnestly on him.

"With your *owner*, Zada!—You dare not run away from your mistress—you forget that you are a *slave!*"

With a piercing shriek the poor girl threw herself into his arms. "Zama, Zama!" she cried, "you will drive me mad!"

"My poor sister," he said, "you feel the bitter curse of slavery now."

"Alas! alas!" she sobbed, "bitter indeed—I little thought of this."

"Nay, cheer thee, Zada," he said; "we will not be long separated. I will toil hard, and late and early; I will save all my hard-won earnings, and buy thy freedom: then you will join me, and then we will be truly happy."

"Ah me," she sobbed, "how degraded I feel! How sunk in the scale of creation to be bought and sold! Hateful, hateful thought!"

"Banish that thought," said Zama; "you will soon be free. Dry up your tears. See, Major Maitland approaches."

They were now joined by Maitland, who stated that he had some intelligence for Zama, and requested him to accompany him. "You seem grieved, Zada," added Maitland, addressing her; "what distresses you now?"

Zama answered for her. "She is grieved at parting from me. She would wish, were it in her power, to accompany me to Hayti—but——"

"I understand you," said Maitland, looking fixedly at him. "However, rest assured you shall not be long separated."

"Heaven bless you!" exclaimed Zada; "I will comfort myself with that hope."

They reached the mansion-house; and Maitland requesting Zama to follow him, led the way to a retired apartment. "And now," said Maitland, "I am commissioned by Mr. Bellgrove to hand you this packet, which contains your manumission."

Zama started. His hand trembled as he took the packet and pressed it to his heart. With quivering lips and tearful eyes, he breathed forth to heaven the earnest prayer of a grateful, though penitent bosom.

Maitland turned to the window, and Zama had time to compose himself. In broken accents he thanked Maitland for his kindness, who, smiling, answered—"Independently of the gratitude I ought to feel for your saving my life, I owe you a still deeper debt of gratitude for saving the life of one whom I hold dearer to me than life itself."

Zama bent his head, and faintly said, "May you be happy in each other! Heaven must surely smile on the union of two generous, noble hearts."

Maitland sighed, and, turning to a table, lifted therefrom a small box, which he presented to Zama.

"Take this," he said. "In it you will find the only means to make your freedom available to you." Zama took the box, and feeling it was heavy, inquired what it contained.

"That," answered Maitland, smiling, "which the world worships—without which, talents, genius, nay, virtue itself, is spurned at."

"It must be a powerful talisman," said Zama.

"Yes," added Maitland; "it is the key to human hearts—'tis GOLD. In that box you will find three hundred doubloons. On your arrival in Hayti, purchase a small tract of land, and by steadiness and industry strive to gain independence."

"Pardon me," said Zama, as he replaced the

box on the table, "I cannot accept of this kind gift: by my own industry will I gain my bread without becoming a burden to any one."

"And thereby," said Maitland, "lose the freedom that you prize so much. You have never yet experienced the humiliation which a proud heart feels, on soliciting from the hands of some purse-proud upstart, the hard-earned pittance due for your labour. From that degradation I would save you. Nay, I am too much of the Yankee to give my gold away gratis—I merely give you this sum in loan, and depend on your industry in repaying it. I insist, therefore, on your accepting it." He thrust the box into Zama's hand.

"Then," said Zama, "since your generosity enriches me so much, suffer me to apply the first of it in purchasing my sister's freedom."

Maitland shook his head, and answered, "No, no—that would insult Miss Bellgrove. Leave Zada's freedom to me." So saying, he arose and left the apartment.

Miss Bellgrove was deeply grieved to lose her beloved Zada; but, too generous to separate the sister from the brother, Zada's manumission was formally arranged; and Maitland, having made his nurse prepare everything fitting for Zada's departure, went in quest of Galliard, and explained his views to him.

"Do you not think, that if Zama had been sent to the Northern States he might have eluded Waldenberg's vengeance, and bettered his own condition in the world?" inquired Galliard at Maitland, as they sauntered down the avenue towards the beach.

"No," answered Maitland. "Throughout the whole length and breadth of our land the poor negro is spurned and despised."

"But when anti-slavery societies are springing up amongst them, surely a clever and talented negro like Zama would meet with attention from them."

"Yes; make a lion of him for a day; then toss him aside as unworthy of farther notice."

"The Northern States people appear to esteem the negroes amongst them; and in general the free negroes there are steady and industrious citizens."

"Still, the white citizens, from the highest to the lowest ranks, look upon the negro as of inferior caste to themselves. Ask even the most philanthropic of your Northern States men to sit down at the same table, and partake of the same cheer with a negro: you will see the white man—the man who claims the poor negro for a brother—start with horror, and indignantly spurn the invitation."

"You must admit that the negroes are inferior, in every sense of the word, to the white population of the States," urged Galliard.

"And why," said Maitland, "can the negro mind not be raised to the same standard of perfection as that of the white man? Where will you find more apt scholars than the negroes in general? Educate them; place them in their proper station in a free country—and, trust me, the negroes, in point of intellect and genius, will soon equal their white brethren."

Conversing thus, the two friends strolled arm-in-arm along the beach, when an unusual bustle at the landing-place attracted their attention; and proceeding thither they observed, to their mutual surprise, our old friend Joolay lifted out of a canoe by half a dozen negroes.

"Easy—easy, now, you black villains!" roared the Overseer; "gently, now, you eternal chimney sweeps! That'll do, now—I'm on my trotters once more. Help me up to the house, will ye?"

"I am heartily glad to see you, Mr. Joolay," said Maitland, approaching and shaking Joolay kindly by the hand. "Welcome to Tenda Cove."

"Thank ye, thank ye," said the Overseer. "Ha!" he cried, as Galliard advanced, "ha! you waggish puppy, are you here? Shake paws, my tartling." And Joolay grasped the laughing Lieutenant by the hand with hearty energy.

"Bless me, Mr. Joolay," said Galliard, after the customary salutations had been ended, "I little expected to see you venture so far from home. I heard that you had got your leg broke in the last engagement with the Indians."

"No, no," answered Joolay; "my *leg* wasn't broke; just a sort of a slap crack—kept me a-bed for two or three days. I feel it yet tremendously—quite lame, you see." And the Overseer limped a step or two, till his eye rested on the physiognomy of a negro grinning at him. "Ha!" cried Joolay, "is that you, Whackie? Come here, you rascal." Whackie obeyed the order, and Joolay, taking him by the ear, turned with a proud look to Maitland and Galliard, and said—"This chap, gentlemen, is a negro of my up-bringing; I used to flog him, when he was a little pig o' a nigger, worse than any piccaninny on the whole estate; didn't I, Whackie?" he added, appealing to his disciple for a confirmation of the fact. The negro, however, seemed to have entertained no great idea of the Overseer's system of tuition, for he looked very sulky as he grunted,

"Yes, Massa, you werry good at floggee."

"Yes, gentlemen," continued Joolay, "I trained him accordin' to Scripture; and, adopting old King Solomon's rule, I didn't spare the rod. I thrashed him as if he were my own son; and see what he's come to! He has saved the city—become a free nigger, with a thousand dollars a-year, darn me!"

Maitland smiled as he said, "Certainly, by your own account, you have given the honest fellow good cause for loving the white people. I would rely more on his own good heart than your cowskin for his saving the city."

"I thrashed it into him, Sir. Ah! he's an affectionate creature, Whackie," said the Overseer.

"They say, that the more you thrash a dog the more it loves you," said Galliard: "perhaps this is the system you act upon."

"Exactly so," answered Joolay. "But, gentlemen, I've almost forgot my business here. You see, I couldn't think of poor Zama being under the *chokification* concern yonder without me seeing him aforehand.—So, sick and ill as I was, I got into the canoe, and was rowed to town. Well, I went early in the morning to see him; but, my gracky, what a row!—the bird was flown—his prison empty—whew!"

"It must have created a great noise in town," said Maitland.

"Noise—oh! my!" exclaimed the Overseer, "what a cursing among the guard! Some swearing in Dutch, some in Spanish, some in French, some in broad Scotch, and some in *illigant* Irish—whew! Babel was a humbug to't for confusion. But Colonel Waldenberg was the worst of all: he was actually frantic, and swore to extinctify the whole guard himself for letting Zama escape."

"Waldenberg seems to hold the poor fellow in mortal hatred," said Maitland; "what can be the reason of it?"

"I've a half guess," answered Joolay, with a knowing look. "Among ourselves, I think the Colonel is indebted to Zama for getting the thickness of his skull ascertained."

"Impossible!" said Maitland.

"There's no impossibility in the matter," said Joolay. "Zama was the very chap to do it. His sister was carried off—Waldenberg was said to be the cause—Zama meets him—a row is kicked up—Zama breaks the Colonel's head—it's a mercy it was strong enough—then runs off; and, afraid of losing his right hand for striking a white man, or of losing his life, joins the insurgents. Phoo! it's as plain as mud on a door."

"This may explain the cause of Waldenberg's hatred," said Maitland.

"It strikes me as being true," said Galliard; "and Waldenberg, afraid to have it said that he was struck by a negro, would wash out the offence in Zama's blood."

"Just so," said Joolay. "Zama falls into the Colonel's hands, who, having the law on his side, tries to get the nigger hanged, and so square accounts,—the nigger escapes, and Waldenberg is up again in blazes. He'll hunt Zama down if he's in the States, as sure as my granny 's dead and buried."

"The sooner Zama gets out of his power the better," said Maitland.

"So say I," added Joolay. "So, thinking Zama would flee to the plantations again, I sent trusty chaps to hide him; and hearing that Waldenberg suspected he was on this island, and that troops were ordered to search it, I got crammed into a boat, and came off here direct to give the hint."

Maitland and Galliard looked at each other; while Whackie, bursting into tears, cried out, "Oh, my poor Zama—oh Maja Maitlam'—oh, Massa Gallard, do save him!"

"We will, my faithful fellow. Do you see yonder flag-staff on the top of my mansion-house?" and he pointed out the spot to Whackie.

"Wot," said Whackie, "yon long pole dat I is see above de trees?"

"The same," said Maitland. "Ascend instantly to the top balcony of the house, and hoist a red flag to the top of yon pole."

Whackie flew with speed to obey this command; and in a brief space a large red flag fluttered from the flag-staff.

"All is right now," said Maitland. "Let us return to the house."

"But what the plague has that red dish-clout to do with Zama's safety?" cried Joolay.

"You shall see," answered Maitland.

Leaning on Maitland and Galliard, Joolay slowly hobbled to the house, and in front thereof was met by Whackie. "I is do right, Massa?" he inquired, with an eager look.

"Quite right, my good lad," said Maitland.

Ascending the staircase, they entered the upper saloon, where Matilda and Letia were standing admiring some large roses, around which a number of brilliant humming-birds were fluttering. "Mr. Joolay!" exclaimed both ladies, as they flew towards him.

"Yes, my loves—just old Tom Joolay," cried he, as he grasped them by the hands. "I declare I'm getting quite childish now!" he continued, as he wiped his eyes. "I've got water in the head surely, for my eyes have got into a vile habit of overflowing of late." While answering the kind inquiries as to his health, Joolay observed a side-door open and a female figure enter the room. His nether jaw dropped—his eyes became distended, and a shock went through his whole frame as his look became fixed on the face of Zada. "Heaven protect me!" he exclaimed, "what is that?"

"Mr. Joolay," exclaimed that sweet voice which had been so long unheard by him, "have you forgotten your poor Zada?"

These words broke the Overseer's trance. "Zada!" he exclaimed, with a burst of joy, "Zada! no—is it possible?—have you again come to us?" He caught her in his arms; and still as if doubting her identity, passed his hands over her brow, and looked fondly and earnestly in her face.—"Ay, my sweet girl, it is you. The eye is dimmer, though, and the cheek thinner than they were on the banks of the Wandoo. I wish I had the grand rascal who played you such a trick. Darn his buttons! I'd kick him up to the sky and back again!"

"I have another truant to present to you," said Zada, as she stepped to the door and brought Zama forward.

"Eh!" roared Joolay, "magic by the 'ternal! Am I awake or dreaming? will nobody pull my nose or kick me, till I find if this be reality?—Zama, is it you or your ghost?"

"It is the unfortunate Zama you behold," said the negro.

"Didn't I say so?" cried Joolay. "Tarnation! I'm so happy—if that darned Indgine hadn't a-slapped that bullet into where it shouldn't 'a been—I could almost dance with joy. Don't think shame, my boy—you're a brave fellow. That comes o' being brought up by me—nateral genius polished up by art."

The Overseer's joy was interrupted by young Bellgrove hastily entering the apartment and beckoning Maitland aside. "There is a schooner," said the young man, "bearing down the bay under a heavy press of sail, with our private signal at her mast-head."

"All is as it should be," said Maitland. "But where is your father and Mr. Norrisville?"

"They are on the balcony watching the movements in the bay."

The upper balcony commanded a full view of the bay; and at the time Maitland ascended, he observed Mr. Bellgrove with a telescope, anxiously direct-

ing Mr. Norrisville's attention to a large boat approaching the island. "It is an armed body of men I am certain," said Mr. Bellgrove. "I see the sunbeams glancing on their muskets and bayonets. What think you, Major?" he added, as he handed the telescope to Maitland, who, taking a hasty glance through it, exclaimed, "It is part of the city-guard, —we must disappoint their errand. Come, gentlemen, we must get Zama and his sister away instantly."

"It will be a painful parting," said Mr. Bellgrove, with a deep sigh.

"I wish to spare them the pain of a formal farewell," said Maitland. And he led Zada from the apartment, and hurried her to the beach where the canoe was waiting.

"What is wrong?" said the poor girl, as he requested her to step into the canoe. "Is my brother in danger?"

Maitland pointed to the schooner, and answered. "That vessel which is now bearing down on us, is the one which carries Zama to Hayti. Nay, my sweet girl, do not tremble so. Your brother goes from this land with every means to make him happy." Zada raised her eyes and fixed them on his, with a look so fond, so beaming bright, and yet so melancholy, that Maitland's heart thrilled to the very core. Those beautiful gazelle-like eyes glowed with all the sensitive feelings of the gentle girl's heart; and Maitland started and felt confused, as a thought, nay almost a conviction, rushed through his mind, that the girl's affections were centred on himself. Zada seemed to read his thoughts, as, with a deep sigh, she drooped her head and burst into tears. "There are happier days in store for you, my gentle Zada," he said, as he pressed her hand. "Let not the feelings of your heart at this moment pain you: all is better than you expect." He placed her in the canoe, and at that moment was joined by Galliard and young Bellgrove.

In the meantime Mr. Bellgrove had mentioned to Zama that the vessel was waiting for him, and that his sister had gone to the beach to meet with him; when Whackie, with terror depicted on his countenance, rushed into the room. "Fly! Zama, fly," he cried. "Captain Riley and Sargem Vanburg, wid 'lot ob de city guard, hab landed on de island in search ob you—Oh! save youshef!"

Zama grasped Mr. Bellgrove's hand, and, pressing it to his bosom, said, "Can you forgive me for the grief I have occasioned, by my ingratitude, to you?"

"Fully and freely, my noble-minded Zama," said Mr. Bellgrove. "Farewell! In your future career never deviate from the strict path of virtue, and you will find peace and happiness. Heaven bless you!"

Zama turned to Miss Bellgrove, who, advancing towards him, stretched out her hands. The negro's frame shook with agitation, as, with a convulsive sob, he sprang forward and flung himself at her feet. "Farewell, dear lady, farewell," he cried, in a voice almost choked with anguish. "May all the bliss that a fond heart can wish you, be yours through life!" He grasped her hand, and pressed it to his forehead, his lips, and his heart, while his hot scalding tears fell fast upon it. "God bless you! God bless you!" One look, in which all the feelings of his soul were concentrated, was for an instant riveted on her—one deep-drawn troubled sigh, and Zama rushed from her presence, leaving her overwhelmed with sorrow and confusion, from which she was aroused by Joolay bellowing out, "There's ingratitude for you!—Zama—Lord preserve me! he's off—and never bade *me* good-by!"

Zama sped swiftly towards the beach, when Whackie, breathless with speed, overtook him. "Zama," panted the affectionate fellow, "you is angry wid I?"

"No, my kind-hearted friend. Farewell, Whackie; may you be happier than your heart-broken, exiled Zama!"

"See," said Whackie, as he tore the golden medal, the gift of the citizens of Carlville, from his neck, "dis is gold—take him—sell him; de money will do you good."

There was a sternness in Zama's look as he spurned the offering, and said, "Whackie, if you love your countrymen, never show that medal to an African."

"See, den," said Whackie, pulling forth a large well-filled purse, dis is dollars: do take 'em."

"Not a dollar—not a cent," said Zama.

"May I come to Hayti and see you, den?" implored Whackie.

"Most welcome," said Zama, as he pressed his hand;" and you will see the home of the *free negro!*"

They now joined Maitland and his friends on the beach; and bidding them adieu, Zama stepped into the boat. "And now, my beloved sister," he said, addressing Zada, "we must part for a while."

"Not so," cried Maitland, as he advanced and handed Zama a paper. "Behold her manumission —she is free—she goes with you. GOD bless and prosper you both!" He signed to the rowers, and instantly the canoe shot rapidly through the waves. Zada cast herself on her brother's bosom, and wept bitterly; and his own feelings were too powerful for restraint. They speedily reached the schooner, and were taken on board; all sail was hoisted to the breeze, and the fond brother and loving sister were wafted over the wide waters to a strange land.

A very different scene was passing in the city of Carlville. It was the day fixed for the wholesale execution of Perault and his comrades; and for miles around, multitudes of people thronged to the prairie, near the lines to the westward of Carlville; and thousands were assembled, gazing on a huge long gallows, which loomed from the ramparts towards the sky, its horrid outline clearly marked against the horizon. This gallows was composed of four huge upright posts, with cross-beams at the top, from whence dangled twenty-three ropes, with the detestable noose to each, indicating the shocking purpose for which they were destined. The platform on which the wretched sufferers were to be stationed, consisted of one long beam supported by three large props, behind each of which two hideous-looking mulattoes were stationed, with large hammers, to strike them away at the given signal.

File upon file of armed troops marched up, and took their station in front of the scaffold: the bells of the city were heard in the distance, tolling, as it might be said, in mockery of the approaching execution, and pealing the solemn funeral knell in the ears of the poor sufferers. The sound of the muffled drums rolled in solemn cadence along the lines; and a loud buzz of voices, and exclamations of expectancy and triumph arose, as the Cadet Brigade marched solemnly forward to the foot of the scaffold, and, opening their ranks, exposed to view, the doomed ringleaders of the rebellion. Chained two by two, Perault and his companions advanced with firm undaunted step to the gallows; and each, as he ascended the platform, looked with a smile of scorn and defiance on the assembled thousands who had come to witness their dying struggles. At length the chains were removed, and each was pinioned; then the spectators observed for the first time, that one place of the platform was vacant, and angry inquiries arose amongst the crowd, why the intended victim was not brought forth. The victim, it was rumoured, had escaped—'twas Zama!

The hateful preparations were at length gone through, and a number of clergymen addressed the sufferers, who spurned at their exhortations, and ordered them to be silent nor disturb their dying moments. One addressed himself to Perault, who scornfully ordered him to be gone; and turning to his companions, Perault addressed them in their native tongue, exhorting them to show, by their firmness, that they gloried in the cause for which they suffered, and hoped that their example might yet arouse the drooping spirits of their brethren. A wild, loud, and rapturous shout from his companions burst forth, as he finished his address, and the loud peal of "Africa and freedom!" again rung on the ears of the astonished whites. The signal was then instantly given; but a fearful and soul-harrowing scene ensued. The wild sound of the negroes' war-cry had alarmed and startled the executioners; and such was their trepidation and want of skill, that they struck away the props from *one end only* of the platform—which fell in a slanting direction, leaving the other end firmly fixed on the upmost prop. The unfortunate beings, who were placed at the lower end, were instantly strangled; whilst those whose feet still rested on the standing platform, were thrown into great agony—some hanging half suffocated and struggling violently, and others uttering loud shrieks of pain. These shouts were echoed by the dense mass of spectators, and loud entreaties of "Fire upon them! Oh! put them out of pain!" arose from every quarter. The Cadet Brigade levelled their rifles, and poured in a volley upon the struggling sufferers; but scarcely had the smoke cleared away, when the crowd, in amazement, beheld Perault, who had stood firm upon the raised end of the platform, burst asunder the bands which bound his arms, then, tearing the halter from his neck, and the cap from his face, he sprang with outstretched hands from the platform. "Fire upon him! he will escape!" was now the cry, when, in a voice like the shrill angry blast of a trumpet, sounding to the farthest corner of the densely-crowded plain, he cried, "Ye monsters! ye traffickers in human blood and flesh! how my soul loathes and abhors ye! Think not that by this foul deed ye have crushed the negroes' hopes of freedom. The day will yet come, when the poor negro will burst the chains of slavery asunder, and bitterly repay the wrongs which he has suffered; then shall this foul scene be remembered to you—then shall retribution be meted out. Curses on you all!—Even in death the negro spurns at and defies you!" He staggered back a few paces, and fell prostrate, when the executioners recovering from their fit of terror approached him; but a young officer from the Cadets stepped forward, and motioned them back.

"He is dying," said the young man. "See ye not how the blood is flowing from his breast over his white dress? Back and touch him not—he was a brave man."

From the faint heavings of his bosom, and difficulty of respiration, Perault was evidently fast dying, and the blood bubbling over his white vesture showed his wounds were many and severe. Feebly raising his head, his eyes rested for an instant on the dead bodies of the insurgents suspended on the gallows. His features softened with emotion. "My poor unhappy countrymen!" he murmured. "We hoped for better fates than this; but we *are free*—they cannot chain or bind our fleeting souls." His head drooped faintly on the ground, and almost inaudibly he uttered, "Home of my childhood!—thy sunny vales and thy palm groves arise upon my view——I come!—I come!—spirits of my fathers!—receive me!—" One feeble struggle, and PERAULT, the daring and ambitious insurgent, was hushed in death.

CONCLUSION.

The conclusion of our story is taken from the *Carlville Courier* and other newspapers of that city. In the former, the following statement appeared shortly after the events before narrated:—

"We are sorry to inform the public, that the negroes still display feelings of hostility towards their masters, which in many instances lead to the most melancholy results. On the 23d curt., while Colonel Waldenberg of Elmwood was crossing the Savannah river in a canoe, rowed by negroes, one of them gave the Colonel some insolent language; upon which the Colonel instantly struck him a violent blow with his cane. The slave, starting up, struck the Colonel with one of the paddles of the canoe, and, melancholy to narrate, the canoe was upset in the struggle, and the Colonel and two of the negroes were drowned."

In another paper the following appeared:—"We learn, from undoubted authority, that Zama, one of the principal ringleaders in the late negro insurrection, formerly the slave of Mr. Bellgrove, and who broke from prison the night preceding the execution of the other conspirators, has effected his escape to Hayti; and now holds a high situation in the Haytian government."

Some months thereafter, the marriage of Miss Bellgrove and Colonel (late Major) Maitland ap-

peared in the public papers, along with that of Captain (late Lieutenant) Galliard and Miss Norrisville.

Whackie accompanied young Bellgrove on a tour through part of Europe; and old Joolay obtained the management of Myrtlegrove in addition to that of Bellgrove; while Mr. Bellgrove and Mr. Norrisville took up their residence in the city.

Tom was offered his liberty, but refused it; and strutted about as "de most fassonable nigger in town," till younger dandies sprang up, and thrust him out of the good graces of "de fair sex." Then, Tom took unto himself a wife, of whom, however, he seems to entertain no high opinion; for, when jested with on the subject of his marriage, Tom puts on a most dolorous look, shakes his head, and mutters, "'Pon soul, dat marry is no joke!" He is often seen with his friend Haman, indulging in gin-sling, and telling him to "Tank de Lor, for put wisdom in Haman head for live single man!"

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

No. I. MAID'S SONG.

Sigh of the western sea!
Wind that softly passes—
Murmur here, nor haste to be
With the idle leaves and grasses.—
Heedless all, it flutters by—
What a lonely thing am I!

Bird on my bower alight!
—Not for me he singeth;
But to join the merry flight
Fast and far away he wingeth.
—All are sporting in the sky—
What a lonely thing am I!

Lily! I tended thee,
Like a gentle sister!
—She is courted by the bee,
Breathing, when the truant kiss'd her,
All her sweetness in a sigh—
What a lonely thing am I!

There to the cooing dove,
Woodland Echo listens;
O'er a world of life and love,
Strewing bloom, the Summer glistens:
—But for me! O sad reply!—
What a lonely thing am I!

No. II. YOUTH'S SONG.

Her footstep is the airiest
That falls on summer ground;
Her wicked eye the wariest
Of all that glance and wound.
So winsomely, so heedlessly,
She ruins all she knows;
O! they will perish needlessly,
Who dost on Lady Rose!

There's not a promise bindeth her;
She's fairest when she feigns;
And every heart that mindeth her,
Must pine for life in chains.
And while she rules them frowardly,
There's none that dare oppose;
The bravest will turn cowardly
When led by Lady Rose!

Her rivals own her beautiful;
Her victims think her kind;
She makes the proudest dutiful;
She turns the wisest blind.
There's such a charm, subduing you,
In every glance she throws,
A look 's enough to ruin you—
O! fly from Lady Rose!

No. III.—WINTER SONG.

Must you coy it still, Fairy,
Now that summer 's over,
And the days are dark and chill?
—Look around, and, if you will,
Choose another lover!

While the sky was warm and bright,
And the glow-worm shone all night,
And the days in flowers were dress'd,
I could flatter with the rest,
—Then my heart was light, Fairy—
Now I cannot jest.

With the summer-bees, Fairy,
And the swallows vieing,
You have changed with every breeze;—
Is it time for flights like these,
When the year is dying!
Now that all is cold and gray,
Stiller thought will have its way:
If the Summer's charm beguiles
Wishes cross'd by froward wiles,
—When the Sun 's away, Fairy,
Love must bask in smiles!

I have paid with song, Fairy,
Every trick you play'd me:
Though your wildness did me wrong,
Though you tried and vex'd me long,
—Such a slave you made me!
Would you keep me still your own,
Syren, breathe a kinder tone.
I have served the summer through;
Winter comes to claim his due,
If I have not won, Fairy,
Bid me cease to woo.

No. IV.—FORESTER'S LAY.

The bloom was hanging on the vine
That noon you pass'd amid the May;
Was never heart so free as mine,
But ever since I fret and pine,
And wake the night, and waste the day
The vintage ripens in the vale,—
And I am here to tell my tale!

My horse upon the breezy hill;
The red-deer couching in the dew;
My greyhound ranging loose at will;
My forest-lodge, my woodman's skill,
Are lost; I lost them all for you!
I journey'd many a weary mile;
I came;—and now you will not smile!

I linger in the glaring street;
I lay me at your door at night,
To hearken for your fairy feet;
And though you scorn me when we meet,
I seek you still—as flowers the light!
Your very frown, so strange and cold,
I love it more than mines of gold!

Come to our forest-walks again!
A kinder Nature whispers there,
That never Love should plead in vain.
And you shall listen till the strain
Is softer yet, and learn to care:
I cannot cure, I cannot fly
The pain of such a careless eye!

STYRIA, AND THE STYRIAN ALPS.*

The most obvious and easy way to get a superficial acquaintance with the beauties of Styria, is to take that country in the route from Germany to Italy, following the great road from Vienna to Trieste, by Brück, Grätz, and Laybach. This road, after passing the northernmost ridge of the Alps by the pass of the *Sömmering*, which divides Austria from Styria, proceeds straight south to Brück, and there joining the Mur at the place where it makes the great bend in its course from east to south, winds along the romantic banks of that river, till it reaches the plain of Grätz. From Grätz on the Mur, it crosses the country to Marburg, on the valley of the Drave: thence to Cilli; soon after which it enters the valley of the Save, and proceeds through Carniola, over the broad, bare back of the Carnic Alps (the "Karst") to Trieste. This was the route followed by Mr. Russell in 1822, and described in his well-known "Tour in Germany;" a work, after so many years and so much publishing, is still, perhaps, the best English book of Teutonic travels that we possess. This also, taking it backwards, was the route followed by Captain Basil Hall in his famous expedition to Schloss Hainfeld, in 1835; of which expedition he has left posterity such a pleasant piece of gossiping record in the well-known volume, "A Winter in Lower Styria." The Countess Purgstall, in her letter of invitation to the gallant Captain, we recollect, expressed her surprise that so few Englishmen had hitherto had the courage to desert the beaten Tyrolese track, by the Inn and the Adige, for this of Styria, which is equally attractive in point of external beauty, and contains certain hidden wonders, which, for the sake of variety at least, the most devoted admirer of gray crags and green larches might delight to inspect. Such, for instance, are the iron mines at Eisen-erz, a little to the right, among the mountains, as you go up the valley of the Mur, from Brück,—"*wo der Steirer Eisen bricht*," as Arndt, in his noble song, sings; then you have the quicksilver mines at Idria, near the south extremity of the route; and not far from that the famous grotto of Adelsberg, with its subterranean cathedrals, and subterranean rivers; and then in the same caverned region, the amphibious lake of Cirknitz, which is wet one half of the year, and the other half dry,—running off, periodically, fish and all, into its rocky sanctuary, leaving the palace of the local Neptune, and the haunts of the Water-Nixen, to be ploughed up for a season by profane boors, and hunted over by a "game-preserving aristocracy." These things are at least worth seeing; and we don't remember (having travelled both) that the Brenner route presents anything so remarkable. The good Countess had therefore some reason to express her surprise, that more Englishmen had not made Grätz instead of Innsprück their half-way house to Italy. There is a railway now, however, finally determined on, (as we gather from a recent intimation of the French consul at Bavaria, †) between Grätz and Trieste; and from the extraordinary rate at which railways are jumping into existence in all parts of Germany, we have no doubt, that in a very few years this Styrian route will be a track as much beaten by view-hunting and other English travellers as any in Europe.

A mountainous country, however, like Styria, whose great valley, the valley of the Mur, runs longitudinally from west to east, (as, indeed, most of the Alpine valleys do,) is not to be known thoroughly by such a hasty cut across hill and dale in the direction of the great north and south highway, as we have described. Mr. Kohl has accordingly done wisely, or happily, by travelling this country from east to west, entering it—that is to say—by the valley of the Feistritz, and the Raab from Hungary, a little to the north of Grätz; and then proceeding through that capital, up the valley of the Mur to Brück; thence to Leoben, up the river westward, cross to the valley of the Ens, and over the heights of Upper Styria, direct down upon Salzburg. Herr Kohl is an intelligent and agreeable traveller. Many French tourists have written more cleverly, many English have described more dramatically; but the German naturally possesses more intelligence than the Englishman, at least in German matters: in all matters he is more honest than the Frenchman; and he is never ill-natured. The volume from which we are about to present a few extracts to the English reader, is only one of a series; but the Austrian empire is too vast a conglomerate to be turned over in a single article of a monthly magazine; and we thought we should edify our reader more, and confuse him less, by confining his attention for the present to a single point.

We enter, then, the good dukedom of Styria from the Hungarian border, a little to the north of Grätz, not far from that grim old quadrangle of a castle with which Captain Hall has rendered our imagination so familiar; and the first city that greets us is Fürstenfeld. This place is notable as one of the great manufacturing seats of the greatest tobacconist in Europe, the Emperor of Austria. Majesty on a throne, and womanhood in a house, are two things very much given to intermeddle; and when they intermeddle beneficially, (though somewhat vexatious at times,) we ought to thank heaven that we are not left in all things to our own evil wits. But when majesty or womanhood intermeddles to make that bad which might have been good without them, then indeed they are a curse.—His majesty of Austria intermeddles with tobacco, as Captain Hall also taught us, not with the intent to manufacture it as good as possible so it be only vendible, but with the deliberate purpose of making it as bad as possible,

* Hundert Tage auf Reisen in den Oestreichischen Staaten. Von J. G. Kohl. 5 ter. Theil. Reise in Steirmark und im Baierischen Hochlande. Dresden und Leipzig. 1842.

† See a list of the railroads in Germany, finished, finishing, and to be finished, in *The Morning Chronicle* of *June* 1*st*.

so it be only smokeable.—Mr. Kohl, in his remarks on this point, shows that the principles of free trade are recognised in Germany as perfectly as in England, France, or any other free country—upon paper:—

The imperial manufactory of cigars here is one of the most important in the whole monarchy. Not less than 45,000 cigars are brought into existence here duly every day that the sun rises; and of these the greater part are destined for Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, and the Austrian provinces south of Trieste. To Trieste alone 600,000 Imperial cigars are sent monthly. Annually—with a small deduction for holidays—there are produced here fifteen millions of smoke-tubes. When we consider that these imperial cigars are all the most vile stuff ever puffed by mortal mouth, which in fact never *are* puffed by any well-educated smoker, without the accompaniment of a hearty oath, or (if that be not allowed) an indignant half-suppressed murmur of execration; when we consider, further, what an unwieldy army of Tobacco Bureaucratists, what piquets of preventive soldiery the government is obliged to maintain, in order to manage such a monopoly; and moreover what an improvement of public morality would certainly take place in the spontaneous stop of smuggling that would instantly follow on the abolition of the monopoly—when we consider also, that in the place of the present paltry manufacturers—an uninspired race of government slaves and mere financial tools—the abolition of the monopoly would bring into existence a body of independent and enterprising merchants, who would not only improve the home manufactory, but give a new impulse to foreign trade; when we consider all this, and how easy it would be, out of the increased flow of manufacturing prosperity, to fish up some compensating tax to keep the revenue fat—we cannot but feel surprised that the Austrian government has not long ago fallen on some plan for doing away with a piece of financial machinery at once so preposterous and so odious.

The logic of Conservatism is everywhere the same. Prove a thing to be bad in itself, as bad as the devil can make it. Admitted, says Conservatism; but if it be bad in itself and for its own sake, it is good in reference to and for the sake of something else. To make bad tobacco is bad both for the tobacco and for the smoker; but it is good for the finances: ergo it is good for *me!* quoth the clerk of the treasury—Q. E. D.—"Go, my son, go," said the Swedish Chancellor to his boy, "Go to Westphalia, and see by how little Logic the world is governed!"

'Tis bad to begin with bad things; but better than to end with them. There are many good things in Styria, very many; good people generally everywhere, good girls and great beauties at Grätz, good steel, good timber, good water, good wine (some people think) at Radkersburg, good sugar biscuits, and a good Archduke John. But bad things there certainly are too; and as they happen to stand here somewhat prominently in the threshold, we must even take them as they come. First, then, in the capital—that is to say Grätz, for we have left Fürstenfeld behind us—there is, as in Vienna, a bad ARISTOCRACY. Mr. Kohl discourses very philosophically on this point.

There are about twenty-four families in this place who condescend to look upon one another as equals. These form a casino or club, of which pedigree is the first and the indispensable condition; so much so indeed, that from the meetings of this club the untitled wife of a noble is excluded. We are accustomed to say in the north, that the Austrian aristocracy mix more with the middle classes than our own nobility. This is the case, however, only in coffee-houses and other public places; in private circles the Austrian nobility are far more exclusive than any in the north of Germany. Aristocratic regulations, so absurdly severe as those in Grätz, are not to be found either in the Casino of Magnates at Pesth, or in the associations of the nobility in Dresden, Berlin, Courland, Livonia, or any part of North Germany. It is inconceivable to me how a thing of this kind can at the present day be tolerated. The nobles themselves are certainly principally to blame for such exhibitions of pompous puerility; but what shall we say of the people who tolerate and encourage the vanity! The conceited noble sets up his pedigree and his star, and his three letters before his name (VON) as an idol to worship; and the silly people fall down and worship. Why do they not rather (instead of looking up with reverence to aristocratic cliques and coteries) form themselves into a *casino*, of which the first law shall be, that no person being of noble birth shall be eligible as a member! A law of this kind would be one based upon the very rational presumption, that hereditary titles exercise such a pernicious effect upon the heart of him who is cumbered with them, that he must be considered, practically, as unfit for entering any association of which pure humanity is an indispensable element.

Bating, however, these twenty-four vain and foolish families, there is society enough in the forty or fifty thousand inhabitants of this "Vienna in miniature" (*Wien im kleinen:* so Weber calls it) to make the residence there uncommonly agreeable to strangers. For besides the lovely beauty of the situation in the rich plain of the Mur, and the romantic character of the mountains with which it is environed, Grätz, as the seat of the government for the duchy, of the military commandant for Styria, Illyria, and the Tyrol, of a University, &c., naturally possesses a variety of society which renders it independent of such petty aristocratic conspiracies as that just mentioned. It is, moreover, as the Countess Purgstall took care to inform Captain Hall, the cheapest place in Austria; and this, we are afraid, together with the railroads, will not preserve it long from an invasion of *saving* English—not always the best specimens of their nation. One thing, however, it wants, which Englishmen of the better sort will miss—high intellectuality. A significant enough token of this we have in the state of the circulating libraries, or library more properly:—

In Grätz, a city containing about 50,000 inhabitants, there is only one, and that a very wretched circulating library, containing about 3000 volumes, arranged, as I saw them, in very tolerable confusion. It is a poor widow that here occupies herself with the dangerous trade of lending books. When I asked her to give me something good to read to amuse a few evening hours, and to serve as a sleeping-draught, she handed me Clauren's Romances!* I asked for Victor Hugo, but his writings were forbidden; for James, but he was forbidden too; for Bulwer, but of him only a small part had been deemed admissible. On the other hand, many slippery writers that I did not ask for were on the shelves. "*In den Sitten*," said the old lady, "*ist man nicht so streng wie in den Meinungen*:"—"They are not so particular about *morals* as about *opinions*." I must mention, however, (to conceal nothing,) that such libraries have generally a secret nook in which contraband books in great request are reserved for a few quiet and discreet friends. In the whole of Vienna there are only two circulating libraries of any size, and four small ones like this at Grätz. In Ollmütz in Moravia, likewise, there is only one small library of this kind. In Inn-

* A trivial novelist, some fifty years old, whom nobody now reads.

spruck, the capital of Tyrol, there was, a few years ago, also *one*. Now there is *none;* for the person who formerly managed it, lately gave it up; and there has been no new one established, for fear, probably, as I was told, of the Jesuits. In Munich, again, there are about a full half-dozen of very respectable circulating libraries; and a number of small ones besides. The 80,000 inhabitants of Dresden are supplied with spiritual food by twenty magazines of the same kind, great and small.

This is characteristic enough, not of Grätz only and Styria, but of the whole of Austria. And Herr Kohl knows very well too, though he does not choose to mention it, that certain Bureaucratists in Berlin are as completely opposed to free printing and free reading as the priests are at Vienna. We shall have to wait also some years and some days before we shall be able to say whether the provincial states, lately called into existence in the North, are anything more efficient for public and national purposes than those of the South of Germany, as they are described in the following passage :—

The assemblies of the states (*Landtags-versammlungen*) which are held here, (in the *Landhaus* at Grätz,) now do the country very little good, and very little harm. Formerly, however, they were important and influential enough; and, like the states of Barcelona, never submitted to the authority of a new sovereign without imposing on him an oath that he would keep the constitution, and obtaining from him certain popular concessions. This oath had to be taken publicly before the gate of the city, otherwise the new sovereign could not be admitted. On these occasions the Styrian estates were wont to show themselves much more sturdy asserters of national rights than the sturdiest of our modern Parliaments. Altogether, however much the Hapsburgers have been wont to boast of the loyalty of their Styrian subjects, their history is full of instances, in which they have made the most determined stand against the inroads of arbitrary power; and it is only the violent suppression of these repeated popular movements that has brought the country to its present state of political insignificance. Styria was, at one period of German history, of much greater extent, and of much greater importance, than we find it now. It has fallen from its days of glory. The same is true of the neighbouring province of Carinthia, a frequently-repeated name in the old German history, and a might that could make itself be felt, if not in Europe, at least in Deutschland. But now, in these latter days, both these countries have become remarkably silent. They speak nothing, and nobody speaks of them. They are two small weights that add their unnoticed momentum to the gravitating mass of Austria. Well worth the while it were for any thoroughly learned and intelligent man to write the history of this country in its great contrasts; as it was, as it is, as it might be: and men both learned and intelligent enough for this purpose there doubtless are somewhere on the banks of the Mur and the Drave; but what learned and intelligent men *can* do in Austria, they *dare* not do; not *so* do certainly as the sacredness of truth, the dignity of science, and the interest of their country would demand.* No less interesting would be the history of the estates of the archduchy of Austria itself, and of every other province of the Austrian empire. But all these important subjects have been either not handled at all hitherto, or handled with such a shrewd and subtle delicacy, that the naked truth can be discerned only by a few eyes practised to see through smoke, and to know by a peculiar instinct under what decent clod every dead dog lies buried.

The last public homage which the Styrian estates paid to their prince, according to the ancient constitutional practice, (the sovereign at the same time taking the oath to them,) was in the year 1728, when Charles VI. was emperor. The ceremony (for it was nothing more) which he volunteered to perform so many years after his accession, Maria-Theresa and Joseph did not think it worth the while to repeat; and this epoch of Maria-Theresa and Joseph, in many respects so glorious to Austria, must be named as that in which the Duchy of Styria lost its last show of a bulwark against arbitrary sway. This fine country, like so many other Austrian provinces, is now altogether without any constitutional means of asserting the public liberty. They who rule, however, are very much mistaken if they imagine that the once dear liberties of Styria, because the traces of its glory are effaced, are now no longer either needed or desired.

We wish we had time and space here to illustrate this matter of the German estates fully; because it may not be known to all our readers that the present despotic form of government which systematically suppresses freedom of thought and speech more or less in every state of Germany, is not native to that country, but altogether foreign and superinduced. The great elector of Brandenburg, the founder of the present Prussian monarchy, attained (as the student of history knows) to absolute power *only by an act of positive public perjury*. The liberals of Germany, when they ask for a free constitution, not in name only, but in deed, are not asking for anything new, but for that which was old and hereditary in their nation. Political liberalism in the north of Germany has been put down by fraud and by force; just as ecclesiastical freedom was annihilated by Ferdinand II. (a native, by the way, of this very place, Grätz) in the south. Having spoken of the occasion on which Styria lost her civil rights, we cannot do better here (although a little out of the geographical order of the narrative) than allow Mr. Kohl to state, at some length, how she lost her religious liberties.

At the end of the sixteenth century, Protestantism was widely spread in the duchies of Austria and Styria. Almost the whole of the Austrian nobility had become Protestant; and even the Emperor Maximilian II. (1564–1576) had shown himself in some degree favourable to the new doctrine. In particular, he had, at one time, seriously deliberated whether he should not take the sacrament in both kinds; and he had substantially acknowledged many of the Lutheran doctrines. Even so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Austrian nobles kept private chaplains in their own castles, at first publicly and freely, then privately and in secret. How glorious for Germany had Maximilian only followed the impulse of his heart, and added the authority of the imperial name to the great moral might of the reformed faith! How happy for Germany to have had one confession, and one church,—then the political unity, so much talked of, might have been something more than a beautiful ghost! And how bloody and brutalizing, how irremediably baneful were the wars that the Ferdinands of the seventeenth century carried on against the outbreaking light of Luther's gospel! These wars had the effect of bringing back the nobility altogether to the Catholic faith; and the whole population of Austria and Styria fell back again, faint and hopeless, on the bosom of their dead mother. Still, however, some remnants of the ancient Evangelical church survive, as well in Styria as in the district of the Upper Ens, more especially in the mountain border region between Styria and the valley of the Salza.

According to Steller, there were, in the year 1839, in the district of the Upper Ens 15,300 Lutherans, and in Styria 5200, principally in the high country about the Ausseer and the Hallstädter Lakes. A Protestant clergyman, with whom I had occasion to converse, in-

* Is Mr. Kohl ignorant of the "*Geschichte von Oestreich und Steiermark*," by SCHNELLER: 1828? The author lived eighteen years in Styria, and writes in a very free and manly spirit. His book was not printed *in* Austria, however.

formed me that there were (in 1841) 17,000 Protestants in Austria: and I give credit to his authority; because the Protestants here being so few in comparison of the whole population, are, naturally enough, much interested to keep an exact account of their numbers. In Upper Austria, they form twelve congregations; in Styria, besides Grätz, three. In Lower Austria there are no Protestant rural congregations; but in Vienna alone there are 12,000 Evangelical and Calvinistic. In Carinthia and Carniola, again, a great number of Protestants remain; about 18,000. Very remarkable, on the other hand, it must be esteemed, that (except 120 Calvinists) there are no Protestants in the whole of Tyrol. This country is the pure Catholic district of the German, as Croatia is of the Slavonic-Hungarian, provinces of the empire.

The Jesuits and Capuchins, no doubt, came snuffing heresy about the Hallstädter See and in the gorges of the "Dead Mountain," as well as elsewhere; but it is almost as difficult to hunt out men in some of these corners as chamois-goats; and so this one and that one escaped, and the pure faith was propagated in secret. They had a practice also, which strict morality might question, but which certainly had a considerable influence in preserving a seed for the season of freedom that was hoped for:—when no other source of safety was left, they did not hesitate to conform outwardly to the Catholic Church; while, in their hearts and in their secret communings, they remained true to the doctrine of the Reformers. In the dark stormy nights, when the mountain blast howled, and the flood came roaring down the rocky glens,—when no hound of a Capuchin dared venture out to track the scent of human blood,—when the little children also were in bed, from whose innocent prattle the inquisitive priests were wont at times to draw the materials of their parents' condemnation,—then were the pious writings of Luther, and the Saxon hymn-books, silently brought out, and the secret worship was celebrated, to which only the eldest son and daughter of the house were admitted as confidants. Their pious books they kept in crevices of the wall, beneath the floor, or in any secret recess of the cottage. 'Tis only a few years ago that, on occasion of some old houses in this district having been pulled down, Lutheran hymn-books and German Bibles were found in the middle of the walls. So carefully did the pious peasants preserve the inestimable treasure, the Word of God,—a treasure obtained only by the most persevering efforts of concealed ingenuity, and to be guarded therefore as the apple of the eye, and as the jewel of God's sanctuary.

Many of these mountain heretics were doubtless discovered, and severely punished: others were banished to Transylvania. That country still shows many names that are to be found in the Traun and Gosau vales. Not a few of the richer sort voluntarily withdrew themselves from a country where they could not enjoy the characteristic privilege of a reasoning being—the right to think; and among these some settled in Prussia, as, for instance, one of the name of Herzberg, from whom the famous Prussian diplomatist of that name was descended. Of the rich who did not emigrate, almost all were forced to conform: only a few of the poorest sort,—"*Holz knechte*," log-carriers, as they call them in Styria, escaped at once the degradation of a forced conversion, and the misfortune of exile.

For 160 years did a secret Protestantism, under the mask of Popish conformity, maintain itself in these lonely mountain-glens,—a remarkable fact, to which a parallel is found only in the well-known history of the Albigenses, the humble and quiet Crypto-Protestants of Piedmont.

At length, in the year 1781, at the flat of Joseph II., appeared the long-delayed edict of toleration. Immediately on the appearance of this document, the concealed lights of the Protestant tapers in the vicinity of the Hallstädter See began to come forth and twinkle: and in a district where no bishop had suspected anything but the most loyal and unalloyed Catholicism, there were suddenly congregated about 3000 peasants, who publicly declared themselves adherents of the heretical faith. A pious Catholic pastor in the neighbourhood found, on a muster, only two or three families remaining of his once-numerous congregation; and his eyes were grieved daily to behold those who had so lately kneeled at his own altar, now busily employed in taking advantage of the imperial license, and building Protestant churches or meeting-houses.

We can only hastily refer our readers here to the recent proceedings of the Austrian government in reference to the Protestants of Zillerthal, in the Tyrol.* These proceedings show plainly enough that the Toleration Act of Joseph is still regarded by the dominant party in Austria, pretty much in the same light that the Catholic Emancipation Act is by the High Church party among ourselves. Leaving Grätz, and ascending the valley of the Mur, we encounter a phenomenon of a very painful description, too common in all Alpine countries. It shall be the last painful subject with which, on the present occasion, we shall have to do.

A little above Grätz begins the country of the *Cretins*, called here *Troddeln* or *Trotteln*, and in Carinthia, *Kocker*. In Lower Styria, a hilly wine-country, in which the inhabitants lead a somewhat less laborious life, only a very few of them occur; and further down, where the Mur enters Croatia, not a single one is to be found. Here, again, where the valleys are narrower, the climate more raw, the food less nourishing and salubrious, some of these wretched figures of abnormal humanity meet the eye in almost every village. With timid, cowering mien, with dull, listless eyes, with bent legs, with goitred neck, (many have three, or even four thick swellings on their throat,) these misshapen abortions drag themselves everywhere through the streets. 'Tis the saddest lopping and laming of humanity that is to be found anywhere on the earth; for the body is as deformed as the soul is debased; and the understanding as blinded as the feelings are perverted. These wretched creatures are, for the most part, malicious, revengeful, and cruel. They exhibit, when they eat, a most voracious, and entirely brutal appetite; as, indeed, all their sensual propensities are manifested in a most brutal and disgusting way. Like the brutes, they have generally a keen scent; but their hearing, as an observer stated to me, is seldom very acute. Their growth displays no vigour, and they are mostly of small stature. This is a small kindness of Nature to these unfortunates, for which we ought to be thankful; for if these unsightly shapes were allowed to attain a large and full development, the sight would be altogether intolerable. The vital power in them, however, imperfect as it is, exhibits toughness enough at times. They often live to a great age, and many of them drag their unhappy existence on for seventy years, and more—a misery to themselves, and an eye-sore to creation.

Upper Styria is the proper head-quarters of Cretinism. As, on the one hand, it disappears towards the south, in the more level country, so, in the opposite direction, towards Salzburg, it decreases, and in Bavaria ceases completely. In Linz there is not one to be seen: in Salzburg not a few still remain.

It is not a little remarkable, that there are whole villages and valleys which are unvisited by this infliction, while other adjacent localities suffer beyond the average. There is, for instance, not far from *Fronleiten*, a district called "*in der gams*," where it is said that every house has two or three *Troddeln* among its inmates. Many persons are of opinion that this peculiarity is to be explained only by the influence of the soil. Here, as in other places, a general observation is made, (whether well-founded or not, I have not the means to say,) that in the clay-slate districts, a much more marked tendency to Cretinism appears than in the neighbourhood of limestone.

The people themselves have many ways of explaining

* In the year 1836. See an article in *The Quarterly Review*, vol. lxiv. p. 120.

this odious phenomenon. The commonest theory, with them, is to throw the blame on the water; and many springs stand in bad repute with the boors, and are branded through a whole district, as fountains out of which one may drink stupidity, goitres, and Cretinism. About three hours' walk from *Fronleiten*, there is in the so-called "long meadow," (*lange wiese,*) a fountain which yields a pure delicious water; but it stands under the rustic interdict, and is called "*Kropf-quelle*," or goitre-well. The cattle drink out of this well without any injury; but men who allay their thirst by drinking from this stream, cannot possibly escape goitres, they say, and (in the case of young persons) Cretinism. Other springs, again, bear a good reputation in the country, and are recommended as the antidote to the bane which is in the former.

Mr. Kohl returns to this curious but painful subject, in several parts of his tour. We can only afford to add the following; remarking at the same time, in passing, that the author's assertion, in the extract just made with regard to the longevity of the Cretins, (if taken generally,) is contradicted by the best medical authorities, (see the article in Copland's Dictionary;) and also by that most respectable perambulator of Deutschland, Charles Julius Weber.*

To the west of Eisenärzt lies a district called "the Radmer." There are found the greatest number of Cretins, especially in "Upper Radmer," which is quite full of Troddelns, though in a very high situation. A young man from this district was named to me, who, till his eighth year, had been quite healthy and sound. He had attended school with the boys of his own age, and made considerable progress in his studies, when suddenly a dulness, and a shyness, became observable in his eye.† (This dulness of the eye is generally the first symptom of approaching Cretinism; and experienced persons can tell from the look of a child's eye, in the cradle, whether it is to share the common joy of intellectual day, or is destined to spiritual darkness.) Then his features assumed a stupid and rigid appearance; his legs bent inwards, and became crooked; his gait became clumsy and slow; his memory, and his desire of knowledge vanished; his mind was blunted in all directions; and the unfortunate parents saw their hopeful son sent down into the dark inanity of perfect Cretinism—an abnormal creature, without feeling, without thought, and yet living, and yet a man.

Here in Styria, also, as in Switzerland, the poor Troddelns are looked on by the people as a sort of hallowed persons; and any injury offered to the Troddel of any family, is highly resented. Nothing is more natural than this idea; partly because these helpless creatures actually stand in need of all the sympathy their fellow mortals can give them; partly because, in their mysterious and apparently-undeserved infliction, the friends of the helpless victim recognise the hand of Heaven, and cherish the fixed opinion that the poor Cretin suffers vicariously for the sins of the whole family to which he belongs. And, in almost all nations, a certain saintly halo is piously allowed to encircle the head of those who are unsound in mind; for what men cannot explain by any second cause, they inevitably refer to the great First Cause; besides, that in the common and normal condition of the mind, there is often less to remind us of our connexion with a higher spiritual world, than in the extraordinary and abnormal.

Very good!—witness animal magnetism. A German that does not philosophize, is a traitor to his country. Our way is now clear to allude more particularly to some of the good things in Styria. Of these, unquestionably the best at present—though, unfortunately, it cannot last for ever—is the Archduke John, "*der Johann*," as the good people familiarly call him; plain John, with an emphatic article—*the* John, as we in Scotland talk of *the* Bruce, and as the old Greeks did of ὁ Σωκρατης—*the* Socrates. Him, however, because we have no space, and because he has been sufficiently eulogized already by Captain Hall, we are compelled to satisfy ourselves with merely naming on the present occasion; remarking only as we pass, how strange a thing a *real* prince who knows his duty, and who does it, must have become in modern Europe, since, when we do meet with one now and then like this Archduke John, or the famous Duke of Weimar, the press must immediately blare out such multitudinous blasts of laudation. Honour be to the good Archduke John! We are thankful to Heaven that there is at least one prince in the world who knows he has something else to do on God's earth than to get into debt, to shoot partridges, and to drink wine to-day, and soda-water to-morrow. Go to Grätz, whoever has money in his pocket, and inspect the *Johanneum*, or public national museum of the duchy—that part of the Archduke John concerning which he can say triumphantly, as Horace said—"*Non omnis moriar*—I shall not *all* die;" and then let him travel up the country to the iron mines at Vorde'nberg, where he may chance to see the other part of him which shall die. A prince who is the best landlord, the best miner, the best farmer, the best public economist, the best chamois-hunter, the best dancer, and the best fellow altogether, in the country to which he belongs,—is really a thing to be looked at and loved. A prince indeed!—a *Fürst*, as the Germans emphatically phrase it; a person FIRST in all good works and noble qualities. This is the aristocracy whose heraldry we delight to acknowledge. But we must proceed in our catalogue of good things. The Styrian steel—"the Noric blade," as our poets, taught by the Romans, phrase it—has long been known as the best in the world. The principal seat of this is at Eisenerz, in the mountain ridge that divides the valley of the Mur from that of the Ens. This Mr. Kohl visits, and examines the mines. We pass on, in a north-westerly direction, till we reach this Ens-thal; and the first object that meets us there is the famous Benedictine cloister of Admont, founded in the year 1074, where there is a capital library, containing 100,000 volumes, Mr. Kohl assures us; and excellent quarters, as Sir Humphrey Davy found when he was there. Here, and beyond this, higher up the valley to the west, the Alpine scenery becomes truly sublime. We do not think Herr Kohl particularly happy in his descriptions; but the following may serve as a specimen:

'Tis truly astonishing how Nature has often shaken out her cornucopia so freely, that her abundance becomes a very burden to mortals. Thus in Hungary, for instance, and in Egypt, she has collected so much slime and rich fat loam, that humanity is well-nigh choked with it. Thus in Prussia, she has riddled out such a flat breadth of prose and sand, that people must stand and stare at every little hillock, as if it were a miracle of

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* "*Der gröeste Segen des Himmels ist indessen der dass diese traurigen Geschöpfe selten alt werden.*"—WEBER'S Deutschland, vol. ii. p. 435.

† The German here is, "*Sein Auge anfing* BLÖDE *zu werden.*" This word *blöde* is, etymologically, the same as the Scotch word, *blate*, applied to timid and shy-witted persons.

nature. Here, again, in Styria, she has dropped down such multitudinous masses of picturesque rocks, that men, amid this over-abundance of the beautiful, are like to starve for the want of what is necessary. On a single square mile of this country, there is congregated more of this rocky material of the sublime, than were sufficient to satisfy the demands of all the landscape gardeners in Europe. Take one of these high-throned, stern-commanding Titans, or even one of his vassals and sub-vassals here between the Ens and the Mur, and plant him suddenly down before the door of some honest boor in Brandenburg, the boor will fall down and worship, (people have worshipped less worthy things,) and pilgrims will come from far Pomerania and join him on their knees.

The plains of Hungary, and the heights of upper Styria, are two perfect opposites, which we may represent analogically thus: suppose a long picture-gallery, filled in its whole length with pictures of one kind only, landscapes in which nothing appears but four things infinitely represented—clouds, grass-fields, a stork, and a well. This is Hungary. Suppose, now, a picture-gallery furnished on all sides with every possible variety of the picturesque—with rocks, with forests, with rivers, with mountain gorges and devil's-bridges, with wizard paths and chamois-goat ladders. Aloft, like troops of misty-mantled spirits, float the restless clouds over the snowy peaks, while deep dark mines gape beneath. Mother earth has uplifted here her front so high, that the sky is visible to mortal eyes only in a few patches; and only in patches appear the few acres of workable ground that man can claim here for his own profit amid the unappropriated wilderness of rock. As the trees find their nourishment with difficulty, working their roots between the chinks, and thrusting themselves into the moist recesses of the stone, so men grow here also scantily, and are found only in spots, where haply there may be room for them. With such materials suppose the vigorous brush of some Salvator Rosa to have filled for you as much canvass as you desire; cover all the walls with such pictures, not your main gallery merely, but every antechamber, corridor, stair, and lobby, and the whole house to its smallest closet and corner—this is Styria. *Es ist ein Anblick zum Erschrecken!*—'Tis a spectacle of wonder, a spectacle of terror. It is as if one were set down to feast on a dish of pure pepper, or to hear a concert of mere trumpet-blasts blaring in from all sides, amid the loud roar of which the soft notes of the flute and of the violin were altogether mute.

There remain yet the two best things in Styria; and the first is the Chamois-goats and the Chamois-hunters, with whom Mr. Kohl was wisely careful to cultivate a particular acquaintance in these alpine regions. Of course there is no method of travelling in such places, but pedestrianizing; and pedestrianizing amid such magnificent mazes of mist and mountain no wise man will venture without a guide; and of guides, where such a one may be had, an old Gemsen-jäger is incomparably the best. Herr Kohl has reported at length some of his sporting conversations with these heroes of the cliff. Here follows one. The English reader will understand that the old he Chamois-goat is called a *Bock*, the she goat a *Geis*, and the young ones *Kitzen*:—

"You say that the old bocks have a habit of skulking behind the herd, sitting (like great men) apart from the vulgar throng. Did you ever bring down such a king of Gemsen, yourself?"

"O, Jesus Maria, and that I did!—Once I spied such a solitary old fellow beside that rock-wall yonder; a big rough old bock with a voice like a bear. This fellow, as soon as he observed us on the heights above him, began to walk backwards and forwards on the green platform where he stood, taking note of our bearings. This they always do when they spy the jäger; for they are no fools the gemsen, and never run right into the blue air after their noses without knowing where they are going. But for all their cunning we jäger yet know how to get the better of them. I had two jäger-boys with me, and them I told to stay where they were, and appear to be occupying themselves with this thing and with that, without minding the gams. Meanwhile I made a circuit among the rocks by ways known to myself, mounted myself on a cliff higher than where the bock stood, and intercepted him from behind. My boys remained where I left them, and the gams continued to walk up and down, reconnoitring their movements. I had thus time to advance and take a sure aim; and then bang! went my gun, and its contents into the stomach of the poor brute. I had shot it clean through the heart. 'Twas lucky for me that the wind was in my face; for we jägers with a fair wind sail worst. Had the breeze been blowing from me to the gams, and not contrariwise, all my caution and cunning might have helped me little.

"Two things an Alpine jäger must always attend to: (1,) the wind, as I have just been telling you, and (2,) the colour—that's to say his own colour. A fine new glossy hat is the worst possible for the hills; it must be old and gray. His jacket also, and his trousers must be gray, without bright metal buttons, which twinkle in the sun and make a jingle against the rocks. The young gallants with their gay toggery always bag less than we old stagers; for they will be showing themselves always to the sun, whereas one of us with a gray, rain-scoured thread-bare jacket, takes his stand beside the old stump of a tree as stiff and as gray as himself, and the cunningest old bock on the crag can't get a guess of our whereabouts till there is something past guessing about nearer home."

"O! you barbarians," said I; "and thus you sneak about your bloody business like wolves on the poor innocent sheep!"

"— *s risch wohl so*—even so *mein Herr—aber wer will halt leb'n*—but an honest man must live."*

"You said the old bocks were won't to separate themselves from the herd, and to graze alone. Do the *geisen* (the females) do the same?"

"*Schaun's*—if your *wohlgeboren* will attend, I'll tell how we manage it with the *geisen*. The old *geisen* remain almost constantly with the herd, and the oldest is always the most important personage in the troop—much more important than the bock, who only comes when his own business calls him—and rules only while that business lasts. The oldest geis, on the other hand, is the proper leader of the herd, and knows every secret path and crag and cranny of the rocks. This geis we call in our Jäger language the *Vor-geis*; (i. e. the *geis* that goes before,) and we take care never to shoot her; for if we shot her, by leaving the herd to a new leader, we would force ourselves to hunt upon a new plan. For when the vor-geis falls, either a new leader is chosen who has new devices in her head, or the herd breaks up into two or three troops, each with a separate head; and the ways and haunts of each of these must be studied thoroughly and watched by the Jäger before he can hope to do any good. Such a disruption of the herd never takes place when the bock is shot. Therefore, as I told your *wohlgeboren*, the *vor-geis* is the queen of the whole congregation; and let their number dwindle to never so little, she will never leave them. Only when she becomes very old, and has no longer any *kitzen*, and the warm mother's instinct in her breast begins to cool, then she is observed to lag behind the rest, partly, perhaps, because she cannot keep up at the same smart pace, partly because she has no longer the same taste for society. Such old geisen we shoot off, when we find them, without scruple, for that does no harm.

"Every herd of Geisen has its 'home' (*Heimath*) in the mountains, to which, after roaming about on grazing adventures, it always returns. This 'home' is some wild recess of the mountains, not easily accessible; and as good situations of this kind are not everywhere to be

* Not every one that can read Goethe will understand a Gemsen-jäger. They have a dialect of their own; and the other good people in Styria the same.

found, it sometimes happens that two herds of Gemsen will be found engaged in a serious fray about the lordship of a 'home.' And when a herd has once fairly lodged itself in such quarters, it is not easy to force it to decamp.

"When a herd of Gemsen has been out foraying, and is returning to their home, they observe uniformly the following order:—The *Vorgeis* always in the van; for she has a great tact at pioneering; then the other Geisen, the young Bocks, and then the Kitzen. The old Bock is always the last, and forms the rear-guard. Accordingly, when young inexperienced Jäger shoot hastily into the middle of the young Bocks, and disperse the troop, the oldest and the best Bock is always sure to escape.

"In their homes 'tis no easy matter to come upon the Gemsen. The chase there is, on account of the many abrupt precipices and sharp overhanging crags, often extremely dangerous. Yet even into these airy citadels we will follow them at times; and there are not wanting keen Jägers who will scramble up the most inaccessible cliffs in close pursuit of the Gemsen, making their quarters, night after night, in a deep gorge, under a toppling rock; or, if the chance is happy, in a cave. It is not once or twice either that some of us have been found in the deep ravines, fallen down from these high cliffs, or struck by the lightning. Sometimes it has even happened that a Jäger, in the eagerness of the chase, like the Emperor Maximilian at Schwatz in the Tyrol, has climbed to a point beyond which he cannot advance, and back from which he finds it impossible to return; and there is no remedy for it, but he must even starve, or be shot down."

"Shot down!—and who shoots him, then?"

"*Ei! seine Freunde!*—his friends, to be sure! He calls to his companions, and beseeches them to do it; and when every other plan fails, they must even do as they are desired. Of course, such an extreme as this does not often occur; but it has happened once, and twice, and it will happen again. Your *wohlgeboren* will trust me when I say, that there are things happen here in the high cliffs—that the Jäger knows—of which you gentlemen in the plains have no conception. Trust me—I tell you, none but a friend, and the best friend that a man has, will shoot him down from such a crag; for one who loves himself better, thinks of his own conscience first and last, and does nothing. But a true friend thinks only of shortening his brother's tortures;—and if a friend in need was ever a friend in deed, it is so in a case of this kind."

The last good thing of Styria, and, perhaps, (even better than the Archduke John,) the best, remains. It is the Alpine shepherdesses, the fair *Sennerinnen*, Arcadian maids, diligent as Minerva, and chaste as Dian's minions, who pitch their tents alone amid the lonely Alps securely, and fear no mortal. Some of our readers may recollect the beautiful opening chorus in Schiller's "William Tell," composed of three parts—the Fisher-boy's song, the Jäger's song, and the song of the Senners returning from the Alpine pastures.

"Ihr Matten lebt wohl!
Ihr sonnigen Weiden!
Der Senne muss scheiden,
Der Sommer ist hin!
Wir fahren zu Berg, wir kommen wieder,
Wenn der Kukuk ruft, wenn erwachen die Lieder,
Wenn mit Blumen die Erde sich kleidet neu,
Wenn die Brünnlein fliessen im lieblichen Mai.
Ihr Matten lebt wohl!
Ihr sonnigen Weiden!
Der Senne muss scheiden,
Der Sommer ist hin!"

What Schiller here so beautifully fancies, is described by our traveller as a more beautiful reality. The descent from the Alps ('s *Aberauschen*, as they call it) is conducted in Styria with a grace and a dignity that only requires to be seen, to convince poets and philosophers of a certain class, that even in this iron age of the world, Arcadian manners are in some places practicable. A common plan is for some nine or ten *Sennerinnen* to unite, and make the descent together. This, of course, cannot always take place; partly because the pastures are often small, and at a great distance from one another; partly because some pastures, from their situation, must be left much earlier in the season than others. But whenever a sufficient number can be brought together, they descend in a body; and in this way they will often have 200 or more kine in a troop; and as these are all busked with wild flowers and mountain wreaths, the effect of their march homewards with their pretty mistresses attending may be conceived.

The day before the descent, the mountain maidens employ themselves merrily in decorating their kine for the journey. Distinguished above the rest of the troop, are the oldest cow and the oldest steer. Their horns are gilded and adorned with silk ribbons, and massy, thickly-woven wreaths of the rarest Alpine plants. At times, an Alpine cow will be so richly adorned, that the mounting is worth twenty florins, or more; to understand which, we must bear in mind, that certain Alpine plants are in great request for medical and other purposes; so that a well-woven wreath for a queen cow may come to be a matter of as much usefulness in the plains, as it was of beauty and joy in the mountains. There grows, for instance, on the Alps, near the Carinthian border, a certain plant called "speik," in great quantities. Of this plant the shepherdesses make bushy crests for their kine; and thus profitably adorned, send them parading down the hills straight to the door of the apothecary's shop. The calves also—to the very youngest—are all decorated; but they must content themselves with a single small wreath about their horns, and this not a flower-wreath for the most part, but made of mountain berries, hips and haws, or roots cut into hearts and diamonds, strung together. Their cattle thus prepared, the Sennerinnen then pack their milk-pails, clothes, and whatever else they have, on the back of an ass, or a small pony, and then commence the descent. In this festive way they go on, laughing, and talking, and singing cheerily (they are beautiful singers often) till they come to the opening of their own valleys; and there the lads of the village will often be found meeting them with music, and gaily conducting them home. Sometimes, also, they will bring the Sennerinn a horse gallantly busked with flowers; and mounted on this, with her milk-pails dangling and jingling at her side, she rides into the hamlet in triumph.

The Sennerinn is, in the rural economy of the Alps, always the most important person, and much looked up to. For not only has she the management of the cattle, on which the livelihood of the good peasants principally depends, but the nature of the Alpine pastures is such that, without the superintendence of a person at once considerate and dexterous, serious accidents must continually occur, and heavy losses be sustained. The ground, for one thing, must be regularly studied and surveyed; pits must be covered, precipices railed in, and these rails must be kept constantly in repair. Many places of the pasture, also, are safe enough in good weather; but in bad weather, particularly dangerous. The Sennerinn, accordingly, must keep a constant lookout, to use skilfully the Alpine times and tides, and to obey the laws of pastoral navigation, which require a clear eye and a steady hand, as well as those of the sea.

A Sennerinn is responsible for any damage that may happen to the kine while under her charge: the presumption is, (so the peasant law has decided,) that without some carelessness on her part, the mischief could never have happened. For this reason, no Sennerinn who has lost one of her number, (were it only a silly calf or an unruly ox that threw itself down a precipice,) is allowed to come home flaunting with such festal decorations as we have described. She dare adorn neither herself nor her cattle, and the common halter serves them for a wreath. No Sennerinn, also, who is known as

a gossiping girl, or one who has dawdled away her hours of duty with a sweetheart, may expect that the lads of the village shall come to meet her with music and merry welcome. Only the wise and dexterous manager is considered not to have disgraced her office by her conduct. She only comes down from her Alps (like the old Roman generals from the wars) with triumph or with ovation, as the case may be; while her careless colleague comes joyless home, and drives her bald charge into their stalls, which no one waits with forward welcome to open.

These Arcadian descriptions apply generally to the high country between Admont on the Ens, and Salzburg in the valley of the Salza, which, as we mentioned in the outset, our traveller makes the legitimate termination of his Styrian tour. Part of this region, the lakes in Upper Austria, and those in the Bavarian Highlands, are pretty well known to the great swarm of pleasure-tourists from Vienna or Munich, who make Salzburg their head-quarters for exploring these regions, pretty much in the same way that Stirling is a sort of gathering point for Highland travellers in Scotland. The proper Styrian Alps, however, over which Mr. Kohl passed in the upper valley of the Ens, are not often visited by travellers; and are not like to be so. So much the better. The travellers, who are something more than mere show-hunters, and wish to live with the people for a season, instead of merely looking at them, will meet with so much the more kindly reception. To the poet, the painter, and the pedestrian of this country, who have not sunk the man in the Englishman, and the Englishman in the tourist, there is treasured up many a happy summer hour yet, amid the nimblefooted Jägers, and the sweet-singing Shepherdesses of Upper Styria.*

* Observe, that nouns in *r* in German, have generally the plural like the nominative; so that the final *s* in *Jägers* is properly an Anglicism, that may be as well omitted. Observe, also, that the name of the capital of Styria is either *Gratz*, with the English *a*, or *Grätz* with the German *ä*; the former being the pronunciation of the Germans; the latter, of the Slavonic tribes in Styria and Carinthia. Observe, also, that in writing German words, two dots above a vowel, and an *e* after it, have the same effect—*Grätz*, or *Graetz*. Our printers, as if to make assurance doubly sure, often give both; which is absurd.

THE CAPTIVITY OF THE ENGLISH OFFICERS AND LADIES IN AFFGHANISTAN.

(*Concluded from page 469 of our July Number.*)

The ladies, the officers, and the children, as we have seen, left the British camp, at Khoord-Cabul, on the evening of the 9th January, and were taken for safety to the Khoord-Cabul fort, where, if not very delicately accommodated, they were respectfully treated. The party consisted of Lady Macnaghten, Lady Sale, Mrs. Sturt, Captain Boyd, his wife and child, Captain Anderson, with his wife and child, and another little girl, in the hands of the Affghans; Lieutenants Eyre and Waller, each with a wife and child; Mrs. Trevor and her seven children; Captain Troup, Mrs. Mainwaring and her child, and a few more persons, with their attendants. Lieutenant Eyre is more reasonable than Lady Sale. Where she complains of wretched accommodation and bad fare, he avers that the first night of the captivity was heaven itself, compared to what they had been suffering in the camp for the three previous nights, lying on the bare snow. The next day, Eyre relates—

The courtyard was all day crowded with the friends and relations of Mahommed Akbar, whose bearing toward us was exceedingly kind and courteous; but their presence obliged the ladies to remain closely immured in their dark cells. In the course of the afternoon the chief himself made his appearance, and, having requested an interview with Lady Macnaghten, expressed to that lady his sorrow at having been instrumental to her present misfortunes, and his desire to contribute to her comfort as long as she remained his guest. But an Affghan nobleman's ideas of comfort fall very far short of an English peasant's; and we soon learned to consider spoons, forks, and other table gear as effeminate luxuries, and plunged our fingers unhesitatingly into the depths of a greasy pilao, for which several of us scrambled out of one dish. The warmth of a wood fire, though essential to protect us from the severe extremes of cold, could only be enjoyed at the expense of being blinded and half stifled by the smoke; the bare ground was our only bed, and postheens (or sheepskin cloaks) our only covering; but these and various other inconveniences were indeed of small moment, when weighed in the balance against the combination of horrors we had escaped, and which still encompassed our unhappy countrymen and fellow-soldiers in camp.

The next day was one of extreme suffering to the captives, as their march lay over the route of the perished army. Of the dismal spectacles which met their eyes on this day, Lady Sale relates,

11*th*.—We marched; being necessitated to leave all the servants that could not walk, the Sirdar promising that they should be fed. It would be impossible for me to describe the feelings with which we pursued our way through the dreadful scenes that awaited us. The road covered with awfully mangled bodies, all naked: fifty-eight Europeans were counted in the Tunghee and dip of the Nullah; the natives innumerable. Numbers of camp followers, still alive, frost-bitten and starving; some perfectly out of their senses and idiotic. Major Ewart, 54th, and Major Scott, 44th, were recognised as we passed them; with some others. The sight was dreadful; the smell of the blood sickening; and the corpses lay so thick it was impossible to look from them, as it required care to guide my horse so as not to tread upon the bodies.

We cannot pursue this theme. The captives halted at the Tézeen fort, and next day pursued their route, still on the same dismal line of march.

We passed our last gun, abandoned, with poor Dr. Cardew's body lying on it, and three Europeans close by it.

During the march we were joined by Mr. Magrath, surgeon of the 37th N. I., and six men of the 44th. . . . . Mr Magrath had several narrow escapes; and when surrounded by Giljye footmen with their long knifes drawn, owed his life in a great measure to an Affghan horseman, who recognised him as having shown some little kindness to some of his sick friends at Cabul.

At night we had snow.

Our whole party, ladies and gentlemen, crammed into

one room; one side of which was partitioned off with mats and filled with grain. Here an old woman cooked chupatties for us, three for a rupee; but, finding the demand great she soon raised the price to a rupee each.

13*th*.—We travelled over mountain paths, where the camels found it difficult to get on with the kajavas, till we arrived at Jugdaluck: near the Ghavoy there had been fearful slaughter, principally of Europeans.

We found General Elphinstone, Brigadier Shelton, and Captain Johnson here in tents.

On the journey of the captives on the 11th, Lieutenant Eyre tells us,

Numerous parties of truculent Ghazeeas, the chief perpetrators of these horrors, passed us laden with booty, their naked swords still reeking with the blood of their victims. They uttered deep curses and sanguinary threats at our party, and seemed disappointed that so many of the hated Feringhees should have been suffered to survive. We reached Tézeen, a distance of sixteen miles, at close of day, where the fort of Mahommed Khan received us for the night.

A few days afterwards, when they had reached the fertile valley of Lughmanee, we learn what were the true feelings of the peaceful inhabitants of the country for the invaders.

The whole plain beyond was thickly studded with small high-walled forts and villages, by whose inhabitants we were greeted, *en passant*, in no measured terms of abuse, in which exercise of speech the fair sex, I am sorry to say, bore a conspicuous part, pronouncing the English ladies not only immoral in character, but downright "scarecrows," in appearance, and the gentlemen, "dogs," "base-born," "infidels," "devils," with many other unpronounceable titles equally complimentary, the whole being wound up with an assurance of certain death to our whole party ere many hours should elapse.

. . . . . .

We found the Affghan gentry most agreeable travelling companions, possessing a ready fund of easy conversation and pleasantry, with a certain rough polish and artless independence of manner, which, compared with the studied servility and smooth-tongued address of the Hindostanee nobles, seldom fails to impress our countrymen in their favour.

On the morning of this day it was necessary for the party to cross the Cabul river, at a ford where the water is both deep and rapid.

Many of the ladies, being mounted on ponies, were obliged to dismount, and ride astride on the chargers of their Affghan acquaintance, to avoid getting wet. Nothing could exceed the politeness and attention of Mahommed Akbar on this occasion, who manifested the greatest anxiety until all had crossed over in safety. Several men and ponies were swept down by the violence of the current and drowned; a whole host of camp dogs, whose masters had been slain, and who had attached themselves to us, remaining on the other side, to our great relief.

On this occasion Mahommed Akbar carried over Mrs. Waller behind him on his own horse. This lady was then very near the term of her confinement. At some of the forts where they halted, the ladies were sometimes taken by the chiefs to the apartments or private dwellings of their wives, who received them with kindness, gave them sweetmeats, and appeared, in dumb show, to compassionate their hapless condition. They were now equally anxious for intelligence from their friends, and about their own fate; for their faith in Mahommed Akbar could not yet have been strong. On the 17th they reached a large fort belonging to Mahommed Shah Khan, whose brother, Dost Mahommed Khan, was henceforth to have the charge of the captives; and here, to their horror, they were told by Akbar that only one man, Dr. Brydon, had reached Jellalabad to tell the dismal tale of the final destruction of the British army. Though their suite of rooms in this fort was neither large nor elegant, they took possession, and began to arrange their scanty property. That of Lady Sale and her daughter consisted of one mattress and coverlet, and the clothes which they had on their backs when they left Cabul. Lady Sale was told by the Sirdar, [General,] Mahommed Akbar, that her letters to her husband would be forwarded; that none of the party were considered prisoners, and that as soon as the *roads were safe*, they should all be escorted to Jellalabad. The correspondence with General Sale was in part openly allowed, and also contrived. The roads never became safe, until the advance of the British force, under General Pollock, had made them so. But that was still a far distant period, and much patience was to be exercised by the captives; though their friends at a distance, and indeed the whole of their countrymen in Britain and India, were much more anxious and apprehensive for the fate of the prisoners of the terrible Akbar than they either were or needed to be for themselves, after they were fairly in his power. Thirteen days after leaving Cabul, it is not surprising to find Lady Sale luxuriating in that "poor creature," fresh water.

19*th*.—We luxuriated in dressing, although we had no clothes but those on our backs; but we enjoyed washing our faces very much, having had but one opportunity of doing so before, since we left Cabul. It was rather a painful process, as the cold and glare of the sun on the snow had three times peeled my face, from which the skin came off in strips.

We had a grand breakfast, dhall and radishes; the latter large hot ones that had gone to seed, the former is a common pulse eaten by the natives: but any change was good, as we find our chupatties made of the coarse ottah, anything but nice. Ottah is what in England is called pollard; and has to be twice sifted ere it becomes flour. The chupatties are cakes formed of this ottah mixed with water, and dried by standing by the fire set up on edge. Eating these cakes of dough is a capital recipe to obtain the heartburn. We parch rice and barley, and make from them a substitute for coffee. Two sheep (alias lambs) are killed daily; and a regular portion of rice and ottah given for all. The Affghans cook; and well may we exclaim with Goldsmith, "God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks;" for we only get some greasy skin and bones served out as they are cooked, boiled in the same pot with the rice, all in a lump. Captain Lawrence divides it; and portions our food as justly as he can. The chupatty is at once the plate and bread: few possess other dinner-table implements than their fingers. . . . . .

24*th*.—A day or two ago the Sirdar sent some chintz to be divided amongst us. A second quantity was to-day given out; and we are working hard that we may enjoy the luxury of getting on a clean suit of clothes. . . . . . The Sirdar sent eight pieces of long cloth to be divided amongst us. I fancy he is generous at little cost; and that it is all a part of the plunder of our camp. . . . . .

10*th*.—I received boxes from Sale, with many useful things; and also books, which are a great treat to us. I wrote to him, but fear my letter will not reach him, as all notes that came for us were kept back by the Sirdar; who is very angry, having detected a private cossid between Captain Macgregor and Major Pottinger: if we behave ill again, the Sirdar says, woe will betide us. . . . . .

11*th*.—To-day all arms have been taken from the officers, on a promise that they shall be restored when

we go away. I took poor Sturt's sword myself, and begged that the Sirdar would keep it himself; that we might be sure of its restoration, as being invaluable to his widow. Dost Mahommed Khan, Abdool Guffoor Khan, &c., desired me to keep it myself; acting in the handsomest manner, and evincing much feeling on the occasion. . . . . .

14*th*.—This is the day that Mahommed Akbar Khan is to go over the river towards Jellalabad to attack it. The 13th sent a quantity of clothes for distribution amongst the gentlemen. I received a large packet of letters, both from my family in the provinces, and also from England, but no note from Sale; so the Sirdar is still angry about the private correspondence. It was a very foolish attempt, for there was no news of consequence to send; and, rousing the Sirdar's suspicion is not the way to make him kind to us.

15*th*.—Firing of heavy guns distinctly heard to-day; supposed to be a salute at Jellalabad. . . . . .

18*th*.—Dost Mahommed Khan came with his son; the family have all arrived at a neighbouring fort in this valley. There is a report that Sale has chupaoed [surprised] Mahommed Akbar Khan's camp at Char Bagh, and cut up fifty of his men.

19*th*.—I heard from Sale. A friend writes me that there will be no relief before April. At noon I was on the top of the house, when an awful earthquake took place. I had gone up stairs to see after my clothes; for, servants being scarce, we get a sweeper, who also acts as saces, to wash for us; and I hang them up to dry on the flat roof: we dispense with starch and ironing; and in our present situation we must learn to do everything that is useful. But to return to the earthquake. For some time I balanced myself as well as I could; till I felt the roof was giving way. I fortunately succeeded in removing from my position before the roof of our room fell in with a dreadful crash. The roof of the stairs fell in as I descended them; but did me no injury. All my anxiety was for Mrs. Sturt; but I could only see a heap of rubbish. I was nearly bewildered, when I heard the joyful sound, "Lady Sale, come here, all are safe:" and I found the whole party uninjured in the court-yard. When the earthquake first commenced in the hills in the upper part of the valley, its progress was clearly defined, coming down the valley, and throwing up dust, like the action of exploding a mine.—I hope a soldier's wife may use a soldier's simile, for I know of nothing else to liken it to.

Poor General Elphinstone, who, by this time, was constantly confined to bed, and apparently neglected by everybody, was rescued by the intrepedity of his servant, a soldier of the 44th, who rushed into his room and carried him out. The Affghans, though earthquakes are common in their country, were more alarmed than the Europeans. Many of the neighbouring forts were levelled, though the one in which the captives were lodged escaped. The Affghans exulted in the hope that the earthquake might also have levelled the defences of Jellalabad; and that a direct interposition of the Prophet would make a road for the Sirdar and his troops to walk into that fortress. For some weeks, shocks of earthquakes were experienced every day, and sometimes several in a day, and, for safety, the captives deserted the fort, and lodged in small wooden huts which their servants constructed for them. One of their principal occupations was discussing the numerous rumours that reached them from different quarters, of which the most gratifying was, that Akbar was treating for their being exchanged for his father Dost Mahommed and the Dost's family. The successful sallies of General Sale were other delicious crumbs of comfort. The inhabitants of the valley were now removing their families and property to the fastnesses of the mountains for safety; but this told both ways, as the captives had reason to fear that, if their countrymen advanced triumphantly, they also would be sent back to the hills. There were also frequent rumours of their being ransomed; but, in the meanwhile, three months wore away, and Mahommed Akbar's camp had been surprised by General Sale, three guns taken, and his whole force routed. This was joyful news to the prisoners; though their joy was changed to sadness when they were told to prepare themselves, with all despatch, to follow the Sirdar's fortunes. He was to retreat towards the hills next morning. Lieutenant Eyre writes—

April 10*th*.—We were all ready for a start at an early hour, but no camels came till 3 P. M.; meanwhile a scene of pillage went on, in which Mahommed Shah Khan acted the part of robber-chief. His first act was to select all our best horses for himself, after which he deliberately rummaged Lady Macnaghten's baggage, from which he took shawls to the value of 5000*l*. He next demanded her jewels, which she was obliged reluctantly to give up, their value being estimated at 10,000*l*., or a lac of rupees. Not satisfied even with this rich plunder, he helped himself freely out of Captain Lawrence's boxes to everything that took his fancy; after which, being well aware of the poverty of the rest, he departed. Fortunately my own riding horse was spared, through the kind interference of the Meerza who accompanied the Khan. This characteristic little drama having been acted, the signal was given for our departure, the European soldiers being left behind, with a promise of release on the payment of a ransom.

It was a treat to get free of the dismal high walls within which we had been so long immured; and as we had arrived in the depth of winter, when all was bleak and desolate to the eye, the universal verdure with which returning spring had now clothed the valley struck us all with the force of magic. We had proceeded about four miles on the road towards Alishung, when our progress was arrested by a few horsemen, who galloped up waving their hands joyfully, and crying out "Shabash!" "Bravo!" "All is over! the Feringhee army has been cut up in the Khyber Pass, and all their guns taken by Sultan Jan!" The mutual joy of the Affghans seemed so perfectly sincere, that, notwithstanding the improbability of the story, we felt almost compelled to believe it, especially when the order was given to return forthwith to our old quarters at Buddeeabad. On the way back the new comers entered into full-length particulars regarding the alleged defeat of our army.

The story was a complete hoax; and next day the march was resumed, and in a short time the captives, after crossing a river, overtook the defeated Sirdar:—

He looked ill and careworn, but returned our salutes politely. A little further in we found three tents pitched for our reception, in which we had scarcely time to take shelter ere the rain fell in torrents, and continued all night. A very indifferent dish of tough mutton constituted our meal for the day. In the course of the evening Sultan Jan arrived in camp, with only about thirty horsemen left of the thousand with whom he went forth to battle; the rest had all fled. He seemed grievously crest-fallen, and, unlike the Sirdar, exhibited his malice and spleen by cutting our acquaintance. Mahommed Akbar, with the liberality which always marks the really brave, invariably attributes his own defeat to the fortune of war, and loudly extols the bravery exhibited by our troops led on by the gallant Sale. The guard around our camp consisted entirely of Seiks, under a mussulman Rajah, who, having been banished many years ago by Runjeet Sing, was befriended by Dost Mahommed Khan, the then ruler of Cabul, to whose family he has ever since attached himself. He was a splendid-looking fellow, with very

prepossessing manners, and expressed himself much disgusted with the Affghans, who took advantage of his going out to fight at Char Bagh to plunder his camp.

Lieutenant Eyre often does justice to Akbar. He even attributes his worst faults to the counsels of his avaricious and treacherous father-in-law, Mahommed Shah Khan, whose great influence with the Sirdar was always employed for evil. This chief detested the British, and he had never acknowledged Shah Soojah. On the day after they met the Sirdar, the bachelors of the party were ordered to separate themselves from the married men and the ladies, as they were to travel by another route. This order was exceedingly disagreeable to all the captives; and Captain Lawrence not only remonstrated against the separation, but against the ladies and children being thus dragged about the country, exposed to so much hardship and fatigue; and represented that it would be more to the honour of Akbar to release them at once.

Mahommed Shah Khan, who was present, upon this flew into a rage, and declared that, "wherever he went we must all follow; that if our horses failed, we must trudge on foot; and that if we lagged behind, he would drag us along by force." He is the greatest enemy we have, and seems at present to govern the Sirdar completely. He was, however, taken to task by Mahommed Akbar for his rudeness, and we were allowed to proceed altogether, as heretofore.

When Lady Macnaghten's jewels were seized, (which, by the way, were afterwards returned,) Mahommed Shah Khan, who probably wished to *take care* of the property of all his captives, inquired if Lady Sale had any valuables. She tells, with some pardonable womanly malice—

My chest of drawers they took possession of with great glee—I left some rubbish in them, and some small bottles, that were useless to me. I hope the Affghans will try their contents as medicine, and find them efficacious: one bottle contained nitric acid, another a strong solution of lunar caustic!

When they came up with the defeated Sirdar, whose politeness Lieutenant Eyre celebrates, she relates:—

Mahommed Akbar Khan passed us; bowed, and smiled—"He can smile, and smile, and be a villain." I shook hands with Moyenoodeen, who is also arrived from the Khyber. He looks what is vulgarly called down in the mouth. He appeared afraid of acknowledging his acquaintance with me; and stealthily came to inquire if my wound was well. He was with Sale in the Kohistan; and then, and still, professes to be his friend, and the friend of the English in general.

While rambling over the country in this manner, the prisoners were exposed to some unavoidable hardships. They were, however, tolerably supplied with plain food, though obliged to encamp in crowded tents. But the season was now fine, the weather warm, and the country beautiful. Lieutenant Eyre has an eye for natural beauty, and some knowledge of natural history, while Lady Sale's descriptions have all a small dash of Dugald Dalgetty—an eye to future military operations and defences:—

14*th*.—A very tiresome hill on setting out,—the Bādhpush or Windy Back: the ascent rather difficult: *the descent could be made good for guns with* 100 *sappers in a few days*. Saw plenty of fruit trees in blossom on the hill; at the foot of which we halted, dismounted, and sat on the ground till all our people got over; and found Mahommed Shah's sons with large bouquets of tulips. I observed the misletoe, the myrrh, ilex, &c. The rest of the march was along a tolerably good road. We crossed the same stream at least twenty times.

This slow marching was tolerable in fine weather; but, when it rained, the condition of the captives was far from comfortable:—

19*th*.—A miserable day, and we marched through heavy rains to Tézeen: we are told that no supplies were to be had where we were. Kodá Buksh Khan's fort, close at hand, is full of loot and plate. The earthquake has brought down part of the fort they have brought us to.

The Sirdar could only get two camels with kajavas: but gave up his own palkee to Lady Macnaghten and me. I was utterly incapable of sitting on horseback: however, as I had to sit backwards, with very little room, nothing to lean against, and to keep a balance against Lady Macnaghten and Mrs. Boyd's baby, I benefited but little, except in the grandeur of a royal equipage. My turban and habit were completely saturated by the rain; and I shivered as I went. On arrival at the fort, I was told to go into the room where Mahommed Shah's and the other chief's ladies were. They received us with great kindness; and kept heaping up three large fires for us to dry our clothes by. The court-yard was a deep mass of mud; and in the evening Affghans carried us on their backs across it to another apartment, which was nicely covered with *numdas:* our beddings were all regularly sopped through. The whole of the baggage was sent on to the camp, with our servants. A dinner was cooked for us,—a huge dish of rice, with dhye (sour curds) in the centre, and ghee poured over all! This is a favourite Affghan dish, and therefore my bad taste must be arraigned for thinking it not eatable. Fortunately I had a little tea and sugar in a bag, suspended from the crupper of my saddle: they gave us some milk, and I found tea the most refreshing repast. We stretched ourselves on the numdas (coarse felt carpets) in our still wet clothes. In the night I began shivering again; and Captain Anderson, my nearest bed mate, covered me with a bed cloak, which, strange to say, soon imparted warmth to me. We slept, large and small, thirty-four in a room 15 feet by 12; and we lay on the floor, literally packed together, with a wood fire in the centre, and using pine torches for candles.

20*th*.—The Sirdar fears if he is taken by us, we shall either hang him or blow him from a gun. Mahommed Shah Khan is in a great fright also.

They had some cause for fear. Mrs. Boyd's baby (mentioned above) was but a few months old. It was one of several female infants added to the number of captives before the release of the party. One was added by Mrs. Waller next day; and shortly afterwards Mrs. Sturt gave a grand-daughter to Lady Sale. The weather again became fine, but the ladies still suffered severe hardships: though the Affghan ladies, the wives and daughters of the chiefs, were fully worse off in the precipitate retreats and drivings about from place to place. Mahommed Akbar sometimes apologized to the ladies for being unable to supply them with the comforts they required.

General Elphinstone, worn out in body and mind, expired on the 24th. Lady Sale, with whom he was no favourite, merely mentions the death; but Lieutenant Eyre refers to this melancholy event with indulgence, and even tenderness: regarding the General as less the victim of his own faults than of the errors of others, and of "the unfathomable designs of a mysterious Providence." Lieutenant Eyre is not, on some occasions, less just to Mahommed Akbar, who had been deceived as to the real condition of General Elphinstone, by those about him interested in keeping him in the dark,

or he would have set the feeble old man at liberty long before this time. He made every atonement now in his power, by sending the remains of the General to Jellalabad, for honourable interment by his countrymen. General Pollock had, by this time, advanced. This respectful purpose was, in the first instance, frustrated by the vengeful reckless Giljyes, who seized and stripped the body, and ill-treated the European sent to conduct it. Mahommed Akbar was exceedingly indignant when he heard of this outrage. The Sirdar, like every other leader of turbulent clans, was often sadly annoyed by the conduct of his lawless adherents; and, by this time, Ameenoollah Khan and other chiefs were at open war with him. Some passages in Lieutenant Eyre's Journal, at this period, are of interest, from the light they throw upon the personal character of the hero of the close of the Affghan war, and the manners of the country. He tells—

The Sirdar was holding a levée to-day, at which Major Pottinger was present, when he burst into a violent passion, and declared that his own countrymen had basely deserted and betrayed him, although he had all along acted entirely at the instigation of the chiefs at Cabul, especially in the murder of the Envoy and the destruction of our army; yet these very men now refused to support him; and he solemnly swore that, if ever he had the power, a severe example should be made of them. . . .

At night the ladies of Mahommed Shah Khan, and other chiefs who were travelling in our company, invited Mrs. Eyre to dinner. She found them exceedingly kind in manner and prepossessing in outward appearance, being both well-dressed and good-looking. They asked her the old question as to the gender of the Company Sahib, and were greatly wonderstruck to learn that England was governed by a woman. They expressed the utmost dread of Captain Macgregor, whom they regard in the same formidable light in which a child does the giant of a nursery tale. . . . . .

Some one having told the Sirdar that I could draw faces, he sent for me on that pretence; but to my surprise pumped me for half an hour on artillery matters, being very inquisitive as to the manufacture of fuzes and portfires, the mode of throwing shells from mortars and howitzers, and the mode of regulating the length of fuze for different distances, on all which subjects I enlightened him just enough to render his darkness visible. Before I went, he requested me to take the likeness of one of his followers, and of a favourite Arab horse, and, though my performance was very indifferent, he expressed himself pleased. . . . . I was sent for by the Sirdar to examine a cavalry saddle, as he was anxious to know whether it was made of hog's skin. I told him it was a difficult question to decide, as both hog and cow skins were used, and could not easily be distinguished. As he gave me some knowing winks, and was evidently most unwilling that a good saddle should be sacrificed to the religious scruples of his moolah, who was seated in the room, I voted in favour of the cow; and, as Lieutenant Waller afterwards declared himself on the same side, the Sirdar, considering that two witnesses decided the point, determined to hold his own: and I believe in his heart he cared little about the natural history of the hide, so long as it suited his purposes.

At this time there was a fresh negotiation going on at Jellalabad for the release of the captives; but it was not successful, and they were carried still farther into the interior, and away from their friends, and longed-for deliverers. The country was found romantic and beautiful; the vegetation rich, and the climate delightful in early May, though in this high latitude still liable to sudden severe frosts. The gentlemen were now allowed more personal freedom; and often, in their desultory march, made long detours into the mountains, attended by their new and indulgent keeper, Mahommed Rufeek. Lieutenant Eyre relates:—

May 18th.—Dost Mahommed Khan was much struck by hearing Mahommed Rufeek read a Persian translation of the "Sermon on the Mount" out of Gladwain's "Moonshee." He was fervent in his admiration of the Lord's Prayer, as well as of several other passages; and the injunction to pray in private seemed to throw light on our apparent neglect of outward observances.

About the end of May they were once more approaching Cabul; but their escort had been obliged to take a new route, that through the Khoord-Cabul Pass being intolerable from the stench of the dead bodies of the men and animals that had perished there five months before. Mahommed Akbar was now in Cabul, which was the seat of fierce intestine strife. Shah Soojah had, before this, been assassinated, and several actions had already taken place between the chiefs who had embraced opposite sides. There were now said to be four candidates for the vacant throne of the Bala Hissar; and tidings were, meanwhile, daily received of the rapid advance of the British under General Pollock. Now, when all was internal distraction, came the favourable opportunity for the English to retrieve past reverses and disgraces, and the heroic spirit of Lady Sale blazed forth. "Now," she says,

Now is the time to strike the blow; but I much dread dilly-dallying just because a handful of us are in Akbar's power. What are *our* lives when compared with the honour of our country? Not that I am at all inclined to have my throat cut: on the contrary, I hope that I shall live to see the British flag once more triumphant in Affghanistan; and then I have no objection to the Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan being reinstated: only let us first show them that we can conquer them, and humble their treacherous chiefs in the dust.

There have been a number of reports to-day, which I believe to have no foundation in truth: amongst others, that the Giljye ladies have been packing up all night; and are going to give us the slip and leave us, in consequence of hearing that our force is coming up in four divisions.

These Giljye ladies had been the constant companions of their desultory marches. Lady Sale's report of these ladies is much less favourable than that of Mr. Eyre. On the 16th May, she relates—

I kept the anniversary of my marriage by dining with the ladies of Mahommed Shah Khan's family; who told us that Futteh Jung was king, Mahommed Akbar Khan wuzeer, and Mahommed Shah Khan the Sirdar-i-Sirdaran. It was an extremely stupid visit. We had two female servants to interpret for us. Three of Mahommed Shah Khan's wives, and some of Dost Mahommed's, with the mother of the chiefs, and two of their unmarried sisters, were present. They were, generally speaking, inclined to *embonpoint*, largely formed, and coarsely featured; their dress inelegant, and of the coarsest materials. The favourite wife, and the best dressed, was attired in a common Cabul silk, with a coarse piece of chintz inserted behind, evidently for economy's sake. The dress, which covers the whole person, nearly resembles a common night-dress; and has tacked on to it coins, or other pieces of silver or gold, such as crescents, &c., all over the sleeves, the front and sides, from the shoulders to the feet. A breast-plate is worn, commencing at the throat, of coins strung together: this descends far below the waist; and when they sit down, it hangs in festoons on the lap. Only the favourite wore gold coins: those of the other ladies being of silver. They had nothing in the way of jewels, properly so called. About seven common-sized pearls surrounding an emerald full

of flaws, the whole set as a nose ornament, was the handsomest thing I saw in the trinket way. Some of them had very inferior ear-rings of gold and silver. They wear their hair in innumerable small plaits hanging down: these are arranged once a-week after taking the bath; and the tresses are then well stiffened with gum. The unmarried women bend their hair in a flat braid across the forehead touching the eyebrows; which gives them a very heavy look. These said eyebrows, whilst they are maidens, remain as nature formed them: but when they marry, the hair of the centre is carefully picked out; and the arch, thus most unnaturally raised, is painted. The Cabul women are much addicted to the use of both white and red paint; and they colour not only the nails, as in Hindostan, but the whole hand up to the wrist, which looks as though it had been plunged in blood, and to our ideas is very disgusting. A particular plant is often used for this purpose. The upper part of the leaf sparkles, and resembles the ice plant; but the lower side is red, and on being pressed gives a fine dye. A chuddah is thrown over the head and shoulders in the house, as in Hindostan; and when they go out they wear the bourka, ru-i-bund, and legwraps: high-heeled iron-shod slippers complete the costume. After a time an extremely dirty cloth was spread over the numdas in front of us, and dishes of pilao, dhye or sour curd, and férnéz or sweet curd, were placed before us. Those who had not taken a spoon with them, ate with their fingers, Affghan fashion;—an accomplishment in which I am by no means *au fait*. We drank water out of a tea-pot. A dinner was given to the gentlemen by Abdoollah Khan at his tents about two miles off, nearer the snow.

In the evening Captain Mackenzie arrived; and I received a letter from Sale. . . . .

Lady Macnaghten and a part of the ladies breakfasted with Dost Mahommed Khan and his ladies. They were told that, if the Sirdar gains the Bala Hissar, we shall all go there; if not, we go to Jellalabad. . . . . .

Chintz, sugar candy, tea, and cheese, distributed amongst the ladies; they were sent to us by our friends at Jellalabad: also Shalu (Turkey red cotton cloth) and jean, with boots, and shoes for the gentlemen. We also received the March overland mail. I heard a droll anecdote of Akbar when he went off to Cabul from Tézeen. His followers asked him what tent they should take for him: his reply was given with great good humour (he believed himself on the point of mounting a throne):—"The ladies and people above have got all our tents here; but you may send my salaam to General Sale, and ask him to lend me one of those he took from me."

About the end of May, matters were drawing to a crisis. The captives were now lodged in a fort near Cabul, and Mahommed Akbar was also near that city, having once more patched up a truce with the perfidious and versatile Ameenoollah Khan; while Futteh Jung, the son of the murdered Shah, held out in the Bala Hissar, in the expectation of being speedily relieved by the arival of the English. At this time, Lieutenant Eyre states,

Mahommed Akbar is desirous to obtain possession of the citadel principally on account of the treasure within it, as he never professed to dream of resisting our arms. He earnestly desired to be on friendly terms with the British government, and often said that he wished he had been so fortunate as to become acquainted with the English in early life, as he had been filled with prejudices against them which had greatly influenced his conduct, but which he now saw to be unfounded. It seems that General Pollock offered, on his own responsibility, to release the ladies and children of his family from their confinement; but in his present precarious state of life the Sirdar has declined the offer.

Hundreds of Hindostanees crowded the streets of Cabul begging for bread, which was daily served out to them by Nuwab Jubbar Khan, and Zeman Khan. The civility of all classes to the European hostages and prisoners in and about Cabul was remarkable. . . .

June 3d.—It was reported that Futteh Jung had offered a large reward to any one who would seize and escort us all to the Bala Hissar. The Sirdar made a fierce attack on the Bala Hissar in the evening, and a brisk cannonade was kept up on both sides for several hours, but without any decisive result. . . . . .

June 9th.—Futteh Jung, finding his people disinclined to support him any longer, made terms with Mahommed Akbar and the other chiefs, giving up a tower in the Bala Hissar to each, and himself retaining possession of the royal residence. Thus the citadel was now divided between the Dooranees, Barukzyes, Giljyes, and Kuzzilbashes, represented by Futteh Jung, Mahommed Akbar, Nuwab Zeman Khan, Mahommed Shah Khan, and Khan Shereen Khan. A curious arrangement, truly! and calculated to facilitate the union of parties already jealous of each other, and each of whom had, doubtless, an eye to the rich treasure of money and jewels still in Futteh Jung's possession. . . . . There was a violent quarrel a few days back between the two old Nuwabs, Zeman Khan and Jubbar Khan, when the former seized hold of the latter's beard, exclaiming, "You are the fellow who first brought the Feringhees into the country, and to whom, therefore, all our troubles may be attributed." Abdool Glujas Khan, the son of Jubbar Khan, being present, drew a pistol and threatened to shoot Zeman Khan for the indignity offered to his father. Mahommed Akbar sat by the whole time, laughing heartily at the scene.

So rapidly does the face of affairs change in a country in the condition of Affghanistan, that in a few more days Mahommed Akbar was in the Bala Hissar, the wuzeer, [vizier,] or prime minister, and generalissimo of the new king, Futteh Jung,—and enjoying in reality the substantial power of the sovereign. Instead of now releasing the captives, he increased their number by purchasing from the chief priest those English hostages who had long before been committed to his care, and whose lives had been with difficulty preserved from the fanatical Ghazeeas. The new wuzeer paid his friends, the captives, a visit one day, accompanied by his father-in-law, who volunteered to restore Lady Macnaghten's jewels. They were restored next day; and it was almost time; for it was now late in July, and it was known that General Pollock was at Jellalabad with 20,000 men; General Nott at Candahar with 15,000; while an army of reserve was forming at Ferezepore, of 25,000; and 10,000 more troops on the way from England. Affairs were now looking serious for Akbar; and this must have been to the captives, probably, the most anxious period of their detention. Their ultimate fate looked more gloomy than ever, as they understood that the negotiations of General Pollock for their release, had entirely failed. At this time, Lieutenant Eyre states,

This negotiation, although commenced by General Pollock in the humane desire to accomplish our liberation by peaceable means, seemed now, by the sudden turn that had taken place, likely to plunge us into a dangerous dilemma,—Mahommed Akbar being notorious for stopping at no atrocity, when his angry passions were once aroused, as we knew they soon would be, when he should hear of the advance of both generals with their overwhelming forces.

In fact, we now fully made up our minds that death or slavery would soon be our probable lot, unless Providence should interfere to prevent it; which, indeed, was our best and only spring of hope.

August 2d.—A shock of an earthquake at three P.M., accompanied by a loud rumbling noise. The flies by day, and the musquitoes by night, swarmed to such a degree, as to banish all rest and enjoyment.

At the same period, Lady Sale, who was completely absorbed by military affairs, and the advance of the army, adverts to the condition of the captives.

The Candahar troops are ordered up; and the wuzeer told Lawrence (who says he never saw him appear so angry before) that if our troops advance, he should take us all to Bameean, and make a present of us to the chiefs of that place: so that our prospects appear gloomier than ever. I cannot understand the motive of moving up the troops both ways. Nott is to go to Ghuznee to receive the prisoners: not to fight, but only to defend himself if attacked; and then to come here and join Pollock: and, having received us, all are to walk back hand in hand. We are not to attack Cabul, &c., but to evacuate the country; with Akbar, the Giljyes, the Barukzyes, and all the other *Zyes* hanging on our flanks and rear: and if they can but get us to procrastinate, so as to give them the advantage of their faithful ally *the snow*, the Affghans will have the satisfaction of destroying another and still larger army this year. . . . . What will now be our fate seems very uncertain: but I still think he will not cut our throats;—not out of love to us, but because the other chiefs would resent it; as, having possession of us, they could at least obtain a handsome sum as our ransom.

At this time a disease, resembling the gaol fever, broke out among the captives, to which, among others, Captain John Conolly fell a victim. The tiger moods of Mahommed, (the new wuzeer,) so gentle and playful when things went well with him, broke fiercely out at this time; though many of the alarming rumours concerning him which reached the captives must have been exaggerations.

August 9th.—Mahommed Akbar having promised to send Captain Conolly's body for burial to Jellalabad, Major Pottinger sent to inquire this morning when it was to start, and received for answer from Akbar, that, "until Pollock should make peace, neither living nor dead should be suffered to go." The body was, therefore, buried this evening in the garden adjoining the fort. . . . . General Pollock still demanded that all the prisoners should be sent down immediately, which Akbar as positively refused to do without a written agreement. The crisis of our fate was consequently nigh at hand. About this time Mahommed Akbar, having made several fruitless attempts to collect revenue in the Zoormut valley, at last sent the *Meer Wais*, or high priest, thither for the purpose; but "his holiness" met with so little respect on this unpopular mission, that his horse was stolen, and he was obliged to return to Cabul on foot. Akbar, demanding that the animal should be restored, was told that the owner must "*come and fetch him.*" Such is royalty in Affghanistan. If Akbar's merits as a ruler may be judged by the following anecdote, the future prospects of Affghanistan under his sway are poor indeed:—Shortly after his last assumption of power, under the title of wuzeer, some Lohannee merchants, whose trade had been entirely stopped by the late anarchy, ventured to Cabul with a few goods, to feel their way. Akbar no sooner heard of their arrival, than he sent for them to his house,—bought up all their stock,—paid them honestly,—gave them dresses of honour,—and, having urged them to return shortly with their richest wares, dismissed them to their homes rejoicing. Of course they gave out everywhere that such a first-rate fellow as Akbar had never appeared in any age or country. No time was lost in despatching a valuable cafila from *Dera Ishmael Khan* to Cabul, which was accompanied by many of the richest Lohannees in person. Akbar's eager eye was on the look-out for their coming; and scarcely had they set foot within the city, before he pounced upon them like a hawk upon his prey, despoiled them of all their merchandize, and levied a heavy fine upon the chiefs of the party.

Akbar was now fast sinking in the good opinion of Lieutenant Eyre, though, as a set off, we are told,

Captain Conolly informed us that Akbar lately held a council of chiefs, when Major Pottinger, who was (unknown to most of them) in an adjoining room, overheard a Kohistanee chief propose that all the English prisoners should be slain; on hearing which Akbar immediately got up in a rage, and turned the man out of the assembly.

One of the next deeds of the vizier was to arrest his sovereign, whom he had detected in a secret correspondence with General Pollock, whom he told to advance at once to assured victory; but if he delayed, a force would be collected to oppose him. Akbar had here some reason for displeasure. The captives now daily expected to hear of the death of Futteh Jung; but he was so lucky as to escape. The condition of the captives thus became more and more perilous, and more of them fell victims to the fever that raged in the fort where they were imprisoned. At last Akbar, for the moment both king and vizier, to whom their possession was become most important, resolved to send them away for greater security; and his orders were executed without much ceremony.

August 12th.—Major Pottinger, together with the five hostages, joined us, bag and baggage, from the Bala Hissar, by command of Akbar, who rudely told his people to "*take those dogs away.*" This we supposed to be preliminary to our removal to Bameean or elsewhere.

August 13th.—Lawrence waited on Akbar, to ask him to give us two days' warning before taking us off; but he was told that we must be content with *one hour's* notice. Akbar also declared, that all further negotiation with General Pollock for our release being at an end, he should permit no more correspondence to take place between us and our friends.

Their prospect now was, being hurried off to some remote and savage region; and bad as Akbar was, they seemed to feel his vicinity a kind of protection. In a few days their march commenced; Mrs. Trevor and Mrs. Anderson, who were too ill to travel, being, as a favour, permitted to remain with their children, with Dr. Campbell as their medical attendant. The captives were attended by a strong escort of between 300 and 400 men, commanded by a Hindoo officer who had long before deserted from the British to Dost Mahommed. The march was commenced in very dejected spirits. The ladies now first adopted, in part, the Affghan costume, to save themselves from unnecessary remark or insult. They were no longer treated with the same civility as when they were the companions of Akbar. At the first halt, August 26th, Lieutenant Eyre found

Sultan Jan halting to breakfast, *en route* to Ghuznee, with about fifty followers, with full purpose to annihilate General Nott. He having possession of the serai, our whole party were obliged to seek shelter under the scanty shade of three or four mulberry trees. Soon after Sultan Jan's departure, one of the officers went to the serai to beg for a room for the ladies and children, but was repelled with scorn, and asked, "what he, an infidel, meant by entering the place with his shoes on!" . . . . . Major Pottinger received a letter today, by stealth, from Major Rawlinson, political agent at Candahar, informing him of General Nott's advance on Cabul.

No provisions were served out the whole day to man or beast. In the evening, Salah Mahommed's band

committed deliberate murder on some old regimental tunes.

August 27th.—We set out again at about two A.M. The road lay over the hill-pass of *Suffed Khak*, into the small but beautiful valley of Maidan. We halted for a few minutes under a splendid grove of spreading poplars.

August 28th.—We moved on again at two A.M. The road continued up the valley, which, if possible, improved in beauty as we proceeded. We halted within four miles of *Sur Chusma*, at Tak Khana, in a field bounded on one side by shady poplars, and on the other by a fine clear stream. This being the high road to Balk, we constantly met groups of asses laden with merchandise for the Cabul market, among which we could not be unconscious of the presence of assafœtida, which diffused its powerful and oppressive odour far and wide. Grapes, apples, pears, and apricots were brought to us in great plenty for sale from the villages, and furnished a seasonable refreshment after our journey of about fourteen miles. No tents were pitched, and the fever patients suffered greatly from the damp air at night.

Lady Sale describes the country which they now traversed as very beautiful; well wooded, with waters clear as crystal, and numerous forts. They were tending towards the hills, and the ways became more rugged; towns and fertile valleys were, however, interspersed. They were often falling in with straggling parties, and obtaining very contradictory tidings of the progress of the civil war, and of the advance of the English generals in different directions. On the *1st September*, and the seventh day of this weary march, the Bameean valley, their place of destination, was descried as soon as they had traversed the Kaloo Pass. Lady Sale describes the scene.

It is nearly four miles to the top of it. The road at first is narrow and precipitous, and for the most part little more than a steep path. From the top the view is very grand; resembling the waves of a very troubled sea, and composed of barren hills of every variety of shade and hue. We saw Bameean from thence: but though a magnificent scene was before us, it presented no pleasing object to those who expected to remain captives in that desolate region.

3d.—Marched at daylight seven miles to Bameean. The road wild and uneven, with narrow paths and many ascents and descents. This valley is nowhere more than a mile broad; but it is very fertile, and produces particularly fine grain. Plenty of beans and peas are cultivated here; the former very small, the latter small and hard. The tamarisk and barberry were abundant, and a shrub with yellow berries. We halted for a short time opposite a fort, near which were many cows. Here we got some mast, (curds,) which we found very refreshing. Looking back from hence, we saw Zohak behind us, on a high point. At Bameean they refused to take us into the fort; and we pitched our tents just under the ancient fortress and city which were destroyed by Jhenzhis Khan; when upwards of 300,000 persons perished. The caves, ruins, and towers, extend for miles. There are two large images which have been described by former travellers: opposite to the largest was our encampment.

We had scarcely settled ourselves in the tents ere the General beat, in consequence of the people of the fort and the regiment disagreeing: so we went on about a mile, to such a wretched fort, that we asked leave to remain in tents; which was with difficulty obtained: but the Khan said he would endeavour to get a better fort for us to-morrow.

4th.—Saleh Mahommed Khan's lady came to visit Lady Macnaghten. She is young and fair, with a fat, round face; and comes from Loodianah; where, it is said, she was a dancing girl. Her information is, that Futteh Jung is a prisoner, or has been put to death: his family, she says, are expected here in a day or two.

From the 5th to the 9th we made excursions to see the caves, &c.*

Their accommodations at this place were of the worst description; and, in preference to remaining in the filthy, ill-aired fort, Lady Sale and her daughter chose a dark cow-house, in which, by hard work, they scratched out a place by which light and air might enter. These forts, the castles or strongholds of the Affghan chiefs, are even more rude than were the *Peel-houses* of the Scottish Border chiefs three centuries ago. The captives had not remained above eight days in their uncomfortable abode at Bameean, when a sudden order arrived from Akbar for their instant march farther off from all chance of deliverance—to Kooloom. All was now despair; till it was found that Saleh Mohammed, their new keeper, who had once before turned traitor, was ready to do so again—for a consideration, and the hope of being found on the side of the strongest. This worthy had been warily sounded by Major Pottinger in joke; and by the morning of the day after the order reached him to march the prisoners to Kooloom, Major Pottinger plied him effectually. For 20,000 rupees in ready cash, and a pension for life, he was ready to surrender the whole party to the British general, Nott. The terms were eagerly agreed to by all the officers, save Shelton and Colonel Palmer, who feared, it seems, to implicate themselves with Akbar, though quite willing to share the benefit of Saleh Mahommed's treachery to his Affghan master. It was afterwards learned that various motives had operated with this faithless follower, whose fidelity to his new chief had been assailed by Mohun Loll, and who, moreover, was aware of the advance of General Pollock upon Cabul, where his own family remained at this time, exposed to the vengeance of the British or of their friends (if they proved successful) the Kuzzilbashes. By one means or other, this double traitor was gained. The plot looked well; and the captives, taking courage, fairly turned the tables on their captor, and got up a small revolt of their own. The tissue of circumstances is at once curious and diverting. On the 10th came the order to march to Kooloom, and all had been gloom and despondency; and, on the 11th, the captives, with their keeper, were, in the words of Lieutenant Eyre,

Fairly embarked in the dangerous vortex of an Affghan conspiracy. The first point to be settled was, how to deal with a man called the *Meer Akhor*, who had accompanied our party from Cabul, as a sort of political colleague to Saleh Mahommed Khan. He was well known to be one of Mahommed Akbar's most faithful and confidential adherents: of his coöperation we could, therefore, entertain no hope, and of his continued presence, as he commanded a party of 100 Giljye horse, it was desirable to get rid as soon as possible. It was accordingly contemplated to seize his person on the first fair occasion that might offer. In the evening, Saleh Mahommed paraded his men, when they were very clamorous for pay, and declared their intention to proceed no further unless their wants were supplied. This little scene was probably got up as a blind for the *Meer Akhor*.

September 12th.—At an early hour Saleh Mahommed's flag of defiance was displayed on one of the towers of

* Lieutenant Eyre gives a minute description of the celebrated Bameean Caves.

our fort. A supply of money being much wanted, to keep the troops in good humour, a cafila was intercepted from Bokhara, and about 400 rupees extorted by way of tax. Major Pottinger next adopted the bold step of appointing a new governor of the province, in the name of the British government. Presents and promises were at the same time liberally dispensed to the neighbouring Huzareh chiefs, who almost unanimously declared in our favour.

In the evening, Zoolficar Khan himself (the old governor) thought it advisable to send and tender his submission. Major Pottinger, in reply, reminded him that he owed his advancement originally to the English, and now had an opportunity to prove himself a friend, in which case his reward should be proportionate to his services. At night we were assured that the whole Huzareh population of the valley were on our side, and ready to take up arms against Akbar, even should he appear with a thousand horse to back him.

Altogether the plot prospered beyond our most sanguine expectations.

As Mahommed Akbar's arrival was to be hourly expected, (in flight from General Pollock's army,) we were impatient to get everything in proper trim against a surprise; and it seemed to us that Saleh Mahommed was much too dilatory in taking the necessary precautions. We now learned, for the first time, that he had yesterday received a second letter from Mahommed Akbar, urging him to hurry us off to Kooloom without delay, and instructing him to *put to death* all who, from sickness or the want of a conveyance, might be unable to travel. It is but fair to add, that none of our party actually *saw* this letter, and that we have since had reason to doubt whether Saleh Mahommed really received any such murderous order. The story was most probably an invention of his own, to enhance the value of his services.

The Meer Akhor had meanwhile become aware of what was passing, and wisely took himself off to the fort of Zoolficar Khan. In the course of the day he sent to assure Major Pottinger that he was his very dutiful servant. Saleh Mahommed, distrusting his professions and those of Zoolficar Khan, kept the troops under arms all the morning, and paraded them about for two or three hours, with drums beating and colours flying, hoping by this display of strength to intimidate his adversaries.

Saleh Mahommed, in the course of conversation with some of the officers to-day, said that he supposed we should no sooner find ourselves fairly out of his clutches, in the British camp, than we should turn round upon him and exclaim, "You be d—d!" (using the English words). Major Pottinger, both to-day and yesterday, wrote to communicate our situation to General Pollock, of whose arrival at Cabul we now daily expected to hear.

They now prepared their two forts for a siege, and raised a subscription of 500 rupees to lay in provisions. All was activity, and hardly were their small preparations completed when, at midnight on the 14th, an alarm was given, that the terrible Akbar was upon them. This luckily proved a false alarm, for the garrison was not strong, nor could much reliance be placed on the double traitor. But next day, certain news came that General Nott had stormed Ghuznee, and that General Pollock was near Cabul, and Akbar again a fugitive. It was now resolved to wheel about, and make a retrograde movement towards Cabul; and the captives accordingly marched out on the 16th, bag and baggage. Their condition was still very far from satisfactory. Had Mahommed Akbar, in his flight, come across them, the consequences might have been serious. By some means, Saleh Mahommed Khan procured ammunition and a few muskets, with which he wished to arm the European soldiers, to form a kind of show as an advanced guard in case of an attack. Lady Sale relates a shameful trait of the captive soldiers at this time, which is passed over in silence by Lieutenant Eyre. When Saleh Mahommed brought the muskets with some ammunition,—she tells,

Captain Lawrence said, "Now, my lads, here's Saleh Mahommed Khan has brought arms and ammunition for some of you: who volunteers to take muskets!"

I blush to record, that a dead silence ensued. Thinking the men might be shamed into doing their duty, I said to Lawrence, "You had better give me one, and I will lead the party;" but there was still no offer: and he told our General, that it was useless; and he had better take them on. It is sad to think the men were so lost to all right feeling.

From the names, most of these men must have been Irish. The captives departed with the apparent good wishes of the people of the Bameean valley; and when they halted for the night, they received the gratifying intelligence of the victory gained by General Pollock at Tézeen, and, what must have been more welcome still, a note from Sir R. Shakespeare, the general's military secretary, stating how far he had advanced on his way with a force of 600 men, mostly Kuzzilbashes, for their deliverance! Two days before this, General Pollock had in fact reached Cabul. Next day, the force of Sir R. Shakespeare was descried, and at first mistaken for the enemy. The emotions of the captives may be imagined. In the following days, while they continued their march, they were not, though thus reinforced, free from apprehensions that Akbar would make a desperate effort to recover his lost prey; and a request was forwarded to General Pollock, to send troops for their support, especially in a *Pass* that was said to be occupied by bands of marauders. We must let Lady Sale conclude the touching narrative of the deliverance. The brigade demanded from General Pollock did not arrive, and they considered themselves in some peril when the march was resumed on the morning of the 19th; Sir R. Shakespeare, now their commander, feeling much anxiety,

We had proceeded but a short way on our journey, when a horseman arrived with a note informing us that Sale was close at hand with a brigade. I had had fever hanging about me for some days; and, being scarce able to sit on my horse, had taken my place in a kajava; the horrid motion of which made me feel ten times worse than before I entered it. But this news renovated my strength. I shook off fever and all ills; and anxiously awaited his arrival, of which a cloud of dust was the forerunner. General Nott was near Urghundee, and consequently close to us; and General Pollock requested he would send a brigade to our assistance. This he refused, much to the disgust of his officers, alleging that his troops were fatigued. On this, General Pollock sent Sale with a brigade, at a few hours' notice. He left Siah Sung two miles east of Cabul; and made a forced march on the 19th (his sixtieth birthday) to Urghundee: he halted there that night; and on the following morning left his camp standing, and marched to meet us. At the pass near Kote Ashruffee, he left his infantry to hold the position, and proceeded at the head of the 3d dragoons. A party of Sultan Jan's men were in this neighbourhood; and some Kokhes in the immediate vicinity were driven off by the Juzailchees. Had we not received assistance, our recapture was certain: but as it was, they dared not attack the force they saw. It is impossible to express our feelings on Sale's approach. To my daughter and myself happiness so long delayed, as to be almost unexpected, was actually painful, and accompanied by a

choking sensation, which could not obtain the relief of tears. When we arrived where the infantry were posted, they cheered all the captives as they passed them; and the men of the 13th pressed forward to welcome us individually. Most of the men had a little word of hearty congratulation to offer, each in his own style, on the restoration of his colonel's wife and daughter: and then my highly-wrought feelings found the desired relief; and I could scarcely speak to thank the soldiers for their sympathy, whilst the long-withheld tears now found their course. On arriving at the camp, Captain Backhouse fired a royal salute from his mountain train guns: and not only our old friends, but all the officers in the party, came to offer congratulations, and welcome our return from captivity.

That captivity had now lasted for nearly nine months; and, after all the hardships, fatigues, anxieties, and perils that had been undergone, ladies, children, and the infants born during this period of distress, had escaped unharmed. In a few days they entered Cabul, which presented a very different scene from that they had left on the morning of the retreat. "We passed," says Lieutenant Eyre,

We passed the spot where Sir Alexander Burnes's house had stood. It was now a heap of rubbish. The garden, in which he took so much interest and pride, was a desolate waste. It was here that I had last enjoyed his fascinating society, as he pointed out to me the successful results of his labours and experiments, and looked forward with enthusiasm to the rapid amelioration of the country, through the agency of British enterprise and skill.

Lieutenant Eyre afterwards learnt that the wily Akbar had betrayed no sign of discomposure at their escape, whatever he might have *felt*, and even professed himself well-pleased to hear of their safety.

So closed the captivity; but not thus closed the account of British "vengeance." We have, however, no desire, although we had space, to advert to the "glorious" events of that brief campaign, in which, according to Lord Ellenborough's boast, "our soldiers avenged our late disasters, upon every scene of past misfortune"—fearfully and cruelly avenged the vengeance which our aggressive injustice had provoked. Even the vengeance of Lady Sale must have been satiated at last; although her chosen victims escaped, and the wholesale, indiscriminate destruction fell, as ever, upon the peaceful and innocent. Lieutenant Eyre shows a more humane and sanctified spirit than the British heroine of Cabul, who owns, at least for Affghans, and camp-followers of every tribe and nation, "no pity, no relenting ruth." Of the wretched camp-followers a despatch of Wellington, nay, a bulletin of Suaroff, could not speak more cavalierly where such human impediments stood in their way, than this English lady. Yet these swarming hordes of God's rational creatures were not the least morally estimable portion of that ill-starred army. Apart from the narrative of events, whatever is noblest, and also whatever is hard, selfish, cruel, and insolent in the military principle, is strikingly illustrated in Lady Sale's Journal. It shows what, at the best, are the inevitable tendencies of the military life and spirit. From the conquest of Alexander the Great to that of Sir John Keane or General Pollock, that spirit has ameliorated wondrous little. The sufferings of the Affghans, first and last, from their unprovoked Christian invaders, must have been more severe than those inflicted by their Macedonian conquerors centuries before the Christian era. If mankind are ever to become enlightened to the infinitude of crime and misery entailed upon the race by the teeming curse of war, the tragic narratives which we now close should be valuable text-books.

THE GARBLED DESPATCHES OF SIR ALEXANDER BURNES.

It is almost unnecessary to bring farther proof than was given in our article on Affghanistan last month, that throughout the whole of our relations with that country and its Ruler, Dost Mahommed, the Anglo-Indian government acted directly in opposition to the judgment, and to the spirit and facts of the reports transmitted to it by Sir A. Burnes. This is now notorious, and, indeed, confessed everywhere, save in Parliament.——In the last number of this magazine, we quoted a few paragraphs from the strictly private correspondence of Sir Alexander Burnes, in which his opinions were freely and fully stated. From those of his official letters, which have not been published, and also from the suppressed or garbled passages of those of his public despatches which have been pretended to be published for the information of Parliament, we shall now select a few more passages. But, before coming to these, let us see the condition in which Sir Alexander considered Affghanistan, immediately previous to the revolt. Our first extract is from a long letter addressed to Sir William Macnaghten, upon the affairs of Cabul, after it had been for some time occupied by Shah Soojah and his English auxiliaries:—

My Dear Macnaghten,—The calamitous intelligence which we have just received of the recapture of Kelat, leads me to give additional reflection to the general affairs of this country, and convinces me that I am no longer justified in withholding from you those views which occur to me regarding it, and the *very precarious tenure by which we would seem to hold it.* You are aware that in February last, I drew up a paper of "Observations on the restored Government of the Shah;" and the general views laid down on that occasion, with some trifling exceptions, met with your entire concurrence. The paper in question was transmitted to government; but I have never heard that it was received, though it seems to contain much of the information which government are now seeking. I allude to this paper, because I do not mean to repeat on this occasion the sentiments therein set forth, but at the same time to add, that I see no reason to change those sentiments; and every day we have stronger proof, that, if they be not adhered to, we shall make nothing of Affghanistan, as a barrier, unless, indeed,—which God forbid,—we throw aside the mask, and resolve on converting it into a British province. . . . . Though I have not even *a local habitation or a name* in this country, I find myself so mixed up with it, both in the public mind, and in the despatches of government, together with my being in such constant

communication with you, that it seems due to myself, I should to you, at least, clearly and candidly state the opinions which I hold,—opinions not lightly formed, but based on much personal intercourse with people of all ranks, and vitally affecting the sacred interests of our country in Affghanistan.

After describing the unsatisfactory condition of some of the provinces, he proceeds to say:—

What right have we to expect that any chief, placed in power by us, shall flourish, unless his government is better than that which we have overthrown! . . .

We came to this country to *tranquillize, not to subdue;* we handed it over to the Shah Soojah, inhabited by *subjects, and not by enemies.*

Having recapitulated the grievances under which the different chiefs and provinces suffered, and stated the very unsatisfactory progress made in tranquillizing the country, he thus sums up:—

So much for the state of affairs in the kingdom of Cabul on this day—the anniversary of our entrance into its capital. At court I fear we shall not find matters in a better state. Much is said of the King's popularity: this is a subject I feel anxious to grapple with thoroughly. To me it would be very astonishing if any Affghan King, who had allied himself to the Sikhs and the English, could be popular; *it is not in the nature of things.* His majesty's successor may hope for a better share of the public favour, but Shah Soojah must, I fear, get on without it. I would not, however, dwell much on the abstract question of unpopularity; I would rather inquire into the causes for it,—if they exist, or are only imaginary. Bad ministers are, in every government, solid grounds for unpopularity; *and I doubt if ever a king had a worse set than Shah Soojah.* His principal adviser is an old servant, by name Moollah Shikore, who has grown gray with his Majesty in exile, where he distributed, in some hundred fractional parts, the pension which the Shah received from the Company. He is not a man of family, but a Moollah. His faculties are impaired by age and disease. He once incurred his Majesty's displeasure, for which he forfeited his ears—a subject fruitful in witticism to the discontented about court, and little calculated to elevate the representative of majesty. So completely is this poor man's memory gone, that he never recognises a man he has once seen; [so] that the commonest business requires half-a-dozen of notes. In fact, of him it might be said, that his whole business is to gather money, and to this one end his remaining faculties are applied. Moollah Shikore passes by the name of Wuzeer, or minister, but his Majesty gets offended at his being so called; so we may presume he thinks it possible to get on without any minister. By facts that have come under my own knowledge, I shall depict the Vizier's character, and *all of them can be tested by yourself.* In the last winter, his notions of political economy led him to seize all the granaries around Cabul, on which he put his seal; and from which he drew forth the grain, and had it exposed for sale in the Bazaar by his own officers, and at a price fixed by himself. When spring arrived, he conceived it would please his Majesty to adorn the royal gardens, which have been long neglected—a measure most laudable; to a people so fond of gardens as the Cabulies, highly popular: but this was to be done *gratis*, and by conscription on all around this district. The poor peasantry were dragged, in hundreds, from their homes at seed-time, when their lands required their care, and compelled to labour without any reward. Discontent rose to such a height, that I sent to the minister, and plainly told him that he was disgracing his King and himself; and that I would no longer stand silent, as policy dictated I should, on all occasions, unless he, at least, gave the poor wretches bread; and if he would not do it, I would, from next day, open my own treasury and supply it. After this, the workmen got two pice worth of bread per diem, while our engineer officers were paying seven times that in the adjoining garden, where our cantonments were erecting. The next freak of this minister was to reduce the number of butchers' shops in this populous city, and to compel these to sell at his own price, thereby ensuring a monopoly of meat to a few, and injuring many. For days the loudest complaints were uttered, till free trade was at last established. As I write, the shops in which flour is sold are now shut, the minister having turned his views from meat to bread; and it is painful to pass through the Bazaar in consequence. *With such an adviser, can his Majesty be popular,*—do he and his minister deserve it?

Was it surprising that Shah Soojah and his minister looked with dislike upon the sharp-witted British functionary under whose surveillance they were placed, and heartily wished him disposed of one way or another; or yet that the people should have risen in insurrection against the new sovereign—although there had been no foreign invader in their country? The real grievances and insults to national feeling stated in other parts of this letter, were of themselves sufficient to incite a revolt among the oppressed people. Of his memorial, the writer says, in a postscript attached to a copy of it:—

The above paper was written on the 7th of August, or fifteen days ago; it has been deemed too gloomy. The following events have occurred since; and if the facts enumerated were insufficient, they may serve to indicate where the truth lies. Captain Hay, beyond Bameean, where all was deemed quiet, was invited to occupy some forts a-head of his position; he accepted the offer; 26 of his hundred men were wounded, and 9 killed; and the party only saved from destruction by Lieutenant Hart leading two companies to the rescue! 2. Captain MacGregor sent 1500 Affghans against a place north of Jellalabad; they were defeated, lost their gun and 100 men,—200 went over to the enemy!! 3. The Shah was going to Kohidamun, 30 miles from his capital; the chiefs objected to it: he is obliged to give up his trip, and return his tents into store!!! 4. Khelat has no sooner fallen than Belochees have moved against Shawl again, and troops have gone down from Candahar to the rescue!!!! 5. The chiefs of Khooloom and Koondoos have joined in a confederacy against us, and prevented Dost Mahommed coming in!!!!! 6. A conspiracy has been discovered by myself, and believed by the king and and the envoy, implicating almost all the first men in Cabul and the surrounding countries in a plan to subvert the country!!!!!! 7. Letters from the Sikhs to Dost Mahommed have been intercepted sending money!!!!!!! With seven points of wonder, I close the result of twice seven days. A. B.

A private letter, dated 6th September 1840, confirms the gloomy views of the above postscript, and, together with every line of his authentic writing which we have seen, proves that Burnes had all along despaired of the success of the cause to which he was reluctantly bound, and that he from the first foresaw the evils in which the whole scheme was ultimately overwhelmed:—

6th September, 1840.—I have not written to you for some time past, for, by my faith, I can write nothing to you but alarming truths: things have now got to such a height that we know not where they will end. This country has gone to the devil. The Envoy had persuaded himself, against every advice, that things were all right. The king set up a fool of a minister, and the injustice of his rule has raised the whole country against us. Dost Mahommed reached Khooloom, and got such encouragement from this that he advanced, and his son has had a brush with our advanced post of Bameean named Bajgot. He was licked; but our men have since had to fall back (oh, ye gods!) on Bameean, and a regiment has started to their aid this morning. The present force there is about 2000 men and 12 guns; but then half are Affghans, and friendly to the Dost. To add to this we have discovered plots and conspiracies

all round us, and at our doors; so that the brigade from Jellalabad has been ordered up here! A pleasant state of things, you will say.—I sent a paper to ——, written this day month, showing my opinions up to that date, in a letter to MacN. The Envoy called it "gloomy;" but a month, alas! has proved it was not gloomy enough. There is nothing here but downright imbecility: I see no hope of keeping my character any longer. I am not answerable for what goes on, but people think I am. I get no share of any credit, (but alas! there is none for any one) and more than a full share of all discredit. Nothing on earth keeps me from breaking out but a fear of my motives being misconstrued, and people saying that I throw dirt on the Envoy and the King to exalt myself. I hope I may be able to bridle myself so as to continue silent to all but MacN. and the King, to whom I last night gave the whole of my mind, to their dismay. I, however, succeeded in getting the minister ejected, and a new one set up; and, if this is not shutting the door of the stable too late, good will come of it. The Dost, seeing he had so many friends here, got the Koondooz and Khooloom men to break their treaties with us, and get up a religious war. My fear is now, that he will effect a lodgment in the hills north of us, and avoid Bameean; and if so, we shall have all the country from that to the great road between this and Attock, *i. e.*, the line higher up, against us,—Kohistan, Nijrow, Tézeen, Koner, Bajore, Swat, &c., &c.,—and this, too, from a quarter where, you will see by my letter, I had hoped most. I give you all this to keep you *au fait* at what you will read in the papers. *We have brought all those things on ourselves, and we must get out of them as we can.* Shah Soojah told us last night that he had no reliance on his own people, and on nothing but us and our force; but I assure you the King may be made a tool of, if we choose, and not a bad one. I have *written to you all this as a kind of record of my views, for who knows how affairs may end?*—— * * * Meanwhile, may God keep my "purda" [character] as they call it here, in these troublous times of mismanagement!

The subsequent successes of Colonel Dennie, and the surrender of the Dost, threw a transient brightness upon affairs. Affghanistan was become, for the moment, as Burnes said, "as quiet as Vesuvius after an eruption. How long to last, it was impossible to say." This lull gave him an opportunity of drawing up ample notes on Consolidating Affghanistan, which contain many valuable suggestions, and shew both a liberal mind and statesmanlike views. Even then he qualified his notes and papers by the remark, that they did not recommend what was actually best, "but what was best to be done in the abominable circumstances we have placed ourselves in."

The garblings and suppressions in the papers of Sir A. Burnes, furnished from the Foreign-Office to the House of Commons, refer principally to transactions which, by some years, preceded the date of the above letters, and took place while the writer was at Cabul, in the anomalous capacity of Envoy to a court with which the government at Calcutta seemed resolved to pick a quarrel. In reference to his despatches, Burnes says in one of his subsequent private letters of 1839: "Strange to say, all my implorations for the government to act in Cabul are now put as if I had wished them to do as they have done." In other words, as if he wished to invade the country, expel the Dost, and set up Shah Soojah. So far from Dost Mahommed giving into the views and policy of Russia and Persia, it appears, from these passages of Burnes' letters to Calcutta that have been carefully, ay, studiously suppressed in the Parliamentary Papers, that the constant aim and wish of the Ameer was to maintain a friendly understanding with the British. To effect this, he even went farther than an independent sovereign might have been expected to go. Of the first of the despatches of Burnes which we shall next quote, only two insignificant sentences have been printed in the Parliamentary Papers, merely mentioning the arrival of an agent from Russia; while all that here follows is suppressed:—

SUPPRESSED PASSAGE.

[On the morning of the 19th, that is yesterday, the Ameer came over from the Bala Hissar early in the morning, with a letter from his son the Governor of Ghuznee, reporting that the Russian Agent had arrived at that city on his way to Cabul. Dost Mahommed Khan said that he had come for my counsel on the occasion; *that he wished to have nothing to do with any other power than the British; that he did not wish to receive any Agent of any other power whatever, so long as he had a hope of sympathy from us; and that he would order the Russian Agent to be turned out, detained on the road, or act in any way I desired him.*

I asked the Ameer if he knew on what business the Agent had come, and if he were really an Agent from Russia; he replied that I had read all his letters from Candahar, and that he knew nothing more. I then stated, that it was a sacred rule among civilized nations not to refuse to receive emissaries in time of peace, and that I could not take upon myself to advise him to refuse any one who declared himself duly accredited; but that the Ameer had it in his power to show his feelings on the occasion, by making a full disclosure to the British Government of the errand on which the individual had come; to which he most readily assented.

After this the Ameer despatched a servant on the road to Ghuznee to prevent the Agent's entering Cabul without notice; but so rapid has been his journey, that he met him a few miles from the city, which he entered in the afternoon, attended by two of the Ameer's people. He has not yet seen the Ameer; he has sent a letter from Count Simonitch, which I have seen, and states that he is the bearer of letters from Mahommed Shah and the Emperor of Russia.

I shall take an early opportunity of reporting on the proceedings of this Russian Agent, if he be so in reality; for if not an impostor, it is a most uncalled-for proceeding, after the disavowal of the Russian Government conveyed through Count Nesselrode, alluded to in Mr. M'Niel's letter of the 19th June last.—I have, &c.

A. BURNES.]

In the printed despatches, all the causes of suspicion and discontent which the Dost felt with the policy of the Anglo-Indian government in regard to himself and his interests, which Sir Alexander Burnes transmitted to Calcutta, are carefully omitted. After summing up the complaints or remonstrances of the Dost, and saying, "I have thus placed before the Right Honourable the Governor-General the opinions and views entertained by the Ruler of Cabul, and the nature of the arguments I have opposed to them," we come to Sir Alexander's own suppressed opinions or recommendations, which are in these words, and are, with much more, wholly omitted:—

SUPPRESSED PASSAGE.

[It has appeared to me that they [the Dost's views] call for *much deliberation*. It will be seen that the Chief is not bent on possessing Peshawur, or on gratifying an enmity towards his brothers; but simply pursuing the worldly maxim of securing himself from injury. The arguments which he has adduced seem deserving of every consideration; and the more so, when an avowed partisan of Sultan Mahommed Khan does not deny the justice of

the Ameer's objections. It will be for his Lordship to judge how far the British Government will agree to an interference through its agent, that will prevent the Chief of Peshawur from caballing against his brother in Cabul; and if this could not be brought about by the plan suggested, of placing the Nuwab Jubbar Khan there on the part of the Ameer, and on the terms proposed, it would give Runjeet Sing tribute from both the Ameer and Sultan Mahommed Khan, and thus gratify him; while the known good feeling of the Nuwab towards the British Government, would give confidence to Runjeet Sing in the arrangement, and secure to the British a great reputation in these countries. In the event of this arrangement being also rejected, it does certainly appear to me that we are bound in some way to protect the Ameer from the cabals of Peshawur and Candahar, without which this country will become a scene of strife, injurious alike to our commerce and our policy. Those Chiefs will acknowledge the ruler of Cabul as the head of the family, and respect him accordingly; but they do not admit being dependent on him, nor is it desirable to make them so. If we stand aloof, and do not encourage Runjeet Sing to recede, the Ameer of Cabul will hold his present ground, since he is the most powerful of his family. If we interfere, we endanger his supremacy, such as it is; and consequently it seems incumbent on us to prevent such interference being detrimental.

Under such circumstances, it might be urged that all interference had better be avoided; but this, as it appears to me, would be, under the existing state of affairs, a very doubtful line of policy, unless it is intended to put forth the ex-King at Loodiana, secure through him a footing in these countries, and sweep the present rulers from their authority, *which has happily never been contemplated.* Besides the very questionable nature of such a proceeding, *it would not gain the objects of Government.*]

But, unhappily, this policy was both contemplated and acted upon. Another suppressed passage in this despatch establishes the cautiousness and coldness with which the advances of Russia were received at the court of Cabul, and the inclination of Dost Mahommed, to the last, to maintain friendly relations with us, if that were possible, consistently with his own safety and independence.

SUPPRESSED PASSAGE.

[Since arriving here I have seen an agent of Persia with alluring promises, after penetrating as far as Candahar, compelled to quit the country because no one was sent to invite him to Cabul. Following him, an agent of Russia, with letters highly complimentary, and promises more than substantial, has experienced no more civility than is due by the laws of hospitality and nations. It may be urged by some, that the offers of one or both were fallacious; but such a dictum is certainly premature. The Ameer of Cabul has sought no aid in his arguments from such offers, but declared that his interests are bound up in an alliance with the British Government, *which he never will desert as long as there is a hope of securing one.* It is evident, therefore, that in this chief we have one who is ready to meet us; and from what is passing in Central Asia at this moment, it is anything but desirable to exhibit indifference to the solicitations of one whose position makes him courted, and whom aid may render powerful for or against us. . . . As this letter contains matter which may materially affect an adjustment of the differences between the Sikhs and Affghans, I have sent a copy of it specially to Captain Wade.—I am not in possession of his letter to you handing up the first overtures of the Ameer of Cabul; and I cannot in consequence give my sentiments thereon, which will be received as an apology for my not having touched upon them in this letter.—Captain Wade and myself have, I am sure, but one object, which is to gain the ends of Government, by using our most strenuous endeavours respectively at Lahore and Cabul; but I must respectfully entreat that Dost Mahommed Khan's views be subjected to *strict scrutiny* before they are pronounced to be a mere "*gratification of his personal resentments.*"—Did I think so, I would not transmit this letter; but this chief is perfectly aware of the policy we have marked out for ourselves in this country, and his conduct has been already in some degree put to the test by Persia and Russia.—With regard to the latter, the importance of it has now become manifest by the arrival of an express from the Bombay Government, conveying to me the despatches of our Ambassador in Persia, which prove all previous conjectures to be well-founded, and that Mr. Vickovitch is, what he has given himself out, an agent from the Emperor of Russia.—The necessity for a good understanding with this chief has thus become *more than apparent*, as the dangers from such an alliance are no longer imaginary, but fairly developed.]

This suppressed letter appears to have given great offence at head-quarters. Burnes was not only blamed for a promise to the Candahar chiefs, which the public interests, and the exigency of the moment had drawn from him, but told that, from "all the reports and observations, his lordship [the Governor-General] cannot but conceive his [statements] of the resources and strength of Dost Mahommed Khan in Cabul, to be much exaggerated." His lordship as decidedly disapproved of the suggestions made, "as to its being the proper policy of the British Government" to come, in few words, to a proper understanding with the Dost. Having been chided for "having taken on himself," "wholly without authority," to make the promises above alluded to, to the Candahar chiefs, he is told,—

SUPPRESSED PASSAGE.

[After weighing, with all the seriousness which the subject demands, the various arguments adduced in your letters, his Lordship directs me to state that he adheres without reserve to the principles of policy by which his proceedings in respect to Affghanistan have heretofore been guided. He must dissent, consequently, from many of the recommendations which you have now submitted to him. . . . . His Lordship sees nothing in any facts, yet reported to him, to induce him to run into the dangers of such embarrassment as would attend the course which you have pressed upon him. . . . . His Lordship directs me to state, that he would persevere steadily in the course of proceedings which has been already prescribed in respect to Dost Mahommed Khan; and he is satisfied that, unless an entire change take place in the political constitution of Affghanistan, that course ought to be readily successful. . . . . It has been already intimated to you in different despatches, and especially in that under date the 27th ultimo, that the inordinate pretensions and expectations which Dost Mahommed Khan has appeared disposed to form in consequence of your presence at Cabul, ought to be decisively discouraged. He should be made sensible that in stepping forward from our conviction of the course of proceeding the most advantageous to all the Powers on this side of the Indus, to endeavour to induce Maharajah Runjeet Sing to refrain from prosecuting further hostilities against him, we have made the utmost demand, which our interest and long-established friendship admit, upon the consideration which that powerful chief is willing to show to our wishes. In the words of the Despatch of the 27th December, his Lordship would repeat that, "in the precarious position in which Dost Mahommed is placed, our good offices for the peace and security of his *remaining territory*, should be thankfully accepted by him." . . . . . His Lordship would, under any circumstances, be glad that, at a proper opportunity, these views should be stated with all frankness to Dost Mahommed Khan; for he greatly fears, from the tenor of your late despatches, that he may have been led to take an erroneous view of his own situation and of his Lordship's views; and it is of all things most important to act towards him with a clear, good faith;

and whatever may be his own trust in his independent means of defence, the British Government can deal with him on no other understanding.]

Now all this, and much more to the same import, is suppressed in these doctored despatches; while a few paragraphs, of little or no consequence whatever, are solemnly laid before Parliament, on which it is to judge of the policy of the Indian government, in the subsequent war with the Affghans. The fact is, that the principle of the "vigorous proclamation" of the close of the year 1838, seems to have been adopted at Calcutta before the above correspondence took place.

The inordinate demands of the Dost have always been held out as one main reason of the war; and particularly his demand of Peshawur. But, by a garbled letter from Sir A. Burnes, dated Cabul, March 5, 1838, it would seem that the alleged unreasonable demand was no real or formidable obstacle. In a conference which Burnes held at Cabul with the Ameer's brother, the Nuwab Jubbar Khan, the report of which is altogether suppressed, that personage said, not without a show of reason—

SUPPRESSED PASSAGE.

[That it appeared we valued our offers at a very high rate, since we expected in return that the Affghans would desist from all intercourse with Persia, Russia, Toorkistan, &c., &c., &c. Were the Affghans to make all these powers hostile, and to receive no protection against the enmity raised for their adhering to the British! As for Peshawur being withheld from the Ameer, it might be got over, and he believed he did not overrate his influence with Sultan Mahommed Khan, when he stated that he might bring about a reconciliation between him and the Ameer; but he must say, that the value of the Affghans had indeed been depreciated, and that he did not wonder at the Ameer's disappointment.

I replied to the Nuwab that I really did not comprehend the motives which swayed him or his brother. I had before found that it was not Candahar which he wished to subdue, and that the difficulties about Peshawur were not insurmountable, and that in consequence, it could not be that chiefship which the Ameer sought to conquer.—What then were his wishes or expectations? Dignity and respect (*izzut wa ikram*,) was the reply, and to be looked upon in the light of being able to do something for the British Government, and for such service to receive its real friendship and not a proffer of its sympathy, which did not ensure protection from the West, and which dwelt upon the good done on the Eastern frontier, by withdrawing Runjeet Sing, *of whose attacks they were under little apprehension.*—The whole of the Affghan country, continued he, is now at your back, and no future opportunity may prove so favourable to gain any ends which you may have to establish your influence in Cabul; and if you lose this opportunity you will have yourselves to blame.]

After reporting the result of his different conferences with the Ameer and his friends, Sir A. Burnes adds, in a sentence that is suppressed, "I am aware that the views of the government are decided, and that it would be highly presumptuous in me to make any observations on the record of the different conversations which have been above reported." But he had not renounced his own opinions or private judgment, though, in obedience to the orders of his official superiors, he was now preparing to withdraw from Cabul. Dost Mahommed, it is evident from all these reports, was most unwilling to come to a rupture with the British.

The above samples will show how far Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel are to be credited in their Parliamentary declarations, that nothing essential to a complete knowledge of the truth has been suppressed, in the garbled Despatches of Sir Alexander Burnes. We must notice one more fact. While, in the Parliamentary papers, Captain Wade's arguments for the restoration of Shah Soojah are given, as a sort of vindication of the policy subsequently adopted by Lord Auckland, those of Sir Alexander Burnes, upon the opposite side, have been wholly suppressed. So much for official fairness. Would it not be safer and better for the public interest that such correspondences should be point blank refused to Parliament, than thus garbled, to screen official incapacity, obstinacy, and blunders, and serve the purposes of party?

Since our account of the revolt at Cabul, and the assassination of Sir Alexander Burnes, his brother, and Captain Broadfoot, on the morning on which it broke out, was written, some facts have come to our knowledge with which neither Lady Sale nor Lieutenant Eyre appears to have been acquainted. That Sir Alexander could, at no time, have felt great security, slumbering, as he knew, upon a volcano, is evident; but we are now enabled to state, that, on his house being threatened and surrounded, he sent one, if not *two*, letters to Sir W. Macnaghten, imploring assistance, "or he would be murdered." But, though General Elphinstone had, at this time, a force of 5,000 troops in the cantonments, he refused to allow a man to go out; and, when urged by Sir W. Macnaghten, persisted in refusal. It must have been in the hope of speedy and effectual assistance, which, alas! never came, that the unfortunate Burnes prevented his people from firing, and sought to appease the mob, and to procrastinate, by addressing them.

THE CLOSING EVENTS OF THE CAMPAIGN IN CHINA.*

Captain Loch was a volunteer in the Chinese war. He joined the force at the mouth of the Yang-tze-Kiang, when the campaign was drawing towards a close; though that was not foreseen, and though several of the most desperate encounters of the war afterwards took place. As an observer, Captain Loch possessed many advantages. He lived with Vice-Admiral Sir William Parker, and acted as an extra aid-de-camp to Sir Hugh Gough as often as the troops landed; and what, with a view to the present publication, was more important than all, by the kindness of Sir Henry Pottinger, he was present at all the interviews with the Chinese authorities during the desultory negotiations which led to the peace. Of the passing events, Captain Loch kept a Journal, from which

* "The Closing Events of the Campaign in China; the Operations in the Yang-tze-kiang; and the Treaty of Nanking." By Captain Granville Loch, R.N. London: Murray.

he has compiled what, in reference to Chinese manners and national character, is, if somewhat tardy in appearance, yet one of the most interesting records of the war. Some of the details must long haunt the mind into which they are once received. The narrative is very well written, combining the various merits of style appropriate to the subject; namely, brevity, clearness, simplicity, and an unstudied elegance. Our limited space must be reserved for the graver matters; but, as a specimen of the purely descriptive parts of the work, which are lively and graceful, we select a sketch of Singapore, a place of growing interest with the British.

I drove through the town this morning with Keppel. The principal proprietors and inhabitants are Chinese: there are streets full of Chinese blacksmiths—fine athletic fellows; others, of shoemakers and tailors; and some containing open booths, under canvass awnings, resembling the Persian and Turkish bazaars.

I understand that our Celestial subjects here do not treat us with the same outward respect practised by their brethren of Java towards their more tyrannical masters, the Dutch. Here, they never think of letting fall their tails (which, for greater convenience, they wear twisted round their heads) when they speak to you. In China, such an omission is considered as great an insult as it would be in England to enter a room with a hat on; in Batavia, they not only drop their tails, but stand or squat until Mynheer passes. What struck me particularly was to see employed in common use the various (and to our habits inconvenient) utensils which are in England considered mere curiosities or ornaments, as, for instance, the small china tea-cup and cover, large glazed paper lantern, and porcelain stool, chopsticks, painted umbrella, glass-cloth shirts as fine as cambric, paper-soled shoes, and china jars.

Drove to the joss-house, so well described by Lord Jocelyn. . . . . It is dedicated to Fo. The outer gates conduct to an open court, neatly tiled and surrounded by a verandah, under which the embroidered silk canopies of procession appropriate to the various idols are arranged. On the beams, stone pillars, cornices, and wood-work, insects and flowers, birds and monsters are carved, with depth and boldness, in every variety of grotesque form. The corners and gable ends, curving upwards, are surmounted by porcelain dragons with forked and gaily-coloured tails; the roof is covered with glazed tiles made of the same material, but of a coarser texture; and underneath the projecting edge, upon a white china belt, flowers and creepers are exquisitely embossed and coloured.

In the midst of the temple, behind the high altar, and placed between a blue and red devil, each the size of life, sits an image of the Tien-How, or Queen of Heaven—a most ungainly idol. At the feet of this image are a number of little devils, each fronted by its pot full of incense sticks. The devotees seek for the protection of a grinning elf of sandal wood, or endeavour to propitiate some favourite idol of porcelain, much after the fashion and practice among the most superstitious of the followers of the Romish Church: as Père Intorcetta said, it seemed as if the Devil had run a race with the Jesuits to China, and, having got the start of them, had contrived these things for their mortification.

Here is Hong-Kong, which is springing up with the rapidity of a Transatlantic city, or with a still more vigorous growth:—

We anchored in the midst of men-of-war and transports, in a port where, a few short months before, ships were scarcely ever seen. Along the shore, and scattered over the breast of mountains rising to the height of 1500 feet, were wharfs and extensive stores, forts and magazines, streets of huts and commodious houses, a bazaar and a market-place, besides some comfortable bungelows and handsome country-houses, belonging to the public functionaries, built at considerable elevations, to command fresh air and a fine view. Ten months before, when Sir Henry Pottinger first landed, he lived in a pitched tent!

Then three small villages contained the entire population, amounting to about 4000; now there are upwards of 12,000 souls in our new town alone, and the great difficulty is, to restrain the rapid increase in proportion to the gradual advancement of the colony.

There is a narrative of a delightful excursion through this small island.

The first glimpse we have of the Chinese women, is at Macao. It would, however, be as unfair for a traveller to take his notions of the ladies of England from the bum-boat women of Portsmouth, as of the Celestial fair from these dames:—

After a longer passage than we expected, we sighted Macao and the shipping in the outer roadstead. Our small draught of water enabled us to anchor close to the shore, when we were in an instant surrounded by squat, oval-bottomed punts, pulled by specimens of the fair sex. The Chinese woman utters a clacking sound peculiar to herself, and employs her tongue with a volubility and a perseverance impossible to surpass. These jays—these unplumed paroquets—lauded the qualities of their respective barks, and depreciated those of their companions, until we were but too glad to stop their clamour by becoming their customers.

Captain Loch's first impressions of Chinese character, received, however, at second-hand, were unfavourable:—

The lower orders were better dressed and cleaner than I expected to find them, and withal civil enough. I was disappointed in the shops; they were small, and built of wood; the lower rooms open to, and on a level with the streets; the upper are low dens, badly constructed and very dirty.

We saw them painting representations of some of the late actions, and tracing charts of Chusan and the river Yang-tze-kiang from some of our recent surveys, which will enable the Fan-kwels to sail with safety "in their inner waters." What will not the Chinese do for money! They are curious beings: with an outward placidity of temper, and the good-humour of amiable people, they possess the hardness of heart and unforgiving nature of the Moor. From all that I hear, *as a nation* they are without virtue, deep feeling, or dignity of character. Sir Thomas Herbert told me, that after battering down forts and houses, and killing hundreds at Amoy, the boats of the Chinese were alongside his ship with supplies, before the guns were secured, to obtain what they prize before any good sentiment or moral obligation—profit and gain.

Captain Loch could not have retained the opinion that the Chinese, or, at least, those of the educated order, in whatever else they might be deficient, were without "deep feeling and dignity of character." There is even a stoical grandeur in their self-immolation, pride, and endurance. The first instance of gallantry which he recites, occurred on the dismantling of the Woo-Sung forts:—

Many instances of personal bravery have lately been observed, particularly among the mandarins. At Chapoo one fine old officer gallantly led his men twice to the very points of our bayonets, manfully rallying them after each repulse, until he fell, shot through the loins. When he was carried to the rear, an interpreter, seeing tears streaming down his cheeks, told him not to fear—that mercy and every kindness would be shown him—"Mercy!" he said; "I want no mercy. I came here to fight for my Emperor, and neither to give nor to accept mercy; but if you wish to gain my gratitude, and can be generous, write to my revered sovereign, and say I fell in the front, fighting to the last." . . .

They adopt the custom common among many Eastern nations of naming their guns. Some of these were stamped with Chinese characters signifying "The rob-

ber's judgment," "The tamer and subduer of Barbarians;" and one tremendous fellow, upwards of twelve feet long, was designated by the single title of "Barbarian."

After taking these forts, an inland march was undertaken, to the great delight of the troops:—

We were *en route* by six o'clock, and an imposing sight these 2000 hardy fellows marching in single files along the narrow path-ways must have offered to the gaping Celestials. The country, flat as Kent and Essex by the banks of the Thames, is completely cultivated, and as beautiful as its sameness of features will allow fertility to make it. The flattened tops of earthen dykes between the fields are the only roads, and these are flanked, and here and there crossed by deep ditches, which we passed on granite slabs, generally too narrow for the Horse Artillery. This provoking, but not unforseen hinderance caused some trouble and much delay, the Sappers having frequently to fill the ditches for the passage of the guns. We trod drier ground as we receded from the river; and, besides the perpetual rice, saw fields of beans, corn, cotton, and other plants. Farms, surrounded by high shrub hedges, neatly interlaced with platted bamboo, were thickly scattered over the country. Nothing could be more rural than the appearance of the houses, some in clusters, others by themselves, all half-hid by umbrageous enclosures, delightful lanes of fruit-trees, and abundance of wild honeysuckle and roses. Affluence and industry were everywhere apparent, and a love of neatness conspicuous from the arrangement of the house to the tilling of the ground.

We saw crowds of peasantry in every direction; they climbed the trees and little knolls to obtain a good view of us from a distance; but when a long survey convinced them that we were not "frantically" disposed, they approached with confidence. Our handful of men would not have been a mouthful a-piece to the multitudes around us.

We passed two wounded men lying on a bank, dying without assistance in sight of thousands. Unfortunately we could not afford them aid, advancing, as we were, through a hostile country.

We went through two villages; the shops were open, and the people remained in them; the first time such confidence had been shown towards us in China. Strict orders were issued to touch nothing, and to the credit of the thirsty troops be it spoken, they were obeyed. Almost every house has its little garden shaded by trees; among them I remarked the tulip, the tallow, and the mulberry. . . . Graves were in every field—mounds of earth, some hollowed into vaults, others solid, with the coffin resting on the top, and covered with matting. There appeared to be a great paucity of quadrupeds.

At the close of the peaceful march, they reached the suburbs of Chan-hai, a second-rate or second *chop* town. They took possession of the town, which was found nearly deserted. The following description is both picturesque and purely Chinese:—

The general took up his quarters in a pavilion built on the edge of a sheet of water in the public gardens of the Ching-hwang-mian. . . . . In the centre of a serpentine sheet of water, there is a rocky island, and on it a large temple of two storeys, fitted up for the accommodation of the wealthy public. Pillars of carved wood support the roof; fretted groups of uncouth figures fill up the narrow spaces; while moveable latticed blinds screen the occupants from the warmth of the noon-day sun. Nothing can surpass the beauty and truth to nature of the most minutely-carved flowers and insects prodigally scattered over every screen and cornice. This is the central and largest temple. A number of other light aerial-looking structures of the same form are perched upon the corners of artificial rocky precipices, and upon odd little islands. Light and fanciful wooden bridges connect most of these islands, and are thrown across the arms of the serpentine water, so that each sequestered spot can be visited in turn. At a certain passage of the sun, the main temple is shaded in front by a rocky eminence, the large masses of which are connected with great art and propriety of taste, but in shape and adjustment most studiously grotesque. Trees and flowers and tufts of grass are sown and planted, where art must have been taxed to the utmost to procure them lodgment.

In another part of the gardens there is a miniature wood of dwarf trees, with a dell and waterfall; the leaves, fruit, and blossoms of the trees are in proportion to their size. This ingenious science, (if science it can be called,) to bring it to perfection, requires the most assiduous care and patient watching.

But we must leave this to the Horticultural Society.

Tortuous pathways lead to the top of the artificial mountain, each turning formed with studied art to surprise and charm, by offering at every point fresh views and objects. Flowers and creepers sprout out from crevices; trees hang over the jutting crags; small pavilions, crested with the white stork, their emblem of purity, are seen from almost every vista; while grottos and rocky recesses, shady bowers and labyrinths, are placed to entrap the unwary, each with an appropriate motto, one inviting the wanderer to repose, another offering quiet and seclusion to the contemplative philosopher.

Three regiments were quartered in these gardens, and the rooms formed for the enjoyments of the wealthiest were occupied by the private soldier; and many of the most exquisite ornaments were torn down and burnt to cook their numerous messes. Nor could this be well avoided. . . . . .

The first thing that strikes one upon entering a captured city is Chinese robbers, passing like a string of busy ants, in a continuous line from some large house to the city gates, heavily laden. In this pursuit the Fokiens are the bravest of the brave. They will bear thumping, kicking, and maltreating in every way, but will most pertinaciously hold to their bundles.

When the fleet had advanced up the magnificent river Yang-tze-kiang, nearly to Chin-kiang-foo, Captain Loch one day landed with a storming-party to disable guns and destroy abandoned forts. He ascended a hill, and his fatigue was repaid by the beautiful and extended prospect.

Inland, towards the S.E., this detached cluster of hills broke into undulating country clothed with verdure, and fir plantations bordered small lakes confined in natural basins. Extending my view beyond, I saw the windings of the vast river we had ascended; our ships were still scattered over its broad surface, the sternmost divisions of the fleet coming up under all sail. To the other side I turned with yet greater interest; there the land in the foreground continued a low and swampy flat, leaving it difficult at a little distance to determine which of the several broad waters, winding in serpentine channels through the country, was the main branch. I looked down upon innumerable square sheets of water, separated from each other by narrow mounds of earth; they covered the surface of what we knew to be arable land, but which more closely resembled a vast lake, intersected by many causeways. Willow trees grew along their sides, and here and there small patches, somewhat higher than the common surface, supported cottages and farm sheds. Beyond this again, towards the west, the pagoda of Chin-kiang-foo was observable. . . . . I was not alone. Lieutenant James Fitzjames had gained the summit before me, and I found him, when I arrived, sitting upon a granite rock, quite out of breath, after his ascent. His coxswain, who had followed him at a slower pace, descried a martial hero under a bush, whom he captured and dragged up by his pig-tail. I verily believe the poor wretch thought we were going to eat him, which supposition said little for his estimation of our good taste. Had he been a firm, sleek, clean, and portly gentleman, it would have been another thing; but this was a poor devil whose flesh had left the bones from the constant use of opium.

Our further admiration of the prospect was interrupted by an explosion: the barracks and houses were all on fire, and our party in the boats waving to us to return; so we had to descend at a pace which did not suit our companion the prisoner, who fell upon his back, and resigned himself to despair. Fortunately the descent was steep, although, perhaps, somewhat rough; so down he went in a sitting posture between Fitzjames and his coxswain, and reached the bottom in safety; but, I shrewdly suspect, with the loss of more than a tailor could replace.

Captain Loch had frequent adventures of this sort, when indulging in rambles on the shore. Nothing in landscape, created or embellished by art, can be more enchanting than the scenes on the banks of the river or its islands. Here is one lovely spot, enlivened by the *figure* in the landscape:—

Seung-shan, a rocky cone, with a surface soil which nurtures luxuriant groves of tropical vegetation, is, like its sister, Kin-shan, or "golden island," imperial property. Priests are the only occupants; temples and palaces the principal buildings, surrounded by gardens and bowers. As we passed it slowly, we had time to observe the massive granite terraces, decorated with large stone monsters, and having convenient and handsome flights of steps descending to the water; fine temples placed to be seen, and yet shaded by useful and ornamental plants; open pavilions and secluded summer-houses embowered amidst the bright arbutus, which was enlivened by red berries and paddy-birds nestling amidst its foliage, like bunches of white blossoms.

Opposite this little paradise a plain honest rock of reddish granite, broken into an upright cliff, descends precipitously into the river; in the centre of its face a round hole is neatly excavated with a slight step before it, and some Chinese characters marked above it. While we were conjecturing what this singular orifice could be for, out came a figure dressed in a rusty brick-coloured gown, and made the ko-tow most obsequiously. We concluded him to be a recluse living upon charity,—a sort of Fuckeĕr,—common characters in the East, not less so in China than in India, but in this country a wiser sect, living a less purgatorial life than those of Hindostan.

Close to his abode, on the low land at the foot of the rocky promontory, we saw the remains of Phlegethon battery, and the smouldering ruins of the magazines. A party having been landed from the Blonde to destroy the dismounted guns, they found some brass pieces among the number, which, as prize property, were shipped. After traversing the narrow strait, we entered the long reach between the two islands. Over the sloping brows of some low hills, across two valleys, and a plain beyond, we traced the high and well-built wall of Chinkiang-foo, with its square and round flanking bastions. High above a conspicuous gate, a red and yellow flag waved, but not a man was to be seen along the whole range of the extensive ramparts, nor in the suburbs, which extended to the river's edge. All appeared to us as deserted and lone as a city of the dead. Little did we then think that in a few days this large, powerful, and wealthy city would in reality be what we by chance compared it to.

We want courage to enter upon the details of the siege of the devoted city, though to many readers this will form the very cream of the book. When the work of destruction was nearly completed, we find the following passing notice of the horrible suicides which too frequently closed the scene:—

The firing brought the General up, who resolved, when the sun became less powerful, to sweep the town from house to house.

As we marched along the walls, I saw what, as a novice in this description of warfare, shocked me much,—old men, women, and children, cutting each other's throats, and drowning themselves by the dozen; and no one either attempting or apparently showing any inclination to save the poor wretches, nor, in fact, regarding them with more notice than they would a dead horse carried through the streets of London to the kennel.

While the troops rested from their terrible work, an interpreter who was well known at head-quarters, brought letters to the British commanders from the Viceroy.

They were to the old purport, requesting them to send the ships down the river, and arrange a meeting with him on shore to settle differences. Such a modest request at such a time was exceedingly *mal-à-propos*, and very nearly cost the stupid old interpreter his life; who, fancying himself secure in his knowledge of our language, passed through the gate, and was nearly shot by the sentinel for advancing towards the General's quarters, after having failed in his endeavours to make himself understood. Sir Hugh was in no humour to receive him, which he, having lost but little of his self-confidence, thought exceedingly incorrect. He said that "Elipoo wished very much to have a talkey outside river —no inside—and that English very bad if they no obey."

Our reply was, (I mean that given by our individual selves, who had nothing to do with the matter,) that "Englishman may talkey a very, very leettle, if Chinamen pay 20,000,000 dollars, and afterwards pay more, talkey more," and then the respectable old gentleman was shown the way out.

Towards evening an advance was sounded, and the Commander-in-chief marched with two regiments towards the Tartar quarter of the town, guided by some Chinese and Mr. Gutzlaff. We broke into many houses where we imagined soldiers were concealed, but met with no resistance, nor saw any armed Tartars. Quiet and peace seemed to reign paramount in the still evening, while the fragrance of the flowers surrounding almost every house calmed the strong excitement that had possessed us throughout the day. It was the prettiest Chinese town I had seen: the houses were all well kept, and the interiors of many magnificent; the streets well paved and clean; and open grassy spaces and gardens gave a grace and airiness not usually met with in walled cities.

We were guided to a large building said to be the governor's palace. We saw that it belonged to government by the flying dragon painted upon the wall opposite the great entrance; but the gates had apparently been closed for some considerable time: weeds were growing before them, and the only sign of life was a wounded Tartar of great size and strength lying under the shade of the portico; he was dressed in the blue over-shirt with yellow trimmings, said to be the uniform of the imperial guard. When we forced the house, we found it equally deserted, but completely furnished, and of great extent. *We set fire to it, and marched on.*

I went with two soldiers of the 18th down a street to the right, to a large house, which I concluded belonged to a Tartar of consequence: we burst the door and entered. Never shall I forget the sight of misery that there met our view.

After we had forced our way over piles of furniture, placed to barricade the door, we entered an open court strewed with rich stuffs, and covered with clotted blood; and upon the steps leading to the "hall of ancestors," there were two bodies of youthful Tartars, cold and stiff, much alike, apparently brothers. Having gained the threshold of their abode, they had died where they had fallen, from the loss of blood. Stepping over these bodies, we entered the hall, and met, face to face, three women seated, a mother and two daughters; and at their feet lay two bodies of elderly men, with their throats cut from ear to ear, their senseless heads resting upon the feet of their relations. To the right were two young girls, beautiful and delicate, crouching over, and endeavouring to conceal, a living soldier.

In the heat of action, when the blood is up, and the struggle is for life between man and man, the anguish of the wounded, and the sight of misery and pain, is unheeded; humanity is partially obscured by danger; but

when excitement subsides with victory, and the individual circumstances are recalled to mind which led to the result, a heart would be hardly human that could feel unaffected by the retrospection. But the hardest heart of the oldest man who ever lived a life of rapine and slaughter could not have gazed on this scene of woe unmoved.

I stopped, horror-struck at what I saw. I must have betrayed my feelings by my countenance, as I stood spell-bound to the spot. The expression of cold unutterable despair depicted on the mother's face changed to the violent workings of scorn and hate, which at last burst forth in a paroxysm of invective, afterwards in floods of tears, which apparently, if anything could, relieved her. She came close to me, and seized me by the arm, and, with clenched teeth and deadly frown, pointed to the bodies—to her daughters—to her yet splendid house, and to herself; then stepped back a pace, and, with firmly closed hands, and in a hoarse and husky voice, I could see by her gestures spoke of her misery—of her hate, and, I doubt not, of revenge. It was a scene that one could not bear long; consolation was useless; expostulation from me vain. I attempted by signs to explain, offered her my services, but was spurned. I endeavoured to make her comprehend that, however great her present misery, it might be in her unprotected state a hundred-fold increased; that if she would place herself under my guidance, I would pass her through the city gates in safety into the open country, where, doubtless, she would meet many of the fugitives; but the poor woman would not listen to me; the whole family were, by this time, in loud lamentation; so all that remained for me to do was to prevent the soldiers bayoneting the man who, since our entrance, had attempted to escape.

As Captain Loch returned to the city after this dreadful day's work, he relates,—

The moon was up, and shone with clear and tranquil light upon the silent town, lying like an amphitheatre at our feet; so still, so smiling in the placid beauty of the scene and hour, in sad mockery of the misery and despair of its concealed and wretched inhabitants. From the gate we took charge of a wounded officer to the boat, and by ten o'clock I was on board the Cornwallis.

Throughout the day both the Chinese and Tartar troops evinced a determined bravery, which commanded our respect; and I believe I may safely say, that the upper classes, from the first to the last, have shown, by their conduct, that they cannot brook defeat; for, although we have captured many a Mandarin, we were never able to keep them prisoners for any length of time, they having either starved themselves by refusing to eat food, or otherwise committed suicide.

The Chinese have shown many individual instances of conspicuous gallantry. . . . . I feel persuaded that, if drilled under English officers, they would prove equal, if not superior, to the Sepoys; they have greater physical power, greater obstinacy, and, consequently, minds that retain impressions with greater tenacity, and would be slow to lose confidence after it was once built upon the foundation of their vanity.

On the next day the work of havoc was not found complete in all its stages. When Captain Loch walked with a friend over the scene of the "last day's slaughter," they could hardly get along the streets for piles of plunder.

Crates of beautiful China, bronze ornaments, vases, satins, silks, crape, and gold embroidery; besides, bales of meaner articles were strewed about in every direction. The best had been selected and carried for a short distance until a new object attracted the pilferer's eye, when the old was cast away and trodden under foot. The Chinese were the most numerous and systematic plunderers.

The work of death was still progressing. Captain Grey and I entered a house, where we saw twenty bodies of women and young girls, some hanging, others extended upon the floor; all had either committed suicide, or been destroyed by their relatives. A panic had seized the unfortunate inhabitants, and every second house contained self-immolated victims. We saved several lives, but they were to the destroyed as drops are to the ocean.

On our progress to the General's quarters, we lost our way by leaving the ramparts, and entered a portion of the Chinese town hitherto unvisited. Apparitions from the lower regions could not have caused greater consternation among the crowds of unfortunate people, busily collecting their goods, and sending their wives and families into the country by a postern gate that had escaped our notice, than we three (including a middy of the Endymion) produced among them, particularly among the poor women, many of whom, I fancy, had seldom, if ever before, left the precincts of their gardens. Some were very good-looking, and all had a grace peculiarly their own. Two poor creatures, evidently belonging to the higher class, had blackened their faces to conceal their beauty—a thin disguise to the prying eyes of licentiousness. However, it is my belief that less villany was perpetrated than could have been reasonably expected, taking into consideration the anarchy that always, for a time, prevails in a captured city. Those they had cause to fear most were, beyond all doubt, their own countrymen.

These are apt passages for the Tracts of the Peace Society. It is a curious, if true fact, that the Chinese when the most afraid laugh the heartiest. The laugh must be hysterical, Sardonic, or what the Scotch call the "laugh o' Balmullo."

The famous Tartar general of Chin-kian-foo will, no doubt, be immortalized in the annals of every people sympathizing in the military spirit. Two days after the action, while Mr. Morrison, the interpreter, was viewing the ruins of his house, his funeral pile,—where, with the spirit of an old Roman, when all was lost, the brave soldier set himself down in his spacious hall, and gave orders to fire the building,—he discovered the civil secretary of the general hid in the garden. The man had many important papers about him, and he was brought on board one of the ships to have them examined.

He spoke of his lost master with great feeling, and described him as one of the best and noblest of men. Some of the despatches were from him to the Emperor, others from the Sovereign. The former gave a faithful account of our movements from Woosung to the day of our anchoring off Chin-kiang-foo. He expressed his unalterable fidelity and determination to fight to the last; but at the same time conjured his master, with the prophetic foresight of a doomed man, to end this war, at least, until their warlike resources were more systematically arranged, and the troops recruited and concentrated. He alluded to our science and energy; but did not allow that the barbarian's Queen possessed more devoted, or braver subjects than his august master. He mentioned all his own arrangements and readiness to await the attack; and, if joined by some expected reinforcements, his expectations of success. He concluded by saying, that his walls were high, and in good repair, and that the city, which some years before beat back an organised banditti, amounting to 300,000 men, might be able to repulse a few "barbarians."

The Emperor's letters are full of reproaches for battles lost, accusations of cowardice against men who had died bravely while he was writing these bitter letters, and threats in the event of future failure.

From this period negotiations were going on more actively, though the ships were still steering onward towards Nanking. The Celestials did not make a very bad figure at these conferences, though they fell into the common mistake of car-

rying diplomacy, or shilly-shallying, too far; or of not knowing the exact point at which yielding frankly becomes true wisdom, and dallying utter folly. Of one preliminary conference we have the following lively relation. The Barbarian negotiators and their interpreters were, on this occasion, all young men, of slight build, and rather shabby in their equipments, after their hard campaign.

We were received at the entrance of the spacious court of the temple by a bevy of mandarins, from the blue to the brass button. Different from us, they rustled in embroidered silks and flowered muslin of a design and beauty of texture worthy even to deck the forms of our own fair dames. They marshalled us with many obsequious bows, and really much graceful courtesy, into the great hall of audience, where Mr. Secretary "Whang" and the Tartar General "Chin" were standing to receive us. After Mr. Morrison had severally introduced us, we sat down in chairs that would have held two Daniel Lamberts, round a square table, Whang opposite Malcolm, I next to Chin, and Mr. Thom opposite me. Mr. Morrison retired to another table to translate some papers.

Whang, a man of seven or eight and thirty, is considered one of the most rising statesmen in China, and his manners and conversation marked him a perfect gentleman. I do not remember ever having met, even in my own country, a person of more gentle and polished manner or courteous breeding than this Chinese, so different from the majority of his countrymen in their intercourse with foreigners. The General was a portly old veteran of about sixty, wearing a little, gray, tufted beard, a plain dress, crystal ball, and peacock's feather. His red ball had been taken away, for some offence, shortly before our arrival.

The other mandarins stood round among the servants, and listened, as was the universal custom, to all that was discussed.

At the door were a few peace-keepers, or police, wearing red felt conical caps, each topped with a cock's feather, which traversed round upon a swivel. They were armed with cow-hide whips, which they kept in pretty frequent use upon the shoulders of the pressing and chattering rabble outside.

While Mr. Morrison was transcribing copies of his papers, tea was handed round by the attendants, and whether drank or not, a hot cup, every two or three minutes, superseded the colder beverage. . . .

Major Malcolm demanded to see the Emperor's commission, which, after some little delay, and great ceremony, was brought forth from a chest by a mandarin, under whose special charge it appeared to be. He carried the roll of yellow silk in both his hands, and proceeded—his eyes reverentially fixed upon it—with slow and solemn steps towards the table, and placed it in the hands of Whang with tenderness and forced resignation. The produce of the silk wrapper was a little, shabby, yellow box, badly made, and worse painted, containing the power, which Morrison, on examination, pronounced, as far as he was able to judge, authentic.

I was greatly amused watching the anxious and horrified faces of the various Chinese when Mr. Morrison touched the commission; and I thought the old keeper would have fainted on the spot when he, for an instant, held it in one hand.

In China, the same respect is paid to an Imperial edict, or the mark of the vermilion pencil, that, with us, the sovereign only receives in person. There are many powers delegated by sign-manual throughout the empire, and, in these cases, the same homage is bestowed upon the written name of the Emperor, that is, in other countries, only yielded to the prince himself.

After our skeleton treaty was satisfactorily arranged, and written both in Chinese and English, one copy being kept by the mandarins, the other by Malcolm, for Sir Henry's inspection, we rose to depart, and the old General laughingly remarked that the conditions were hard, but, after all, were only what they would have demanded under similar circumstances; that a war between nations might be likened to a game of chance, in which the loser must pay the winner; that this time they were the unfortunates, from having neglected the art of war during centuries of peace and prosperity; that our ships were our stronghold and glory, and had proved their curse.

Captain Loch concludes from what he has seen, that, in the event of another war, the Chinese will manage their military affairs much better. They are cool and apt scholars. Of a subsequent interview with higher dignitaries, this is a side-glance:—

Getting into the steamer, shod in their thick Tartar boots, was to them a service of danger, and which caused considerable delay. At last they paddled up, and came alongside from the steamer in the Admiral's barge. . . . . A number of subordinate officers and attendants, besides three or four mandarins whom we knew, from having been brought in contact with them at Chusan and Ning-po, followed in their wake. They presented, in their flowing robes, a lively contrast to our close fitting and (I think) ungraceful dress.

After a few of us had been presented, the authorities entered the Admiral's cabin, and were ushered to a large sofa, placed to face forwards, so that they might see everybody and everything. Sir Henry sat on the left—the Chinese seat of honour—the General on the right, and the Admiral, as the host, I think, next to him. Tea, coffee, wine, sweetmeats, and cherry-brandy, were handed round, the last of which they greatly appreciated.

As this was merely intended to be a visit of ceremony, no questions relative to future arrangements were mooted.

Ke-ying evinced considerable interest in all he saw, although he never trespassed on good-breeding, or forgot what was due to his dignity, by asking questions. Elpoo, who was upwards of eighty, appeared fatigued, and his countenance bore a sad expression of mental suffering; which is not to be wondered at, poor old man, considering the many misfortunes and heavy displeasure of his Imperial master that had arisen to him out of his former intercourse with us.

New-king sat without showing any outward or visible sign, beyond an occasional smack of satisfaction after each glass of cherry-brandy.

The General was as loquacious as on the first occasion that I saw him, and pretended a great interest in, and examined with a critical inquisitiveness, everything appertaining to the art of war. . . . . .

The Commissioners, at the Admiral's invitation, walked round the various decks; and I was somewhat amused to see that the men, to make their messes look the smarter, had decorated the shelves with small joss-images, and a few other articles of choice taste, that they had picked up in their perambulations. Well might the Chinese have exclaimed with Samson,

> "O indignity! O blot
> To honour and religion!"

But they acted the wiser part of "*laissez faire, laissez passer;*" and even their noisy train were, by humbled vanity, recalled to a temporary sense of decorum.

If the Chinese had strong feelings, whether religious or superstitious, such insulting displays as this ought to have been decidedly checked.

The Imperial Commissioners, upon one occasion, gave Sir Henry Pottinger and his friends a grand entertainment, at which they were well-crammed and well-flattered. It was given in a splendid suite of apartments, highly decorated in the Chinese taste. Some parts of the banquet must have been rather a tax upon an elderly English gentleman's patience; but what will a zealous plenipotentiary not submit to?

The tables and chairs were covered with red embroidered drapery, and the floor with crimson drugget. The bottom of this room opened into a court which was canopied by a chequered silk awning.

A more tolerable band than we had yet heard commenced, as we sat down, a tune resembling a pibroch, and continued to play throughout the repast. Young white-buttoned mandarins handed round tea, hot wine, and sweetmeats, while a conversation upon general subjects was maintained between the Commissioners and Sir Henry through the medium of the interpreters.

Numerous patties of minced meat, pork, arrow root, vermicelli soup, with meat in it, pig's ear soup, and other strange dishes, were served in succession, in small china and silver basins, and in proportion to our various capabilities in making these messes disappear, we seemed to rise in the estimation of the beholders. But human nature could not support this ordeal long, and, as a *coup de grace*, Ke-ying insisted upon Sir Henry opening his mouth, while he, with great dexterity, shot into it several immense sugar-plums. I shall never forget Sir Henry's face of determined resignation after he found remonstrances were of no avail; nor the figure of Ke-ying, as he stood planted before him, in the attitude of a short-sighted old lady threading a needle, poising the bonne bouche between his finger and thumb preparatory to his successful throw.

After this the tables were cleared and business commenced.

The demands, written in both languages, were again read; and, with the exception at first of a slight demur at our detention of Chusan as a guarantee until the full payment of the 21,000,000 of dollars, and a wish to exclude Foo-choo-foo from free trade, were unanimously agreed to.

The only thing about which the Chinese Commissioners showed great anxiety, was to be rid of their troublesome visiters, and get back possession of their forts; but of this no hope could be given, till every point demanded had been conceded. Sir Henry Pottinger at this time took the opportunity of discussing the Opium question. The Chinese argued that the growth of the poppy should be prohibited in India; while he contended, that if the Chinese gave up the use of opium, none would be grown for them: which is an incontrovertible, if not the best possible argument. He afterwards employed better reasoning. Having drawn a rapid sketch of the rise and progress of England from barbarism to a state of wealth and civilisation, through mild government and a tolerably free commerce,

He casually mentioned instances of governments having failed to attain their objects by endeavouring to exclude any particular article of popular desire: tobacco was one of those he alluded to; and now that it was legalised, not only did it produce a large revenue to the crown, but it was more moderately indulged in in Britain than elsewhere.

Shortly afterwards, the treaty was formally signed; and Captain Loch, quitting Nanking, descended the magnificent river, the great artery of China. An Appendix to the volume contains a good deal of geographical and statistical information; but its charm and interest is the author's personal adventures and narrative, which, as our readers may see, form a pleasant and instructive addition to the sum of our knowledge of this memorable war.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Numerous Cases of Surgical Operations without pain in the Mesmeric State; with Remarks on the Opposition of many members of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society to the reception of the inestimable blessings of Mesmerism. By John Elliotson, M.D., F.R.S.

Dr. Elliotson, having placed himself in a false position with his professional brethren and the public, has, unhappily, lost his temper, and been betrayed into something very like injustice and unfairness in the controversy he wages with the medical world. In November last, the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London were induced, through curiosity or, as probably, courtesy and importunity, to hear read the account of a case of successful amputation of the thigh during the Mesmeric sleep, without the knowledge of the patient, and, consequently, it is alleged, without his feeling pain. Dr. Elliotson was not a witness of the operation, which took place in a district hospital in Nottinghamshire; but he not only believes in the case as it was stated, in which there is no harm whatever, but is exceedingly indignant with the other members of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, because they withhold their assent from what they cannot believe. He charges them roundly with ignorance, prejudice, wilful injustice, and the obstinate denial of an obvious and well-attested fact; and he has indignantly ceased to be a member of their body. As a matter of course, the Society, having listened to the account of the case, (the sole authorities for which were a Mr. Topham, a lawyer, who Mesmerized the patient, and a Mr. Ward, a surgeon, who performed the operation,) passed a vote of thanks for the paper read before them, "without a *dissentient* voice;" but great was their astonishment when, next day, it was sent into the world as if it had been published with their approbation and sanction, though most of the leading members of the Society had, when the paper was read, urged formidable objections, and expressed the strongest doubts of the facts. They were naturally very indignant at the unhandsome advantage which had been taken of their good-nature in listening to the case at all.

The case had, in short, been ushered into the world under false pretences; and the whole proceedings were obliterated from the minutes of the society. Now, Dr. Elliotson is of opinion, "that the society had no right to complain" of a publication which virtually made the Society a party to this singular case. Among the professional gentlemen who attacked the statement when it was read before the society, and whom Dr. Elliotson cuts up with all his powers of sarcasm and invective, were Mr. Coulson, "a surgeon practising in the city;" Dr. Moore, "a physician-accoucheur;" several young surgeons; Dr. James Johnson; Dr. Marshall Hall, who is smartly twitted for his ignorance and inconsistency; and Mr. Liston the surgeon, who is repeatedly reproached with cruelty and brutality, for the single act of having pinched the skin off a girl's hand in the Edinburgh Infirmary, whom he suspected of shamming insensibility and occasional catalepsy, and wished to test. Dr. George Burrowes was also among the doubters of the reality of the case of amputation without pain; and Sir Benjamin Brodie, whom Dr. Elliotson cannot forgive for his scepticism, or for the somethings-else which led him to say, as the

Doctor reports, when the O'Keys were in the blaze of their fame, that "he disliked turning his horses' heads towards Russell Square to see a patient, lest people should think he was going to that scene of humbug, University College Hospital." "Sir Benjamin Brodie is to be pitied," [for his indifference to Dr. Elliotson's demonstrations in Mesmerism,] "but he is also to be condemned." Sir Astley Cooper was equally cold to the phenomena of Animal Magnetism; but he was more excusable,—as a man "scantily informed, and endowed with but a moderate degree of the higher intellectual faculties." As a proof of Dr. Elliotson's fairness in argument and of his logic, we find him placing those who refused to examine Galileo's discoveries, and who died in ignorance of the discoveries of Newton, in the same category with Sir Astley Cooper and Sir Benjamin Brodie in their scepticism or indifference to Mesmerism; forgetting, apparently, that this agency has been familiar to all Europe for sixty years, and tolerably well sifted, and is not just yet entitled to rank with the great truths with which it is compared by its advocate. Another specimen of Dr. Elliotson's fairness is the assertion, that Cuvier and La Place were thorough believers in Animal Magnetism, and consequently in all the phenomena connected with it, or that may yet emanate from it. Nay, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge is, by a side-wind, pressed into the service of *Animal Magnetism*, as, "in its article *Somnambulism*, in the 'Penny Cyclopedia,' Mesmerism is admitted to the extent even of *clairvoyance*," and this while Lord Brougham was president of the Society, and the Bishop of Durham and many men of the first distinction in science were on the committee; all of whom must consequently be held as believers in the doctrines they disseminate. With most of the "numerous other cases" of the Pamphlet, besides the great one that is the subject of dispute, the public is already acquainted. Some are of teeth extracted during the mesmeric sleep; one is the cutting the tendons at the back of a contracted knee-joint that had previously been mesmerized for three months; Dr. Elliotson himself reports a remarkable cure of a severe form of St. Vitus' dance of nine years' standing, which he made by Mesmerism, though Dr. Hall, who also treated it, thought the case feigned. Now, when doctors differ, who shall decide between them? It was certainly, if real, a very obstinate case. The well-known old case of the French lady operated upon for cancer, makes another of the "numerous cases." Mr. Braid of Manchester has, in one year, accomplished four times the number of cures by Hypnotism—his peculiar modification of Mesmerism—that are reported by Dr. Elliotson. This is no reproach to Dr. Elliotson. He has done well;—though it is much to be regretted that he should allow himself to get so very angry, and descend to unhandsome remarks on the number of a man's door-plates, or the quarter of London in which he resides; or to taunt Mr. Wakley with his ignorance of Latin and of everything else, because that gentleman has not been able to see the cases of the Misses O'Key with his eyes. Dr. Elliotson complains bitterly of the incredulity shown by the medical profession to the singular phenomena exhibited by these celebrated, and to him fatal sisters. Many of the profession will be equally astonished at what they consider the credulity of Dr. Elliotson and the other believers. Of the depth and sincerity of his own conviction there can be no question; and a little patience, could he command it, and if truth be on his side, will bring all right. The case of the man who had his thigh amputated without feeling pain, will, if real, not long remain solitary; and multiplied cases will compel belief in all that Dr. Elliotson contends for. Men are not to be scolded and bullied into conviction. Dr. Elliotson should allow the same latitude to others which he takes to himself. For years after Mr. Chenevix had startled, if not convinced him, he allowed the subject to drop; and were Mesmer, the Marquis de Puysegur, or Chenevix, alive at this moment, he would differ from them in the very fundamental principle of their doctrine—the power which one person can exercise over another by his *will*; which every believer in Animal Magnetism has held until now, that Dr. Elliotson broaches the new heresy of the magnetizer's will having no influence whatever.

One must regret that a man of the character and attainments of Dr. Elliotson should allow himself to speak in the manner he does of Magendie; only because the acute Frenchman is the opponent of Phrenology and Mesmerism; but it is yet more deplorable that he cannot spare a commission graced with the venerable name of Franklin, because its report, made sixty years ago, was wholly unfavourable to the then novel and astonishing doctrines of Mesmer.

The Hand-book of Taste; or how to observe Works of Art, especially Cartoons, Pictures, and Statues. By Fabius Pictor. Longman & Co.

We have never met with a compendious treatise on Art, and the principles which should guide taste in judging of its productions, that contained more excellent matter than this small unpretending volume. It is expressly compiled for the instruction of the Public, and with a view to that era in Art which the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament, and the present display of the Cartoons in Westminster Hall, may be expected to create. It exhibits the opinions of the best artists and critics of all ages. It is not intended to instruct the student in art, though he may profit much by its lessons, —but to tell the observer how he may judge of the productions of the Fine Arts. It is not flattering to set out with saying that England, in the art of design, is not only immeasurably behind Italy, but falls short of what France aspires to, and Germany has accomplished; but this is qualified by the admission that England is, nevertheless, quite capable of efficient progress.

That this Hand-book merits even higher praise than we have bestowed upon it, the intelligent reader will learn from the following specimens, while he receives a few sound lessons on taste:—

THE TRUE ARTIST.

A painter who only knows how to colour, if he colours well, has made himself master of a difficult craft, and deserves such praise as you would bestow upon a good workman; but he is not an artist.

A painter who invents, composes, and colours subjects which are pretty and pleasing enough in themselves, but produce no effect upon the mind, nor any result beyond the visual gratification of the observer, merits undoubtedly the first rank amongst decorators; but he is not an artist.

But the painter who represents ideas exalted, just, and noble, in such a manner as to transmit them from the canvass into the breasts of those who behold it, and to excite in them the emotions, thoughts, affections, or antipathies with which he is himself inspired,—he is an artist, equal in all respects to the first of orators, poets, or historians.

THE LIMITS OF IMITATION IN ART.

The artist who imitated Nature precisely as she is,

would fail entirely in his aim. A representation of what is constantly before our eyes is not worth so much trouble. A country lout, betraying in his attitude and countenance the very picture of rustic simplicity, while he scratches his head to stimulate it for an answer to the plainest question,—a servant girl down on her knees, with sleeves tucked up to the elbows, laboriously employed in scrubbing away at the floor of a room furnished with a couple of straw-bottomed chairs, a deal table, of which the legs appear to have a *lien* on the wall, a bandbox of blue paper, and a bed covered with a patchwork quilt,—are, no doubt, quite natural. And when the artist has represented these objects so truly that you feel obliged to listen for the vacant reply,—that you seem to see the flush of perspiration on the housemaid's face,—or fancy for the moment that the counterpane is really made of cotton print,—what have you gained? Would you wish to live in constant intercourse with just such companions at your hearth?—to see the room you occupy bedecked with such materials? Then why do you wish to have them on your walls? No; the real value of art does not consist in portraying Nature just as she is, but as she might be;—in depicting that which is not of common but uncommon occurrence,—which, in short, is never seen at one time, or united in one object. Hence those employed in reproducing images of mere nature are but copyists; and however much manual labour they may bestow upon these copies of theirs, they certainly do not merit any very great degree of praise. There are cases where they would be even censurable, and most so when the imitation was most perfect and most true. Who can endure the sight of monsters or tortures when so naturally represented as to appear real? If the Laocoon inspired horror, it would immediately cease to be a production of the fine arts; the effect of which, as has been said, must always be to excite emotions of pleasure, be the representation illustrative of what passion or quality it may,—joy, sorrow, majesty, grace, or hatred.

The following rules, and those which precede them, should be conned over before visiting Exhibitions, and afterwards stitched up with our catalogues:—

Do not allow yourself to be imposed upon by the celebrity of names. A name makes nothing. Hamlet or Othello would give you equal pleasure if they had been anonymous publications. It would be well if all works were anonymous; conceive that they are so; and create for yourself a just coup-d'œil by constant exercise, which will teach you how to discern the slightest variation in the forms, proportions, attitudes, accessories, characters, and expression. After all, a good copy is better than a bad original.

If the name of the artist is not allowed to influence your judgment, neither should you permit your reason to be enslaved by submitting it to the dictation of others. How seldom is it that a man's taste is formed upon his own observations! Most men see things, not in their own colours, but in those which others have ascribed to them; they see with other men's eyes. "Take your own sentiments for your guide," said the oracle to Cicero, "and not the opinion of the vulgar." When you meet with one who has the reputation of being a "connoisseur," whose knowledge is confined to the science of terms, stories, anecdotes of the lives of artists, the vicissitudes which their works have undergone, their prices, their scarcity, and their celebrity—who sweeps his hand, with a peculiar sort of air, over some little spot in some great picture, or imitates with his forefinger the motion of the brush, moving and circulating over the canvass, as it would do in the hands of an able artist, while his eyebrows arch themselves to the skies at the mention of a name,—be sure that that man is an impostor: he may be a successful picture-dealer, but he is not an intelligent observer; nor should you take him for your guide with any greater confidence than you would choose to bestow upon a critic whose knowledge of genuine poetry was confined to the art of discerning the autograph of every author from a forgery.

Do not permit yourself to be deceived by show and glare, nor conceive that the work which makes the greatest impression upon you at the first glance is therefore the best. This tells only at the Exhibition, where everything is seen through a false medium, distracted as the eye must be by the bustle of company, the gaudy dresses, the glitter of frames upon the wall, and the chaos of colours. An artist tones his picture there for the express purpose of attracting attention, to make it prominent by casting its neighbour into shade. This is called "Demolishing a rival." . . . .

Again, that which astonishes, always diminishes in effect every fresh time you recur to it; whereas real worth is unassuming, is often overlooked at first, but gradually gains upon you, unfolds new beauties, or presents the same ones in a still more pleasing aspect, as often as you revisit it. The "Paradise Lost" was sold for £10, and remained neglected for many years after its publication; but now we never tire with reading it; and the oftener read, the more it charms. Mademoiselle de Launay, afterwards Madame de Staël,—who had a niece living with her possessed of considerable personal beauty,—used to say, "The men come to see Sophia, but they stay to converse with me." We, too, go to see the pictures at the Exhibition: how many of them are there with which we should wish to stay and converse?

Finally, if you would have good artists and great works, never consent to accept the merits of execution for the intrinsic merits of a work. The value of a poem does not consist in hot-pressed paper and Baskerville types. If a painting has no merit beyond its beauty, it has failed of its end; if none but its colouring, it has failed in its means. To be perfect, it must be a beautiful as well as a good painting: and it cannot be a good picture unless it improves and instructs at the same time that it pleases; for it is not the eye which discerneth beauty, but the intellect.

Tales of the Colonies; or, the Adventures of an Emigrant. Edited by a late Colonial Magistrate. 3 vols. Saunders & Otley.

This life-like and truthful picture makes the reader quite enamoured of the ease, freedom, and ultimate comfort and prosperity of emigrant life.——Mr. William Thornley, a sensible, active man, anxious to provide for his young family, finding that he is every day going back in the world, and his small capital gradually diminishing, turns his thoughts to the colonies, consults his wife, and, though "some natural tears she drops," obtains her hearty consent to leave their native Surrey and embark for Van Diemen's Land with her old mother and their five children. This was in the early period of the colony, when there were some great, if distant advantages to compensate the settler for the many hardships and privations incident to a new settlement. Thornley, by scraping together all his means, mustered about £1150, besides an ample supply of bedding, clothes, and portable household articles. His capital was diminished to about £800 before he reached Hobart Town, for he had taken out, ready made, many articles required in the colony, such as nails, carpenters' tools, cart-wheels, &c. Now commence the Crusoeing adventures. The settler makes a long journey in search of good land, and falls in with a Man Friday in an old English humourist, a good agriculturist, by name Crab, and of a very crabbed temper, though possessed of an excellent disposition. This man, who had come out as an emigrant, railed every day of his life at the colony and all its ways; was for ever going to return to England, but died in Van Diemen's Land, after having been for many years the faithful and able assistant and director of Thornley, and a second father to the children. The family, with all their goods, were, as soon as possible, transported in their own bullock-wagons to their estate into the wilderness, and upon the banks of the Clyde. They encountered hardship

enough, or what would be considered such by the luxurious inhabitants of English cities; but these were cheerfully borne, and there was a wild excitement in their adventures with sheep-stealers and natives, the vicissitudes and accidents of the seasons, and their peculiar position, which gives the charm of gypsy-life to their existence. No sooner had they reached the farm, than Thornley, his man Crab, and his two convict-servants, set hard to work, felling trees for the projected log-house. The journal kept from day to day shows their progress, and is truly an interesting record. A stock of pigs and poultry were procured in exchange for their salt pork, and dogs were bought to assist in keeping the sheep and oxen from straying. Before the weather became broken, the log-house was ready to receive the inmates of the tent; and furniture was made.

Saturday, March 23.—Tried my hand with Bob [the eldest boy] at making a table. Took some of the cleanest of the split logs, and splitting them again, contrived, by smoothing them with the axe, and planeing them where possible, to produce a tolerably even surface. It was six feet long, and four wide. My wife praised my ingenuity, and her mother declared it was a splendid piece of furniture. The children were very merry at it; and Betsy, my eldest girl, who was christened after her grandmother, covered it with an old green cloth, that had served to pack things in, which gave it quite a genteel look.

We were all abed and asleep, when we were awakened by a prodigious cracking of whips and sounds of voices in the distance. We were agreeably surprised by the arrival of the bullock-cart, with Crab and the man, bearing fresh supplies and additions to our stores, for we did not expect him till next day.

Sunday, 24.—Passed as usual. Crab says he has seen a fine lot of sheep—one hundred and eighty ewes with their lambs, and forty wethers, to be had cheap for money, near the Green Ponds. Thought of the sheep all night, but could not plan how to keep them without another servant.

Monday, 25.—Found that John Bond, one of my government men, had been used to sheep in England. Determined to have a look at the sheep next day, but very reluctant to leave home. . . . . .

There was a fine stir about the tents when the sheep came in sight. We were welcomed by my wife, and her mother, and the children in a body. Even Crab seemed pleased.

"Well," said he, "here's more company, at any rate. You must look sharp after them, or not a tail will you see to-morrow morning. The sheep in this country are dreadful creatures to stray."

There was henceforth plenty of salt pork, mutton chops, and dampers—a sort of sodden cakes—to be found in the log-house; with tea for the ladies—for the wife and mother had been educated as ladies—and rice and treacle for the children. There were also a gallon or two of rum, from which, upon great holidays, or days of extra labour, a bowl or jug of punch was brewed. Sometimes the addition of a cockatoo pie, or a stew or soup of kangaroo, was added to the usual fare. More children were born; and they were heartily welcomed: for now there were none of the fears of Old England, about how they were to be maintained and settled in life. There was "plenty for all; land, and house, and meat, and what not! so, the more the merrier!" Other settlers arrived in time: a blacksmith, most welcome; a gentlemanlike surgeon, who found very little to do; and farmers, in numbers, bought land, and commenced cultivation, and the rearing of flocks and herds. Our emigrant had now been eight years in the colony; he had a numerous flock of sheep, and a tolerable herd of cattle; he had forty-five acres enclosed and under tillage, and more land fenced in. A substantial, roomy house was building, and he had a large productive garden, with all sorts of English vegetables and small fruits, and apple and pear trees, coming on vigorously. Let us see him:—

"My family, now increased to seven, begin to be companions to me; and their education, even in this out-of-the-way place, has not been neglected. The place is becoming settled around me, which, although it curtails the run for my sheep and cattle, increases the feeling of security, and affords some society.

"My eldest boy, now seventeen years of age, is a valuable assistant to me, and affords the promise of becoming a healthy, intelligent, and honourable man. My daughter Betsy grows a fine, handsome girl; and my other children are healthy, happy, and improving. I have the pleasurable feeling of caring little whether my consumption of meat and flour is a little less or a little more. Abundance reigns around me. The feeling of anxiety with which I used to be haunted in England in respect to how my children could be made certain of lodging, food, and clothes, has departed from me. There is plenty for all; and the dominant desire now is changed to that of becoming wealthy! To be sure, we still live rather in the rough; but usage has made it familiar to us. We use no fine furniture, wear no fine clothes, and our establishment still bears the impress of a settler's early life. But I am rich (for independence is riches) in sheep and cattle, and house and land. My large room has become furnished with an ample supply of books, and I find recreation and advantage in their perusal.

"The climate, on experience, we find healthy, though very changeable, and subject to extreme variations of heat and cold.

"This year we have added fish to our table. We threw a net across a narrow part of the river, about half a mile from the house, and we now obtain a plentiful supply of eels at most times."

We take leave of Mr. Thornley the Surrey emigrant, a respectable, if not yet venerable patriarch; his elder children happily married and settled around him in peace and plenty; his wealth vastly increased, and with money in the bank at high interest; a rare circumstance, we presume, for an emigrant. The book is really pleasant, and even instructive reading; though the unvarying routine of a settler's life, and the sameness of the incidents and the adventures with bushmen, natives, and convicts, becomes somewhat tedious in the middle division of a three volume story.

Memoirs of the Marquis of Pombal, with Extracts from his Writings, &c. &c. By John Smith, Esq., Private Secretary to the Marshal Marquis de Saldanha. 2 vols. 8vo. Longman & Co.

This work may probably owe its existence to the laudable desire of the Marquis de Saldanha, to see the character of his grandfather, the eminent Portuguese minister, receive tardy justice before the eyes of Europe. Of justice from posterity the man who had made the whole body of the Jesuits his enemies had small chance, without explanation and an attempt at direct vindication of his conduct and policy. The Marquis of Pombal, when his age and country are taken into view—the latter the most ignorant and bigoted in Europe—was one of the most remarkable statesmen of his day; a happy accident in the history of a despotic country, which it was not his blame that he could only benefit so long as he lived and maintained his power. During the twenty-seven years that Pombal was the Minister of Don Joseph, he did more to regenerate Portugal than had been either thought of or attempted for ages. If his works, in a great measure, perished with the projector, the failure must be attributed to the retrogressive principle inherent in all des-

potic governments. Though the daring act of the expulsion of the Jesuits is the circumstance by which Pombal is best known to Europe, this was but one of the many bold and useful innovations and reforms which distinguished his administration. He began at the foundation, by endeavouring to educate the people; he fostered industry, and encouraged trade and commerce; curbed the priesthood, and humbled the Inquisition. These were his unpardonable sins. He also reformed the system of taxation, improved the police of the capital, and introduced many useful minor changes and regulations. His element seems to have been preternatural activity; and, though his efforts were in general well-directed, it is not wonderful, that at a period when political economy, as a science, could not be said to exist, bustle, and undue interference in all matters, might sometimes have taken the place of large and generalized views. The terrible earthquake of Lisbon, when 30,000 people perished by fire and water, or were crushed in the ruins of the city, took place at an early period of Pombal's administration. The energetic character of the man is revealed in his memorable speech to his Royal master upon this awful occasion. Don Joseph and his courtiers were then at Belem, and in a state of extreme distress and consternation. When the king addressed himself to Pombal, who hastened to Belem, and inquired what was to be done to meet this awful infliction of Divine justice,—"Bury the dead and feed the living," was the calm reply of the self-possessed minister, who already enjoyed his master's confidence; though thenceforward Don Joseph looked upon him as a superior being. In this dreadful emergency, he, indeed, effected marvels. The Jesuits could not slip so favourable an opportunity of maligning one whom they already instinctively felt their destined enemy and conqueror. Like other hypocrites and bigots, they represented the calamity as an awful visitation of the Divine displeasure for the impiety of the minister and his supporters, in which the King himself was included. A similar convulsion, it was foretold, would take place on the same day (All Saints' Day) of the following year. Other pious parties, not Jesuits, sometimes deal in this sort of presumptuous and scandalous menace. We have, of late, seen dismal things foretold of Great Britain and its Sovereign,—disaster, revolution, and dethronement, for the opposition made to the pretensions and demands of a violent sectarian body. When no earthquake occurred, the people laughed heartily at their own foolish fears, and at the prophets of evil; an ill presage for the Jesuits.

In that attempt to assassinate the King which had nearly proved fatal, and which was seized on as a pretext to expel the Jesuits from Portugal and its dependencies, they were, if not the sole instigators of the plot, deeply implicated; and by their restless ambition, insolence, and thirst for temporal power, they had made themselves feared and hated by every Catholic government. Austria was the first to follow the example of Portugal in discountenancing the Jesuits. It was not easy for Pombal and his sovereign to maintain the position they had taken, in despite of the intrigues of this powerful and active body, and of the power of the Court of Rome, which warmly favoured them. Mr. Hay, the British minister at Lisbon, in a despatch to his government, exposes the nefarious arts by which the Jesuits at this time sought to maintain their influence,—undermine Pombal, and frustrate all his measures of reform.

"The emissaries of the Jesuits," he writes, "endeavour to work upon the minds of the people, by persuading them that this kingdom is under the immediate chastisement of Heaven, and many expect some direful calamity; that as our Saviour's sufferings were for the redemption of mankind in general, so the present sufferings of the Jesuits are for the reclaiming of Portugal from its present errors, and which cannot be safe unless it return to them, (the Jesuits.) These and such like absurdities impose greatly upon an ignorant people, who have for their teachers but an ignorant set of clergy; but which the ministers seem determined to put a stop to as much as possible." Among the many useful internal regulations introduced by Pombal was an act restraining people from leaving their property, on their deathbed, to the church; and from building churches or other religious edifices save with the money they happened to possess at the time; from, in short, burthening their families.

The power of Pombal terminated with the life of Don Joseph. His ever-active enemies had previously obtained unbounded influence over the Queen, Donna Maria, who dismissed, or ostensibly permitted her father's favourite minister to retire. The faction that he had crushed and struggled with, was now triumphant; and many of his best regulations were summarily abolished. The Queen, always a fanatical and weak-minded woman, afterwards became insane, and all along she was but a tool in the hands of Pombal's enemies. From being neglected, he was finally persecuted; but he died in peace in 1782, and at a very advanced age, with the consolation of having done much to promote the improvement of a people whom ignorance and the intrigues and influence of the priesthood and the nobility alone rendered insensible to his merits and ungrateful for his services. The Memoirs leave us in doubt if the means employed by Pombal to crush the enemies of the public weal were at all times as fair as his ends were good; and the whole work has too much the air of vindication, of the pleading of an advocate, and the panegyric of an interested admirer, to satisfy the impartial inquirer after truth. Nor are we certain that this pervading tone does not produce effects on the reader's mind diametrically opposite to those intended.

The United Irishmen: Their Lives and Times. By R. R. Madden, M.D. *Second Series;* in two volumes, with numerous portraits. London: J. Madden & Co.

The subject of these volumes was well-nigh exhausted in the First Series. The Second is more connected, if less novel and interesting. It consists of Memoirs of Thomas Addis Emmet, Dr. Macneven, Arthur O'Connor, Samuel Neilson, and a few more of the sufferers and worthies of the period referred to. The work bears evidence of the pains and diligence with which Dr. Madden has hunted up all sorts of information, and also of the affection, pride, and veneration with which the memories of these patriots are cherished by their surviving relatives and countrymen. Mr. O'Connell would, however, denounce them as fools. One of the most interesting of the Memoirs is that of Samuel Neilson, the Editor of *The Northern Star*, whose whole correspondence with his wife and family, while a state prisoner in the garrison of Fort George, Dr. Madden has recovered. It is not a little remarkable that nearly every one of the most trustworthy of these individuals was at one time or other suspected by their associates of being traitors and spies; an inevitable consequence of secret societies. Neilson, among others, was suspected, and with no shadow of probability. He was a thoroughly

honest man, if a mistaken one, as to the manner of accomplishing a good purpose; and during his long period of imprisonment he became a more reflective, "a better, and a sadder man." The conspiracies and insurrections which these men instigated, and for which they suffered and involved their country in distraction and blood, took place, we need not say, before the Legislative Union; which is, therefore, chargeable with no part of the grievances, real and imaginary, under which Ireland then suffered. Nay, Neilson appears to have decidedly approved of the principle of the Union, and to have looked forward to it as conducive to the prosperity of Ireland. Shortly before the Union was effected, in July 1799, while a prisoner at Fort George, we find him writing to his wife,

"I see a Union is determined on between Great Britain and Ireland. I am glad of it. In a commercial point of view it cannot be injurious; and I can see no injury the country will sustain from it politically. So decidedly am I of this opinion, that I would purchase or rent land in Ireland at this moment in preference to any country on earth, if I had it in my power. Many persons, however, of great knowledge, differ from me on this subject; but time will show who is right. . . . If I had possessed the means, I should have published my sentiments on this subject in a short nervous pamphlet; so deeply am I impressed with its national utility."

These sentiments are so little in repute at present in Ireland, that Dr. Madden has taken pains to make out that Neilson was here a double-dealing man, who affected to entertain opinions which his mind disowned, in order to recommend himself to the Governor of Fort George, who perused all the correspondence of the prisoners! The idea is as far-fetched and improbable as discreditable to Neilson, who appears to have been even rashly honest, and a worthy and sincere man in every relation of life.——The numerous portraits in the volumes, though of no value as productions of art, give a lively idea of the persons they represent; and the work, altogether, will be perused with interest by Irishmen,—though Englishmen may not always be able to see the Patriots of 1798 with Dr. Madden's *green* spectacles.

A Treatise on Food and Diet, with Observations on the Dietetical Regimen suited for Disordered States of the Digestive Organs; and an Account of the Dietaries of some of the principal Metropolitan and other Establishments for Paupers, Lunatics, Children, the Sick, &c., &c. By Jonathan Pereira, M.D., F.R.S., &c., &c. Octavo, pp. 542. Longman & Co.

There have of late been so many works on DIET, by eminent physicians, that another added to the number, required to have some new, and characteristic feature. This, in the work before us, is found in a systematic account of the chemical elements or constituents of the different articles used as food, and of their relation to the constitution and wants of the human body. In other particulars, a new plan and arrangement have been adopted. The chapter on *Dietaries*—which is an original one—has a present and vital interest, while half the world are contending that criminals and paupers should be nearly starved, and the other half that they ought to be crammed. In the general rules laid down for Diet, Dr. Pereira, the leading principles being fixed, observes the safe and happy medium, without pedantic strictness on the one hand, or laxity on the other. Like most other intelligent modern practitioners, he places the safety or health of the dyspeptic rather in the avoidance of excess than in the quality or kind of food and drink that is consumed; while he shows the *rationale* of the easy or difficult digestion of the different kinds of aliment, and draws attention to what nature herself either prompts us to seek or to avoid. There is much useful general information in the work, and not a few valuable receipts for the proper preparation of the diet best suited to the various ages and physical conditions of the human animal. Under the head *Acids* are found the formulæ of many refreshing and effervescing drinks proper for this season of the year. As a specimen of the homely, but really important parts of the Treatise, we copy out the following directions for making "a most delicious unfermented bread, equal in lightness to any bread prepared by the fermented process:"—

Flour 1 lb.
Sesquicarbonate of soda 40 grains.
Cold water half-a-pint, or as much as may be sufficient.
Muriatic acid of the shops 50 drops.
Powdered white sugar a teaspoonful.

Intimately mix the sesquicarbonate of soda and the sugar with the flour in a large basin, with a wooden spoon; then gradually add the water with which the acid has been previously mixed, stirring constantly, so as to form an intimate mixture very speedily; divide into two loaves, and put into a quick oven immediately. If any soda should escape the action of the acid, it will cause a yellow spot, which, however, is more unsightly than detrimental. The sugar can be omitted if thought desirable.

Dr. Pereira strongly, and for various reasons, recommends unfermented bread. In its preparation, time and trouble are saved, and it is not vitiated by bad yeast, or over-fermentation. He considers it, from lightness and porosity, more digestible than biscuits. On the question or controversy of wine or teetotalism, Dr. Periera takes a middle course. He allows that "the most perfect health is quite compatible with the moderate enjoyment of wine;" but asserts that, notwithstanding all that wine has to recommend it, "for healthy individuals (unaccustomed to its use,) it is an unnecessary article of diet." He holds beer in greater favour, which is fortunate, as this is the less expensive national beverage of the millions. "When Dr. Franklin," he says, "asserted that a penny loaf and a pint of water yielded more nourishment than a pint of beer, it is obvious that he regarded beer merely as a nutrient, and overlooked its stimulating and cheering qualities, of which bread and water are totally devoid." Beer has a tendency to promote corpulency, which cannot be from its alcohol, since spirit-drinkers are usually slender or even emaciated; and hence the nutritive quality of beer is inferred, and the conclusion drawn, "that the practice of taking a moderate quantity of mild malt liquor, of sound quality, at dinner, is, in general, not only unobjectionable, but beneficial; especially for those engaged in laborious pursuits, or who lead an active life." He especially recommends the *Indian Pale Ale* as a valuable restorative beverage for invalids and convalescents.——Upon the whole, we are led to conclude that people, who have the means, in general regulate their diet very judiciously; the rules of the most intelligent physicians being unconsciously acted on in most instances, which rules are derived from the practice and common consent of mankind. The grand, and almost sole error is excess, whether in eating or drinking, though Dr. Pereira does not think this holds in the case of either prisoners, children, or growing young persons, who are much oftener under than over-fed. Nor does under-feeding always preclude the use of improper diet.

Though there is, and must be, in this and every work of the kind, much that has been said over and over again a hundred times, Dr. Pereira's book contains, with a large proportion of novel matter, such an exposition of the entire subject of Alimentary substances and Diet as must be alike acceptable to the professional student, and improving to the popular reader.

History of the Sandwich Islands. By James Jackson Jarves. London: Moxon.

If it be true that the Sandwich Islands have been taken formal possession of in the name of the Queen of Great Britain, this history of our newest colony appears opportunely. But independently of this circumstance, the work is one that was wanted, and, moreover, one which fairly, if not faultlessly, supplies the want felt. The author appears to be an American, who, partly "in pursuit of health and recreation," visited the Sandwich Islands in 1837, and remained for some years. He became the Editor of *The Polynesian*, a weekly newspaper published at Honolu; which vocation brought him into intimate relations with the chiefs and natives, and enlarged his opportunities of acquiring the materials which he has turned to good account in this history. He went with a strong prejudice against his countrymen, the Missionaries,—and imagining the natives, (the Hawaiians,) though improved in morals, a priest-ridden people. In the course of a four-years' residence he completely changed this opinion. Much of the curious information which he obtained respecting the history, manners, religion, and traditions of the islands of the Hawaiian Archipelago has been derived from the Missionaries, and especially from those of them who were schoolmasters. A history written in the native language by the pupils of what is called the High School at Lahainaluna has been translated by a late American Missionary, and has been drawn upon for materials. The Tour of the Rev. Mr. Ellis, and the Missionary Records, have also furnished much useful information. The volume displays no fact more clearly than the extreme jealousy which the Americans feel of British interference with these islands, or with what they seem to assume as their superior claims. The Oregon Territory, according to Mr. Jarves, would ill compensate for the loss of the Sandwich Islands, and next to occupying them, the United States Government, or many of the citizens, would wish to see their independence guaranteed. There are more natives of the United States at present in the Sandwich Islands than of all other foreigners put together. Next to Yankees in number are the Chinese. The native population shows a tendency to decrease, and has decreased considerably within the last twenty years, though the rate of mortality is less within the last few years.

As the past condition of these islands is less familiar to ordinary readers than their history since the Missionaries have laboured to civilize and Christianize them, we shall select our few samples of this work from the description of the earlier period.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF HAWAII.

No regular police existed. The immediate attendants of the chiefs executed their orders. These attendants were numerous, every person of rank being supplied according to his grade. A certain number were bosom friends, who always remained privileged idlers about the persons of their lords, having no voice in political affairs: the others held different offices in the household, more or less menial, and constituted a permanent establishment. The principal of these were "pipe lighters," "spittoon carriers," "*kahili* bearers," "purloiners," "assassins," "cooks," &c. All ate, drank, and slept in common.

These retinues were formed immediately upon the birth of a chief of either sex, and each was designated by some peculiar title, generally of a whimsical character,—as "the fragments," "musquitoes," "umbrellas," &c. The care of the children devolved upon "*kahus*," or nurses, who assumed the sole direction, until the child was capable of exercising its own will; a period which, as no contradiction to its caprices was allowed, soon arrived.

Rank was hereditary, and descended chiefly from the females, who frequently held the reins of government in their own right. This custom originated in the great license existing between the sexes; no child, with certainty, being able to designate his father, while no mistake could be made in regard to the mother.

Three distinct orders of nobles existed. The first embraced the kings, queens, and all branches of the royal family. It also included the chief advisers, or counsellors, though of inferior birth. Governors, or chiefs of large districts, were included in the second; and the third embraced the lords of villages, priests, and those who held estates, by payment of regular taxes, which were raised by their own dependants, or those to whom they had farmed out lands.

Servile homage was paid to superiors, particularly to priests and chiefs of the highest rank. Their persons could not be touched, or their houses entered, without permission. . . . . .

Among the chiefs a considerable degree of courtesy prevailed, and a difference of language and demeanour, which betokened conscious rank. Perhaps in no other point was the exclusiveness of the aristocracy more strongly characterized. In every department of life a distinction was made, as if contact with the people, by touch, use of the same articles, houses, food, or bathing places, would produce contamination. From such rules and deportment, so great a physical difference arose, that many superficial observers considered the two as distinct races. The chiefs formed a conventional dialect, understood only among themselves; in it novel words were incorporated or formed, which, if they came to be understood by the common orders, were immediately discarded, and others substituted. Towards the common people their conduct was of the most oppressive character. No respect to their persons or property was shown. Their only security was to avoid their presence. To use the expressive language of their descendants, "their restrictions were like the poisoned tooth of a reptile." If a common man made use of any consecrated property belonging to a chief; or if a man walked in the shade of the house of a chief, with his head besmeared with clay, or with a wreath about it, with it wet, or wearing a *kihei*,—a *kapa* mantle,—or violated any one of numerous other regulations, equally whimsical and absurd, he lost his life. At sea, if their canoes interrupted their progress, they were overturned; on land, if the shadow of an individual fell upon the king, or he did not prostrate himself when anything was carried to or from his majesty, the punishment was death. This was likewise the case, should any one place his hand upon his head, or be found in a more elevated position. The laws of etiquette were of the most varied nature, dependent greatly upon the caprices of the prince. Justice, or humanity, were utterly set aside, though, as before remarked, the personal disposition of the sovereign greatly affected the whole system of government. But the humane character of the few was but a slight relief from the cruel and capricious desires of the many. Priestcraft lent all its adventitious aids to support this system, from which it derived its own existence. So that but two classes really existed, the oppressor and oppressed;—those who laboured and those who reaped.

Ordeals were employed by the priests; and sorcery, witchcraft, and divination were among their arts. A peculiar superstition, "praying to death," appears to have had as strong a hold over the imaginations of the natives, as the Obi has over the Africans. "No spirit

of benevolence pervaded their religion." How uniformly does this hold of every Heathen superstition!—

Savage rites and blood-loving deities, a cruel priesthood and rapacious governments, inhuman faiths and absurd superstitions, were the burdens which the people were required to believe and sustain. From the perusal of the stories of this dark era, as gathered from their own lips, it would seem as if human depravity had reached its limits, and that the people must have gradually wasted away, like a mass of corruption, or have boldly cast off the slough with which they were enveloped.

Yet these people had some confused idea of a future state of rewards and punishments. The goddess *Pele*, their principal Deity, was supposed to live in the famous volcano of Kilanea.

Here, with her attendant spirits, she revelled in the flames; the unearthly noises of the burning mass were the music of their dance, and they bathed in the red surge of the fiery billows, as it dashed against the sides of the crater.

The overthrow of the goddess, which we do not find noticed in this volume, forms a remarkable event in the Missionary annals. There was no limit to the number of subordinate gods in the Sandwich Islands. The power of the priests, there as everywhere, was maintained by the severity of their rule, and by the systematic prostration of the understanding of their followers; though, like other priests, they knew human nature too well not to permit a Carnival to relieve the gloom and severities of the season of Lent. Human victims were sacrificed to the idols, and were often selected from such individuals as made themselves obnoxious to the priests. The priests held in their own hands much of the land, and taxed the whole of it; and, like the nobles of England, their rank was hereditary.

The power of the priest, though it partook more of a religious character, was scarcely inferior to that of the chiefs. Their persons were sacred, from their supposed familiarity with the gods. It sometimes happened that a chief took the sacred offices upon himself; though, perhaps, from the nature of the intimate connexion existing between the two orders, the absolute power, both in politics and religion, centred in the head of the state. . . . . One fact is everywhere apparent: the spiritual, like the temporal lords of the people, amid all their vagaries, never neglected their own interests. Every ceremony or superstition was framed to aid their already overgrown power; humanity, or a regard for the rights of their inferiors, would have been received as monstrous deviations from the true policy of government. Perhaps they governed no more harshly than could have been expected from a privileged order, nursed in selfishness and brutality.

Like the priests of some Christian countries, those of Hawaii possessed many immunities and privileges.

Offerings to the gods, or more properly to the priests, were required at definite periods, as at all religious ceremonies, and on all occasions when the people desired their services. The wants of the priesthood regulated the amount; and when the regular taxes failed in supplying their desires, the wishes of the god were called into requisition, and the coveted articles tabued for his use. Orisons, chants, and offerings, were made by the priests at their meals. Even in the care of their fowls and quadrupeds, they enjoyed remarkable privileges. When hogs were received alive, they were dedicated to the god of the order, received his marks, and were turned loose, to fatten upon the plantations of the poor cultivators; no one daring openly to injure or drive away the sacred animals.

How many common features does the history of every human tribe present!

The taboo, or *tabu*, as we find the word spelled here, is a very singular feature among the social institutions of all the Islanders of the South Seas. From its obvious utility, an improved or modified form of the taboo is still preserved in communities now professing Christianity.

Formerly, it was applied exclusively to persons or things in a sacred sense, and was strictly a religious ceremony, imposed only by the priests; but has since come into common use in all the every-day concerns of life. Anciently, those chiefs who pretended to derive their descent from the gods, were called *alii kapu*, sacred chiefs. A temple, exclusively devoted to the abode and worship of gods, was said to be *wahi kapu*—sacred place. Anything dedicated or reserved for the exclusive use of gods, chiefs, or priests, was considered as *kapu* for them. Certain lands and islands were *kapu*, as well as hunting-grounds, fish, fruit, or whatever the sacred classes chose to reserve for themselves. These *kapu* were occasional, or permanent—particular fruits, fish, and vegetables, being sometimes tabu both from men and women, for several successive months. The idols, temples, persons, and names of their kings, and members of the royal family; persons and property of the priests; everything appertaining to the gods; religious devotees; the chiefs' bathing-places, or favourite springs of water; and everything offered in sacrifice, were strictly *kapu*. In modern times, this magic term has become the property of all. A common man can tabu his house, lands, or make any partial restrictions, and all would respect the prohibition. Any forbidden article, or action, is called tabued; hence, its common use in the domestic circle, and its application to laws. A captain can tabu his ship, and none dare approach. Tabued property is generally marked by small white flags, or other signs which are well understood. At the present time, any individual can impose such tabu as suits his necessities or convenience, provided they do not infringe personal rights or the laws of the kingdom.

Formerly, a religious motive was necessary for its assignment; but as the power of the chiefs increased, its use was greatly corrupted, while its influence remained the same, and may be said to have partaken of the preternatural. The bans of the Romish church, in the proudest days of that hierarchy, were not more powerful or obligatory. Every will of a chief, however monstrous, was promulgated as a tabu, and officers were appointed to see that it was observed. . . . .

Particular seasons were tabu; as on the sickness of a high chief, preparations for war, or the approach of important religious ceremonies. Their duration was indefinite, sometimes for a day only, then for months, and occasionally for years. Thirty to forty days was the ordinary period before Kamehameha's reign, when they were much reduced.

These tabus were either common or strict, and were proclaimed by criers or heralds. Men only were required to abstain from their common pursuits, and to attend prayers morning and evening at the heiau, during the former. But when the season of strict tabu was in force, a general gloom and silence pervaded the whole district or island. Not a fire or light was to be seen, or canoe launched; none bathed; the mouths of dogs were tied up, and fowls put under calabashes, or their heads enveloped in cloth; for no noise of man or animal must be heard. No persons, excepting those who officiated at the temple, were allowed to leave the shelter of their roofs. Were but one of these rules broken, the tabu would fail, and the gods be displeased.

When the sacred chiefs appeared in public, all the common people prostrated themselves, with their faces upon the earth. The food of chiefs and priests, they being interdicted from handling anything during this tabu, was put into their mouths by their attendants.

At Hawaii there were two cities of refuge, where criminals, or those in danger of falling victims to revenge, found a sanctuary. The *breed*—the large, well-fed, and lazy aristocratic race, and the stunted meagre, lower order—were as distinctly marked as they are among the natives of the Hebrides, or among the unmixed Irish. The chiefs, as among the Highlanders,

Were almost invariably tall, stout, and well-formed, and in most instances, as age advanced, increased to unwieldy corpulence; the latter were, upon the average, middle-sized, perhaps falling somewhat short of the European standard. Six feet and upwards were common to the stature of the chiefs of both sexes, with gigantic frames more capable of exerting great strength than of endurance. It is said of some that they could, by taking a man by the head and leg, break his back across their knees. While some exhibited persons so perfect, with Roman features, and with such full development of muscle, as to have delighted the eye of a sculptor, others were remarkable for their size and weight alone; from three to four hundred pounds being not an uncommon gravity. The female chiefs, when young, possessed interesting and intelligent features, which, however, soon became lost, as their bulk increased; this, fortunately, in the eyes of their lords, only heightened their charms. When these were most matured, they became almost as helpless as the belles of the Celestial empire. The latter tottered from want of feet of sufficient size to support frames of scarcely larger proportions; those of the former, though stout, were equally feeble to sustain the immense bulk above. Their flesh hung in deep folds about them; their walk, a majestic stagger; their carriage lofty, and betokening an innate pride of birth and rank. No aristocracy was ever more distinctly marked by nature. To a superficial observer, they might have appeared as a distinct race. The monopoly they enjoyed of the good gifts of Providence, with the greater exercise of their mental faculties, (for they did most of the thinking for the people,) served, every generation, to increase the distinction between the two classes. The great personal size was doubtless partly inherited, and partly the result of early care. . . . Did they over-eat themselves, (a common case,) menials were always ready to do that for the system, which, otherwise, active exercise could only have effected. People were especially trained to *lomi-lomi*; a kind of luxurious kneading or shampooing, and stretching and cracking the joints, which served completely to renovate the system, when suffering either from a surfeit or fatigue. The fatter the chiefs, the more they required this operation.

Their most common position was reclining upon divans of fine mats, surrounded by a retinue, devoted solely to their physical gratification. Some fanned, brushed away insects, and held spittoons; others fed them, *lomi-lomied*, or dressed their hair or persons. In short, the extremes of activity or laziness, temperance or sensuality, were wholly at their option. Ambition and apathy, superstition and avarice, love and pleasure, by turns controlled them; and war, priestcraft, and oppression, varied by occasional acts of good nature, or the ebullitions of innate benevolence, which even such an education could not wholly eradicate, were the lot of their subjects.

This was the life of a lord or of a *lurdane* in all its glory. From this sort of exalted condition must have come the common English phrase descriptive of vinous beatitude, "as drunk as a lord." Cannibalism had not long ceased prior to the visit of Cook; and infanticide was a prevailing custom, but secretly practised, for its existence was a subsequent discovery. The condition of the women was even more degraded than among other savages. Even when a woman, in right of blood, held the sovereign authority, she was not permittted to eat with the men. The lives of the sexes were more apart than that of the humbler classes of other countries and their domestic animals.

Their aliment was separately prepared. A female child from birth to death was allowed no food that had touched its father's dish. The choicest of animal and vegetable products were reserved for the male child, for the female the poorest; and the use of many kinds, such as pork, turtle, shark, bananas, and cocoa-nut, were altogether interdicted. Whatever was savoury or pleasant, man reserved for his own palate, while woman was made bitterly to feel her sexual degradation. Her lot was even worse than that of her sex generally in the southern groups. She was excused from no labours, excepting such as were altogether too arduous for her weaker frame. When young and beautiful, a victim of sensuality; when old and useless, of brutality.

Christianity had much to accomplish in the Sandwich Islands; and, within the last twenty years, the change is, indeed, little short of miraculous. The principal Missionaries to the Sandwich Islands have been from the United States. The overthrow of the old system came suddenly.

The example of the southern groups, in the destruction of their idols, added much to the spreading disbelief. Incontestible evidences of the falsity of their oracles, together with the increasing inconvenience of their absurd rites, confirmed the scepticism. Those interested in the continuance of paganism, redoubled their efforts; threats, prophecies, and promises were freely uttered, and as freely falsified by their own failure. Like Laocoon and his offspring in the folds of the serpent, heathenism writhed and gasped, each moment growing fainter, under the strangling embrace of public opinion. Foreigners conformed to none of their rites, yet they lived and prospered; their own countrymen who had gone abroad, lived in equal disregard of their ritual, and with like impunity. Individually, their memories convicted them of frequently breaking tabus, yet no evil had overtaken them, for they were unknown to the priests. Men and women had eaten together, and of forbidden food; still the predicted judgments slept; their priests must be, as the foreigners described them, liars, and the tabu system altogether foolish and contemptible. Drunken chiefs often had violated the most sacred injunctions; no vengeance overtook them; the female rulers had of late broken through all restrictions, yet prosperity and health were still theirs. They encouraged others to do the same; and in this way the conviction of the folly of supporting an oppressive and corrupt faith for the benefit of a few, daily strengthened.

On the very day of Kamehameha's death, a woman eat a cocoa-nut with impunity, and certain families displayed their contempt for these laws, by feasting in common.

Kaahumanu, the Queen-mother and Regent, proved the Henry VIII. of the native priests.

Kaahumanu, determined in her opposition to the priests, prepared for decisive measures. In November, she sent word to the king, that upon his arrival at Kailua, she should cast aside his god. To this he made no objection, and, with his retainers, pushed off in canoes from the shore, and remained on the water two days, indulging in a drunken revel. On the last evening, Kaahumanu despatched a double canoe for him, in which he was brought to Kailua. Between them matters were arranged for the further developement of their designs. He then smoked and drank with the female chiefs. A feast was prepared, after the customs of the country, with separate tables for the sexes. A number of foreigners were entertained at the king's. When all were in their seats, he deliberately arose, went to the place reserved for the women, and seated himself among them. To complete the horror of the superstitious, he indulged his appetite in freely partaking of the viands prepared for them, directing them to do likewise; but with a violence which showed he had but half divested himself of the idea of sacrilege and habitual repugnance. This act was sufficient; the highest had set an example, which all rejoiced to follow. The gladdening cry arose, "The tabu is broken! the tabu is broken!" Feasts were provided for all, at which both sexes indiscriminately indulged. Orders were issued to demolish the heiaus, and destroy the idols; temples, images, and sacred property were burnt; the flames consumed the sacred relics of ages. . . . . Idolatry was abolished by law; Kaumualii cordially gave his sanction, and all the islands uniting in an exulting jubilee at their deliverance, presented the singular spectacle of a nation without a religion.

The author of the History is as jealous of the Roman Catholic Missionaries, who arrived a few years after the Protestants, as if he had been a Missionary himself. It is sometimes—and very inconsiderately, as we think—said, that the Roman Catholic religion is better adapted to a barbarous people than the purer faith and simpler worship promulgated by Protestant Missionaries; as if the doctrines and teachings of the gospel in their primitive simplicity and plainness, stripped of all perversions and additions, were not the lessons best adapted to every creature possessing human reason and affections. The Sandwich Islanders are, at all events, no proof that a superstitious or ritual religion is better adapted to semi-barbarians than that which the first Missionaries to the South Seas taught. A small congregation of Catholics, foreigners, was formed after the arrival of the Catholic priests, to which the native government offered no molestation.

Curiosity attracted some natives to witness the ceremonies; they speedily reported that images were worshipped. This excited much surprise, and drew many of the chiefs to the chapel; among them went the young king. He afterwards confessed he could scarcely avoid laughing at the absurdity of worshipping a lifeless stock. This led to an investigation of the new rites: the popish doctrines of veneration of holy relics, use of images, fasts and feasts, were found strikingly analogous to their previous idolatry. To use the words of the chiefs, "This new religion was all about worshipping images and dead men's bones, and tabus on meat."

The Islanders could not comprehend the nice distinction between the worshipped symbol and the essence it signified, any more than they might the mystery of the priests' vestments, and lighted candles of the Puseyites. The new religion seemed to them, in externals, very like that idolatry which they had abjured; so much so, that the Queen began to persecute the new converts to Romanism upon an edict that had been made against the old exploded religion of the Islands; nor were the American Missionaries in any way averse to the severity shown to the French "Jesuits" by "the State;" nor by their final expulsion, and the introduction, by a native official, of a system which would have delighted Sir Andrew Agnew. The natives were prohibited from attending the religious services of the Papists, which had the natural effect of sending them in greater numbers; and some of them became true martyrs, if suffering for conscience' sake, though for an absurd tenet, entitles any one to the name. About this time a prime minister, or rather a viceroy, took a very decided line of conduct.

He entered upon the duties of his station with a determination of enforcing the very letter of the law; this was done with a rigour which gave cause of offence to many foreigners; but his sternness quelled every appearance of insubordination. He was equal to the task of subduing the impertinence of lawless whites, and compelling them to keep within their proper spheres. At the same time his officers, with a rudeness which was inexcusable, entered private houses, and carried liquor from tables. Horses were seized for their owners violating the law respecting the Sabbath, but were eventually released. The violence with which the statutes were now enforced contrasted forcibly with the laxity of the previous rule. Armed bands paraded the streets; grog-shops, gaming-houses, and haunts of dissipation, were suppressed; even quiet riding on Sundays was forbidden. But the strong arm of government was not capable of infusing order and sobriety into a dissolute population; though outward decorum prevailed, far preferable to the former laxity of society, secret means of indulgence were sought out; all his measures met at first a strong opposition, and many continued to be evaded. It was proposed to sell rum to foreigners only: Kuakini replied, "to horses, cattle, and hogs, you may sell rum; but to real men you must not on these shores." A national temperance society was formed, in the objects of which the chiefs cordially united.

Entirely to suppress all opposition to government, Kuakini next determined to send away the Romish priests; on the 2d of April 1831, they were summoned to the fort, and ordered to leave the islands in three months. As they manifested no disposition to comply, this order was repeated twice afterwards.

But "conscience," and the interests of the true faith, commanded them to remain and intrigue against the government. The story of their expulsion is well-known. Our American does the Papist priests but scanty justice, though we are not defending their deceptive conduct, and actual defiance and contempt of the government of the country they had entered uninvited and unwelcomed. A period of great laxity followed the stern ascetic rule of the viceroy. When the young king assumed the government, it was exactly a Charles II. succeeding an Oliver Cromwell; the dissolute licentious cavalier to the rigid Puritans and Roundheads. The pertinacious "Jesuits" made other attempts; the "persecution" was renewed, and the American Missionaries still maintained their influence with the native government and their converts. This strife of rival sects is not likely soon to terminate.

The American Missionaries are not more jealous of the French Roman Catholic priests in the Sandwich Islands than is this author of English ascendancy there. It is asserted in his book that the English are, at present, very unpopular in Hawaii; and the English Consul, Mr. Charlton, is run down and calumniated in a style which, perhaps, required to be modified before the work was published in England. So would the account of the death and visits of Cook. If American writers were thus fierce before, what will they be now that the Sandwich Islands, which were long since ceded to Vancouver, have been taken formal possession of. Though the book is alloyed by these jealous feelings, and some unfairness, it possesses merit, and both value and interest, as a fresh and faithful picture of a group of the great human family placed under very peculiar circumstances.

Neurypnology; or, the Rationale of Nervous Sleep considered in Relation with Animal Magnetism. By James Braid.

The author of this book with the queer name, appears to be a medical practitioner in Manchester. He imagines that, while studying the phenomena of *Animal Magnetism*, in which he does not believe, he has discovered the real cause of the Mesmeric trance, or of somnambulism artificially produced. As his discoveries were diligently promulgated in some of the Manchester newspapers, we presume that his principle may be familiar to as many of our readers as care about the subject. The most important feature of hypnotism—the short name of the newly-discovered agency—is, that like Animal Magnetism, it is alleged to be subservient to the cure of many diseases; though Mr. Braid does not yet make hypnotism, like Parr's or Morrison's pills, altogether an universal remedy. The more remarkable of the cures he reports himself to have effected by hypnotism, are making the deaf hear, the blind or half-blind see, the lame and the paralytic walk, and so on. An elderly lady, who had been half-blind for sixteen years, and tormented with pain in her eyes and head, could read a small print without glasses, after being hypnotised for

eight minutes. Another lady, whose sight had been bad for twenty-two years, could not, without glasses, read large capital letters in an advertisement; but after eight minutes' hypnotizing, she could distinctly read the smallest print, and in a short time thread her needle, and write without glasses. A young lady, of twenty-two, daughter of the above, was also operated on, and can now read and thread needles without glasses. Another lady was cured of deafness, as well as blindness. Many things, even more wonderful, are related; and it is pleasant to find that the cures are produced with very little trouble—for we see a lady in Edinburgh advertising her first *six* Mesmeric operations at a couple of guineas, with the second course reduced to one guinea, which intimates, that at least a round dozen of manipulations may sometimes be required. Mr. Braid cured a young lady of a violent attack of *tic douloureux*, by only once hypnotizing her; and others similarly afflicted were cured quite as easily. But these are the most trivial of his numerous cures. Spine disease, and paralysis of long standing, have submitted to hypnotism after five minutes' application, though other patients for spine complaint have required three processes; a number not unreasonable. One young apoplectic patient required daily operations till the end of a month. But one day, after being quite well and able to walk without her crutch, she was seized in the street, and died. There is, however, no end to the cases of paralysis which Mr. Braid has cured by hypnotism. A lady had her voice restored by it; and the remedy was found sovereign in severe rheumatism of thirteen years' standing in fifteen minutes. The cripple could not only walk, but run. There are many cases of this kind reported, and also of the cure of severe headach, epilepsy, malconformation, palpitation of the heart, &c. Mr. Braid has also extracted teeth without the hypnotized patient being sensible of any pain. The most severe spasmodic affections have been cured by hypnotism in a very few minutes; cases which, without this new remedy, Mr. Braid believes, must have speedily proved fatal. Insanity also, it is considered probable, may be cured by it. Hypnotism proves Phrenology as decidedly as does Animal Magnetism; so that Phrenology has now got two strings to her bow, though Mr. Braid will not allow the discovery of Gall to be nearly equal in importance to the human race to his own of hypnotism.—— We hear of no case in which the remedy has failed. The numerous ways in which all manner of diseases may be cured by newly-discovered means,—by Mesmerism, hypnotism, hydropathy,—makes it rather surprising that people will continue so perverse as to be ill, and die.

The disciples of Mesmer, the believers in Animal Magnetism, Dr. Elliotson and others, will, we presume, repudiate Mr. Braid's discovery of the rationale of the unnatural nervous sleep. Some of them allow that he has discovered a new agency, but deny that it is identical with Animal Magnetism. Mr. Braid owns that he has never yet been able to make any of his blindfolded patients read a book laid on the pit of their stomachs, or a closed letter; tell the time on a watch held at the back of their heads; see what is doing miles off, or perceive the nature and cure of internal diseases, though possessed of no previous medical knowledge. This establishes that his agency, and that of the disciples of Mesmer, are not identical, as Mesmerism can do all that, and more; yet we must acknowledge that he has made, in his own walk, what appears an astonishing progress. We must also report to his advantage, that, with Dr. Elliotson, he has given up the power claimed by the Mesmerizer over the will of the Mesmeree—that tremendous power, to which the worst form of despotism, priestcraft, or aristocracy, has never approximated. There is good policy, as well as good sense, in disclaiming this awful supremacy; and permitting us still to sing—

My *mind* to me a kingdom is,

Or,

My heart's my own,—my *will* is free.

Once submitting to be Mesmerized or hypnotized, however, the will of the patient is completely annihilated. He must obey the mysterious and irresistible impulse given him; and allow "the manifestations" to come forth in spite of himself. Besides the marvellous cures which it effects so easily, hypnotism is the very minister of the Graces. Persons who have, or seem to have, no ear, and who cannot, in their natural condition, sing a note, can, when hypnotized, and their *tune* and *imitation* brought into play, sing beautifully in French, German, or Italian; and those who never danced in their lives, and who, from their religious opinions, hold dancing to be a sin, when hypnotized, "cut a very good figure at waltzing." Mr. Braid tells this of a lady, "a strict Methodist." By the way, nearly the whole of Mr. Braid's patients are ladies. It was women who were cured, in the great majority of cases, and it is women—generally young women—who exhibit the phrenological manifestations. Boys are also operated upon; but they seem dull and slow at the manifestations, when compared with young ladies. Some of the manifestations, even as reported, appear rather contradictory—as *veneration* giving the desire "to sing," and *wit* "to walk," *benevolence* "to travel," &c.; but the science is still in its infancy, and Mr. Braid holds, that the variety or discrepancy of the manifestations of his patients, "is the most striking proof of the reality of the phenomena."

Hydropathy. The Theory, Principles, and Practice of the Water Cure shown to be in accordance with Medical Science, and the teaching of Common Sense. Illustrated by some important cases. By Edward Johnson M.D. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Dr. Edward Johnson, a medical writer of ability, has become a thorough convert to the Hydropathic system of cure, as practised by Priessnitz at Gräfenberg; and he has, in this volume, attempted to explain the rationale of that system. Last November he met with Captain Claridge's account of the cold water cure, which our readers may remember to have seen noticed in *Tait's Magazine*;* and the coincidence between the practice of Priessnitz, and the principles which he had previously adduced in his Treatise on "Life, Health, and Disease," led him to make a journey to Gräfenberg to examine and decide. The results of his observations are embodied in the present volume, which was written on the spot. He is not only a confirmed believer in the cold water cure, but is, we daresay, well qualified to practise it. He sets himself to prove, and indeed reasons with great ingenuity, that the practice of Priessnitz is so eminently successful because it is in perfect accordance with the theories or principles of Professor Liebeg and Dr. Billing, two of the greatest names in modern medical science. These learned persons are, of course, as unconscious of this harmony as is the untaught Preissnitz; who knows nothing of either drugs or doctors, and despises both. They have each arrived at the same goal by different roads.

* For *June*, 1842.

"Priessnitz," says Dr. Johnson, "cannot give his knowledge a scientific expression. But when Priessnitz declares (as he does) that the application of cold water cures diseases, *by strengthening the general health and fortifying the system*—and when Liebeg declares (as he does) that *the abstraction of heat* cures diseases, by *exalting and accelerating the transformation of tissues*, the *two* do but give expression to the *same* fact in different language. When Priessnitz declares that cold water has a tendency to bring '*bad stuff*' out of the system; and when Liebeg declares that it promotes the union of certain matters with oxygen, by which they are *carried out of the system*, and which matters, if not so carried out, become causes of disease—the two do but give different forms to the same fact. . . . . Priessnitz's treatment by no means confines itself to the general application of cold water. Its partial application is much more frequently adopted; as, for instance, the sitz bath, the foot bath, the head bath, the arm bath, the face bath, &c., &c. The duration of the sitz bath varies from twenty minutes to two hours and a half; and the effects thus obtained vary not only in amount, but also in kind. How do these partial applications of cold water act on the system? They act by determining the force of oxygen from one part to another. They produce all the effects of both bleeding and blisters, except the pain."

Liebeg being thus found to confirm the principle of Priessnitz in spirit, if not quite literally, Dr. Billing is next impressed into the service.

If Dr. Billing be right in his assertion, (and I see not how it can possibly be refuted,) that *all diseases have exhausted nervous influences for their causes*, then it follows that all diseases whatever must consist essentially in weakened, enlarged, and congested capillaries, since the relaxation of the capillaries must be the first effect which is produced by exhausting that influence, which alone preserves them their normal size or diameter. Such being the *one* proximate cause or essential nature of all disease, the principle of cure is one also. The proximate cause is relaxation and enlargement of the capillaries—the indication of cure, therefore, is to constringe the capillaries—to cause them to contract, and resume their healthy dimensions.

This the regular practitioner attempts by the use of medicines, bleeding, and other remedies, by which the engorged capillaries are unloaded, and their coats constringed; and Priessnitz by sweating, cold water, baths, and wet cloths. Though the *practice* may be different, Dr. Johnson contends that the *principle* is the same. In some respects he pushes the theories and the practice also of Priessnitz to the extreme; and in his admiration of nature, would have us strip off our artificial clothing, or nearly so, and take to herbs and roots, with, perhaps, a little meat, and water *ad libitum*. The treatise is, however, the most ingenious argument for *Hydropathy* which has yet appeared; and, moreover, hydropathy itself is not all naught, whatever the Faculty may aver.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

Works of pure Theology are not more in our way than works of pure Mathematics; and while so many popular vehicles for their review exist in the numerous religious periodicals of the day, we feel the less reluctance to waive them altogether. With serious works of a mixed nature, in which questions of personal and social morals, or practical religion, are involved, this objection does not exist. This premised, we shall merely enumerate those new theological works on our table, which, from the names of the authors alone, seem entitled to consideration.

Divine Inversion; or, A View of the Character of God as in all respects opposed to the Character of Man. By David Thom, Minister of Bold-Street Chapel, Liverpool. 8vo. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

The author of this work imagines that he has discovered a new and fundamental, or, at least, "a supremely important" principle, which he has named as above; and to the history of its gradual discovery, and the elucidation of its nature and bearings, an ingenious volume is entirely devoted. As we do not, we fear, clearly apprehend the principle of Divine Inversion, we can still less attempt to define it. But the author complains of the indifference of the professors of religion to his publications; of positive injustice, and of the supercilious silence of the modern Pharisees: and this is a complaint which should be listened to by those trustees of the public press under whose jurisdiction works of this kind naturally fall. From a note in the Appendix to the volume, we learn, that there are now religious writers in England, who, at least, go the length of *suggesting* the final annihilation of the wicked and unregenerate; and others, who broadly assert the doctrine of annihilation. Can one be surprised that such a condition of society as that described by Lord Ashley and in many late Parliamentary Reports, as existing in our large towns, should tempt benevolent minds into this extraordinary error.

The Advancement of Religion the Claim of the Times. By Andrew Reed, D.D. 8vo. London: Snow.

This can scarcely be called a purely theological work. It consists of lectures of a character essentially popular, as well as practical. Its animated exhortations apply to the daily life of all men, under all circumstances. There may be considerable difference of opinion as to the relative weight of these exhortations; none as to their general tendency. Friend James Backhouse, the Quaker missionary to Australia, for example, would certainly demur to the pulpit or the ministry, in the very widest sense, being held "not only as a means of grace," but "the best and chiefest means;" while in the section on the advancement of the cause of religion by personal effort he would find everything to admire.

History of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. By the Rev. W. M. Hetherington. Edinburgh: Johnstone.

Though Mr. Hetherington's is an extremely one-sided account of the proceedings of this memorable Assembly, it may be of use to many students of English Ecclesiastical History from its brevity. Its errors and partialities will probably be pointed out in some of the religious periodicals under the immediate influence of the Independents or Congregationalists;—and this is required. Instead, therefore, of meddling with the controversy as between the Presbyterians and Independents in the Assembly, or yet with the *Erastian* Controversy, we should, at the present moment, prefer as a sample of the History, the disputes concerning priests' vestments, and those other frivolities and fopperies which have come into vogue of late, and with more blame and absurdity than in past times, as this superstitious nonsense is revived in an age claiming to be much more enlightened than the sixteenth century. From recent appearances, one might conclude that the Bishop of London would not be very loath to see the whole clergy of London summoned, as of old, to Lambeth, and compelled to assume the sacerdotal costume prescribed for them, or forfeit their livings, which thirty-seven out of a hundred ministers then did. This arbitrary order, however, was alleged to be issued to enforce

the great duty of conformity, and not from any intrinsic importance connected with the mere vestments and frivolous rites. Both objects may now be contemplated by the Puseyite clergy.

Piety and Intellect relatively Estimated. By Henry Edwards. Second Edition. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

It is needless to say that piety is here exalted above intellect. The strain of the whole argument of a work written in a pleasing and popular vein by a man of refined literary taste, confirms the saying of Evelyn, "that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety."

An Essay on the Profession of Personal Religious Conviction, and upon the Separation of Church and State, considered with reference to the fulfilment of that duty. Translated from the French by Professor A. Vinet of Geneva. By Charles Theodore Jones. London: Jackson & Walford.

This somewhat heavy treatise is of interest in a secondary way, from exhibiting the progress which the Voluntary Principle has made on the Continent. It teaches and tells nothing new, but much that is worth listening to, both on account of the quarter whence it proceeds, and the hope which it encourages.

Chronicles of St. Mungo; or Antiquities and Traditions of Glasgow. Glasgow: John Smith & Son.

Besides the Antiquarian history of the capital of the West, and a description of its ancient and modern Public Buildings, and Literary and Scientific Institutions, we find, in this intelligent and well-filled volume, what many will think of more account—a sketch of the progress of the manufactures and commerce, and steam navigation of Glasgow, with biographical notices of its eminent natives, public characters, and those humourists and oddities of which Glasgow has had a full share. As the citizens of Glasgow have always been famed for their opposition to injustice, the town has frequently been the scene of riots, or popular outbreaks; for Glasgow bore a brave hand at "the dinging doun o' the Cathedrals," though its own was spared,—and subsequently against the Establishment of Episcopacy. These riots afford matter for many pages. The Annals of St. Mungo will be found highly entertaining to general readers, and precious to Glaswegians.

Nelsonian Reminiscences; Leaves from Memory's Log. By G. T. Parsons, Lieut. R. N.

These Reminiscences are a reprint of a series of articles which appeared in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, regarding Nelson, and other contemporary naval heroes of various grades.

Addresses Delivered at the Manchester Mechanics' Institution. By Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart., F.R.S., the late President. Collected and published by the Directors. London: Charles Knight.

Cæsar, with Vocabulary, Notes, and Map. By W. M'Dowall. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

A Travelling Map of Scotland. Edinburgh: Macredie.—A very suitable and portable companion for the season, which we recommend to all travellers unprovided with such a guide. It has the railroads.

NEW DRAMAS.

Launcelot of the Lake. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By C. J. Rietmüller. Chapman & Hall.

The Conde's Bride. A Historical Drama in Five Acts. By Thomas Smibert. Orr & Co.—This play was performed in the early part of the present season before the critical and fastidious audience of the Modern Athens, who, we understand, received it most graciously, and with high approbation. And, in truth, it merited such a reception, by a well-developed fable and easy flowing dialogue, with many of the natural graces, if few of the artifices of dramatic composition.

SERIAL WORKS.

Blackie & Son's Illustrated Edition of the Works of Burns, Parts IV., V., and VI.—In Part IV., the poems are advanced to a certain stage; and Professor Wilson's Essay on the Genius and Character of Burns is commenced and continued through the other Parts. It is somewhat late in the day to speak of this well-known masterpiece. It is enough that a more just and generous, and yet discriminating appreciation of Burns, the poet and the man, has never been made by any other writer, than is contained in what, from first to last, reads like a glowing and enthusiastic panegyric; nor can we conceive any study so more improving, whether previous or subsequent to the perusal of the works of Burns, as this commentary—all light and fire. Reading by it, the page is illuminated, and a thousand hidden beauties are brought out.

As a poet, Burns is believed, even by his warmest admirers, to be the most vulnerable through some of his humorous or "profane rhymes;" and, among others, "The Holy Fair," and "Holy Willie's Prayer." Instead of citing Wilson's ceaseless, fervid eulogies, interspersed with copious and most felicitous and apposite quotations from the long and serious poems, we shall copy out the Professor of Moral Philosophy's manful vindication of the bard from the charge of impiety, or even of profaneness;—an accusation made on the assumption, that true religion, and the practices and characters which Burns scourges and ridicules, are not wide as the poles asunder; or as if the pious and sacred had the slightest connexion with the hypocritical and sanctimonious.

"His satires were unsparingly directed against certain ministers of the gospel, whose Calvinism he thought was not Christianity, whose characters were to him odious, their persons ridiculous, their manners in the pulpit irreverent, and out of it absurd; and having frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing them in all their glory, he made studies of them *con amore* on the spot; and at home, from abundant materials, with a master's hand, elaborated finished pictures—for some of them are no less—which, when hung out for public inspection in market-places, brought the originals before crowds of gazers transported into applause. Was this wicked? Wicked we think too strong a word; but we cannot say that it was not reprehensible, for to all sweeping satire there must be some exception—and exaggeration cannot be truth. Burns, by his irregularities, had incurred ecclesiastical censure, and it has not unfairly been said that personal spite barbed the sting of his satire. Yet we fear such censure had been but too lightly regarded by him; and we are disposed to think that his ridicule, however blameable on other grounds, was free from malignity, and that his genius for the comic rioted in the pleasure of sympathy and the pride of power. To those who regard the persons he thus satirized as truly belonging to the old Covenanters, and Saints of a more ancient time, such satires must seem shameful and sinful; to us who regard "Rumble John" and his brethren in no such light, they appear venial offences, and not so horrible as Hudibrastic. A good many years after Burns' death, in our boyhood, we sometimes saw and heard more than one of those worthies, and cannot think his descriptions greatly overcharged. We remember walking one day—unknown to us, a fast-day—in the neighbourhood

of an ancient fortress, and hearing a noise to be likened to nothing imaginable on this earth but the bellowing of a buffalo fallen into a trap upon a tiger, which, as we came within half a mile of the castle, we discerned to be the voice of a pastor engaged in public prayer. His physiognomy was little less alarming than his voice, and his sermon corresponded with his looks and his lungs—the whole being indeed an extraordinary exhibition of divine worship. We never can think it sinful that Burns should have been humorous on such a pulpiteer; and if we shudder at some of the verses in which he seems yet alive, it is not at the satirist.

"From this time I began to be known in the country as a maker of rhymes. *Holy Willie's Prayer* next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk-session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, and see if any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers;" "and to a place among *profane rhymers*," says Mr. Lockhart, in his masterly volume, "the author of this *terrible infliction* had unquestionably established his right." Sir Walter speaks of it as "a piece of satire *more exquisitely severe* than any which Burns ever afterwards wrote, *but unfortunately cast in a form too daringly profane* to be received into Dr. Currie's collection." We have no wish to say one word in opposition to the sentence pronounced by such judges; but has Burns here *dared* beyond Milton, Goethe, and Byron? He puts a Prayer to the Almighty into the mouth of one whom he believes to be one of the lowest of blasphemers. In that Prayer are impious supplications, couched in shocking terms, characteristic of the hypocrite who stands on a familiar footing with his Maker. Milton's blasphemer is a fallen angel, Goethe's a devil, Byron's the first murderer, and Burns' an elder of the kirk. All the four poets are alike guilty, or not guilty—unless there be in the case of one of them something peculiar that lifts him up above the rest, in the case of another something peculiar that leaves him alone a sinner. Let Milton then stand aloof, acquitted of the charge, not because of the grandeur and magnificence of his conception of Satan, but because its high significance cannot be misunderstood by the pious, and that out of the mouths of the dwellers in darkness, as well as of the Sons of the Morning, "he vindicates the ways of God to man." Byron's Cain blasphemes; does Byron? Many have thought so—for they saw, or seemed to see, in the character of the Cursed, as it glooms in soliloquies that are poetically sublime, some dark intention in its delineator to inspire doubts of the justice of the Almighty One who inhabiteth eternity. Goethe, in the "Prologue in Heaven," brings Mephistopheles face to face with God. But Goethe devoted many years to "his great poem, Faust," and in it he too, as many of the wise and good believe, strove to show, rising out of the blackness of darkness, the attributes of Him whose eyes are too pure to behold iniquity. Be it even so; then, why blame Burns? You cannot justly do so, on account of the "daringly profane form" in which "Holy Willie's Prayer" is cast, without utterly reprobating the "Prologue in Heaven."

Of the *Holy Fair* few have spoken with any very serious reprehension. Dr. Blair was so much taken with it, that he suggested a well-known emendation—and, for our own part, we have no hesitation in saying, that we see no reason to lament that it should have been written by the writer of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. The title of the poem was no profane thought of his—it had arisen long before among the people themselves, and expressed the prevalent opinion respecting the use and wont that profaned the solemnization of the most awful of all religious rites. In many places, and in none more than in Mauchline, the administration of the Sacrament was hedged round about by the self-same practices that mark the character, and make the enjoyment of a rural fair-day.

We wish that we could exhibit more of the vigorous operation of the crutch upon conventional hypocrisies of other kinds; for Christopher, when he gets among them, thwacks about him lustily and unsparingly. And yet courageous honesty, if the most rare thing in a modern biography, is not by any means the highest excellence of Wilson's matchless discourse on the genius and character of Burns. This single new contribution to whatever has already been best said upon the poet of Scotland, all of which is to find a place in the work, gives this edition a vast superiority over every former one, independently of its other claims as the most comprehensive and the most handsomely embellished that has yet appeared. The new Parts on our table are adorned by several interesting portraits. "Bonny Jean" appears as a rather well-dressed comely elderly lady. There is a portrait of worthy Dr. Blacklock; and one of Lucy Johnston, a beautiful plate, from a fine painting by Raeburn. The scenic plates are numerous and fine, though somewhat monotonous. It would require more than one artist, more than one style of art, and more diversity of genius, fully to illustrate Burns.

Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England, Volume VI. Colburn.—This volume is entirely occupied with memoirs of the life of Queen Elizabeth; beginning with her birth, and extending to the middle of her reign. Miss Strickland has elicited a great deal of gossip and prittle-prattle, illustrative of the personal character of that strange compound of strength and weakness, "the lion-hearted Elizabeth." The annals of the Queen's progresses, and of her various matrimonial negotiations, coquetries—not to say gallantries—and flirtations, are peculiarly rich. If there be much of what history might regard as slight and frivolous details, these are, in the words of the writer, "at least, as interesting to the world in general as slaughters in battle;" and she might have added—"or as intrigues in Council." Never had spinster, whether noble or royal, such a succession of suitors, if not of lovers and admirers, as Elizabeth, to die unwed at last. We have attempted to reckon them up, but have completely failed. Miss Strickland has no predilection for Elizabeth; and in the account of her early girlish entanglement with the audacious Seymour, she does the Princess some injustice. The vanity of Elizabeth might have been touched by what seemed a first conquest; but the High Admiral does not appear to have had any power over her heart,—if heart she ever had.

Knight's Pictorial Shakspere: William Shakspere, a Biography. Part VIII.—In this Part an ingenious attempt is made to show that Shakspere may, or rather must, in 1601, have visited Scotland, and examined the scene of *Macbeth*. It is a right pleasant and not improbable conjecture, which every Scot may be happy to entertain without much scrupulous sifting of the evidence.

Klauer's German Amaranth. Nos. 4, 5, 6.

Chambers' Cyclopedia. Part VIII.

Cumming's Foxe's Book of Martyrs. Part XXV.

Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland. Part XXVI.—The letterpress of this Part is devoted to Sketches of Dublin, so that we presume Mr. Willis draws near the close of his desultory Irish ramble. It is about time. The plates are from well-chosen subjects, and neatly executed.

Popular Flowers. *The Chrysanthemum and the Cactus.*

Printed by William Tait, 107, Princes' Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1843.

ALIENOR; OR, "DIED LIKE A DOG."

A TALE.

BY MRS. GORE.

FEW districts in Europe are more devoid of local interest than the frontier-country between Belgium and France; especially at its maritime extremity, towards West Flanders, where dykes and ditches, and an ill-favoured, aguish-looking population afford incontrovertible testimony to the fenny nature of the soil. In that flat and dreary landscape, where a canal becomes an interesting feature, and a flax-ground or tobacco-field a towering plantation,—though the fertility of the reclaimed land is such as at least to secure the traveller against incurring the hatred of the benevolent Yorick by declaring all "barren,"—the tedious sameness of the scene soon wears down his spirits to depression.

How much more then the spirits of those less-fortunate individuals whom circumstances have endenizened in those truly *Low* Countries, whose waters are brackish,—whose earth is spongy,—whose air baneful! Persons so situated soon cease to wonder at the repugnance which has stripped so many of the quaint old towns of Western Flanders of the better order of inhabitants, for whom their stately mansions appear to have been constructed; abandoning them to the occupation of weavers and lace-makers;—with only the pompous gravestones of the grand old churches to attest that, in days of yore, under the sceptre of Burgundy or Austria, high and puissant families abided beside those sluggish canals;—eventually consigning their bones to the tombs of highborn ancestors, coeval with the foundation of the Church.

In their degree, the Flemish villages have shared the fate of the cities;—producing a population far inferior to the thriving farmers in possession when France wrested from Spain the fair provinces she chose to enjoy by the double right of conquest and queenly dowry. Instead of the sturdy boors we find in the groups of Teniers, Wouvermans, and Paul Potter, the modern inhabitants of the debatable land lying between Nieuport, Dunkirk, and Courtray are chiefly smugglers, carrying on a reciprocal trade across the frontier;—with the exception of a liberal allotment of gendarmes appointed by the two governments to watch over their maraudings; and the dykemen officially employed in the care of the sluices, so important to the health and wellbeing of the community.

Among the villages distinguishing themselves in the squalid district of Ypres by their contraband trade,—a village, by the way, which has the presumption to call itself a town,—is Vraeschoot;—a little verdant nook, of which every separate habitation, small, green, and concealed amid surrounding vegetation, bears a striking resemblance to the ark of Moses resting among the bulrushes.

For an eye sufficiently habituated to the deficiencies and peculiarities of a Flemish landscape, Vraeschoot possesses a certain degree of beauty. Its low roofs and bright green window-shutters,—its glassy pools and highly-cultivated meadows,—pretend to as much rural distinction as is compatible with the nature of a landscape which an ignorant or careless sluice-man at the neighbouring Sas might lay under water in an hour,—converting the whole parish into a cheerless lake. Such accidents, however, are unexampled; and Vraeschoot, though of amphibious aspect, has no record of an inundation to diversify the somewhat monotonous annals of her municipality.

For there is no admission, of course, into similar archives for the thousand interesting episodes derived from her perilous breach of international law by defiance of excise and customs,—*octroi* and *droits réunis;* nor are the Vraeschooters ever heard to boast of the number of martyrs they have furnished to the blunderbusses of the *maréchaussée* while violating the rights of the *contributions indirectes.*

Nevertheless, these things have become legendary in the village; and many a story, equaling in barbarous detail the feats of the early buccaneers, is related in winter time beside the turf-warmed stoves of Vraeschoot. It seems to add flavour to the *eau de vie*, for which they have fradulently managed to exchange their Schiedam, and to the *cervelas* they have bartered for their salted stockfish, to relate their struggles with the officials appointed by the French and Belgic governments to restrict their traffic within the stricter letter of the law.

Last summer, in my zeal to complete a collection illustrative of the Flemish Flora by a few rare specimens of bog and aquatic plants, I spent a week in the comfortable little inn of the Korren Bloem at Vraeschoot; and to many a tale of local prowess was I compelled to listen while wearing

out the morning in pursuit of marsh hyacinths, and the curious rushes and mosses of the Ypres swamps. After listening for a day or two to the buzz of the dragon-flies and other winged nuisances over the weed-crested ditches of that watery waste, the drone of the Flemish peasants appeared less insupportable.

According to the custom of the country, dinner was always laid in the inn-kitchen;—but it was a kitchen that might have sat for its picture of Flemish cleanliness to Van Hooghe; the neatly-varnished Cambray stoves, and bright blue Delft ware gracing the plate-racks, forming the only interruption to the general whiteness of walls, ceiling, floor, and dressers; the former being white-washed at certain intervals of the year, and the floor daily strewn with fresh, white sand;—while the stove-handles, and nearly all the kitchen utensils, were of brass, so brightly kept as to be more brilliant than vessels of gold or silver.

By the time dinner was over, the tapering decanter of Faro and tall, thin-stemmed beer-glass removed, and, by way of dessert, the stunted fruits of the country, and a dainty formed of pastry and treacle, appropriately called *Bonbon de Sluys*, placed upon the table, the good women of the house, Vrouw Van Kerckx and her wooden-faced daughter Trincia,* used to draw near, with their knitting needles in their hands,—the latter having abandoned her less portable lace-pillow for the express purpose of gossiping with a stranger, sufficiently unversed in the ways of Vraeschoot to find amusement in anecdotes of its illicit trade and the judgments thereby provoked.

Sometimes it occurred to me that Vrouw Van Kerckx exhibited a closer insight into and warmer interest in these exploits than was altogether reconcileable with her deep devotion to Church and State. In the eagerness of narration she often spoke as though an eye-witness of the feats she was relating,—like an old sportsman or veteran warrior warming with the recapitulation of heroic scenes in which they have borne a part;—till, at length, I began to surmise that the Macon and Médoc, issuing from the gelid cellars of the Korren Bloem, (where, according to its sign and inscription: VERKOOP MAN ALLE SOOTEN VON DRANK) had made no pecuniary acknowledgment to His Majesty King Leopold for the honour of enteiing his dominions.

"But *you* have never taken any share in these daring enterprises?" said I, addressing Vrouw Van Kerckx at the close of one of her strange, eventful histories. "*You* would not, surely, defraud the revenue, by smuggling?"

"And why *not*?" cried she, crossing her arms defyingly, over the jacket of her Flemish costume. "Wherefore is a poor widow woman like myself to abide by the juggling of princes and their ministers,—who deal with nations and languages as with flocks and herds; creating as it were a line in the air, which they advance or retrograde at will, and which is to make me French or Fleming, according to their whims and fancies?—My old grandfather used to boast of having spoken with those who remembered the time when Flanders extended half way into the France of to-day,—the time when Marlbrook came soldiering here, and for all the great victories we hear so much of, left the *grand Monarque* in possession of our finest provinces! Even I,—I, Lottje Van Kerckx, who am speaking to you,—recollect the period when the French eagle was the Imperial standard for our stamps;—when Brussels, which now calls itself a capital, was but a country-town like the rest of us;—and all was France, France, France, from Rouen to Hamburg;—paying toll and tax to the same Parisian seat of government! And why, pray,—because it pleased the crowned heads of Europe to knock themselves together at Aix-la-Chapelle, and decide that this patch of ground should be called Prussia, and t'other patch of ground be called France,—is a poor widow woman to pay mulct and fine to this new king of ours, for liberty to drink and retail the French liquors, which, in my youth, I bought and sold at prime cost? *I* had no hand in their rubbishing congress!—*My* opinion wasn't asked! And so, without further ceremony,—feeling myself guiltless in the sight of ALMIGHTY GOD for violating a law which is none of his making,—I make bold to catch the gendarmes of the frontier napping, whenever they are fools enough to let me!"

It was no province of mine to resolve this complex periphrasis into the simple word "smuggling," or remind mine hostess of the Korren Bloem, that to "honour the king" and the laws of his making, *quand méme*, comes next to the fear of God in the enactments of all the churches of Christendom. It was plain that her conscience lay in her kegs of Cognac; and to judge by the number of country curés in their three-cornered beavers and rusty gowns, whom I saw in the course of the day trying the strength of her "*alle sooten von drank*," she could be in no need of spiritual exhortation.

I contented myself, therefore, with pursuing my inquiries into the *gestes et faits* of the heroes of Vraeschoot contrabandery; which are truly of a nature to deserve that some descendant of Froissart, (a native of these web-footed provinces,) should arise to snatch them from oblivion. Among other questions, I ventured to inquire whether the marine smugglers of Flanders were of equal hardihood with its land marauders;—whether Nieuport and Ostend, for instance, rivalled Vraeschoot in the quality of their traditions?—

To my great surprise, the voluble old Vrouw became instantly dumb. I fancied, however, that a significant glance toward Trincia purported to assign her daughter's presence as the cause of this sudden taciturnity; and a few minutes afterwards, the phlegmatic-looking damsel having quitted the kitchen as if to fetch fresh worsted for the stocking she was knitting, mine hostess burst forth.

"I did not care," said she, "to answer just now your question about the Nieuporters, because of poor Trincia!—You can't have been so many days in the village without knowing her story?"

"I have heard nothing concerning your daughter, but that she is an excellent housewife and the best

* Written Trinje by the Flemish.

lace-maker in the district," said I; feeling it unnecessary to declare how little the dull, inanimate face of the Flemish damsel had interested my inquiries.

"Well enough for that!" replied her mother. "But surely you must have heard of her misfortune?"

The village interpretation assigned in England to the word "misfortune," as regarding persons of Trincia's age and sex, rendered my denial somewhat embarrassed.

"What!—not heard of Peter Van der Heyden?" cried the mother, apparently priding herself in her family disasters.

And this time I was bolder in my avowals of ignorance.

"Then, I can tell you that you never heard of the bravest and best fellow who ever trod the earth or dared the sea!" retorted the old lady, with fond enthusiasm. "Never a better sailor than Peter Van der Heyden steered into the port of Nieuport; and to this day, whenever a storm stirs up the breakers betwixt the headlands and Ostend, and the signals of distressed vessels are heard in the offing, the lighthouse-keeper and water-bailiff are sure to shake their heads, and mutter the name of poor Peter Van der Heyden, once the boldest and surest of their pilots!"

"*He* was not a smuggler, then?" I inquired; glancing towards the door through which Trincia had disappeared, lest she should be within hearing.

"He *was* a smuggler,—and a thriving one!" replied Vrouw Van Kerckx, stoutly, and without shame. "But you need not be afraid of that poor soul's overhearing you!—Trincia is gone to sob away half-an-hour in her own chamber, as she is sure to do whenever there is talk before her of Nieuport and the Nieuporters. Trincia's heart is as soft as a bran-binn."

I certainly expected no such imputation of sensibility against the girl whose inexpressive countenance had disposed me against her. But, like others of hasty judgment, I have often to amend my rash decisions on men, women, and things; and am, accordingly, anxious to do justice to poor Trincia Van Kerckx, as one of the warmest-hearted individuals of my acquaintance. The fixedness of face I had so misappreciated, was, in fact, the result of despair:—the expression of a passionless heart, whose hopes are dormant in the grave,—whose life must be at best a life of duty,—whose earthly happiness consists in retrospection,—and a retrospection whose cloudy distance is lost in tears! The poor creature I had seen knitting from morning till night, till I fancied her a mere machine, worthy only to fidget the bobbins of a lace-pillow or the needles of her worsted stocking, was one of that holy army of martyrs—a broken-hearted woman, faithful to the memory of a first and only love. Let my readers, however, work out the discovery as gradually as I did myself.

"The young man, of whom you speak so highly, was affianced, then, to your daughter?" said I to the Vrouw, when, shortly afterwards, she brought in my coffee, in a cup of enamelled Delft, almost rivalling Nankin, and by no means the worse of a certain bitter flavour of chicory, from which no coffee compounded in the Netherlands is ever free.

"Yes!—betrothed! Had he lived two months longer he would have been my son-in-law,—and God knows I loved him as such! I sometimes doubt whether the son born of her loins is dearer to a mother's heart than the man who constitutes the happiness of an only daughter!" she replied, in a tone of unusual emotion. "And Peter loved *me*, too—next, after poor Trincia, dearest in the world. And well he might; for he had no father or mother of his own, and neither kith nor kin that cherished him as I did. I often think, as I sit by my comfortable stove o' winter nights, and hear the wind whistling seaward over the flats, that I would give house and homestead, and all I'm worth in the world, and beg my bread for the remainder of my old days, only to have Peter Van der Heyden alive again, and my poor Trincia's face as sunny as it used to be in days of old."

"She was once lively, then, like other young people?"

"*Lively?*—There was not such a dancer at the Kermesses of the country round!—And then, for singing, the Harmonic company of St. Sebastian of Ypres sent her their silver medal. She has got it now, put by somewhere with a lock of Peter's hair, and a button or two cut from his jacket when he was taken out of the water. But we must not ask her to look at them. I never saw her discomposed but once since the day he was buried, and that was when one of the Bruges musicians, when dining here on his way to Courtray, asked her, joking-like, for a sight of her badge. So, when she took out the little ivory box, intending to oblige him, the sight of the other treasures was too much for her,—and down she fell her length yonder on the floor, as cold as marble. 'Twas twenty minutes or more before we could bring her back to the smallest sense of life!"

So much for trusting to appearances!—So much for the phlegmatic nature of poor Trincia Van Kerckx!

"There was every reason they should love each other dearly," resumed the good woman, returning towards the table and her domestic troubles, after bustling about the kitchen for some minutes to conceal her emotion. "Peter, as I told you before, was an orphan, brought up at Nieuport by the brother of my late husband; and, from a child, even before I laid poor Van Kerckx in the churchyard, Trincia used often to go over, and spend the *Kermesse* time, and other holidays, with her uncle and aunt. There, in course, she fell in with poor Van der Heyden, who was six years older than herself, and was her unfailing champion in her plays and games with the Nieuport children, when they were hard on the stranger; and when, at ten years old, he went to sea, Peter was sure to bring her home, from his voyages, something or another for a keepsake,—such trifles as are had for working or striving for—a curious shell, or marten skin, or bird, or bunch of rare sea-weed.—For poor Peter, being brought up, as one may say, for charity, had not a doit of his own to buy presents for his little playmate.

"Her father and I thought little of such matters at the time; for young Van der Heyden, having been reared at his brother's cost, the attachment the lad testified to Trincia passed for gratitude towards her aunt and uncle. Even when the little cabin-boy grew up into a comely, strapping young fellow, the presents went on, and the liking went on, without our being a bit the wiser—old oafs that we were!—For never did the Equinoctial pipe up, but Trincia would let her knitting drop into her lap, while she sat and crossed herself with an *Ave* for those who travel by sea or land in such weather; and one dreadful winter, when the Greenland fleet, in which Peter Van der Heyden was embarked, was a month after its time in returning, every morning, though the snow lay a foot on the ground, did Trincia rise by candle-light, and the first at Church for the Angelus! I was never there myself at that hour, in winter time—the more 's my shame;—but those who *did* go, told me how she used to kneel on the cold stones, poor child, praying and praying to Gon,—and to the holy apostles, who themselves suffered shipwreck in their time,—and crying all the while as though her heart would break."

"But her prayers were answered?" said I. "The fleet came back at last?"

"Came back at last;—and so well did all besides her parents understand the girl's feelings, that the first Greenlander that steered into the port, after the cheers that greeted her were over, the general cry was for Trincia Van Kerckx, who had burnt so many candles at the shrine of St. Elias for its safe arrival, and watched so many hours on the shore for a sight of its well-known sails."

"And a happy girl she must have been! But how came you at last to discover the real nature of her feelings?"

"Why, strangely enough. In the first place, do they keep, in your country, the feast of Candlemas?"

"The Catholics of my country keep it, as well as every other festival of the Church observed in Belgium," said I; "and I think I have heard it used as a legal term in old leases of property granted before the Reformation."

Mine hostess looked puzzled,—and no wonder, for I was puzzled myself.

"But you don't observe it, I suspect, for the purpose *we* do," said she; beginning to enumerate a variety of semi-christian, semi-pagan rites and ceremonies, nearly akin to the Hallowe'en superstitions of the Scottish peasants,—more especially that of the hemp-seed sowing of the Scottish lassie, with the view of discovering the name of her future partner for life.

"Our maidens of Vraeschoot," said the good woman, "have a foolish, old fancy of baking a troth-cake, which they leave nightly on the supper-table, with a knife and fork placed cross-ways, and bless it with a *Benedicite* for nine successive nights before Candlemas;—and those who have courage to enter the room as midnight strikes twelve, on the eve of Candlemas day, are said to see the shadow of their future husband sitting down to sup upon the troth-cake."

"And my friend Trincia, then, imagined she saw the figure of the bold sailor of Nieuport uncrossing the knife and fork she had laid for him?"

"Worse, worse, a thousand times! Peter, who, from his childhood upwards, had known of this custom, and perhaps, of late, heard whispers in her uncle's house that my girl was likely to make proof of her curiosity like the rest, had the audacity poor fellow, to undo the shutters of the house after all the family were abed, at the risk of Van Kerckx's blunderbuss, (with which he was never scrupulous when there was talk of robbers,) and make his way into the kitchen; so that, when Trincia crept down stairs at midnight for the completion of the spell on Candlemas eve, who should be sitting in the chair, with the cake cut in two in the dish before him, and dressed out in his Sunday suit and new glazed hat, but Peter Van der Heyden, in living flesh and blood!"

"More welcome than a thousand shadows!" said I, with the laugh expected from me.

"Her father didn't think so, I promise you;—and, though there was no longer a question of powder and shot, when, on being alarmed by his daughter's shrieks, he rushed into the kitchen, and found the arms of his brother's protégé clasped round Trincia's neck, my husband gave the young man so proper a thrashing, that poor Peter's bones must have ached for it a month or more."

"And your daughter's sympathy on the occasion of course gave grounds for suspicion that she was not displeased at the result of her Candlemas incantations?"

"This time you have guessed right!" said the good-humoured hostess. "Poor Trincia got her share of her father's strappings, for trying to interpose betwixt him and Peter; and from that day to the day that witnessed their troth-plight, there was neither rest nor peace for my poor daughter."

"For a courtship that commenced so stormily," said I, "her father and mother do not appear to have been very unrelenting. How soon was your consent obtained?"

"Alas! her poor father's consent was never obtained! It was not likely Van Kerckx should be pleased at the idea of marrying his only child to a penniless mariner; and though Van der Heyden promised, again and again, never to claim her hand till his voyages and the labour of his hands enabled him to give her a decent maintenance, my husband would not hear of it. He disliked the thought of the match and the man. The courtship began, he always said, under evil auspices. For, though a publican, Van Kerckx was a grave man, a churchwarden, and averse to jesting upon even superstitions of religious origin. 'For those who commence,' he used to say, 'with mocking the holy things that are little, will end by mocking holy things that are great:' and so that foolish boy-and-girl-joke about the troth-cake on Candlemas eve was mightily displeasing to him."

Remembering the aphorism of a greater man than mine host of the Korren Bloem, that "he who, in his youth, derides the spilling of the salt, will, in his age, deride the overthrow of the altar,"

I made no comment on the Van Kerckxical pragmaticality; but was surprised to learn that Trincia, contrary to all continental custom, should have persevered in an attachment unsanctioned by her parents.

"Why, bless you! she had not long for disobedience," replied the Vrouw, in answer to my remark to this effect. "Within three months Van Kerckx was in his coffin! Not, as many folks fancied, from the effects of a cold caught in jumping out of his warm bed, and rushing, half-naked, into the kitchen on a cold Candlemas eve, but from a long-standing liver-complaint,—your Flemish tapsters' sure and certain ending."

"And when he was gone, you were moved to compassion by your daughter's faithful affection for her old playmate?"

"*This* time—wrong! It was the old playmate who was moved to compassion: it was I and Trincia who were to be pitied! Would you believe it?—scarcely was my goodman in his grave, when his brother, the rich drysalter of Nieuport, who had always lived on the best of terms with us, pretended to turn me out of my house and home, on pretext of being the next male heir, according to an old custom of the canton. The law knows best on such matters; and the law, I was resolved, should decide between us. But while the plea was pending, before the meeting of the county assizes at Ypres, most people gave it against me and the poor girl, and predicted that it was all over with us; and that, having provoked the enmity of the heir-at-law, on whom we were dependent, we should assuredly come to want! For as prosperous as you see us now and surrounded by friends, (as the prosperous ever are,) I can promise you that at that time everybody, even our cousin Tony Van Kerckx and his wife, looked askance at us when, of an evening, we took our way through the town to pray our prayer on Van Kerckx's grave, who little thought, poor fellow! to what evil he was leaving us. And *who* was it stood our friend?—*Who* dared to battle it out, pray, with the drysalter, and call his conduct by the name it deserved? Why, even the young man who had eaten of his bread, and drunk of his cup; and who, at the certainty of being scoffed as an ingrate by his fellow-townsmen, ventured to turn round upon him and tell him the truth!"

"At the risk of being turned out of doors by your brother-in-law?"

"Not he!—from the moment the claim was set up, he had turned *himself* out of doors; and the first thing Peter did, on becoming homeless, was to come and offer me all the little earnings of his industry, by way of helping our plea; for you see the seals of the authorities were upon every shred of property belonging to the deceased, till the cause should be decided in court."

"Poor fellow!—the amount of his assistance must have been moderate enough."

"'Twas all he had!—a king could have done no more! But this generosity was not all. On learning how bad were our prospects, instead of going off with the Newfoundlanders, as usual—their wages being small, and their hazards also trifling—Van der Heyden, for the first time, became helmsman to a smuggling vessel; and having already a great name as a mariner, he now trebled his gains, as his treble risks entitled him. All that he achieved that winter, were I to relate to you, you would not believe! All *we* suffered, while he was braving these desperate hazards, you will more readily credit. Before our cause so much as came on, poor Trincia, by want of sleep and want of appetite, was fretted to a skeleton! And yet, I don't know how it was, but when, at a year's close, and being removed from tribunal to tribunal, and swelling the gaping purses of the lawyers, till our name of Van Kerckx must have been a pleasure for them to hear,—the plea was decided in favour of the widow and daughter, she seemed to have grown so habituated to the casualties of the life Peter had embraced, or, to say the truth, was so vain-glorious of the great name his bravery had acquired along the coast, that she ceased to remonstrate against his perseverance. He had enrolled himself, for a couple of years, in a smuggling company at Nieuport, at a salary doubling what poor Van Kerckx ever gained in a year from the best-kept tap in the district; and it was finally settled between the young folks, that he should serve out his time; and at the end on't, they were to be married, and take possession of this house, leaving me my comfortable stool by the corner of the stove, for the remainder of my happy days."

"He became, in short, a desperate and notorious smuggler?"

"An *eminent* smuggler!—Ask the Comptroller of the Customs at Nieuport, if ever he had such an enemy to deal with as Peter Van der Heyden! Yes!—now I think on't, he had *one*,—one who is at no great distance from you at this moment."

Mechanically I turned towards the half-open door of the drinking-room adjoining the kitchen, expecting to see some vestige of one of those figures in frieze pilot-coats, with wide-mouthed boots, and cutlass in belt, with which the children of the Belgic coast are frightened into obedience, as pirates and smugglers. But there was not so much as the shadow of a man under Vrouw van Kerckx's roof at that moment.

"There are none here, to-day, but you and I," said I. "For my own part, I plead guiltless. It must be you, then, my good hostess, who have waged war against the *douaniers* of Nieuport."

"Look again," replied Vrouw Van Kerckx, with a smile.

I obeyed her, and still saw nothing stirring in the room but the little Dutch sentry pacing the dial of the old cuckoo-clock.

"Nevertheless," persisted she, in reply to my shrug of incredulity, "I promise you that you have one of the most desperate smugglers in Belgium within half a foot of your chair. Alienor!" cried she—"Alienor!" And, at her call, up started a favourite old dog, lying under the table, and went, stretching, yawning, and deliberately wagging its grizzly tail, towards her, as if reluctantly roused from some dream of former exploits. I had often noticed the passionate fondness of Trincia for the poor beast, as scarcely consonant with the sober

serenity of her deportment. How was I to guess that this dog was all that remained to her of her lost lover; that its lameness was a disablement arising from a wound received in his defence?

"You have heard, I suppose, of our famous smuggling dogs?" said the Vrouw, almost as much surprised at my new avowal of ignorance as she had been at that respecting her daughter's love for Peter Van der Heyden. "*Not* heard of our smuggling dogs?—not seen them? Then, I can tell you, you have a curious spectacle to make acquaintance with; and no one at Vraeschoot, perhaps, so well able to procure it for you as myself. In the first place, you may admire Alienor, as the very type and model of the breed. Alienor's pups have been sold for as much as a couple of hundred francs a-piece before they could see!"

"The price of a pony in *my* country," said I.

"Ay! but such dogs as those pups are pretty sure to turn out, would earn the worth of half-a-dozen ponies here on the frontier," replied the Vrouw.

"I always took her for a setter," said I, beginning to examine, with some curiosity, the animal, which was affectionately thrusting its head into the roomy lap of the hostess, who, in her turn, fondly caressed its cropped ears. "Yet, on the whole, I perceive Alienor rather resembles our Northern sheep-dogs, though of stronger build."

"Strong enough, I promise you,—as you would own if you had ever seen her laden for a smuggling expedition in former days."

"With a false skin?" said I, recollecting anecdotes I had heard of lace smuggled between the two skins of a poodle, just as the despatches of Hofer were passed through the enemy's camp during the Tyrolean war.

"No! Packed upon her back, like a sumpter-mule. The frontier smuggling dogs, as I was about to tell you, having been carefully trained to the calling, are kept in packs of twenty, thirty, or more; and on the nights favourable to the purpose, loaded with contraband goods,—tea, tobacco, lace, cambric, what you will, and loosed from the villages nearest the frontier.—Off they go, at a steady trot; and are never at fault, and rarely known to come to harm; but pelt straight across the country, to the houses t'other side the frontier, where they have been trained to deposit their merchandize; and, till the two countries are rich enough to afford a line of *douaniers* standing close as infantry companies on a field-day, never will they be able to defeat these shrewd and steady *contrabandiers*. Thousands and thousands of florins' worth of Flanders lace has Alienor smuggled into France, to dress out the fine ladies of Paris;—hasn't thou, my good old wench?"—said Dame Kerckx, sportively seizing by its white beard the intelligent-looking head of the animal resting on her knee.

"And now she enjoys, it seems, the privilege of a holiday after her labours."

"And a well-earned one!—Moreover, there are a couple of scores, or more, of her race still in and about Vraeschoot, labouring in her old vocation," continued the hostess. "Couldn't one swear, from the twinkling of her old eyes, she knew all I was telling you?"—

"She certainly looks very much like a Chelsea pensioner listening to old Waterloo stories," said I.

"Ay, ay!—Waterloo, Waterloo! You English have always Waterloo in your mouths!" cried the old lady; "and sweet enough the word ought to be, to take away the bitter taste of certain other English expeditions, with which we Flemings are familiar. 'Twas in my father's house your Duke of York lodged when he brought his guards to knock their heads against the French troops, the night before the——But the less said on the subject the better," said she, perceiving my countenance change. "Better talk about Alienor! *Her* victories, at least, are undeniable. Do not suppose, however, that it is in consideration of *them*, or of the profits derived from them, she has the best place by the stove, and a cut of every joint that smokes on our table. 'Tis not for that, my old wench, is it, that poor Trincia knit thee the lamb's-wool rug, which now replaces, in winter time, for thy old bones, the straw good enough for thy bed so long as thou wast young and hearty? 'Twasn't for *that*, old Alienor, was it—was it?"

And at this direct appeal, the old dog began to wag its tail in double-quick time, by way of alacrity in reply.

"No, no! It was because Peter loved thee, and because thou didst love Peter. Poor Peter!—*poor* Peter!"—And at the sound of that well-known name, the faithful animal desisted from its joyous movement, and looked up wistfully into the eyes of the Vrouw, not for an instant erecting its ears, or glancing at the door, as dogs will do on mention of the name of their *living* master. Alienor knew as well that Peter Van der Heyden was gone for ever, as Trincia knew it, who had seen him laid in the grave!

"You are to know," resumed the Vrouw, once more addressing herself to me instead of the dog, "that thrice was this stanch adherent wounded in defence of her master. The exploits of our smuggling dogs are not confined to land. The most valuable species is that which, like Alienor, combining a cross of the Newfoundland, takes the water boldly. For these are embarked at Nieuport and elsewhere, and, being thrown into the sea off the French coast, swim straight to land, their merchandize being packed in tin, to secure it against the salt water.—Our old favourite here, being one of the strongest and bravest of the water-dogs, and, moreover, the pet of the famous Peter Van der Heyden, was often admitted upon expeditions from which the rest were excluded; and twice did she save her master, the good old wench, by setting her fangs into the legs of the *douaniers*, when they were three to one upon Peter."

"And it was in one of these struggles he lost his life?" said I.

"I was coming to that in time. The longest story has an end, for those who have patience to wait.—But won't you try a glass of kirsch-geist after your coffee, or Schiedam, five-and-twenty years in bottle? No? Well, you're right!—Genuine coffee, like ours, needs no lacing. And, by

the way, among the dry goods despatched by the Nieuporters over the frontier, is sure to be a few pounds of genuine Mocha, for the lady of the Governor of Lisle, who is curious in her coffee, and won't stand Bourbon. *We* get it from Smyrna by the Maltese vessels freighted with oranges from Messina; and what you have been drinking is genuine. But, as I was saying, poor Peter, in spite of all the predictions of the government officers, was *not*, at last, the victim of the coast or frontier guard. Would that it had been so! I could almost say, *would* that it had been so! I have already told you, or meant to tell you, how high and low fell upon Peter for his ingratitude towards the benefactor who had reared him, by siding with Trincia and her mother against the kinsman who unnaturally attempted to despoil them of their lawful rights;—most folks holding that, knave or honest, it was *his* duty to abide by Jehann Van Kerckx. Even when, on attaining an independence, the lad was careful to despatch to his patron, to the last doit, every florin expended on his maintenance, they still looked upon him as an ingrate; though, Heaven knows, as many kicks and hard words had been bestowed upon Peter, in the course of every year of his boyhood, as there are saints in the kalendar! Still, I admit that, but for Jehann's malpractices towards his brother's widow, the lad would have remained his household slave for ever; nay, the question being set at rest, our rights established, and Jehann proved an evil-dealer, it only needed for him to get into trouble, for the strong arm of Peter to be uplifted in his benefactor's defence."

"And such a man as Jehann, I conclude, was *often* getting into trouble?"

"*Often?* Better say that he was never *out* of it! We Flemings pass in other countries for stockfish; and, to all appearance, many of us are taciturn and phlegmatic enough. But the Flemish head that once gets a wrong turn, is warped for ever; and the Flemish temper that once takes fire, goes smouldering on like a flax-heap, smoking and smoking till all is consumed. Now, Jehann Van Kerckx had taken a spite at his brother's rightful heirs; and, of course, doubly at Peter, as our avowed champion. One unlucky night Peter had been over to Vraeschoot to say us good-bye, because about to sail for Nantes on an expedition after the next day, which was the feast of St. Sebastian, (the patron of our Flemish bowmen;) so that on the morrow, the lugger was to set sail. Alienor was with him,—poor beast! and there he sat, just in the old ebony chair where you are sitting now, with a glass of Faro on the table before him, and the dog at his feet,—asking coaxingly of Trincia, (who was down in the mouth at the thoughts of the week's absence or more that was to divide them,) whether he should bring her from France a Croix de Jeamnette, or a pair of the light sabots for which Brittany is famous,—and in which a duchess might dance at a coronation ball. Trincia, poor child, answered only by smiles,—smiles that were as nearly like tears, if I may say so, as smiles could be. And at last, when he had been joking and funning like, about how he would be sure to dance with the prettiest girl at the *ducasse*, if there was one within five leagues of Nantes, during his stay,—my daughter, instead of humouring the joke, as she was apt to do any joke of Peter's, went straight up to him, as I never saw her do before, and drawing aside the heavy curls from his forehead, imprinted a silent kiss upon it. She has often told me since, how, all the time he was speaking, an evil omen seemed to ring in his voice,—and that, when she so abruptly gave him that unasked-for kiss, she felt as if pressing her lips to the dead!—For my part I can't say I felt more on the occasion than I always felt when poor dear Peter was on the eve of a cruise; *only* I *must* admit, that when the time came for shutting up the tap, and for Van der Heyden to take leave, and he came as usual to call for Alienor, the poor beast, instead of bounding forward to his voice as she usually did, (didn't you, my lass?—didn't you, my good old Alienor?)—was nowhere to be found; and after a long search, lo! and behold, she had skulked up into Trincia's chamber, and lay asleep beside the bed, and even made a hard ado to quit the post when summoned by her master, as though she had a presentiment of coming evil. And who can say what instincts may be vouchsafed to dogs? We know they are truer friends than mankind—why not truer prophets? However, not to bother our brains with surmising what wiser than ourselves will never be able to decide, by eleven of the clock the house was shut, and Peter on his road, and Trincia in her bed; not sleeping, however,—for often has she tried to describe to me the restless painful confusion of ideas that kept her eyes open the greater part of that unhappy night."

"Peter Van der Heyden met with mischance, then, on his way back to Nieuport."

"Not he!—He trudged gaily back, whistling through the moonlight, and arrived safe and sound in his own lodgings, beside the sea-gate of the town. But let me tell you my story in my own way. Let me tell it as it came to my own knowledge. Next morning being, as you will have borne in mind, the festival of St. Sebastian, (and you doubtless remember, since you say the English Catholics observe our festivals of the Church, that St. Sebastian's day is the 20th of January,) my daughter came down to breakfast with heavy swollen eyelids;—and when I tried to laugh her out of countenance, by taxing her with having cried over her pillow, because of Peter's departure, she attributed her dejection to the cold.—And cold enough in truth it was;—three days' frost upon the top of a heavy snow: so that such of the Vraeschoot farmers as were bound for Nieuport to assist at the mass of St. Sebastian, or the supper that was to take place afterwards, and were too lazy to walk, were forced to set off in their sledges. Well! will you believe it? Nothing would serve Trincia but she must accompany her cousin Tony Van Kerckx, who was of the number, and whose wife declared that the wind was too piercing over the marshes, for *her* to venture. 'But *why?*' said I. 'What would you at Nieuport?' If there were prize-shooting going on, or dancing, or anything worth seeing or hearing, you might go, and welcome. But

this supper is to take place at the coffee-house on the ramparts; and though Peter certainly said the band of the regiment in garrison would attend to cheer the company of St. Sebastian with military music during their repast, be assured no women will be admitted."

"I care neither for prize-shooting, nor dancing, nor drum, nor fife!" replied the girl. "I shall go straight, dear mother, to the house of Peter's sister, in the Market Place, and stay there with Aloyxia and the children, till my cousin Tony calls to take me home."

"And what, then, is your object in going?" said I.

"Cannot you guess, mother?" replied Trincia, with her white forehead nearly as red as her cheeks.

"But you saw him only last night," I replied, rightly interpreting her blush.

"I did, I did! But if ever in your early days you parted from my father, admit that when he was away —away at a great distance—twenty-four hours more or less of his company seemed an enjoyment to be bought with millions! I want to see Peter again before he goes. I dare not tell you, for you are in a laughing vein this morning, what a dread has come over my soul. I am not often anxious, mother; but I know,—yes, dear mother, I *feel* and KNOW—that evil is at hand! *Let* me go, I beseech you, and bid one more good-bye to Peter."

"I was not in the habit then, any more than I am now, of thwarting the wishes of my dutiful and excellent daughter. So I even complied with her earnest entreaties; and having lent her my furred *capuchon* in addition to her own quilted *faille* of black merinos; and having adjured our kinsman to be careful over her, of which I was no whit afraid, away she went with him, to be in time for the grand mass; and a doleful long day it seemed to me without her. The snow had so drifted in the night, that there was no setting foot on it; and within doors, the stove clicked and crackled with the frost; and that was all the sound I heard the whole day long, amid the general muffle of the weather, unless when the carillon of Vraeschoot set up its little tinkling chime at noon in honour of St. Sebastian, as though it chose to have a voice in the matter of the archers' patron, as well as e'er a belfry in Flanders!

"The latest of our Flemish carouses terminate at an hour you English call early. This bowmen's banquet was to take place at four o'clock; and with all the Faro like to be drunk on the occasion, and all the marches to be played by the band, at seven all would be over; and an hour over the snow on such a moonlight night, with a horse so stout as Tony's, would bring my daughter to my door. Nine struck, however; and, at half-past, according to custom, rang the curfew; but still, no Trincia! At length, I closed the house as usual, after seeing, as well as the moonlight would allow, all the lights in the town expire one by one. But still,—*still* no sledge!—By degrees, I grew alarmed. Clear as was the night, the whiteness of the snow was so dazzling, that nothing could be easier than for a driver to get off the road; and the ditches, though hard frozen, were very inadequate to bear the weight of a market-sledge. Moreover, there is a canal to be crossed twice betwixt this and Nieuport: and what with the chance of overstepping the road, undiscernible in the snow; and the probability that, having overstepped it, a driver who had been dining with half-a-hundred jovial companions would find his way with his charge to the bottom of the canal,—my mind so misgave me, that spite of the bitterness of the night, and having lent my *capuchon* to Trincia, I determined to set off and meet them by the way."

"I do not wonder. I should have done as much in your place."

"And, oh! what piercing blasts would you have had to encounter, when, after passing the embankments of Vraeschoot, the salt marshes lay before you like a glacier! How the wind shrieked and screamed like a witch at her mischief! About half a league from the town, too, there mingled with its shrill whistle, a still stranger noise,—the cackling of a prodigious flight of wild geese, such as is often on the wing in frosty moonlight nights in these countries. Still I went on, and on; but no signs of the sledge! No marks on the snow fallen since morning, of either hoof or wheel! Not a vehicle could have returned to Vraeschoot from the supper. *This* was at least some comfort. Yet I could not help fancying that some evil must have chanced in Nieuport to detain them; and being now nerved to the cold, so that my old frame glowed again, I pursued my way;—satisfied that one or other of the sledges,—the first I happened to encounter,—would find room for me homewards.

"None, however,—not one,—was I destined to meet; and nearly two hours must have gone over my head, and more than two leagues under my feet, when at a distance, beyond the glacis, which was imperceptible from the self-colour of the snow, I saw the *fanal* or beacon-light of the harbour of Nieuport!—Ah! it was a joyful sight;—not joyful, indeed, as that of the sledge would have been, bearing back my child safe and sound,—but enough to make my old heart dance within me!

"Right glad was I to reach the gates. Though little had I ever expected to approach them in the dead of night, on foot, alone, and in a mood like one distracted!—For you may guess that a thousand vague terrors on the girl's account, had, by this time, added themselves to my anxiety,—she, who never in her born days had slept a night from under my roof, save under that of her good aunt, —now too much our enemy to have invited her to play the truant thus!—What was I to think!—

"'Twas no surprise to me, meanwhile, to find the drawbridge up, and be challenged by the sentinel. 'A friend,' did not suffice me as password to obtain admittance. He asked my name; and when I answered Lottje Van Kerckx, instead of demanding my passport, as I expected the next affront would be, said it was 'right well.' Instantly the bridge was lowered; and, as I went over and passed under the gateway, he bade me 'haste or I should be too late,' as though he supposed me to be bound on some especial errand. I had half a mind to ask him whether the St. Sebastian supper had been kept up till an unusually

late hour, or whether anything sinister had occurred. But, somehow or other, the question stuck in my throat. For the life and soul of me, I could not utter a syllable!"—

"You are agitated even now!—Compose yourself! compose yourself!—You shall tell me the rest of your interesting story another time," said I,—trusting, however, that she would scorn to profit by the permission; for I was greatly interested,—the more so that, from the strange eager face with which poor Alienor stood listening almost as anxiously as myself, one might really have fancied she understood every word of the narration, in which the familiar names of Peter and Trincia so often recurred.

"I pushed my way straight to the market-place,"—resumed Vrouw Van Kerckx,—"where abided Peter's sister; and so silent were the deserted streets, that the sound of my sabots on the beaten snow seemed to bring echoes from the houses. But, if you'll believe me, eager as I was for a sight of my poor girl's face, no sooner did I come within view of the dwelling of Van der Heyden's sister, Aloyxsia, than I would have given much to be assured there was no Trincia Van Kerckx within her doors!—For late, or rather early, as it was, (the small hours were passing,) and dark as was every other house and homestead in the town of Nieuport, *that one* was bright in every window! Feeling sure, therefore, that some sort of junket or festivity was going on—perhaps a masked dancing-bout, (for the carnival had begun,) I dreaded lest I should find my girl had, for the first time, deceived me; and that her real errand to the town had been to join the revellers at the house of her sister-in-law."

"I am convinced you wronged her!"

"Wronged her,—poor unhappy child!—*That* did I, indeed! So far from having a bad motive for her excursion, heaven itself must have inspired her with the impulse to visit Nieuport that day; for otherwise, she had never beheld Peter Van der Heyden's loving face again!—Those lights—those fatal lights that streamed from his sister's windows—were the tapers burning round his corpse!"

"Alas! poor Trincia!"

"*She* was not, at that moment, so much to be pitied; for when I entered the house, the press and movement of the strangers who filled it was towards one of the upper rooms, into which they had removed my daughter; and there she lay, lifeless as marble, on the bed, going from one fainting fit into another;—so that the doctors, who had been summoned to poor Van der Heyden, were busy by her side, suggesting first one thing, then another,—and evidently in some alarm lest all their remedies should fail. At first, you may suppose, all my care was for *her;* for on asking the first person I met on the stair for Trincia Van Kerckx, I was taken straight to the room where she lay by those who fancied I must, of course, know all that had befallen; and so long as I saw her lie insensible before me, (an only child—I never had another,) my heart and soul were in her revival;—so that I never so much as cared to ask what had brought her to that state. 'She was dying!' they said. To me what mattered it *why!* At last,—more than an hour after my arrival, and when the agony of my mind had changed the frozen condition in which I entered the house into such a state of excitement as made the big drops fall from my forehead like rain,—the poor child opened her heavy eyes;—yea, opened them, and knew me;—for her first movement was to raise to her lips my hand that was fondly clasping hers,—and then, the first sound she uttered was the name of poor Peter; but so faintly—so *very* faintly, that I was forced to bend down my ear to her pillow that I might catch the words she was muttering.

"Where is he—where is Peter?" said I, turning to the person nearest me. "Can't somebody fetch him?—He was to sup with the company of St. Sebastian."

"The person I addressed (one of his sister's neighbours) stared at me as though I were possessed; and put her finger to her lips in token of silence.

"Have they quarrelled, then?" said I, in a whisper,—now fancying I understood the cause of Trincia's illness. "Have he and my daughter had any words? No wonder the poor child is in this state!"

"No wonder, indeed!" replied the woman. "But hush!—She is conscious now, and will hear you.—Do not mention his name!"

"She *was* conscious; for she stretched out her poor arms towards me, till they were clasped round my neck; and in a piteous voice besought me to take her to Peter. I told her she was not strong enough to move,—that the doctors, on quitting the house on the first symptom of her amendment, had desired she should, on no account, attempt to rise.

"I must—I MUST see him again!" was Trincia's frantic answer.

"You shall see him, my child!—He shall come to YOU,—I will send for him!" said I. "Whatever misunderstanding may have arisen between you, lovers' quarrels are but the renewing of love; and Peter will come if I make it a request of mine.—Never, for a moment, did he fail towards me in the duty of a son!"

"Before I had done speaking, my poor girl's arms were suddenly unloosed from my neck; and back she fell again upon the pillow from which she had upraised herself, as cold as a stone.

"I warned you to hold your peace!" said the woman who was assisting me. "I knew her fits would come on again, if you mentioned his name!"

"Why, you heard her ask to see him? *She* at least bears him no malice. If he were here, his voice would revive her twice as soon as the burnt feathers you are holding to her nose."

"May be, it would,—poor fellow!—But Peter Van der Heyden's voice she will never hear again!"

"Never hear again?"

"Why, is it possible you don't know what has happened?——Listen, listen! do you not hear the priests' voices below?"

"I obeyed, and heard a mournful chanting from the ground-floor rooms! My heart sickened within me!—It was the Psalm of Intercession for the dead.

"Poor Aloyxsia's first thought, when others sent for the doctor, was to send for the priests!" observ-

ed my companion, shrugging her shoulders; "as if they could do anything at such a moment, except add to the general confusion!"

"My poor Peter—my own dear, precious son!" cried I, losing sight of the temporary evil before me in this far greater misfortune. "Dearest Trincia!—no wonder I find her thus!"

"No wonder, indeed!—And for any comfort she will henceforward find in this world, as well for her, perhaps, if she never opened her eyes again!" replied the woman,—still continuing to bathe my daughter's temples with vinegar. "They *did* love each other most dearly—ay! and from children upwards!"

"I, who was full of my own grief at that moment, could have smitten the foolish woman for seeming to say, it were better my child should have died with Peter. However, not to keep you in further suspense, (since you can well figure to yourself all the care we bestowed on the restoration of that poor girl,) suffice it, that when morning dawned, I was able to leave her for a moment, and comply with Aloyxsia's wish, that I should go, like the others, and throw holy water on the dead. But that ceremony was not enough for *me!* Having fulfilled the duties of religion towards him, in spite of the presence of the lay vicar who remained reciting his breviary in a corner of the room, I took his clay-cold hand in mine, and parted his wet and matted locks, even as I had seen my daughter do the preceding night, to press my lips to his poor forehead,—colder than the ice I had been traversing to reach that heart-breaking spectacle! At that moment he looked so tranquil,—so happy,—there was such a sweet, melancholy smile upon his countenance,—that one might almost have thought he enjoyed the grief we were enduring. Yes! I felt that never, in his life-time, had I loved him as I did *then!* My child that was to have been!—my brave, kind, thoughtful, devoted son!"

And covering her face with her clasped hands, Vrouw Van Kerckx began to sob distractedly, as though the dreadful scene were again passing before her; while poor Alienor, moved by her distress, and seemingly understanding its origin, uttered a sort of low whining cry, till the good woman recovered herself sufficiently to withdraw one of her hands from her face, and place it caressingly on the head of the faithful dog.

"Poor Alienor might tell you all this as well as I, if she could speak!" she resumed, after fondling the animal;—"for there she lay, at the foot of the table on which they had placed the body of her master;—shivering with the freezing waters she had not courage to shake from her coat,—shivering and miserable, conscious as any present that the kindly soul on which she was dependent was gone for ever,—that she should never be caressed again by the hand of Peter Van der Heyden!—Lord—Lord!—why do I dwell upon it all!—How have I the *heart* to dwell upon it!"

"Let us say no more, then, on the subject," said I; "though, I confess, I am most eager to learn how that brave fellow came by his untimely end!"

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

FEAST OF THE POETS FOR SEPTEMBER 1843.

The duty which devolves upon us in the passing year is wholly one of ease and pleasure. The honoured guests whom we have at this time to marshal to their places at our Banquet require no elaborate introduction. Their names, whether baptismal or as they are registered in our pages, are already "dear and familiar" to our readers. No preliminary flourish of trumpets is required to awaken attention to a first Horatian attempt by the Corn-Law Rhymer; to a voice issuing from the grave of the Ettrick Shepherd, bewailing the untimely loss of him whom Scott has lamented as "a light too soon extinguished;" to the animated descant of J. S. B. on the brave field of Rullion Green; or to the varied lyric effusions bearing to your younger readers—may we not say it?—the charmed initials of L. D., V., G. P., J. A. O., and others equally beloved and welcome, that have now for many successive years graced our pages.

To the present Feast, we have very sparingly introduced fresh guests. Among so many young candidates for laurels, it is not always easy to choose. Let not those, however, who find no place be either too deeply disappointed, nor at all dejected. We permit them to be as angry as they please; while reflecting that, for each and all of them who shall be found to deserve it, "there is a braw time comin';" and a manly spirit—and every true poet must first be a man—would scorn to wish for more. Besides this solid and broad ground of encouragement, the composition of poetry, or even mere verse-meting, the stringing together of the veriest doggrel rhymes, is, we hold, eminently improving and self-rewarding, if the tuneful art is exercised without that very extravagant or over-weening conceit of the writer's crudest performances, which, while it makes him ridiculous, satisfactorily demonstrates his inherent incapacity for better things.

To disappointed young candidates, for all of whom we feel a peculiar tenderness, we shall make, as we imagine, a completely satisfactory vindication of their sentence of temporary, or be it perpetual, exclusion from our Feast, when we frankly avow, that had Byron sent us his first verses for our Banquet of this *Anno Domini* 1843, we must have proved as dull and unprescient as Edinburgh Reviewers, and have rejected them; though (every gentle Muse, and every reverential feeling forbid!) we could no more have sneered at them than have ridiculed the first attempts of an infant to walk alone. Nay, had Burns sent us the reputed first-fruits of his muse—

> In Mauchline there dwells
> Five handsome young belles—

we very much fear that we should have been so entirely destitute of *clairvoyance*, as to have subjected them to the same cold treatment.

Like these two great lights, and like other distinguished poets of small and crude beginnings,

some of our nameless correspondents may largely possess the Heaven-given gift of poetic genius; but until their light shall shine forth in some one striking manifestation, though but a sudden and fitful flash, we are compelled to delay judgment. Let this be received as a general answer to all who do us the honour to request our critical opinion as to their untried, or faintly-indicated powers; and as a civil, if tacit, reply as to our estimate of certain performances submitted to us with many hopes and fears—and likewise with

"Gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long,"—

for immediate publication in our indulgent columns.

And now, without further preface, we proceed to the more agreeable—to the wholly agreeable part of our pleasant office.

PART I.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NAPOLEON AT THE INVALIDES.

A RECOLLECTION OF PARIS IN 1842.

Φεῦ, τοῦ θανόντος ὡς ταχεῖά τις χάρις
Χάρις διαρρεῖ, καὶ προδοῦσ' ἀλίσκεται.—*Sophoc. Ajax.*

No life! 'tis fever all, a maniac's heat,
Whose mirth affrights, and sleep of palsy tells!—
Oh! from this glare, the tramp of shameless feet,
The loud pretence, the din of Folly's bells,
Turns thy worn spirit, thirsting but to meet
Some breeze unstained, some place where Silence dwells!
Then come! in yonder pile, to earth inclined,
With one grave image calm thy aching mind!

Napoleon sleeps in Paris! on the shore
Where his last murmurs for a soldier's grave
In earth beloved, his captors did implore
Too long in vain!—till Hate at length forgave,
And monarchs trembled at his dust no more,
When, sought with seeming homage, o'er the wave
Again the Exile to his home was borne,
And France uprose to greet his third return.

Beneath the dome that shields what War could spare
Of his grim bands, the Warrior's bed they made;
The trophies of a hundred battles are
His peerless pillow; at his feet is laid
The sceptre-sword no feebler son shall bare:
Alone, in memories of his might arrayed,
He sleeps:—no borrowed pomp, or bootless line
Degrades, as yet, the plain majestic shrine.

So rests the Great Destroyer! But the race
That knew his voice are gone, or kneel to-day
At meaner feet; and petty hands efface
From all his thrones the traces of his sway;—
The wanderer to his stately resting-place,
Save some pale annalist or veteran grey,
Beholds no pilgrim there, that bends in grief
O'er the cold relics of the wondrous chief.

The Sent of Gaul! the Idol bright and dread
Whom France adored;—and thrill'd by each recoil
Of the torn hosts that roll'd beneath his tread,
Grew drunk with pride!—His glories and his toil
Were lavish'd on her brow: his triumphs fed
Her heart with joy, her temples fill'd with spoil
Of fifty realms:—and now—can France afford
No more remembrance to her buried sword!

I saw one pilgrim in the motley crowd,
Who frowned; methought recalling him he saw
Of yore—his chief—a sunbeam through the cloud
Lurid with battle; or beheld him draw
His harrow o'er the necks of Kaisers bowed
With fear;—in days when legions asked no law
But his brief word, no guerdon but his smile,
To shake the world from Weser to the Nile,

At once the shadows o'er that silent clay
Which late was empire, vanished from his sight:
And crowned by France in one imperial day,
He saw him rise:—or radiant in the light
Of Austerlitz,—or towering where the way
Looks down on Italy!—and hail'd at night
By the red watch-fires with a soldier's cheer,
Again he dreamed that wondrous voice to hear!

And like a charger at the trumpet's call
He started,—all forgotten that before
His eyes lay darkling:—but perchance the pall
Stirred in the wind, or on the hollow floor
Some ruder footstep echoed through the hall:—
'Twas gone!—he woke to sadness, saddened more
By that brief dream:—as o'er a midnight waste
The clouds seem darker when the lightning 's past.

He woke, and gazed around. A vulgar few
Were striving at the grate, and peering in
Eager and shameless, like the rankest crew
That brawl for pastime till the sports begin:
While one, that guides for hire the idler's view,
Rehearsed his droning story 'midst the din,
As in some stroller's show, where nought restrains
The meanest gazers, and the meanest gains.

One, too, was there, an alien, and a son
Of England, her, of all that warrior's foes
The fellest and the last; whose hand alone
Was never spread for respite, and from whose
Sea-citadel recoil'd his power o'ergrown,
Like angry waves that break in fruitless blows;—
The land he hated most, and most pursued
With vain despite, and bitterness of feud.—

Yet only, midst them all, that one drew nigh
Where humbled lay his country's direst foe,
With bated footsteps, and regardful eye
Cast on the bier and banners laid below,
And sighed: "alas! great heart, that swelled so high,
Shrunk to this urn! the majesty and show
That dazzled myriads, spent, and narrow'd all
To this pale niche, a coffin and a pall!"

—Not that he loved his country least; or shared
In the dull ecstasy of eyes grown dim
With gazing on the orb of power; nor cared
For all the gold that hides the aspect grim
Of Wrong, and coins it Glory;—but compared
The rise and exit—all that spoke of him
To Time—his own vast wishes—and the doom,
A few cold ashes, a neglected Tomb!

And as it were some vision, face to face
Before him rose the fate that flings aside
The bravest daring of a pigmy race,
And bids the dust to which they turn deride
The nothingness, and pains, and shallow space
Of even the Gods of Time! For such, he cried,
Were the quick wonders, and the giant throes
Of this, the greatest;—such the chilling close!—

And, weeping, turned away! The veteran eyed
The heedless crowd; it stung with treble smart,
That midst their mirth untimed his country's pride
Should wake a stranger's pity:—but his heart
Was opened towards him,—silent, side by side
They left the tomb, and seem'd in love to part;—
For kindred grief the alien's soil forgave,
And made them brothers at the warrior's grave! V.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour who? son of the wild?
"All who, with me, the desert roam;
The freemen sprung from Abram's child,
Whose sword 's his life, a tent his home—
Whose steeds, with mine, have drunk the well
Of Hagar and of Ishmael."

Thy neighbour who? oh tell me, thou,
With burning cheek, and eyes of flame!—
"The iron breast—the dauntless brow—
The souls that Persia could not tame;

The free—the brave—by me led on—
The conquering bands of Marathon!"

Who were thy neighbours? name them, thou,
The sire of academic lore—
There 's something on thy noble brow
Bespeaks a spirit that can soar;
The echoes tell—while Plato smiles,
"The free of Doric lands and isles."

Who is our neighbour? Ask at Rome
The marble bust—the mould'ring heaps;—
At Ctesiphon, the Parthan's home—
His bow 's now broke, his charger sleeps—
At every mound that awes or shocks,
From Indus to the Grampian rocks.

A voice comes o'er the northern wave—
A voice from many a palmy shore—
Our neighbour who? "The free—the brave—
Our brother clansmen, red with gore,
Who battled on our left or right,
With fierce goodwill and giant might."

Who, then, 's our neighbour? Son of God,
In meekness and in mildness come!—
Oh! shed the light of life abroad,
And burst the cerements of the tomb!
Then bid earth's rising myriads move
From land to land on wings of love.

Our neighbour's home 's in every clime
Of sun-bright tint, or darker hue,—
The home of man since ancient time,
The bright green isles, 'mid oceans blue;
Or rocks, where clouds and tempests roll
In awful grandeur near the pole.

My neighbour, he who groans and toils,
The serf and slave, on hill and plain
Of Europe, or of India's soils,—
On Asia, or on Afric's main,—
Or in Columbia's marshes deep,
Where Congo's daughters bleed and weep.

Poor, sobbing thing, dark as thy sire,
Or mother sad, heartbroken, lorn—
And will they quench a sacred fire?—
And shall that child from her be torn?—
'Tis done—poor wrecks, your cup is gall;
Yet ye're my neighbours, each and all.

Who is my neighbour? Is it he
Who moves triumphant down the vale,
While shouting myriads bend the knee,
And poison all the passing gale
With adulation's rankest breath,
To one whose trade is that of death?—

Yes; he 's my neighbour—he and they
Who press around yon gallant steed,
That, in the frenzy of the fray,
Has crown'd his rider's ruthless deed—
Crush'd out life's slowly ebbing flood,
And stain'd his iron hoofs in blood!

The gallant chief is passing by,
And crowds on crowds hang round his way,
And youth has lift the voice on high,
And age has bared his locks of gray;
And gentle forms, like birds on wing,
Are passing by and worshipping!

My neighbours all—each needs a sigh,
Each in due form a friendly prayer:—
"Oh! raise the low, bring down the high
To wisdom's point, and fix them there;
Where men are men, and pomp and pride
Are mark'd, and doom'd, and crucified."

Thou art my neighbour, child of pain;
And thou, lorn pilgrim, steep'd in woe;
Our neighbour she, with frenzied brain,
Whose pangs we little reck or know;
Who loved while hope and reason shone,
Nor ceased to love when both were gone.

And if on this green earth there be
One heart by baleful malice strung,
A breast that harbours ill to me,
A sland'rous, false, reviling tongue,—
My neighbour he—and I forgive;
Oh! may he turn, repent, and live.

AMICUS.

A CLEVELAND SKETCH.

THE LOVERS.

By J. WALKER ORD, Esq., Author of "England," a Poem, &c.

"In the Hospital endowed by an ancestor of Sir Charles Turner, at Kirkleatham, amongst other natural and artificial curiosities, is a very singular tree. It had been cut down in Kirkleatham Park, but, upon its being split by the woodman's wedge, the heart of the tree turned out round and entire, the outward part which enclosed it being about the thickness of four inches.

"Round the inner bole, or heart, which is about a foot in diameter, are several letters, carved in a rude and seemingly irregular manner; but upon a clear observation are found to wind in a spiral form, and the following couplet is plainly legible:—

"'THIS TREE LONG TIME WITNESS BEAR,
TWO TRUE LOVERS DID WALK NEER.'"

Grose's "Cleveland."

Pleasant are thy vales, Kirkleatham,
Bright and glad yon golden tide;—
Hark! a thousand choral voices
From old Ocean rolling wide:
Every cavern, fountain, hill,
To Love and Hope are sacred still.

There the monarch oak-tree wantons
In his pride of pomp and power;
There the wild-rose, there the woodbine,
Gaily flaunt their summer hour:
There sweet Nature's choristers
Deftly pour harmonious airs.

When the wild-birds carol'd highest,
Piercing heaven's abysm clear,—
Ere the spring-flowers closed their eyelids,
Pillow'd on their forest bier,—
Paced two lovers through the woods,
Sweet Kirkleatham's solitudes.

Who can picture how they linger'd
In each pleasant, gay alcove?
Words of passion, sighs of rapture—
All the ecstacy of love:—
Who evoke a semblance fair,
Of that young, devoted pair?

Dreams of Venus, of Adonis,
Dian and Endymion bright,
(When the world was fresh and joyous,)
Dazzle with poetic light:
Yea, a glory fills mine eyes
From the bowers of paradise!

Young and fair,—(O, never doubt it!)—
Eyes that mock'd the azure deeps;
Neck of snow, as May flowers fragrant;
Tresses bright as evening streaks:
Such wert thou, beloved maid,—
Heaven's whole treasury display'd!

Who the youth?—some rustic poet—
Dreamer of the woodlands he?
Hill-side shepherd? joyous ploughman?
Pilgrim o'er the lonely sea?
Little recks it,—LOVE was his—
Youth, and Hope, and Happiness!

From the fierce, the surging billow,
From the thunderbolts of war,
Came he forth to see his true-love,
From the gory fields afar?
Haply, this the farewell token
Of a fond heart well-nigh broken!

Spring pour'd forth her virgin glories,
Verdant shade, and sunny hue,
Whilst from every secret covert
Rose the blackbird's song, as now;
And each mellow distant wave
Chimed a dirge o'er Memory's grave.

'Twere a tale too oft repeated,
How that maiden's heart beat high,
When the tender scroll was sculptured,
What entrancements fill'd her eye!—
"THIS TREE LONG TIME WITNESS BEAR,
TWO TRUE LOVERS DID WALK HERE."

Heaven was witness of their bridal,—
Never breath'd a holier vow;
Nature sang their hymeneal,
Kiss'd with nectar lips each brow:
Love protected—virtuous love—
Such as seraphs feel above.

Now, alas! the grove is vanish'd,—
All the verdant boughs are dead,—
Ceased the wild-bird's joyous music,
Angel strains divinely wed:
Now, no more the tuneful breeze
Murmurs Nature's minstrelsys.

Now, no more the evening voices
Echo where that maiden stood,—
Sounds of waters, hymnings holy,
(Guests of woodland solitude,)—
All are gone—the very tree,
Tablet of their memory!

They are gone, too-happy lovers—
Living pulses beat no more;
Keener blisses, deeper raptures,
Greet them on the Eternal shore;
As those lovers lov'd below,
Sister angels love them now!

But, though fled from human vision,
Not from human hearts they fade;
Sacred is the grove they wander'd,
Sacred every nook and glade:
Nature's self doth "WITNESS BEAR,
TWO TRUE LOVERS DID WALK HERE."

THE SECOND HOME.

A little rivulet, whose source
Was some lone mountain-glen,
'Mong much of yellow broom and gorse
Descended, and pursued its course
Among the homes of men.

Its banks with water-weeds were crown'd,
And sand and pebbles choice
Adorn'd its bed, as on it wound,
Mixing its murmurs with the sound
Of childhood's happy voice.

By leafy alders shaded o'er,
Through swamps where willows grow;
Through much of meadow-land and moor,
By orchard and by cottage-door,
Did this glad streamlet flow.

Widening it went toward the sea,
Which doth all streams engross,
Still haunted by the bird and bee,
And school-boy, that, in homeward glee,
Can scarcely jump across.

Yet all this happy stream had past,
Of beautiful and wild,—
All flowers, and fruits, and trees were cast
In shade, when there appeared at last
A mother and her child!

The very waters leapt for joy,
And murmur'd as they leapt,
In admiration of the boy
Who, making every flower a toy,
Had to their margin crept.

The happy mother's watchful eye,
And her protecting hand,
With pride and promptitude were by
To snatch unconscious infancy
Attracted by the sand,

And, as her yellow ringlets shook
O'er his impatient face,
The little struggler, with a look,
Turn'd backward on the bubbling brook,
Spurn'd purest love's embrace.

Strive, child of nature, to be free,—
For glittering pebbles cry,
Although the world contains for thee
No seat like thy fond mother's knee,
Nor love like her blue eye!

Still, from its little garden near
The cottage where they dwelt,
The babbling of the brook might hear—
Might gladly *feel* its waters clear
Wind round it like a belt;

And flowers in Nature's brightest hue,
Which Art in vain would match,
Around its doors and windows grew,
Exulting in the morning dew,
Up to the very thatch.

Love, surely, never did create,
Since his auspicious birth,
So fit a home for Man to mate
With Beauty, and perpetuate
Her image upon earth;

Nor, by Love's oft-destroying flame,
Was ever maiden wooed
To give up native joys and name,
Who with a better grace became
Prolific womanhood.

Old Tyber's stream, though passing still
The once world-ruling Rome,
Ne'er helped a purer heart to fill
With gladness, than this nameless rill,
Nor past a happier home!

L. D.

A PILGRIM OF NATURE.

You boast of the grandeur of cities in vain
To one who loves valleys, wild mountain, and plain:
Have you beauties to vie with the river and rill?
Have you fragrance, like morning's, on heath and on hill?
O, a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city 's too stifling and narrow for me.

Will you match me the lamps of some festival fine,
With the gems on night's mantle, so pure and divine?
Will you minister music devotion to form
Like the voice of the forest that sings to the storm?
O, a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city 's too stifling and narrow for me.

Have you curtains like evening? Can you find hair or eye
Like the cloud of the thunder, or smile of the sky?
Have you clothes like the lilies? Like the night-wind's a kiss?
Or language like summer's pure anthem of bliss?
O, a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city 's too stifling and narrow for me.

Keep your gold-moulded mansions, let Pomp have his seat,
To give him all place I will gladly retreat;
From Vanity's banquet one guest you may spare,
Brake, meadow, and wilderness, beckon me there:
And a Pilgrim of Nature for ever I'll be;
Your city 's too stifling—too narrow for me.

London. J. A. O.

ONE OF INSPIRATION'S TEMPLES.

A cool green recess in a quiet valley,
Drawn a space backward from the rippling brook,
That freshly flows, yet, child-like, stays to dally
With flower and leaflet in each verdant nook.

A rush-fringed gorge with gentle slope ascending—
The channell'd issue of some fountain old—
Crown'd by a white-boled maple, oftimes lending
Oracular whisperings but to breezes told.

Rich cultur'd hills shut in this fairy region,
Save one small loophole opening on the west,
Which lets in Glory when the cloud's bright legion
Loosen Day's curtains as he sinks to rest.

Here no rude sound the vagrant fancy chiding,
No voice of labour or its cares may come;
But the birds' song, the streamlet's plashy gliding,
Mix in soft union with the wild-bees' hum.

This is a temple where the mind's glad altar
May well be raised—a pure and votive shrine,
Where the frail thought, too prone, alas! to falter,
May burn sweet incense to the power divine.

C. P.

THE ROMAUNT OF LORD EDWARD AND HÉRIDA.

[An almost literal Translation from the Spanish.]

It was in the month of April,
Wanting but a day of May,
When the lilies and the roses
Show themselves most blithe and gay,
On a night, I trow, the sweetest
Which the Heavens could display,
What time Hérida, that fair maiden,
Was about to flee away,
That she, in her father's garden,
To the dumb trees thus did say:

"Never, tho' I live, oh! never
Shall I see you for one day,—
Never hear, their music singing,
Nightingales amid your spray!
Stay with God, ye clear, clear waters—
Cool, cool waters with Him stay;
Stay ye too with God, my flowers,
Ye in whom my glory lay.
I go to the land of strangers;
Fortune thither points the way.
If my father should seek for me,
(Much he lovëd me alway,)
Tell him that not mine the fault is
If love beareth me away;
That his stern caprice compell'd me
Thus to shun a father's sway.
Sad I go, I know not whither—
Whither going, none will say."

Then out spoke to her Lord Edward:
"Weep no more, my joy, I pray
Weep no more,—in England's kingdoms
Clearer do the waters play;
Fairer smile the sunny gardens,
Lady, and your own are they.
Thrice a hundred high-born damsels
Your commands shall there obey;
Palaces of silver, lady,
There for you their wealth display,
All of hyacinth and emerald
To and fro the arras sway;
Patines of fine gold of Turkey
All the chambers do inlay,
With enamell'd mottoes, telling
How my life hath sped away;
Telling how my heart hath sorrow'd
Absent from you for one day.
When with Primaleon stoutly
I was fighting, bold and gay,
Lady, oh! 'twas you that killed me!
Him I feared not in the fray."

Then she did soothe her weeping,
Giving ear unto his say;
And they went forth to the galleys,
Which there for Lord Edward lay.
Fifty were they all together,
All together sailed their way.
By the rippling oar's sweet tinkle
Sleeps the maiden till the day,
Sleepeth on Lord Edward's bosom,
There, I ween, where best she may.

Know all those that dwell 'neath Heaven
This the moral of my lay;
Death and Love are mighty princes;
None can resist their sway.

J. M. L.

PSYCHE IN THE ENCHANTED PALACE.

She had aërial servants, fit to please
Each faintest wish; voices invisible—
Such as we dream of in our reveries,
When, flower-like, we drink dews from Fancy's well:
They brought her banquets, such of which Jove sups,
Fruits, violet-strewn, and nectarous wines in cups
With ivy crown'd,
While all the wing-stirred air shook murmuringly round.

Oft when she stray'd 'neath some cool shadowy dome,
Such melancholy harpings would arise,
As if each tone of melody had come
To woo a tear for lovers' memories,
Or sing some sick hope to its funeral;
Till she sad drops, yet sweetly sad, let fall—
Then the strain died,
While the repentant notes would back to silence glide.

At times was pour'd a cataract of song
Into the silentness, till through the hall
The faint air tremulous grew with such a throng
Of thrilling sounds;—and then 'twas noiseless all,
Till one clear voice soared up, blent with the tone
Of sad flutes, now and then,—as when a lone
Sea-goddess sings,
While all her train of waves join gentle murmurings.

She had a glassy, leaf-embower'd bath,
Whose silver sleep, with entering, she would wake,
As sudden music, spirit-chanted, hath
The moon-bright stillness of some midnight shaken;—
And thence, refreshed, return'd to couch of Ind;
While each frail flower that round the bath was twined
Resumed its dream
O'er its own bending shape, in the reposing stream.

R. A. V.

AIR.

Air! that fillest every place
In thy viewless course!
Element! pervading space!
Life-sustaining force!
Sphere-encircling! unconfined!
Parent of the mighty wind!
Where ye list—ye winds!—ye blow,
We hear your sound, but cannot know
Whence ye come, or whither go,—
Wild—resistless—boundless—free—
A marvel and a mystery!

Ye storm-blasts loud, that fiercely fly,
Rushing through the crashing sky,
Bringing, with your ice-cold breath,
Desolation, blight, and death;
Rending, as ye tear along,
Forests tall, and oak-woods strong.
Wondrous power and strength have ye—
Beauty—might—and majesty!
And ye soft airs! that gently sigh
Through the leafy bowers!
Gales that seem to faint and die
On beds of perfumed flowers!
Whispering zephyr! cooling breeze,
Stealing through the rustling trees,
Making all the green leaves quiver,
Crisping o'er the rippled river,—
Fitfully ye sink and swell
O'er moss and moor—o'er crag and fell,
Breathing into Nature's face
Freshness, loveliness, and grace.
Wanderers ye, from pole to pole,
Far as the ocean-billows roll!
O'er the sea, and o'er the land,
O'er pathless tracts of desert sand;
O'er the snow-clad mountain's peak,
O'er the hill-side, lone and bleak;

O'er tangled glen, and rose-twined bower,
And o'er the ivy-mantled tower;
O'er minster gray, and cloister dim,
O'er castle old, and dungeon grim.

Tell us, as ye sweep along
With your melancholy song,
Tell us of those distant lands—
Of Arab hordes, and pirate bands.
Ye have been upon the deep,
Where the eddying waters sweep—
Ye have heard the stifled cry
Of the tired swimmer's agony.
Tell us of the eagle's nest
Far on the snow-topp'd mountain's breast;
Of wild bee in the forest glade,
Of lovers in the greenwood's shade;
Of monks that meditate and pray
In gloomy niche of cloister gray;
Of nun devout, of chanted hymn,
Of bearded baron stern and grim;
Of castle moat, and minster bell,
Of captive in the dungeon's cell.

Where ye list, ye winds! ye blow;
We hear your sound, but cannot know
Whence ye come, or whither go.
Wanderers ye, from pole to pole,
Far as the ocean-billows roll,—
Wild—resistless—boundless—free—
A marvel and a mystery! A.

THE HERO'S GRAVE.

Far off, it rises on the sullen plain
A solitary heap of barren earth;
No frequent footstep startles there the reign
Of primal silence,—mortal woe or mirth
Hath there no voice to call its echoes forth;
But there the night-breeze round the basement creeps,
And deep-toned blast, the tempest's eldest birth,
In dismal howlings o'er the summit sweeps,
Fit requiem at the grave where martyr'd valour sleeps.

Lives there no record of his dear-bought fame?
No grandly-eminenced column, that may laugh
Defiance at hoar Time? none,—yet his fame
Hath prouder permanence; his autograph
Was desolation,—and his cenotaph
Of wasted cities reared, and slaughter'd foes;
Mocking the blazonry of epitaph,
These tell his deathless doings—Lethe flows
Idly for him whose fame decay nor death o'erthrows.

Ay, glorious was the strife he led, if blood
Have aught of glory that may purge its stain;
Foremost, unflinching, in the van he stood
Of them who Freedom's holy fight maintain,
And win deliverance cheap—though myriads slain
When tyrant's heart-stream flows—call it no theme
For wailing; rather swell the exultant pæan;
Joy glistens through the tears that well beseem
O'er Freedom's fallen sons, as raindrops sunlit gleam.

And Freedom was his idol; at her shrine
Suppliant he knelt, and vow'd to consecrate
His spirit's mightiest efforts,—to resign
Himself the slave to fortune, or to fate;
Nor pass'd that vow unkept; the empty prate
Of misnamed patriot, traitor in disguise;
Freedom's, his country's foes, his sword, his hate
Pursued alike, nor boastful nor unwise,
To seek, through blood of these, a pathway to the skies.

Saw ye that morn?—as if in mockery
Of the dread-doing day, it gaily dawned;
Heard ye the clang of arms?—the wild war-cry
Of myriads rushing to the hell that yawned
Unseen, beneath?—saw ye the shields upturn'd,
And shiver'd banners stream in seas of gore;
Heard ye the death-groan burst from lips that spurn'd
The craven cry—that field when night palled o'er,
And deeper pall outspread ten thousand eyes before?

Foremost, 'mid "clustering squadrons," was he seen,
There, like some blazing meteor, flamed his hand;
Till many a life-rift dimmed its fearful sheen,
And the foe quailed,—now waved his red right hand,
Mighty, impetuous—torrent-like his band
On—onward rushed,—then rose the horrific yell,
The shout of death or victory—to command
That shout was his—he unavailed to quell—
It ceased—the foe prevailed—the patriot champion fell.

Not unavenged he fell: around him strew'd
In horrible confusion, friend and foe;
None shamed their leader on that day of blood,
The partners of his glory and o'erthrow;
Valour had saved them—destiny laid low;
And now around him rest they, not unknown,
Though undistinguished in their weal or woe;
Noteless their sepulchres,—above his own
That band's illustrious wreck uprear'd this hillock lone.

Sleep on, ye brave!—it is not yours to weep
The land's enthraldom, which ye bled to save;
And thou, of heroes most heroic—sleep!
Thou hast the guerdon 'twas thy soul to crave;
Still is thy name a spell-word to the brave;
With immortality thy record blends,—
As freedom's sanctuary seems thy grave,
Thither nor crouching slave nor despot wends,
Nor aught save freeborn pilgrim's footstep thenceward tends.

Ay, glorious is thine unfrequented tomb,
Glorious, 'mid desolation and decay;
All of the battle-field hath ceased: its gloom
Morn calm dispels, and eve her shadows gray
Flings duly there;—of the tremendous day,
When its sun set in blood, ye might not deem
O'ergazing where the stilly waste of clay,
As ocean slumbering o'er his wrecks, doth seem
As heaven—all trackless of the lightning's scathing stream.

ST. PETER'S LIGHT.—A BALLAD.

[The light from a mountaineer's cottage is frequently distinctly seen at sea, when the storm prevents the sailor from recognising his proximity to land; and this, the superstitious Italian deems St. Peter's Watchlight—the precursor of his death.]

"My son, my son, go tell thy beads,
The tempest is not past;
By that blue gleam the sailor knows
Death rides upon the blast.
'Twill be, 'twill be a fearful night
My gallant boy and brave,
For yonder beams St. Peter's Light
To guide us to the grave.

"My son, my son, go tell thy beads,
And breathe a prayer for me,
Not one of us who tread this deck
To-morrow's dawn may see.
In calm, in storm, I've plough'd the main
For forty years and more,
But never knew St. Peter's Light
To beam so bright before.

"My son, my son, hast told thy beads?"—
Before he could reply,
Above the foaming billows' roar
Arose a fearful cry.—
"Breakers a-head." None spoke again—
A crash—the barque was gone;
Still brightly shone St. Peter's Light
As it before had done.

A cloudless sky at morning dawn
Hung o'er the sleeping wave,
Altho' that night of storm engulph'd
The bold, the young, the brave.
And wreck on wreck along the shore
Reveal'd the tempest wild;
But deep in Adria's bed reposed
The old man and his child. H. B.

THE FLIGHT OF DEATH.

He riseth—he riseth slowly
From his bed—the vast—the lowly,
Where ages have swept o'er his slumbering form,
Unknown to the sunshine, unknown to the storm.
With greatness and power he has slept,
The Mammoth beside him reposed,
The vast Megatherium near him had crept,
When his terrible eye had closed.
Since he lay down to rest, their giant bones
Had crumbled to dust, and harden'd to stones;
And heaved, in chaotic slime,
O'er the hills that had shelter'd their giant play,
And the boundless woods that had melted away
With the moon from the night, and the sun from the day,
The wrecks of a perishing Time.

He riseth—the Phantom King,
On his strong and shadowy wing,
And he feels the breeze as fresh as at first,
When an earlier world on his vision burst.
The woods and the hills were there;
The ocean beyond them was roll'd;
The sun with his glory fill'd the air,
And bathed the springs in gold.
The soft blue sky and the woods were rife
With music, and beauty, and joy, and life,
And the bloom had a fragrant breath.
Together the fawn and the lion play'd,
And Might with Innocence gambolling made,
When rose from its sunless deep the shade
Of the terrible wings of Death.

He snuffeth the wind—Ha! ha!
Earth shudders with secret awe;
There is blood on its bright and flow'ry sod,
And it feels the frown of an angry God.
The first of human gore
On the blushing earth has been shed;
It held of human kind but four;
Now one is cold and dead.
And one with a fierce and bloodshot eye,
And crimson club, is standing by—
A sear'd and blasted man.
"Thou earliest child of a mortal race,"
Said the Phantom King, as he hover'd in space,
"Shalt hold, for the deed, the proudest place
In Death's pale army's van."

He saileth aloft, afar,
In a heaven where shines no star,
O'er a silent, dark, and moaning sea,
Where Earth and its isles were wont to be.
The living have pass'd away;
Their myriad heart is at rest;
It had leap'd into gladness at opening day,
With life and music bless'd.
But the tumbling tide, ere daylight's close,
Had still'd the tumult of joys and woes
O'er all the hills and dales:
The tribes of the cold and the burning zone,
The city and empire, the monarch and throne,
Have pass'd from the scene, with a hollow groan,
Where Death's gray pinion sails.

He poiseth his plumes,—again
The day-star illumines the plain;
And again the forest melody floats
To the heart of heaven in million notes:
But other sounds are there;
The yell, and the shout, and the groan,
And the bickering blades as they cleave the air,
And the dying's anguish'd moan.
A female arm is uplifted high,
Guiding the March of Victory
O'er red and smoking plains;
Assyria's queen—she trampleth down
An empire's might, and the pride of its crown;
And the Phantom smiles to behold her frown
Blight Asia's rich domains.

Time passeth—His centuries sweep
Assyria's throne from the steep
Where it tower'd—a beacon of flame and might
Claiming eternity—quenched in night.
The eye of the Phantom shone
On the earthquake that shatter'd its pride,
And upheaved the glories of Babylon
On empire's changing tide.
It glow'd with delight when the voice of wail
Pass'd over the city and shrines of Baal,
By the Persian trampled low.
It sparkled when Asia's haughty crest
Had stoop'd to the conquering spears of the West
And flash'd when the foot of a Cæsar prest
Achaia's plumes of snow.

Time ageth—his locks are hoar;
He hath gather'd a ghastly store
Of years and of nations to darkness and sleep
In the tombs of the earth and the caves of the deep;
Still, the shade of the wings of death,
In motion or terrible rest,
Is falling wherever there heaves a breath
On the vale or the mountain's breast.
Refreshed by the lapse of thousand years,
He smiles, as of old, on the clash of spears;
On the swift or the slow decay
Of imperial pride, with its pomp and power,
Of altar and pyramid, statue and tower,
And calmly awaits the last bright hour
That shall o'er their ruins play.

They gather—a mighty host!
All that have yielded the ghost
Since Time began. At the midnight hour
Death summons to meet him his ghostly power;
A vast and shadowy train.
They circle the earth in a zone;
With one hand the Phantom touches Cain,
With the other Napoleon.
Around they sweep on an infinite wing,
By race and by nation, the subject and king—
The lowly and the high.
And a voice they blend, like the awful chime
Of a distant ocean roll'd sublime,
"We are thine, O Death, till the terrible time
When Death himself shall die!"

G. P.

LINES ANENT HULTEN ABBEY.*

Not far from where Trent's waters rise,
The ruins of an abbey lies,
Beneath a grassy mound:
So say the legends of the place;
But vainly would ye seek to trace
A vestige above ground.

Though in the shallow stream ye cross
To get to the old bridge, with moss
Mixt with its crumbling stones,
The stepping flags, there random placed,
'Tis said the abbey cells once graced,
Where monks stretched lazy bones.

Come, on this bridge across the Trent
We'll sit, and fancy how they spent
Their days, those monks of old,—
Which, if they built it, as 'tis said,
Lasts longer than the shaven head,
Or I were not so bold.

They chose a pleasant, sheltered spot,—
The knaves knew well it was their lot,
The chosen of the Lord,
To choose in turn; and I believe
That many still this faith receive
As chiefest of His word.

O, good old monks! I know you well,—
Methinks that I could soothly tell
How happened ye grew fat.
The prototypes of those we may,
Gramercy! see this very day
In black, and broad-brimmed hat!

* The site of the abbey is near Stoke-upon-Trent.

Doubtless ye fasted oft—and hence
With fish-pools could not well dispense,
Whose outlines still remain—
Just for such few small fry, as might
Keep soul to body, in despite
Of penances—'tis plain:

And, with their native element
Doubtless washed down, the flowing Trent
Supplied that simple need:
Your cellars had no goodly store
Of wine, or humming ale,—no more
Than priests of Harry's breed.

Bluff Harry—ah, a sad one he—
Dad of the surpliced hierarchy
That has usurped the throne,
Which ye, fat brethren of the cowl,
Held for the comfort of the soul,
But nowise for your own!

Ah, well-a-day! so wags the world!
And from that seat whence ye were hurl'd,
Their turn may come to drop:
Methinks they hold too high their head;
Pride comes before a fall, 'tis said,
But does not prove a prop!

The bird that sings upon yon brier,
Better than a cathedral choir,
A thousand years has sung:
His cheery canticles outlive
Your solemn chantings, and shall give
Delight when *theirs* have rung!

Faith still in simplest form is best;
And that which shall survive the rest,
Will of pomp take least count;
But show, in daily deeds of love,
That fructifying from above,
Which testifies its fount.

Believing this, I hold there may
Be still religion in the day
When neither of ye reign:—
Good Churchmen! if the spirit be
Of Christ, 'tis shown in charity,
And *that* may chance remain!

This spirit that poor brother showed,
Who took through cold and snow the road
To some meek orphan's bed;
Or whom some dying widow strove
To bless, as bending o'er her shrove,
He raised her sinking head.

This spirit that rich abbot proved,
From whose still-open gate ne'er moved
The wanderer unreceived.
Round whom the neighbouring poor would press,
Not for his blessing—but to bless
The hand that aye relieved!

Well! here where the old abbey stood,
Pray I that spirit may o'erbrood
This land from end to end;
To which these waters say—Amen—
Flowing as peacefully as when
Monks by their side did wend. A.

THE CORN-LAW RHYMER IN THE COUNTRY, TO HIS FRIEND FRANCIS FISHER.

Dear Francis,—'Twas on All-Fools' day,*
(Our farmers' hecks were scant of hay,
Their horses, on the common bare,
Neighing, "Come, come," to my black mare;
While she, in plenty to the knee,
Still answered, "Nay, come you to me,"
When, by my parlour fire, I read,
In Hunter's book, (his best, 'tis said,)
Not precepts wise about new tillage,
But stories old about "our village,"
And that huge hall, whence Strafford bore
His third good wife, in days of yore.
Discord, a saint to churchmen dear,
Dropp'd, in those days, an apple here:
Sir Edward Rodes took up the apple,
And built, to vex the church, a chapel:
Ah, little dream'd he or his mate,
That priests would preach at Houghton Great,†
In house of his, for church and state!
And much I fear, mankind will never
Be, as they should be, good and clever,
Till two curs'd plagues are hounded out,
Call'd *He-Knows-wrong*, and *He-Knows-nought*;
For *He-Knows-wrong* is sly and strong;
While *He-Knows-nought* is dull, though stout:
Sad deeds are done by *He-Knows-wrong!*
But when came good from *He-Knows-nought?*
No. We must wait till *He-Knows-right*
Shall slay them both, in Christian fight,
Ere humble truth can be forgiv'n,
And earth rejoice—a humble heav'n.
Meantime, let's peel Saint Discord's apple,
And talk of preachers, and our chapel.
One of our pastors—we have two—
(Of course not sprung from Discord's apple,)
Is evangelically true,
Elect of God to serve our chapel.
He preaches (truth for truth) like those
Who preach'd above Sir Edward's nose;
Bidding us fly to good from evil,
Chiefly because we fear the devil.
At Darfield stands his Church in-Co,
Near which a river windeth slow
Beneath the tower, time-tinged and strong,
Whose famous clock, which ne'er goes wrong,
Hath too respectable a chime
To follow vulgar railway time.
That chime of chimes no chime excels;
Who hath not heard of Darfield bells?
Of Darfield's prophet-preacher too?
The evangelically true!
He is of "saintship old" a sample!
Good Francis, follow his example;
And don't get lick'd by worse than Turks
For preaching moral worth and works.
No, let the dread of hell defend
Your flock from sin, my erring friend!
Placed, as they are, above the pit,
On a mere crust, which covers it!
If that crust break!—why, down they'll go,
Down to the flaming lake below:
This you from sacred writ can show.
Yet you *may* hint, (perhaps 'twere fit,)
That if, unmarried, they have heirs,
Or fail, when scared, to say their prayers,
They'll each be burnt into a brick!
To build an oven for Old Nick,
In which he'll bake his brimstone pies!
Garnish'd with fried Socinians' eyes!
But I forget—I'm bearing hard on
Socinian patience, and beg pardon.

* April is said to be the month which *pudding-proofs* the farmer's calculations. A quaker being applied to by a neighbouring farmer, in that month, for a loan of money, inquired what it was wanted for?—"To buy hay," was the reply. "And before thou earnest to borrow money of me, for such a purpose, on thy personal security, didst thou, in thy heart, think that I would lend it thee, or that I would not?" asked the quaker. "If I must tell the truth," answered the farmer, "I thought you possibly would not."—"According to thy faith be it unto thee," concluded Broadbrim.

† See in Hunter's Deanery of Doncaster some particulars of the life of Sir Edward Rodes, a parliamentarian, whose magnificent seat at Houghton Magna in Yorkshire, is now almost a ruin. Of the descendants of the families that strove for the right in the Civil War, how few are now worth sixpence! So much for the gratitude of nations. The body of Sir Edward was arrested for debt. Where is his grave? Echo answers, "Where?" He is said to have been bad tempered and honest; but if bad temper is selfishness, he could not have been both. The truth is, his half-faced double-face ruined him. In these times, he would have made a capital Finality John.

The singers in our little chapel—
Were they, too, *rais'd* from Discord's apple?
This a Yankee might boldly say,
Nor could my conscience answer, Nay.
They sing too long, and yet too fast,
Each striving to be heard the last.
But discords sometimes harmonize;
And one fam'd fiddle well supplies,
By sundry sorts of strange crack'd noises,
The want of modulated voices:
Singers and preacher well agree,
They to mend tunes, and sinners he!
When will you visit our old chapel,
To see what springs from Discord's apple?
And hear them sing, and him exhort,
Hoping they've got a patent for't.
Note. Don't you tell all this, or hint it,
To any monster who might print it,
And get me blamed for raising scandals,
About our Fenelons and Handels;
And hated by our blara-blelias;
For some of them are Saint Cecilias.
Besides, they're bonny—one, a matron,
Might find in coldest saint a patron:
Another—come and see!—a Dido;
When will you look and long, as I do?
And then, a maiden beauty-laden;
Oh, such a figure! such a head!
(Just now, she stopp'd two girls, to kiss them,)
What need of *saints* to raise the dead?
If *she* would do it, who could miss them!
Now, Francis, pull a prudish face,
Long, long—all length—a fiddle-case,
With not a string of frailty on't;
And cry, if age would frolic, Don't.
Yet why grudge man his winter flowers?
The few brief beams of wintry hours?
If dewdrops gem the wither'd thorn,
Why may not he, whom Time hath borne
Close to the margin of the tomb,
Rejoice, if there a daisy bloom?
Laugh, if a glad thought visit him?
And play his freak? and do his whim?
Look on the dome, that roof'd the sun
Ere cant, or prudery, had begun;
How bright (with God's own fingers spread
In gladness over every head)
It shines—Blue, blue! or golden-white
In lucid beams—a hymn of light!
A song of boundless festival,
To Him whose glory gladdens all!
Yonder, amid the gath'ring storm,
The shadow of His hand I trace,
And catch wild glimpses of His form;
Oh, might I meet Him face to face!
I know He loves and pities *me:*
Therefore, in woman's smile, I seek
Him; in true hearts His goodness see,
In every deed that helps the weak,
In every look that lessens pain,
And bids the old feel young again;
And still, when kindness speaks, I hear
The footsteps of the Blessed near.
But falsehood in the heart and eye,
Like manacles on mind or limb,
Degrades the Lord of Liberty—
Belies the hymn'd of seraphim;
And oh, when lours from man's proud brow
Darkness, which makes God's image tremble,
My stricken soul asks—asks it now—
"What! can my Sire—can *He* dissemble!"
Thus far I'd writ on Old May day.
This sixteenth morn of new-styled May
Brings me your letter—Ah, you say,
You cannot come to Argott-Hill;
You almost say, you'll never come!
I'm sorry—But my bees are come!
There's gold, there's fire on Argott-rill,
The forests kindle into green,
Sun-bright, the landscape burns between,
And bees hum o'er my apple-bloom;
You will not come, but *they* are come!
The bees, my punctual bees, are come!
Oh, when arrives my hour of doom,*
Bury me where the bees will come!
Bury me where the orchards bloom,
That to my grave the bees may come,
And while the wren his dinner gets,
Murmur a song of violets!
I've pass'd with bees some happiest hours;
For well they know I dwell with flowers:
They love me, don't they—little wags!
Ay, just as heirs do misers' bags.
My flowers they seek, my flowers—not me;
Good taste is thine, thou bonny bee!
As skylarks love the clouded sky,†
Where bees and flowers are, there am I.‡
Who loves not flowers? I know not who;
But this I know, most good folks do.
No foe of flowers could I forgive;
"They are my life, in them I live;"
But, oh! there's frailty in their beauty,
How mutely making sadness duty!
DEATH!—he who says I fear thee, fibs—
Unbellied Thing! all spine and ribs!
Lanky old Shanky!—use thy tool,
Where greed buys life, there spit the fool;
But, I sha'n't yet intend to die;
Don't swear!—thou'lt bone me, by and by.
Yes, Francis, yes, he'll "wait a wee,"
And grin a while, ere he spit me.
Me! Why, my alter'd visage glows
Like claret—No, like Sharon's rose!
My cheeks are redder than my nose!
My steps to health, though slow, are sure;
My choking fits are few, and fewer:
Though I may yet be choked, I've hope
It will not be without a rope;
Thanks to the air of Argott-Hill,
And breeze, and bee, and flower, and rill;
And rides, (or drives in carriage low,)
To Nostell, Watchley, villa'd Mat,
Tower'd Bilham, castled Conisbro,
Or palaced Wentworth, famous far;
And pathless walks o'er sweetest thyme,
By fountain'd Howell's dewy chime,
Or Waltheof's moat, or hall of Grime,
Through woods that wave in olden rhyme,
To roofless mill, half-crush'd by time,
Or gray historic oak sublime;§
And though, perhaps, despised by fools
These peptic precepts! read my rules:
"Rise at six—but eat and *drink*
Ere you walk, or deeply think:
Dine at one—take ale, or wine:
Sup at eight, *and work till nine:*
If you sup not, *sip*, till ten,
With the best of dames or men;

* Why do even good men think of the hour of death with sadness? Because death is the saddest of facts. Is it not therefore the greatest fact, too? More emphatically even than the existence of pain, it declares the eternal being and omnipotence of God. Yes, or who would submit to die? death being the saddest of facts, simply because it forces on us the conviction of our utter powerlessness, except in submission. It is this tremendous sentiment which enables men to die with dignity.

† We often say, "What a cheerful little fellow the lark is, singing in the rain-cloud!" We ought to say, "What a clever fellow he is!" for, (unlike man,) he leaves the cloud beneath him, and sings in brightness.

‡ The allusions to bees in this paragraph are not mine. I have only *done* them into verse for Mrs. Akeroyd of Sheffield, aged seventy-three!

§ Adam, one of the wind-gap oaks, forty-five feet in circumference, a relic of the ancient Barnesdale forest. Eve, the other, sixty feet in circumference, was destroyed a few years ago by gipsies, who made a fire within it. Nevinson, the highwayman, it is said, used to secrete himself in the latter tree.

Wine, (a glass,) if home-made wine,
Turn the soul of cowslipp'd doses*
Into love's or friendship's roses:
Then, let Mary, (if you're wed,)
Light you *with a kiss* to bed."
  Thanks to the air of Argott-Hill,
And breeze, and bee, and flower, and rill!
No alderman, at city feast,
On turtle feeds with heartier zest
Than I on root or crust can dine,
Perchance, with Adam's ale for wine.
I seldom slept till morning woke,
When lodg'd ten doors from Sheffield's smoke:
Sweet, after toil, are slumbers deep:
Here (after *labour*,) I can sleep.
But oh, in sleep what dreams will come!
And mine are dreams of pain and gloom!
But one, my dream of yesternight,
A fleeting dream of blissful tears,
Repaid, in scarce a minute's flight,
The pangs of many weeping years;
For on a *friend estranged* I smil'd!
Two sever'd hearts met, *reconcil'd*.
Long parted, and no more to part,
We met, with mutual earnest look,
And wept, methought, heart clasp'd to heart,
And sweetest kisses gave and took.
We met—Oh, not as spirits meet!
But lock'd and strained in fleshly fold;
And yet her kiss was cold as sweet!
Cold—heavenly sweet! but deathly cold.
What may it mean, this vision?—Oh!
That kiss of ice! those lips of snow!—
Why comes the friend of long ago,
A mournful flower of coldest bloom?
White roses best befit the *tomb!*
  I wak'd—the beauteous vision fled;
I wept—as men weep for the dead;
Weeping I heard the transient rain
Patter against my southern pane,
The cuckoo in the vale beneath,
And oxen lowing o'er the heath.
Then sang the mated thrush his best,
And bade the crimson'd sun arise;
Free soar'd the cloud-left skylark—blest
As man will be, when men are wise;
But I was sad, as pity's sighs.
Fain would I jest, but know not how;
Throned sorrow darkens on my brow,
For millions "in their misery dead,"
And nations still discomforted.
And let it darken! while I look
Back on my heart, as on a book,
And ask the memoried scribe within
To name my unrepented sin.
The loan of life how have I spent!
What did I with the talent lent?
Tell me, thou mute Accuser, when
I doubted God, or loved not men?
Much have I sinn'd in deed and word,
But He to crush His child forbore;
He tells us not that we have err'd,
But bids us learn to err no more.
I care not who, in coat or gown,
Wears crop or wig at church or chapel,
Converts a village, or the town,
And throws, or gathers, Discord's apple;
But can I sage or Christian find
In men whose zeal misleads the blind?
Assists bad strength! and shuts the door,
The heart—against the victim—poor?
No. Who reviled Him crucified?
The servants of our meanest pride.
Who fed the hungry? He, who cried,
"Feed ye my little ones!" and died.
You, Francis, well-resolved, prepare
His cross profaned to lift and bear;
You on God's altar pure will lay
No hands impure; and good men say,
Just pleaders are themselves a plea;
He hears such preachers when they pray.
Pray, then, Beginner!—not for me;
Nor for *God's* doom'd, who sow, for gain,
Woes steep'd in crime, (such prayers were vain;)
But for *Man's* doom'd! And who are they?
The famish'd slaves, whom laws betray;
Who mutely pine in sternest need;
Whom none salute, and many meet;
Who ask (unheard!) the fiends we feed†
"For leave to toil," that they may eat,
And rise up men—from Satan's feet.
He is the Christian, he alone,
Whose love is wisdom, (sad, when groan
Millions, but angel-glad to trace
Heaven's peace on earth's afflicted face,)
Teaching the sons of toil and care
TO EARN SUFFICIENT, AND TO SPARE.‡
  Have we no Christian teachers then?
What preacher pleads for helpless men?§
Good Francis! lest we meet no more
On this side the uncharted shore,
(Where all whose hearts as children's are,
Will find a region good and fair,
Exchange a bad world for a better,
And earth's best hopes for joys sublimer,)
Answer, and in an early letter.
Your friend sincere,

THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

PART II.

GEMS FROM THE GERMAN.

"IN THE FIELD OF OSTROLENKA."

[The battle of Ostrolenka, towards the close of the last Revolutionary war, though of more than doubtful success, as far as the cause of Poland was concerned, has left an impress of undaunted

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* Cowslip wine disposes to sleep. A late thimbleful of it, strong of the flower, is good for the supperless.

† How in the world could the world get on without these Powers of Weakness? "If the Corn Laws are repealed," they say, "their lands will go out of cultivation!" But what a comical set of all-important personages they must be, if (with the sea between them and their rivals, and such markets as Sheffield at their doors,) the account they give of themselves is true! If they were not worse than idiots, they would bless their stars that the question of Corn-Law Repeal is in the hands of the League; for the moment it gets into other hands, the cry will not be for repeal, but for compensation!

‡ The enemies of human happiness, (while their food-tax threatens to scatter them over the earth as common beggars,) are convulsing society, rather than let the British people receive the only education worth having; that which would enable those whose sole possession is labour or skill, to earn honestly a decent maintenance, with a surplus. We might laugh, while we tremble, at their tremendous folly: but who can patiently endure their shameless insolence? I have long been a dealer in metals; but until I met with their last specimen of ecclesiastical bronze, I did not know that brass could bear so black a polish. With all their pretensions to learning, they are either the worst-taught men in the nation, or utterly without excuse. They rejoice in the awful fact, that the well-fed generation of workmen, over whom the grave has recently closed, were civilized and rational, in comparison with the generation of ignorance prepared to take their places; seeming not to know that time inevitably removes, gently or otherwise, every obstacle to improvement; that effects can only be produced by existing means; and that as the instruments are, so will the work be.

§ Did not our anti-slavery preachers plead for the helpless? No, they pleaded against the helpless. They could have emancipated the fat negro, without prolonging the miseries of the starved white slaves here, his true feeders, by demanding, as I urged them to do fifteen years ago, the equalization of the duties on sugar. *But then they would not have been serving the monopolists.* No, they would neither have prevented the victims of the food-tax from seeing it, nor have robbed them of twenty millions to strengthen the hands of despotism. Oh, saints, surpliced or croppy, dissenting or law-established, what a tale will you have to tell, each in his doom-hour, to the MASTER OF FREEDOM!

heroism that will endure while the human heart can sympathise with the wrongs of the oppressed.]

In the field of Ostrolenka
Stands an oak-tree waving wide
Its arms in Heaven, which have the storm
A thousand times defied.
Through its leaves the wild winds rustle
With a deep prophetic tone,
And an eagle white on its lofty top
Hath built her daring throne.
In the field of Ostrolenka
There are those who roam at night—
There clang the plumy helmets,
And the thunder-crash of fight.

In the field of Ostrolenka
There ghosts go trooping round,
And Russian brands with Polish swords
In wild encounter sound.
In the field of Ostrolenka,
With arms across his breast,
O Diebitsch pale! thy spirit sits
With deepest grief oppress'd.
On a grassy mound beside
Is a fearful form array'd;
'Tis Kosciusko's pride
Looks through thy trembling shade.

In the field of Ostrolenka,
Bewailing deep his lot,
There 's many an old man seeks his sons,
And yet—he finds them not.
Then looks he where the wild oak stands,
And, with a tearful moan,
He lifts to Heaven his wither'd hands,
And sighs, "Alone!—alone!"
In the field of Ostrolenka
There was once an early time,
For the harvest fell to the sickle's stroke
Ere the spring had reached its prime!

In the field of Ostrolenka
The silent moss creeps o'er
Ten thousand weary reapers,
Who rest to toil no more!
In the field of Ostrolenka
Ne'er lark shall sing again;
Nor flower shall blow, but desolate
And wild shall be the plain.
O'er the field of Ostrolenka
The crimson evening tends,
And to the slaughter-throne beneath
Death's angel dark descends.

In the field of Ostrolenka
That oak shall aye remain,
And through its leaves shall murmur
The old prophetic strain.
There 's a breath of spring that stirreth
From out the eagle's keep;
It speaks of thunder-clouds that rise
O'er tyrants' thrones to sweep.
In the field of Ostrolenka,
While the oak-tree, tempest crost,
Shall stand, tradition old shall tell,
"That Poland is not lost!" J. B.

THE DYING FLOWER.

[From Rückert.]

By Bon Gaultier.

Have hope, my winsome flower! Thou'lt see
The spring come back again full fast.
Hope lives and stirs in every tree
That's stripped by Autumn's withering blast:
Through the long winter hours it dwells,
In every bud with might serene,
Till the sap rushes from its cells,
And clothes them in fresh robes of green.

"Alas! I am no forest king,
No stately tree, that draws a gleam
Of brighter joy for opening spring
From its remembered winter-dream.
Ah, no! An humble flower am I,
A nursling of the gentle May,
Unheeded, unobserved I die,
And in my grave of snow decay."

If thou art but an humble flower,
Meek spirit, comfort thee, there grows
A living germ, a spreading power,
Within the meanest thing that blows.
Death's sweeping blast may strew thy dust,
Along the sod, all icy cold;
Yet be thou gladden'd by the trust
To live renewed a hundred-fold.

"Ay, others such as I will bloom,
When I am gone; the green array
Of earth knows not a mortal doom,
But each green thing must pass away.
Yes, they may live, like me may blow,
But dead to me Spring's golden prime,
Now only do I live—I know
No share in past or future time.

"What though the sun's bright glance should bless
Their life, that now with genial might
Glads mine, can I lament the less
The fate that buries me in night?
Yes, from afar, now, even now,
False sun, thou'rt beckoning them to thee:
Why with that icy smile dost thou
Look scornfully from the clouds on me?

"Why did I trust thy faithless smile,
Why woo thy kisses day by day,
Gazing into thine eye the while,
Until it stole my life away?
Thou shalt not triumph o'er the poor
Remains of life are left me still,
Wrapp'd in myself I'll hide secure
From looks that pity but to kill.

"Yet, no! For gentler thoughts awake
In tears beneath thy kindly power:
Take, thou Eternal one, oh take,
My fleeting being of an hour!
Yes, thou hast bid my sorrow fly,
With sunshine filled my soul anew,
And I will thank thee, as I die,
For all, which e'er from thee I drew.

"For all the freshening gales of morn,
Whereon, the summer long, I've fed,
All the gay moths on bright wings borne,
That e'er have sported round my head;
Eyes that my hues with gladness drank,
Hearts which my fragrance oft hath cheered,
For these, for all I now would thank
Thee, who my every beauty reared.

"Like stars, that heaven's high pavement gem,
Thou madest me in the field to shine,
A jewel in earth's diadem,
What though a lowly lot was mine?
One breath, my latest, yet remains,
And it shall yield no thankless sigh;
One look on earth's enamelled plains,
One glance up to the welkin high!

"Thou world's bright ever-burning soul,
Oh, quench my being in thine own!
Thou sky, apart thy curtain roll,
And clasp me in thy azure zone!
Hail, Spring, thy winds that gently creep,
Hail to thy thousand glorious dyes!
Unsorrowing I sink to sleep,
Unhoping e'er again to rise!"

THE GOLDEN RING.

[From the German of A. Grün.]

An exile from my native land,
I sat upon a mountain high;
Below me valleys, hills, and plains,
Above me an autumnal sky;

Then gentle thoughts of bygone times
Came gushing up from Mem'ry's spring,
And from my hand *her* farewell pledge
Of faith I took—a golden ring.
Like to a telescope I raised
Unto mine eyes that ring of gold,
And, looking down upon the earth,
Beheld it like a map unrolled.
The fields all rich with yellow corn,
The groves of shaded green, I found
More beautiful a thousand times,
When in my golden circlet bound.
And huts, "where poor men lie," shone white
Upon the hills of sloping green;
And i' the sun the mowers' scythes
Threw back a flickering silver sheen.
And high-piled rocks of granite gray,
Like battlements of antique mould,
Bounded the plain where, serpent-like,
A noble river winding roll'd.
And there were dark primeval woods,
And towers, and towns, whence the smoke curl'd
Unto the clouds, and seem'd to fly
Where I would fain, o'er half the world.
All these were framed within my ring;
And lands, and men, and sea, and skies,
A wond'rous halo round them thrown.
I gazed on them with wond'ring eyes,
And thence I learned all God hath made—
The earth beneath, the skies above;
And all that breathes is beautified,
When framed within the Ring of Love. S. S.

"NAMES NAME THEE NOT."

[From the German of JEAN PAUL.]

Names name Thee not; no sculptor's skill with thee
hath living part;
No hand of mortal artist paints how beautiful thou art!

Songs sing Thee not; the sweetest lay connected with
thy praise,
Faints like an echo of the Past, a theme of distant days.

But as thou art and breathest, so, with life, with beauty
warm,
Fond loved one! in this heart is shrined thy all but
angel form.

Bright as the angels are; like them, alone as worthy
love,
So do, in grace and innocence, thy heavenly footsteps
move.

Can I not love Thee only? Yes; and holy as a prayer,
That love's a trust laid up for Heav'n, a hope recorded
there.

And could the feelings of this heart but speak, each
thought would be
A Guardian Genius that would rise to minister to thee.

Thy name! O, with that gentle name to me such faith
is given,
That, whisper'd round my Urn, 'twould waft my spirit
up to Heaven. J. B.

"DESTINY."

I saw a Flower over a starlit brook,
All sad and lone, bending her dewy head;
And every time the ruffling night-wind shook
The darkening waves, she bow'd, as though she read
Some legend of her destiny; for there
Were mirror'd a few stars, in their faint shining
But half revealing, half with doubt entwining,
The fate of all things, faithful, fond, and fair!

I looked again, that dreamlike Flower was gone—
Over the brook the night-wind sigh'd alone,
And, one by one, upon the stream did fling
The purple leaves of that frail, faded thing,
Sybilline, scatter'd to the waves to be
Emblems to others of like Destiny. J. B.

"IDLE WISHES."

[From the German.]

Were I a brooklet clear,
Sparkling for thee I'd bear
Welcome and bliss;
Shouldst thou bend down to greet,
Murmuring, thy lips I'd meet,
Soft as a kiss.

Were I a roselet small
Scenting the air, and all
Fragrant around,
Plucked, I would not complain,
No little thorn again
Ere should thee wound.

Were I a little bird,
Soon as the morning stirr'd,
Sweetheart! I'd light,
Perched on thy fairy hand,
Singing so sweet and bland,
Charming thee quite. J. B.

PART III.

SCOTTISH LAYS.

RULLION GREEN.*

Here, on this height, where pastoral Pentland falls
With easy slope into the Lothian plain,
Where silence fills the azure-vaulted halls,
And solitude's serenest soul doth reign;
Where scarce the curlew's many-quavering cry
Disturbs the quiet sweep of the hill-breeze,
And the bare brae seems clad, in mockery,
With one thin belt of lean and scrubby trees.
Here let me pause! Here mighty deeds were done
By Scotland's sires; and I am Scotland's son.

Say not that they were harsh, and stern, and sour,
Or say they were so, but not therefore base;
In iron times God sends, with mighty power,
Iron apostles to make smooth his ways;
And hearts of rock, close-clamped with many a bar,
He plants where angry billows lash the shore;
Thus love by fear, thus peace is pledged by war,
(Stern law!) and gospel paths are paved in gore.
We reap in ease what they did sow in toil,
And rate them harsh, and stern, and sour the while.

I blame them that they were not stern enough,
Too tamely bore, and waited overlong.
They should have check'd, with sharp, severe rebuff,
In the first threshold of his impious wrong,
The royal fool, whose rash conceit did ween
With statute-work to stop the strong, full heart
God-moved. He fell; and in his fall was seen
Man less than God, and nature more than art;
Old text, which many wars have preach'd, and more
Shall write in blood, ere folly's reign be o'er.

Here, on this slope, the Covenanting men
Stood, lifting holy hearts and holy hands;
And from the hill they look'd with eager ken
To catch the nearing of some brother'd bands.
From Teviot's banks, from high Dunedin's brow,
Some aid was promised, and they hoped for more;
But ah! it was too bold a venture now,
And hands were weak where tongues were strong
before:

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* The battle of Rullion Green, between the Royalists and the Covenanters, was fought on the 28th November, 1666. See Memoirs of Veitch and Colonel Wallace; (Blackwood, 1825;) and Turner's account, published by the Bannatyne Club. The scene of the battle is on the south slope of the Pentland hills, about eight miles from Edinburgh. A simple tombstone, with a rude inscription, stands as a memorial.

Dunedin closed her ports; and from the west
Hung grim Dalziel, avoidless as the pest.

But fear they knew not. With an holy bond
In Clydesdale they had bound them to their God;
Nor do their hearts in danger's hour despond,
They bear Heaven's mandate, and they own its nod.
Beneath the cold and clear November noon
Their souls beat high upon the lonely hill:
A soul as mild and leafy as the June
Stood cased in stern resolve, and dauntless will;
And when soft pity melts the mood severe
There God doth paint a rainbow in each tear.

Hark from the hill ascends the solemn chant!
And hark again the startling war-cry rings!
A mud-plashed rider comes with breathless pant—
"'Tis he, the grim Dalziel, and death he brings
Or to himself, or you!"—Straightway were heard
The hungry hell-hounds through the stony dell
Hurrying. Their swords the godly warriors gird—
With godly benediction bless them well,
And rush into the fray. The hostile horse they beat
Back to the glen with swift severe retreat.

And yet again the clattering onset came;
And yet again they drive it back in blood;
But grim Dalziel, now burning with fierce flame,
Gathered his serried thousands. Like a flood
He rolled, and swept the rankless tens away
Whose valour now was bootless. They so few
Had boldly hoped to keep a host at bay;
Nor vainly—had their plighted friends been true.
Not lack of heart, but lack of order'd skill,
And lack of needful aidance wrought their ill.

Rude warriors, rest! God from that ill wrought good;
Your strong endurance wrought strong hate of wrong.
Let dark Dunottar's dungeon-solitude,
And the strong Bass attest your sufferings long;
No polish'd pen, no neat and courtly verse,
Ye need to prove the virtue of your crime;
Pentland's green slopes, the bleak moors of the Merse,
Shall be your record to remotest time.
Ourselves, your sons, inheriting your stuff,
While we are worthy, shall be praise enough;

As ye were worthy of the royal man
Whose battle-axe the English epicure
Clove with a stroke, when the first fray began
At glorious Bannockburn. The purple moor,
While 'tis our home, the high hills granite-bound,
Shall brace our hearts, and make us valiant men;
From every crag a hero's tale shall sound,
A holy warning echo from each glen.
Shall slaves be dull where Wallace' blade was keen?
Shall sleeve and surplice flaunt o'er Rullion Green?

Needs not this rhyme to tell their pious roll,
Who slept in caves, and on bleak hills did preach;
Guthrie, M'Kail, strong hearts that kicked control,
The soldier Wallace, many-wandering Veitch.
These sure did share his brotherhood sincere,
The Christ, who had not where to lay his head:
He died for all; for some who haply jeer,
They in this clay did make their gory bed;
Men rude and wild, rough, shaggy, and uncouth,
But true and honest, and who died for truth.

Thou, Scotland's son, that would be leal and true,
This storied stone, not dry and tearless scan:
Bleed for their wounds who freely bled for you,
And know how good, how great a thing is man.
O these did boast no brightly barren deed!
One death for freedom makes a million free;
And who achieves a self-dependent creed,
Has gained Mind's first and last great victory,
Gains more than hero's, more than bard's renown—
"GOD'S SAINTS DIED HERE, AND GAINED THE MARTYR'S CROWN."*

J. S. B.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. JOHN LEYDEN.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.†

THE HARP OF TEVIOT.

Why weeps the poplar o'er the stream?
Why wails the chilly winter gale?
Why starts the peasant from his dream
Adown the links of Teviotdale?

What strain was that so wild, so sweet,
A hymn of heaven that strain must be,
To theme so thrilling, woe so sweet,
So soft the midnight melody!

It flows not from yon streamer pale,
Nor from the window'd choirs of bliss;
Ye maidens fair of Teviotdale,
What wild, what wondrous song is this?

A thoughtful shepherd, fair and young,
Upraised his head to list the strain;
And aye it rung, and aye it sung;
But every note was fraught with pain.

Full well the fairy sound he knew;
It waver'd from the poplar pale,
Where parting genius weeping threw
The magic Harp of Teviotdale.

So sweetly down the dale it rung,
The breeze of midnight died away,
The falcon o'er the poplar hung,
The fieldfare, and the merlin gray.

The wakeful cock forgot to crow,
The snow-birds flocked around the tree,
And ravish'd, sunk in trance of woe,
Thrilled by the melting melody.

It rung so low, it rung so long,
Few were the notes the youth could hear,
But aye the burden of the song
Was, "Soundly sleeps my Minstrel dear."

"The gray moss o'er my strings shall spread;
My notes must die adown the vale,
Since lowly lies the Minstrel's head
That tuned the Harp of Teviotdale.

"LEYDEN is fallen, and genius weeps!
Leyden to me, to nature true;
Sound, sound the bard of Teviot sleeps!
—Sweet Minstrel of the vale, adieu.

"His lonely grave may balm entwine
With bandalets so beauteously;
Weep o'er his dust, the purple vine,
And wave the wild banana tree.

"Ye spirits of that vernal clime,
Around his grave your vigils keep,
And wake the choral hymn sublime,
To soothe my Leyden's slumbers deep;

"For, ah! that soul of fire is fled,
To dream o'er fields of wondrous lore;
And consecrate my rural reed,
A Harp of Heaven for evermore.

"Long may the Harp of Teviotdale
Forgotten on the poplar hing,
Save when the spirits of the vale
At midnight twang my runic string."

Slow died its wailing sound away;
The shepherd sought the poplar pale,
And reached his skilless hand to play
The heavenly Harp of Teviotdale.

A spirit clove the welkin gray,
Swift as the motion of the mind;
The sacred symbol snatch'd away,
And mounted on the murmuring wind.

* So the inscription on one side of the stone.

† The above lines, written about the beginning of Hogg's career, have since lain in the repositories of one of his early friends; and, so far as we are aware, have never till now appeared in print.

SKETCHES OF THE MORAL SCENERY OF SCOTLAND.

O well may Nature's worshipper to thee,
Queen of the storied North, enchanted hie,—
For thine is every changing charm of sky,
Each bold vicissitude of land and sea.
Thine is a vast old brotherhood of hills
Where the wild storm and eagle couch upon,—
One heart that nought but earthquake's music thrills,
Or sweep, in stern companionship, alone;
And thine, the solitude of lake and fell,
Where Power, and Loneliness, and Vastness breed,
And bid the heart's deep music sink or swell
More than the tumult of the multitude;
And thine the silver brook, by faery flung
From tiny rocklet on the mountain's side,
Widening as winding lonely straths among,
Till on its azure bosom proudly glide
Wealth's forest citadel—the masts of every tide.

And worthily may he whose heart is smit
With old Tradition's wild and wondrous lore,
Visit, from sunnier clime, thy stormy shore
Where Ancestry's gray spectral banners flit
O'er many a battle-field, where sleep the sires
Of Scotland's freedom, piety and fame,
Whose spirit crowns her hills with altar fires,
And fills her household echoes with their name;
O'er many a ruin mantling with its mould
The haughty heart of old crusading knight
Crumbling beside his lance and banner's fold,
That once a death-star urged the Paynim's flight;
O'er time-gray abbey, chapel, aisle, and cell,
Whence poured her ancient Priesthood's holy hymn,
And "Dies irae" mingled with the knell
That sped the parted soul of warrior grim,—
The solemn rites of years in Time's deep shadow dim.

What though no Eden flaunt an eastern bloom
And wealth of beauty 'neath her varying heaven,—
A magic to her hills and vales is given
To win the soul, despite their wintry gloom;
What though her plains no Marathon may boast
To lure a world's vast worship, Freedom owns
No spot more sacred on her once-loved coast
Than that whose name to Music's martial tones
Is wed by Scotland's peasant bard,—the plain
Of Bannockburn; or that where Wallace stood,
A matchless outlaw—with his country's chain
Broken and bathed in her enslaver's blood;
What though within her groves no classic fane
Of marble more enduring than the god
Once worshipped there, lures pilgrims o'er the main,—
Not Hellas, nor Ausonia, boast a sod
Holier than that where erst her sainted Culdee trod.

But yet 'tis not, fair Scotland, that the charm
Of high, cloud-cleaving rock, and torrent's foam;
Of Highland solitudes, the wild deer's home;
Of Lowland valleys, beauteous, rich, and warm;
Of legendary stream, and haunted tower;
Of battle-plain, though Bannock's field it be;
Of ancient abbey's stern, awe-breathing power;
Of cities, tribute-fed by many a sea,
Is thine, that wins thee homage from afar,
More pure than Rome's when Thule own'd her sway—
Than Hellas brighter when her conquering star
On Indus flashed its desolating ray;
But that thou hast a jewel in thy Crown,
Before whose light Earth's glories dim their shine—
A Truth unbought by smile, unawed by frown,
A pure Religion, hallowing life's decline,
Dearer than life to those who tread those hills of thine.

Hark to the Sabbath-bell!—its solemn tone
Far-wafted on the ear of dewy morn,
O'er quiet glen, and soundless hamlet borne—
Amid the hush of Nature heard alone—
A sense of holy quiet fills the air
At each long-measured pause, and far and near,
Slow-moving onward to the House of Prayer
With sober step, the peasant groups appear
From glen and upward height, and gathering, stand
Awhile amid the tombs that, gray with age
Or freshly piled, hold many 'mid the band
Tranced in deep thought on life's past pilgrimage.
Silent from thoughtful commune with the Dead
They enter now the sacred pile, and wait
Th' approach of him by whom their souls are fed
With bread of life: he comes in sober state,
Harmonious with his theme—not with vain pomp elate.

Let Casuists tell what outward show beseems
The inward sense of deep devotion best;
For these hard-featured auditors, the test
Varies like varying hues from boreal gleams.
Mark, as the preacher pours around his theme
The lights of logic, or the warmer rays
Of high impassioned eloquence, the beam
Of thought that o'er these storm-beat features plays.
And mark—'neath many a bronzed and shaggy brow
Sparkles an eye of keen intelligence,
Now following argument complex, and now
At Passion's breathing rapt in thought intense;
Now kindling into triumph, when the spell
Of lucid reason, like Ithuriel's spear,
Falls on the loathly Sophist's cobwebb'd cell,
And shows the monster in the daylight clear,
Of heaven's undoubted truth, deformed, and gaunt, and drear;

Now downcast, uttering prostration deep
Of contrite soul in presence of the God
Who dwells in Holiness, and with his nod
Woke vast creation from its primal sleep.
Gaze round from pew to pew, then, sooth declare,
Are these the men, though drest in hodden gray,
Who blindly follow each bewildering glare,
Misnamed by Sophists Truth's eternal ray?
No! they have learn'd to fix on Truth severe
And sternly beautiful their youthful eye;
In holy mirror changeless, bright and clear,
They trace the lines stamped with Eternity;
And jealously, undimmed by tainting breath
Of false though witching Florimel, they guard
That heavenly mirror's brightness; and in death
'Twill be their joy, their pride, their rich reward,
To leave to those they love its purity unmarr'd.

G. P.

CORBIESDALE.

[James Graham marquis of Montrose fought his last battle at a place called Corbiesdale, on the borders of Ross and Sutherland shires. The following legend is still preserved amongst the shepherds thereabouts, and forms an example of the hundreds of others which may be gathered from the same source.]

THE LEGEND OF CORBIESDALE.

The setting sun o'er Strui's peaks
Gilds Carron's gentle flow,
Then, like a weary giant, sinks
Into the vale below.

A quieter scene you ne'er could find
Than that sequester'd vale;
Yet once was heard the dreadful sound
Of war in Corbiesdale.

No stone is there to tell the tale,
No epitaph in sight;
But upturn'd skulls and mould'ring bones,
Still mark the scene of fight.

Ay, there it was the gallant Graham
Fled,—ne'er to fight again;
And Royal Charles' latest hope
Expired upon that plain.

. . . . . .

There, to this day, the old folks tell
A strange fantastic tale,
Of spectre fights that once had been
In lonely Corbiesdale.

Till down from its high pinnacle
Was ta'en the hero's head,*
Each year was seen a solemn fight,
A battle of the Dead.

* Montrose's head had been placed on a pinnacle of the Tolbooth, where it remained till the Restoration.

The soldiers of the Covenant,
The soldiers of the king,
There met in spectral ghastly shape,
And scared each living thing.

No groans, no shouts of battle fierce,
No impress on the land,
Proclaim'd the fate on either side,
Of either spectral band.

No clash of heavy broadsword there,
No cry of dismal pain;
No red blood forming pools around
The wounded or the slain.

No roar of fatal culverin,
No musket-shot was heard;
No lurid smoke hung closely o'er
That haunted grassy sward.

But on a milk-white charger there,
A form without a head
Dealt death to those who nobly stood,
And death to those who fled.

Down fell the foe before that form,
They sunk into the grass;
But hundreds more sprung up amain—
They seem'd an endless mass.

. . . . . .

At length a shout, a fearful shout,
Utter'd a warrior's name;
And hills and mountains echo'd back
The war-word of the Graham.

The spell was burst—the spectre bands
Vanish'd from the wild vale;
But every year was seen that fight
In lonely Corbiesdale.

THE NECROPOLIS OF GLASGOW.

I often think on the little rill
That flows beside the Fir-tree hill.
In my youthful days the dark fir-trees
Proudly wav'd in the northern breeze,
All o'erlooking the homes of the dead,
One tree peep'd over another's head,
Whilst there flowed beneath, the little rill:
Washing the foot of their native hill.
This rugged hill, where the fir-trees grew,
Its sombre shade o'er a church-yard threw.
An old church-yard, where the heap'd-up bones
Lie under a pavement of old grave stones,
That rise, as each generation falls,
Nearer the top of the church-yard walls;
And a church, in the Gothic fashion made,
Lay under the fir-trees' sombre shade.
The trees are gone like a long-passed dream;
They've built a bridge o'er the little stream;
And a stately arch they did devise,
And call'd the arch the "Bridge of Sighs;"
And where, long ago, the fir-trees grew,
Is now to be seen the mournful yew;
And flowers of a fair and cheerful kind,
Now grow where the fir-trees braved the wind.
A zig-zag path up the rugged steep,
Where, on either side, the dead now sleep;
Where many a strange device in stone
Declares that some loved one is gone;
Where lovely flowers are strewn, to show
That it 's hallow'd ground whereon they grow;
Where at intervals dark caverns yawn,
With flowers around their portals drawn,
Conceal, with their bright bloom, the dust
That once gave pleasure—but now disgust;
Else, why all this use of sculptur'd stone
And flowers, if beauty had not gone?
It is to hide, in a sweet disguise,
Death's loathed form from Affection's eyes.
A sequester'd nook, in this great keep
Of the tyrant Death, where the rocks are steep,
Where their brown and rugged sides embrace
A green grass plot, of a tiny space—
So much retired, that you may regard
It, by itself, as a small church-yard,—
How oft am I by my fancy led
To this retreat of the future dead!
Where, if there be deep peace in graves,
They will lie like hermits in their caves.
There, sitting beneath the rocks, I muse
On human life and its narrow views:—
The little stream, o'er its bed of stones;
The old church bell, with its solemn tones;
The hum of the mighty city near
Are the only sounds that strike the ear.—
The city's hum and the streamlet's noise
Together seem blended in one voice,—
Whilst now and then there falls the knell
Upon the ear, of the old church-bell.
Above the rocks a pillar is rear'd
To him who is said to have never fear'd
The face of man.* There his statue stands,
A huge colossus, with out-spread hands
Toward the old church he meant to raze
In his fiery zeal: but in those days,
Of dawning freedom, was found a few
Who loved the truth, and who likewise knew
That the good old church was not to blame
For the sins of priests. They boldly came
(O worthy heroes of history's page!)
And screen'd their church from the zealot's rage.
That statue, now with hands outspread
Over a host of the long-since dead,
Seems urging again to life their dust,
By pictures drawn of the wealth and lust
Of monks and priests, that they might arise
To level the church before his eyes.
Though far away from the fir-tree hill,
The old church-yard, and the little rill—
I see them oft, like a vision rise,
Before my memory's home-sick eyes.
Though I am now a wanderer, cast
On the sea of life, where the rude blast
Of fortune's unsettled wind is cold,
Yet my warmest hopes retain their hold:
Which are, that before my days I end
That I may return, their close to spend
Near the old church and the "Bridge of Sighs,"
And the stream, o'er which the dark rocks rise.

TO ROBERT NICOLL.

Go, manly spirit, to eternal rest;
Go, glorious flash of mind's wide-spreading light;
Go, thou deep-drinker from th' exhaustless breast
Of truth, and energy, and quenchless might.
Go, youthful martyr for resistless right;
Go, whilst thy spirit still is fresh and free,
Whilst thy example burneth in our sight,
And all that thou hast been, we strive to be;
And all thou wouldst have conquer'd, we will dare.
Let me but pile one thought unto the fair
And spotless tabernacle of thy fame:——
Love, Independence, Feeling, Genius rare,
And sympathy with all things, raise thy name
To MAN—the noblest title aught that lives can claim.

Oxford. P. L.

LINES

BY ELIZA MARY HAMILTON.

[Written at the request of a relative, on the death of a dear friend in Honiton, *February* 1843.]

Oh! blessed are the dead in Christ!
Why will we mourn for them!
No more the stormy billows here
With weary heart they stem!

* The statue of John Knox.

No more they struggle here below
To guide, through many a gulf of woe,
Their being's fragile bark,—
But, harboured in eternal rest,
By far off islands of the blest,
Calm on a sunlit ocean's breast,
Anchor their fearless ark.

Seem they to sleep? 'tis but as sleeps
The seed within the earth,
To burst forth to the brilliant morn
Of a more glorious birth;—
Seem they to feel no breath of love
That o'er their icy brow will move
With tearful whispers warm?
'Tis that upon their spirit's ear
All Heaven's triumphant music clear
Is bursting, where there comes not near
One tone of sorrow's storm!

Oh! give them up to Him whose own
Those dear redeemed ones are!

Lo! on their wakening souls He breaks,
"The bright and morning star!"
His are they now for evermore,—
The mystery and the conflict o'er,
The Eternal city won!
As conquerors let them pass and go
Up from the fight of faith below,
The peace of God at last to know
In kingdoms of the sun!

"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!"
And let the Lord of Glory's train
Throng the bright courts of day!
We follow, too, ye lov'd ones gone!
We follow, faint but fearless, on
To meet you where the Lamb, once slain,
Amidst His ransom'd church on high
Shall dwell—and wipe from every eye
The tears that, through eternity,
Shall never flow again!

RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, SIR HENRY RAEBURN, &c., &c.—No. 1.

The value of reminiscences of eminent men must be in proportion to the opinion entertained of the writer's powers and opportunities of observation, and of his good faith as an accurate reporter and chronicler. The reminiscences we have to present to our readers, connected with Scott and "The Shepherd," bear intrinsic evidence of their genuineness in every sentence. Yet we deem it the most satisfactory, and also the most simple and direct mode of procedure, to permit Sir Walter Scott himself to introduce the individual who here recalls his sayings and doings; and who, without being blind to his weaknesses, appears to cherish his memory with the most devoted and grateful respect. To few individuals could Sir Walter Scott have appeared under an aspect more uniformly kind and benignant than he must have done to Mr. Morrison. Their acquaintance commenced in 1803—an early period of Scott's brilliant career; and eighteen years afterwards, we find him thus cautiously and characteristically describing the author of the subjoined Reminiscences, in whose prosperity he at all times took no ordinary interest. Mr. Morrison's name does not, we believe, once occur in Mr. Lockhart's Memoirs of Scott; but this is an oblivion which he shares with many other of Sir Walter's early friends; and it is one of small consequence, save that it renders this explanation necessary:—

MR. WALTER SCOTT TO MR. ROSCOE OF LIVERPOOL.

Dear Sir,—I should not have presumed to give the bearer an introduction to you on my own sole authority; but as he carries a letter from General Dirom of Mount Annan, and as I sincerely interest myself in his fortunes, I take the liberty of strengthening (if I may use the phrase) the General's recommendation, and, at the same time, of explaining a circumstance or two which may have some influence on Mr. Morrison's destiny.

He is a very worthy, as well as a very clever man; and was much distinguished in his profession as a civil engineer, surveyor, &c., until he was unlucky enough to lay it aside for the purpose of taking a farm. I should add that this was done with the highly laudable purpose of keeping a roof over his father's head, and maintaining the old man in his paternal farm. At the expiry of the lease, however, Mr. Morrison found himself a loser to such an amount that he did not think it prudent to renew the bargain, and attempted to enter upon his former profession. But being, I think, rather impatient on finding that employment did not occur quite so readily as formerly, he gave way to a natural turn for painting, and it is as an artist that he visits Liverpool. I own, though no judge of the art, I think he has mistaken his talents; for, though he sketches remarkably well in outline, especially our mountain scenery, and although he was bred to the art, yet so long an interval has passed, that I should doubt his ever acquiring a facility in colouring.

However, he is to try his chance. But he would fain hope something would occur in a city where science is so much in request, to engage him more profitably to himself, and more usefully to others, in the way of his original profession as an engineer, in which he is really excellent. I should be sincerely glad, however, that he throve in some way or other, as he is a most excellent person in disposition and private conduct, an enthusiast in literature, and a shrewd entertaining companion in society.

I could not think of his carrying a letter to you without your being fully acquainted of the merits he possesses besides the painting, of which I do not think well at present; though, perhaps, he may improve.—I am, Sir, with very great respect, your most obedient servant,

Walter Scott.

Edinburgh, 1*st June*, 1821.

In Liverpool, Mr. Morrison, as will afterwards be seen, met with the kindest reception from Mr. Roscoe, who returned him Sir Walter Scott's introductory letter, as a document of more value to himself than to any one else. Before coming to the Reminiscences, and in order to throw a little more light upon the character of their writer, and his connexion with the distinguished individuals from whom they derive their interest, we copy from the original MS. of the Ettrick Shepherd, the following rhymed epistle and epitaph, addressed to Mr. Morrison while he was engaged on some piece of professional business with Mr. Telford in North Wales.

Edinburgh, *July* 18, 1810.

Thou breeze of the south, so delightful and mild,
Enriched with the balms of the valley and wild,

With pleasure I list to thy far-swelling sigh,
And watch the soft shades of thy vapours on high.
—O! say in thy wanderings afar hast thou seen,
'Mong Cambria's lone valleys and mountains of green,
A wanderer from Scotia, unstable and gay,
The friend of my heart, but the friend of a day!
Who left us without telling wherefore or why,
Unless by thy murmurs uncertain and shy;
And pleased a new scene and new manners to see,
He breathes not a sigh for old Scotia and me!
Then say, gentle breeze, ere for ever you fly
To mountains and moors where thy murmurs shall die,
Say where my few lines or inquiries shall find
This bird of the ocean, this son of the wind!
Is he dancing with Cambrian maids on the green?
Or making a plain where a mountain has been?
Or diving the deep, the foundation to see
Of a bridge to astonish and rainbow the sea?
Or watching in rapture, unbounded and high,
The bright maiden-glance of a sweet rolling eye?
—Or say, has his deep hyperbolical smile,
With a flow of fine words, and deep phrases the while,
The gentry of Wales to astonishment driven,
At a mind so unbounded by Earth or by Heaven?
—Whate'er he is doing, where'er he may roam,
O bear him good news from his sweet native home;
And tell him his friends in Edina that stay
Are sadly distressed at his biding away;
That a *passionate* ———, and *pennyless Bard*,
Would, with much satisfaction, his presence regard;
That the one still is basking in Fortune's bright smile,
The other 's despised, though admired all the while;
And from listless inaction, if nothing can save,
He may sink, without fail, in despair to the grave;
"Like the bubble on the fountain, like the foam on the river,
The Bard of the Mountain is gone and for ever."
O tell me, dear Morrison, fairly and free,
Say what must I do to be gifted like thee!
Is genius with poverty ever combined
Without perseverance or firmness of mind?
Or would affluence load her bold pinion of fire,
And crush her in*——— of sense to expire?
If so, let me suffer and wrestle my way;
But give me my friend and my song while I stay:
With a heart unaffectedly kind and sincere,
To the lass that I love, and the friend I revere;
Though thou, as that friend, hast been rather unseemly,
A Shepherd, dear Jock, will for ever esteem thee.

James Hogg.

In the above epistle the following epitaph was enclosed:—

EPITAPH ON MR. JOHN MORRISON, LAND-SURVEYOR.
BY JAMES HOGG.

Here lies, in the hope of a blest resurrection,
What once was a whim in the utmost perfection;
You have heard of Jock Morrison, reader. O hold!
Tread lightly the turf on his bosom so cold;
For a generouser heart, or a noddle more clear,
Never mouldered in dust than lies mouldering here.
His follies, believe me—and he had a part—
Sprang always spontaneous, but not from his heart:
Then let them die with him; for where will you see
A man from dishonour or envy so free.
For a trustier friend, or a lover more kind,
Or a better companion, is not left behind.
O! had I a headstone as high as a steeple,
I would tell what he was, and astonish the people.
How solid as gold, and how light as a feather,
What sense, and what nonsense, were jumbled together.
In short, from my text it may fairly be drawn,
Whatever was noble or foolish in man.
Then, read it with reverence, with tears and with sighs,
'Tis short but impressive,——Here Morrison lies.

This much premised, we may now, with propriety, allow Mr. Morrison to speak for himself.

REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I became acquainted with Mr. Scott in 1803, from the following circumstance:—

In the first edition of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and in the ballad of "Annan Water," are these words,—

"O! wae betide the *frush* saugh wand,
And wae betide the bush of brier,
For they broke into my true love's hand,
When his strength turned weak, and his limbs did tire."

And in a note at the bottom of the page, *Frush* signifies *fresh* or *tough*. On which I took the liberty of writing to the Editor, "*Frush* does not mean fresh, but brittle, or half rotten; and such is the meaning of Holinshed in his description of Ireland: 'They are sore frushed with sickness, or too far withered with age.' The saugh wand broke in her true love's hand, from its being *frush*, *i. e.*, withered or rotten. So Barbour, when the shaft of Bruce's battle-axe broke in his encounter with De Bohun, says—

'The hand-ax schaft fruschit in twa.'

"You state that the ballad of 'Annan Water' is now published for the first time; I send you the song in a half-penny ballad, published in Dumfries thirty years ago. I have seen still another copy, where the hero is more cautious,—

'Annan Water 's broad and deep,
And my fair Annie's passing bonny,
Yet I am loth to wet my feet,
Although I lo'e her best of ony.'"

I received an immediate answer, thanking me for my communication, and desiring my farther remarks on any other subject in the publication, with a present of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and an invitation to visit him when I might have occasion to come to Edinburgh.

It was two years before I had occasion to visit Edinburgh, when I waited on Mr. Scott, and had a most gracious reception. I had visited the Court of Session on my arrival in town, to have a look; and I was much disappointed. He had a downward, and, to me, a forbidding aspect; and so strikingly resembled Will Dalzell, the gravedigger of my native parish of Terregles, a person of rather weak intellect, that I could not help thinking there must be some analogy in their genius; but the spell dissolved the instant he spoke. He invited me to dinner: "Indeed, you had better wait,—in the library there are maps and prints, besides books; and dinner will be ready in an hour." His family was in the country, so that he was keeping bachelor's hall. Mr. Scott inquired much about the ruins and traditions of Galloway, but more particularly about the songs and rhymes that had not appeared in print, and if we had any legends of the Douglases, "who once were great men in your country."—"We have," said I, "their castle of Threave still standing on an island of the river Dee; but we

* A word obliterated.

do not associate their memory with anything that is good. Their castle of Threave was, with the assistance of the devil, built in one night; although the stones were brought from Rascawel Heugh, a distance of at least ten miles; as the same kind of sandstone is there only to be found. There are some lines, descriptive of this infernal piece of masonry, which I have written down somewhere."—"Do," said he, "let me have a copy. Any more about the Douglas?"—"He had a grudge at the Laird of Cardoness, and surrounded the castle; but the laird was nowhere to be found. He offered to satisfy any one with gold who would show him the hiding-place of his enemy. The cook pointed up the chimney, where he was concealed; from whence he was immediately dragged and despatched. Douglas then directed the cook to put on the fire a little pot, which he filled with gold, and, placing the betrayer of his master fast in a chair, directed his mouth to be gagged, and poured down the melted liquid: then, turning to his followers, said, 'Behold the reward of treachery!' He also, as you have yourself narrated, murdered the Master of Bomby; but the country resolved to suffer his tyranny no longer. Twelve brothers,* blacksmiths by trade, who lived at Carline work, not far from Threave, made a cannon, consisting of twelve staves, each brother making one. They then bound them in the proper form, by twelve hoops, or *girds*, and carried the cannon to a commanding situation, still pointed out, and still retaining the title of Camdudal or Camp-Douglas, and at the first shot knocked a hole through and through the castle, as the breach now shows; on which Douglas fled, and never again set his foot in Galloway. It is said that, in his flight, he robbed the abbey of Lincluden, and with his men ravished all the nuns."—"I have understood," said Mr. Scott, "that he expelled the nuns on account of their irregular way of living; but I have my doubts whether he was so stern a moralist. You must make me a drawing of Threave, or any other town or castle connected with the Douglas. The Gordons succeeded the Douglases, and some of them were not much better. I have seen a copy of a pardon granted to Gordon of Lochinvar for certain crimes and misdemeanours: for the slaughter of Lord Herries, and driving his cattle; for the crime of adultery; for abusing a witch, or supposed witch, and scoring her with his sword across the forehead; and for not only deforcing the king's messenger who came to arrest him, but forcing him to eat and swallow his own royal warrant."—"With respect to our songs, we have the Lass of Loch Ryan, which you know; Fair Margaret, of rather spectral import; we have Lochinvar who carried off a lady on her wedding day. She—

'Sent her former lover a letter, her wedding to come see.
When Lochinvar he read the lines
He looked o'er his land,
And four-and-twenty wild wight men
All ready at his command.
He mounted them all on milk-white steeds,
And clothed them all in green,
And they are off to the wedding gone.
* * * * *
Now one bit of your bread, he said,
And one glass of your wine,
And one kiss of the bonny bride
That promised to be mine.
He took her round the middle jimp,
And by the green gown sleeve,
And mounted her on his milk-white steed,
And speered nae bold baron's leave.
The blood ran down the Kylan burn,
And o'er the Kylan brae,
And her friends that kenn'd naething of the joke,
They a' cried out foul play.'"

"There's the banes of a good song there; try to recover some more."†——"The rest, so far as I can recollect, is mere doggrel. The disappointed bridegroom receives a taunt, that he had catched frogs instead of fish. *Kenmure's on and awa* is very good the old way; not the edition in Johnson's Collection, but a set much older. In 1746 or 1747, one of the Gordons of Kenmure lived in Terregles House. My father, when a boy, used to accompany him to the fishing, and had from him many stories about Kenmure. Kenmure was forced out in 1715, against his better judgment, by his wife. On leaving the castle his horse stumbled, which, he observed, was a bad omen. 'Go forward, my lord,' said she, 'and prosper! Let it never be said that the snapper of a horse's foot daunted the heart of a Gordon.' There is a saying of hers often repeated in the country, of which I do not know the import: 'If the lads lose the day at Preston, I'll let the witches of Glencairn see to spin their tow.' Some have it, 'If the dogs lose the day at Preston, I'll let the b——es of Glencairn see to spin their tow.' The uncle, William Gordon, said that she was a rank Catholic b—— from the Highlands; and was the ruin of his poor brother. And added, that Kenmure had a favourite in the clachan he liked much better, to which the old song alludes—

'Kenmure's on and awa,
And Kenmure's on and awa,
And Kenmure was the bonniest lad
That lived in Gallowa.
Kenmure bought me ae silk gown,
My minnie took that frae me,
When Kenmure he got word of that
He bought me other three.'"

"The Gordons," said Mr. Scott, "were from the south. The parish of Gordon was their property. Two brothers left the country: one went north, whose descendants are dukes of Gordon; the other directed his course west, and became Lord of Lochinvar and Kenmure. You sent us Buccleuch, and we sent you Kenmure; and as you say the one was sent for stealing sheep, perhaps the other was expelled for something of the same sort."

An old gentleman made the third person at dinner. He spoke little. He was one of Mr. Scott's neighbours in the country. On preparing to go away, Mr. Scott said—"You will oblige me greatly by making me some drawings of your old castles. I am particularly anxious to have a drawing of Caerlaverock: it is a noble ruin, and the stacks of chimneys are still very perfect, and in the finest style. I was once

* The name of these brothers was M'Min. I have talked with a person of that name, who claimed being their lineal descendant.

† See Scott's Lochinvar, in "Marmion."

there, and was much pleased. Threave, also, I must have; but I suppose there is nothing elegant there: strength was the grand object. And any old scraps of rhyme, or anecdote, will be most acceptable. Come to breakfast to-morrow, and come early; you will find me in the library, and can divert yourself with a book."

Next morning I found him in his study. "There," said he, "is a line to the keeper of the Advocates' Library. Ask for a catalogue, and the keeper will bring you any book you ask for. You can also have writing materials." During breakfast he inquired if I was acquainted with James Hogg. "I met with him," said I, "on my way to Edinburgh. I was perambulating the country for a proposed road from the south towards Edinburgh, and on my route passed the farm of Mitchelslacks, where he is shepherd. I intended to call; but before reaching the house I met him on his way to the hill. His plaid was wrapped round him, although the morning was warm and sunny. He was without shoes, with half stockings on his legs, and a dog at his foot. I inquired if he knew Mr. Hogg—'I am that individual.' We sat down by a well; and I had a small flask of brandy in my pocket. We instantly became friends. 'What are you doing in our part of the country?'—'I am,' said I, 'endeavouring to find a line for a proposed road up the vale of the Ae water; and hitherto I have met with no difficulty from the water of Sark, near Gretna, to where we are sitting. From this point I wish to get into Daar water, and so down the Tweed.'—'Your work is near an end,' said the Shepherd; 'for the devil a wheel-carriage road you will ever get from this to the water of Daar.' And on examining the county, I found that he was perfectly correct."

"Hogg is a wonderful man," said Mr. Scott; "and has been of great use to me in procuring materials when I was arranging the Border Minstrelsy; and furnished me with one of its best pieces, Auld Maitland, with some other excellent fragments." I mentioned that Mr. Hogg intended coming to Edinburgh soon. "If so, you will meet him here often. I hope that you are to remain for some time,—indeed, as a Landsurveyor, you ought to make Edinburgh your home. Come, and I will introduce you to some friendly writers; they have all the most lucrative department of your business in their hands, as I learn, by plans and surveys passing through the court." I mentioned that I had the offer of being appointed secretary to General Dirom, Deputy-quarter-master-general, worth a hundred pounds a-year, and liberal leave of absence.

"Accept, by all means; it may, nay must, lead to something better; and I will be always ready to give you a lift."

"I am here," said I, "on a trial for murder; having made a plan of the scene and country connected. I have been summoned as a witness to describe my plan as connected with the circumstances of the murder."—"Mention the leading points connected with your plan."—"On the night of the murder, Mary Robson and John Hannay met by appointment in Dumfries to arrange their marriage. She lived with her mother about five miles distant at Lochrutton, and he was a servant in Castlehill, about three miles from Dumfries. They were seen in the town, and also resting about twilight not far from the place of Hannay's residence. At the usual hour he appeared at supper with his fellow-servants. He was asked what he had done with Mary. He answered that she was gone home. He then apparently retired to bed. On the following morning the girl was found dead at a short distance from her mother's door. I was present at the precognition with the sheriff, Sir Alexander Gordon. In the meantime Hannay was secured. The girl was found on a rising ground. There had been a severe struggle from this spot to the bottom of the brae. The broom, which was in full bloom, had been grasped and stripped of its blossoms; one of her shoes was found at the bottom, where the murder had been finished; and the body carried up the bank, where the struggle had commenced, and the clothes adjusted. The black marks of fingers and a thumb were visible on her throat, and a little blood was oozing from her mouth. The body was warm when found. I was immediately sent to examine the ground. The servant, on going to make up Hannay's bed, which was in the stable above the horses, found that the bed had not been occupied. At some stiles between Castlehill and the girl's home, and on the footpath, the ground was soft, and I observed the print of feet, a greater and less, which I concluded to be a man's and a woman's; these I measured carefully, and found them to agree exactly with the shoes of Hannay and the poor girl. It was evident that he had made his victim conceal herself about the place; and, in order to lull suspicion, had made his appearance at supper, and seemingly retired to bed, but had again joined the girl, and conducted her to the place where he committed the crime.

"I am going now," I said, "to call on the Crown agent respecting the plan."—"He is," said Mr. Scott, "my most particular friend, William Clerk. I will, if you wish it, give you a card of introduction. You are likely to be the first witness called; and, after giving your evidence, you may remain during the trial, take notes, and compare the proof with the opinions you have already formed. I recollect," said Mr. Scott, "something of a murder that was committed in Galloway, where the guilty person was discovered in the same manner, by the size of his shoe, and also by some particular mark on the sole. Your sheriff, Gordon, was the person who took the precognition, and measured the murderer's foot, who was condemned altogether on presumptive proof, but afterwards confessed."

Mr. Hogg, soon after this, arrived in Edinburgh, and introduced me to Mr. Grieve, with whom we dined; and next day Mr. Hogg brought us an invitation to sup with Mr. Scott, and to be in Castle Street at eight o'clock.

When we arrived, "I have reserved my wine till your arrival; and we will have, as Burns has it, 'some rhyming ware.'" It was Mr. Grieve's first interview. "I am happy," said Mr. Scott, "to meet a Borderer and a poet." Mr. Scott read to us some of the introductions and two of the

cantos of "Marmion." In the introduction to one of the cantos, there is a description of St. Mary's Loch, which Mr. Hogg praised out of all measure. The poetry, he said, was beautiful; but the accuracy of the description better still. Mr. Scott inquired if I had been at St. Mary's; and if so, how I liked the description.

"You have," said I, "given the lake what it has not, and taken from it something that it possesses:

'Save where a line of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.'

You have no line of silver sand. You have been thinking of some of the Highland lakes, where, from the decay of the granite, the water is encircled with a beautiful line of silver sand. On St. Mary's, also, you have some good trees, particularly one very fine old ash, that has seen the deer resting under its branches 300 years ago.

'Thou know'st it well: nor bush nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge,'—

is not rendering it justice. There are also some tolerable birches on the Bowerhope side."

"You are quite correct," said Hogg. "I had forgotten these trees, led away by the beauty of the poetry."

"Very well, Mr. Hogg," said Mr. Scott; "but a few facts, or a little sound criticism, is infinitely more welcome to me than any praise whatever. I am sorry that I had not observed these trees, as the part is now printed off. I am sorry these trees have escaped me; but my eyes are not good; and I should, when I am in search of the picturesque, always have some better eyes than my own near me."

It was a high treat to hear Mr. Scott read his own poetry; even the *burr* had a charm. His voice was harsh and unmusical; but the passion and impressive manner made ample amends. I have heard many readers of high character reciting and reading his poetry; but after himself they all fell short. There is, to be sure, a sympathy betwixt a poet and his work that gives double interest. He called on Mr. Grieve to repeat a "verse or two," and if his own, it would enhance the value. Mr. Grieve recited a poem that was afterwards published in a collection arranged by Mr. Hogg. In my turn I gave a ditty called the Pedlar, who was murdered on his way to a fair. Mr. Scott was pleased to give me credit, and desired a copy. It has since been published. Mr. Hogg repeated, "The Moon was a-waning;" the best, to my mind, of the whole. Mr. Scott told some remarkable instances of the second-sight, one of which I afterwards recognised in the gray Spectre of Waverley.* "Have you any ghosts in Galloway?"—"We have many: Mary's Dream, for instance, which is a true tale, and was told in my hearing by Mary's sister. Sandy had just sailed on a voyage. Mary had 'laid her down to sleep.' The rising moon was shining in at her window, when Sandy came and sat down with a *soss* on a chest by her bedside. 'Dear Sandy,' said Mary, 'your clothes are all wet!' The Spirit addressed her nearly in the words of the song. The lady used to say the song was improperly called a dream—it was reality."

"This," said Mr. Scott, "is a most beautiful ballad as ever was written. Did the author write nothing more?" I repeated some verses, and mentioned that I had a poem of considerable length in the handwriting of Lowe. "We are obliged to Galloway," said Mr. Scott, "for the first of our clan." And he read a passage to us from Scott of Satchel's history of the name of Scott.

'Gentlemen in Galloway by fate
Had fallen at odds, and a riot did commit;
Then to the south they took their way,
And arrived at Rankleburn.
The keeper was called Brydon.
They humbly, then, did him entreat
For lodging, drink, and meat."
He saw them pretty men,
Immediately grants their request,
And to his house they came.
To wind the horn they did not scorn
In the loftiest degree;
Which made the Forester conceive,
They were better men than he.
These gentlemen were brethren born;
The one of them was called John Scott,
And the other English Wat.'

"Our tradition has it," said I, "that they were banished for stealing sheep."—"Not at all unlikely," said Mr. Scott; "for they continued to practise the business on a pretty large scale when they settled in our country. It is," said Mr. Scott, "not a bad subject for a better poem than our friend Satchel's. You should, Morrison, try your hand."

Next morning, I introduced Mr. Hogg to General Dirom, who invited us to dinner, was much pleased with his company, and continued Mr. Hogg's steady friend ever after. He left Edinburgh to enter on his new farm of Locherben, which he had taken in company with his friend, Mr. Adam Brydon of Aberlosk, in the south. About this period Mr. Hogg was arranging the "Mountain Bard" for publication; and I received many letters from him enclosing poems. Mr. Scott also showed me some of his correspondence. "I am afraid," said he, "that Hogg will neglect his *hirsel* with his poem-making."

I was commissioned to make a survey of a line of road in Dumfriesshire, the direction of which passed near Hogg's farm of Locherben; and on mentioning to Mr. Scott that I would call and see the Shepherd,—"Do," said he; "and bring me an account whether he is doing any good. I am a subscriber to the 'Mountain Bard.' Here are six pounds—it is all that I have in my pocket;—give it to him, with my best respects. He is, I am informed, an indifferent practical shepherd; and his partner, Edie Brydon of Aberlosk, is, it is said, a hard drinker: if so, the farm speculation has but a poor chance of succeeding."

I rode some miles out of my way, and called at Locherben; but Hogg was from home. His housekeeper, a very good-looking girl, under

* When Waverley was published, I had no difficulty in recognising the Bodach Glas, and nearly in the same words:—"I stood still and turned myself to the four points of the compass—turn where I would, the figure was instantly before my eyes."—See *Waverley*.

twenty, or about eighteen years of age, invited me to alight and come in; for she expected James every minute. She unsaddled my pony, and gave it plenty to eat. I told her that I had a small parcel to leave for her master. "I have two masters," said she; "but I own the authority of Jamie only." The bottle was put down; and, soon after, an excellent tea-table was laid,—cold lamb, and fried mutton-ham, cheese, &c.,—"For," said she, "you will not have dined." She sat down, and made tea; and I would not wish to have it served by a better hand. Hogg did not make his appearance; and, after tea, the bottle and glasses were again put on the table. I waited till after sunset, and then prepared to go, presenting the housekeeper with the money. She still insisted that I would wait an hour or two. "You have only to Thornhill to ride; it is the longest day, and it never is dark." I waited still longer; but he did not come. I learned that the Shepherd was too often from home, and his partner had a farm to attend to in Eskdale Moor; from all which it was evident that the concern must be much neglected. The housekeeper said that the farm was understood to be high-rented, and, even with the most prudent management, would have enough to do. She had left her father's house in a *pet*, and was a servant for the first time. "My work is easy enough; but I have reason to regret that I ever left my father's house." On my return to Edinburgh, on meeting with Mr. Scott, "Well, friend Morrison," said he, "what the devil is this you have been about? I have had a letter from Hogg; come to breakfast to-morrow, and you shall read it. The letter was as follows. It is now before me; for, though Mr. Scott's, by some mistake I had put it in my pocket:—

DEAR SIR,—Our friend Morrison called at Locherben, and left with my housekeeper six pounds, which is far too much. I was from home; but he found things, I suppose, pretty comfortable; for he drank tea and toddy, and passed the evening, if not the night, very agreeably; and has left a dashing character behind him. I have little doubt that he was presented with the *deoch-an-doruis* [stirrup-dram] on his departure. I have also observed that my housekeeper wears a brooch in her breast, which used not to figure there.

"Pray," said Mr. Scott, "what kind of looking wench is this same housekeeper?"

"She is," said I, "a very comely, courteous, modest-looking damsel, as heart could wish, or eye look on. Her age may be twenty years. My expedition to Locherben is more like a scene in romance than an adventure in real life, and has given me a high opinion of Mr. Hogg's taste."

"Happy rogue!" said he. "I am well informed that he has put more pretty girls through his fingers than any fellow in Ettrick Forest."

The letter went on to ask advice respecting some publication; and ended by desiring to be kindly remembered to me. "So you observe," said Mr. Scott, "that Hogg harbours no malice."

Hogg, from being a shepherd on the farm of Mitchelslacks, took, in company with Edie Brydon, the farm of Locherben. I paid a second visit to Locherben. My pretty housekeeper was then gone. It was the time of sheep-shearing, which was just finished. Masters and men were sitting round a small cask of whisky, drinking it raw out of a tea-cup. They were all rather merry. I sat with them for some time, and was regaled with some excellent mutton-ham, cakes and butter, whisky and water. I had a surveying engagement at Moffat, about ten miles across a rough moor. A number of the company were going the same route. Mr. Brydon was of the party, and fortified his pocket with a bottle of whisky, which was finished on our journey. I was obliged to attend to some papers for the greater part of the night, but I heard the distant sound of revelling. The establishment at Locherben soon after was broken up—how could it stand?—and Mr. Hogg, with a small reversion, took on lease a farm on the Water of Scar, in the parish of Penpont, about seven miles west from Locherben. Corfardine was its name. I happened to be at Eccles with Mr. Maitland for a few days, and one forenoon paid him a visit, distant about three miles. The ground was covered with snow; and on entering the farm, I found all the sheep on the wrong side of the hill. Hogg was absent, and had been so for some days, feasting, drinking, dancing, and fiddling, &c., with a neighbouring farmer. His housekeeper was the most ugly, dirty goblin I had ever beheld; a fearful contrast to his former damsel. He arrived just as I had turned my horse's head to depart.

"Come in," said he. "Put your sheep to rights, first," said I; "they are on the wrong side of the hill, and have nothing to eat."

"Never mind," said he; "the lads will soon be home." The inside of his house corresponded with its out. A dirty-looking fellow rose from a bed, who was desired to go and look after the sheep. "I have been up," said he, "all night in the drift." —"You have been so," said I, "to very little purpose. Your *hirsel* is on the wrong side of the hill."

He ordered some ham, and bread and butter; but it came through such hands that I could not eat. Over our glass of whisky we had a long conversation. I strongly recommended him to give up his farm, and come into Edinburgh, and attend to the publication of the "Mountain Bard," which he said agreed with his own opinion, for that he had in contemplation a long poem about Queen Mary.

As Mr. Scott had warned me to keep a sharp look-out, particularly if his farming was doing any good, on giving him this account, he entirely agreed with the advice which I had given, and said that he would write him to that purpose. "Or why should he not engage again as a shepherd?"—"That," said I, "is now impossible. One who neglected his own flocks is not likely to manage well those of another, unless you could get him appointed one of the King's shepherds in Hyde Park or Windsor Forest. It would be a glorious sight to see him with his checkered plaid round his shoulders, and his dog, Lion, lounging behind him! On his first appointment I should like to have the keeping of the Park gates for one week, at a shilling a-head; it would be worth ten

thousand pounds. One half of London would be out to see him. One day of it would make Hogg's fortune."

Soon after this Mr. Hogg came into Edinburgh, and was at first received into the house of his friend Mr. Grieve, where I often met him, as well as at the house of Mr. Scott.

About this time, 1809, I was employed to make a survey for a railroad from Glasgow to Berwick. Mr. Telford was the directing engineer. Mr. Scott gave me letters of introduction to several gentlemen along the line of survey, and I procured leave of absence from my office in the Quarter-master-General's Office. "These cards of introduction are," said Mr. Scott, "unconnected with any business except your own; and you may deliver them or not, as you may find it convenient. Draw all the old castles,—Bothwell and Craignethan are not far from your route. I am informed that there are some fine old rhymes still lingering about the Upper Ward of Clydesdale."

I was, however, too much engaged with my survey to pay much attention to any other thing. As it was my first survey under Telford, Mr. Scott was anxious to hear how I was getting on, and desired me to write from time to time. I wrote to him in considerable perplexity, that Mr. Telford, on making the Trial Levels, had left a mark on the steeple of Lanark, from which my level differed fifteen feet; and that I had carried my level back to Glasgow in order to prove it, and found it correct. In answer to this he wrote, "Go on in your own way; but be sure that you are correct. Telford is a clever fellow, and a bit of a poet, and will thank you for correcting the error; it will be a feather in your cap." Having also written to Mr. Telford, I received a letter which put all to rights.

In the Upper Ward of Clydesdale I fell in with some old editions of some of those ballads given in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and obtained two additional verses to the *Twa Corbies*.

'My mither cleket me of an egg,
And brought me out wi' feathers gray,
And bad me flee where'er I wad,—
Winter would be my dying day.

But winter it is gane an' past,
And a' the birds are bigging their nest,
But I'll flee heigh aboon them a',
And sing a sang for summer's sake.'

I also got another edition of *Young Benjie;* and the pool was pointed out to me where the Lady Marjorie was drowned; her struggles to gain the bank are described, but the relentless Benjie

'Took a *fouw* and fouwed her in,
And Bodell banks are bonny.'

Fouw is pitchfork, and the image gives a fearful picture of savage cruelty. Young Benjie I have heard sung, or rather chanted, by the late Dr. John Leyden, with whom it was a great favourite. The air is beautiful and wild, and will be found in Alexander Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology." The ballad was given by Leyden to Mr. Scott, and may have received some dressing up. Mr. Leyden's style of singing young Benjie was particularly wild. The tune is not a little obliged to Allaster Dhu, (Mr. Campbell,) whose taste for the old ballad music was exquisitely delicate. I likewise found a different edition of Johnie of Braidislee:—

'Johnie sat his back against a aik,
His foot against a stane,
He shot seven arrows all at once,
And killed them all but ane;
He broke three ribs frae that ane's back,
But and his collar-bane;
Old. { Then fingers five came on belyve,
O, true heart, fail me not!
And, gallant bow, do thou prove true,
For in London thou was coft;
And the silken strings that stenten thee,
Were by my true-love wrought.'

On my return to Edinburgh, and showing my sketches and scraps, Mr. Scott wished much that I would return and explore every cottage and corner of Upper Clydesdale; "where," said he, "I suspect there is much valuable wreck still floating down the stream of Time."

This expedition never took place; as I was engaged to go, early in spring, to meet Mr. Telford in North Wales, and engaged in a survey of the Holyhead, Chester, and London roads.

On mentioning the Holyhead expedition to Mr. Scott, he gave me several letters of introduction. "Draw every old castle and glen that comes in your way. Keep a regular Journal, which, if you bring it up every night, will be, so far from any trouble, rather an amusement. Wales is particularly rich in castles; but the old towers of the Welsh, prior to the ravages of Edward, are by far the most interesting, and have been much neglected. The Welsh have famous memories, hate the English, and are partial to the Scots. There are no parts of Wales, I suppose, where the English language is not understood. You may, therefore, have translations; and the more literal the better."

With respect to understanding English, Mr. Scott had been misinformed. I found many places where the Welsh language only was spoken and understood.

Among the superstitions of Wales is the *Mort Bird*, or Bird of Death, which appears at the window of every person about to die. The Bird of Death, black or white, is seen flapping its wings at the window or door.

On mentioning this to Mr. Scott,—"The warning bird we have also in our own country.

'The Lady of Ellerslee wept for her Lord;
A death-watch had beat in her lonely room;
Her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the Raven had flapped at her window-board,
To tell of her Warrior's doom.'"

When at Bangor Ferry, I received from Mr. Scott "The Lady of the Lake." This book I regret much having lost. I lent it to a lady, who refused to return it. "You may spare," said she, "yourself the farther trouble of asking it; give it to me, therefore, with a good grace, and write your own name under your friend's, Mr. Scott; and I will keep it for both your sakes, besides making you a handsome present."

On mentioning this to Mr. Scott,—"I wonder," said he, "you hesitated one moment to give the lady the book. I will replace it. Pray, what was the present she made you?"—"It was," said I, "a handsome Bible, in two volumes, accompanied

by a letter of good advice, with a request that I never would sketch views on the Sabbath-day, and to make her a solemn promise to that effect."

"Well; and did you promise."—"No. I answered her with a story of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson. When the latter was on his death-bed, he sent for Reynolds, and desired him to promise three things: "First, you are not to ask me to repay the thirty pounds that I borrowed of you long ago; second, you are to read a portion of your Bible every Sabbath-day; and third, never use your pencil on Sunday." To the first two Sir Joshua readily consented, but bolted at the third. The lady wrote me back that Reynolds consented to all the three requests.*

Alas! she has been several years dead. I would give anything for the book; and have some thoughts of making a pilgrimage into Wales to endeavour to recover it.

I was often at a loss to reconcile Sir Walter Scott's descriptions of scenery, which were excellent, to his practical taste, which was not always in good keeping; for, after all, Abbotsford is a strange jumble. If he had searched all over his property, he could not have built on a less interesting spot. The public road from Melrose to Selkirk passes within fifty yards of the front of his house, and is on a level with the chimney tops. I have read somewhere, by some dashing Syntax, the following description of Abbotsford:—

"Beyond the gates you had an extensive park' laid out on the best and boldest principles of landscape gardening, as applicable to forest scenery!" The gates are very simple affairs; and the park, a field of eight English acres, rising up the shoulder of a steep brae, with the public road passing betwixt it and the mansion-house. Before building his garden-walls, and constructing a very expensive screen, as it is called, I seriously recommended that he would lift or remove the whole to a more eligible situation, and, being built of hewn stone, the affair could be easily done; and cited, for example, the House of Glasserton, in Galloway, which was removed, stone by stone, from a distance of, at least, fifteen miles, and it was of treble the magnitude of Abbotsford. "You require no architect, or new plan; the stones are numbered as you take them down; and if you have committed any mistake, you will have an opportunity of correcting it in the new erection."—"I wish," said he, "that it stood at Castlesteads, or Turnagain; but it has cost me so much to place it where it now stands, that I feel something like a duke or lord of Drumlanrig, who built that castle, expecting, it is said, to marry Queen Ann; and, when disappointed in that plan of ambition, locked up, in an iron box, the accounts of the expense of the building, pronouncing a curse on the head of any of his descendants who should uncover the nakedness of their father."

While I was engaged in surveying the estate of Abbotsford, Sir Walter was much with me in the fields. He used to come, leaning on his favourite, Tam Purdy, and tell me tales connected with the spot I might be surveying.

"This," said he, "is Turnagain; and the field below is Castlesteads, where, between the Scotts and Kerrs, a battle was fought in 1526. Buccleuch fled, pursued by the Kerrs, when one of Scott's men, an Elliot, *turned again*, and killed Kerr of Cessford, which was the cause of a bloody feud between the families for many a day."

One day a large wagon arrived, drawn by eight oxen, loaded with an obelisk from Forfarshire, or some of the distant eastern counties, covered with Danish or Norwegian hieroglyphics, animals, and so forth; and was erected, with great ceremony, on the rising ground above Turnagain. Having, no doubt, been erected to commemorate some battle-field, it was of little value out of its original place. My opinion being asked, I said that it had better be taken home again; for such monuments having been raised to commemorate some victory over the Scotch, were rather a disgrace to the country. Sir Walter pointed out to me, with considerable triumph, the door of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*—that is, the old prison-door of Edinburgh—which he had procured, and erected as the gateway from his mansion-house to the offices. I observed, that its grim aspect gave me a disagreeable feeling, to think how many human beings had passed through it—never to return, but to the scaffold and death. How many of our noble martyrs and patriots!—"Yes," said he; "but many a traitor has passed also to receive his doom!"—"Yes," said I; "your friend, Montrose, passed through it."—"Noble martyr!" said Sir Walter, with great emotion. "As he passed to prison, up the Canongate,—placed backwards, with his face to the horse's tail, the hurdle drawn by an old white horse, and driven by the common hangman,—on passing the Chancellor's house, his head uncovered, the ladies, the Chancellor's wife and daughters, leaned over the balcony, and spat on his sacred head—the b——s!"

We entertained very different sentiments respecting the character of Montrose.

Abbotsford is intersected by footpaths in every direction; and he was particularly anxious that none of these paths should be interfered with, although the Road Commissioners offered to close some of the least important up. "Remove not the ancient landmarks," he would say. The consequence was, that he never received any injury in the way of trespass; and the people declined of themselves to walk on many of these paths, restricting themselves to those that were least offensive; such was the effect of his forbearance. "If I was to stop up any of these footpaths, which I might be able to do as unnecessary, the people, if they took it into their heads, would walk over them in spite of both the law and myself; so far, then, my indulgence is good policy." His attention to the lower orders of the country people but ill accorded with his high aristocratical visions; and his political principles were as ill digested. He wrote and distributed the *Visionary*,† a poor, ridiculous pamphlet, which he said was written in

* The Bible was accompanied with other things: two very handsome shirts, six neckcloths, and three pairs of Welsh stockings, wrought by her own fair hands.

† During the heat of the Reform Bill agitation.—*E. T. M.*

a style to meet the acquirements of the country people. It was distributed in the villages around, Galashiels, Selkirk, Darnick, Melrose; and a large parcel was despatched to Jedburgh, Kelso, &c. A Conservative acquaintance of mine boasted that not a single copy of the *Edinburgh Review*, or *Scotsman* was received on the banks of the Jed. Mr. Harper, a great favourite with Sir Walter, and a very large, powerful man, was fixed on to distribute, read, and explain the *Visionary*, to his neighbours. I asked Harper what success he had, and what he himself thought of the pamphlet. "O! man," said he, "it's *waesome* to see so good a man in other respects, in such a state of bewilderment."

Sir Walter presented me with some copies, and said, "They may be useful to some of your Galloway friends." After having perused a copy, I returned the parcel and said, that it was my business to prevent such principles being circulated in my native country. "Why," said he, "I have been endeavouring to prevent the rascals from pulling down the old house about their ears; and some of my best friends will render me no assistance."

Mrs. Maclean Clephane of Torloisk, in the Isle of Mull, and her daughter, were guests at Abbotsford. Both ladies were highly accomplished in Highland traditions and music. During dinner, Bruce, the family piper, was parading before the dining-room window, the great drone of his pipe decorated with a flag, and dressed in the richest Highland costume. "Is he not an elegant performer?" said Sir Walter to Mrs. Maclean Clephane; "and does he not go through these martial airs well?"—"He is a pretty man," replied she; "but he understands little of his pipe."—"Some throw cold water on the poor fellow, others praise him to the skies; for myself, I do not pretend to be a judge."—"His drones are not in tune with his chanter," said Mrs. Maclean. "He wants the Highland style altogether." The piper was served with a dram, and retired. Mr. Thomas Scott of Monklaw, uncle to Sir Walter, who was himself an excellent performer on the pipe, told me that he had given Bruce some lessons. "But his ear is false, and he will never play well. My nephew, however, is fond of a good-looking man, which Bruce is; and he can make a noise, which is all that is necessary."

Sir Walter Scott had a ballad ear only for music; and his voice, though interesting, was not musical. He complained of the judgment of Spurzheim, the phrenological doctor, who, on examining the heads of two ladies, one, of his own family, the other a daughter of the late Lord Kinedder, because the doctor gave the preference to the latter, Miss Erskine. "The other lady," said Sir Walter, "I am told by her masters, is quite a prodigy." I entirely agreed with Spurzheim. Miss Erskine was, indeed, a very superior performer. Allister Dhu used to lament, that he never could teach Scott anything of tune; but he had excellent time, and his reading and reciting were impressive. One Sunday morning he read prayers and part of the service of the Church of England, which Mrs. Maclean declared was the most impressive church service that she had ever witnessed; and every one present seemed to have the same feeling.

On a day appointed, we all set out on a hare-hunting expedition. Miss Scott rode Queen Mab, a little pony; and John Ballantyne was mounted on Old Mortality, an old, gaunt, white horse. He was dressed in a green coat, the buttons of mother-of-pearl, silver and gold, with, if I remember well, a precious stone in the centre, and altogether a most harlequin and piebald figure. Sir Walter appeared to laugh and amuse himself with his grotesque appearance. I admired the buttons. "And well you may," said Sir Walter. "These buttons, Sir, belonged to the Great Montrose, and were cut, by our friend John, from an old coat belonging to the Marquis, and which he purchased from the unworthy descendant of the family, Graham of Gartmore, with many other nick-knackets, too tedious to enumerate in this place."

As we rode to this hunt, he told us many tales connected with localities. "Here is the old Kirk of Lindean, where I once saw a vision. I had sent my servant, with a horse and cart, for provisions and other articles expected from Edinburgh. I had walked out to meet him about the time he was expected, and I saw the man, horse, and cart, coming to meet me. At once, the whole tumbled down the bank. I hurried on to render assistance, when, to my surprise, nothing was to be seen. I returned home, not a little ashamed at having allowed myself to fall into a delusion. The cart did not arrive for two hours and a half after its proper time; and when I questioned the man what had occasioned his delay,—'The carrier from Edinburgh, Sir, did not arrive until two hours after his usual time, which caused me to wait till it became dark. I got all loaded, and came away; but, on account of the darkness, the cart ran too near the brae, and all tumbled to the bottom. I found the horse had thrown himself out of his harness, and was standing unhurt. Assistance came, and I got the cart righted, and again set on the road, and we are all here safe at last.' The time that the cart really tumbled over was at least two hours after my vision."

On passing a field near Selkirk,—"There," said he, "a relation of my own, a Scott of Raeburn, fought a duel; and, in order to save himself from his adversary's weapon, wrapped round his waist a web of wet flannel. But this device did not save him; for Pringle killed him."

On passing Philiphaugh,—"There the brave Montrose had encamped, little thinking that the old, sly fox, Leslie, was at his heels, who surprised and killed the greater part of his army."—"I think I see Montrose," said I, "flying out at the Harewood head, or, as the old song has it,—

> 'At Philiphaugh the fray began,
> At Harewood head it ended;
> The Whigs out on the Grahams they ran,
> Sae merrilie as they bended.'

I am told," continued I, "that Montrose never drew bridle till he arrived in Edinburgh."

"I believe," said Sir Walter, "that he rested at Peebles. But they made a sad hand of the prison-

ers. Four hundred of the Colkitto Macdonnels they enclosed in the castle-yard of Newark, which you see yonder, and, at the instigation of one of their canting ministers, put them all to death; while he addressed Leslie, exclaiming, 'The wark gangs bonnilie on.' On cleaning out the old castle-yard lately, their bones were found where they fell and had been buried."

We were now at Bowhill, and the hunting commenced. Sir Walter did not ride after the hounds, but stationed himself on high ground, where he could observe the chase. The hares were so plentiful, that the moment they were started the poor creatures were run down. I never* enjoyed hare-hunting; and, giving my pony its freedom to graze, took out my sketch-book and employed myself in drawing,—"which, after all," said Sir Walter, "is more rational." He stood beside me, and inquired if conversation disturbed my drawing.—"Not in the least," said I; "and but for the pleasure of being with you, I should not have joined in this ignoble chase, which is, indeed, murder; for the hares are in a park or enclosure, and have no chance for their life in escaping."

"No doubt," said he, "the deep baying of the fox or stag-hound has a much grander effect; but we must take such as we can get. Poor things," said he; "after starting, they make a short round, and return to their *form* to be worried."

More hares were soon killed than could be conveniently carried home, and we left the ground at an early hour; and some of the neighbouring young farmers, who had joined the day's sport, were kept to dinner at Abbotsford.

"I promised," said he to me, "to show you some of the articles purchased by my friend, Mr. Ballantyne. He purchased for himself books, some of which I have picked out. Some old armour, &c., were all laid on a heap on the floor, and bills at three and six months about to be granted; when my friend's falcon eyes searching round the premises, to see if any article of worth had escaped his notice, espied a sword hanging on the wall. 'Whose sword may that have been?' —'That,' said Graham of Gartmore, 'is the sword of my ancestor, the Marquis of Montrose.' —'Will you sell it,' quoth John. 'No, by G—. I am bad enough; but not quite so low as that yet." —'Well,' responded John, 'if you will throw that sword into the concern, I will, in twenty-four hours, make the whole a ready-money transaction.' —'Take it, and be d——d to you,' said Graham, throwing the sword upon a heap of other articles.

'My poverty, but not my will, consents.'

And here it is," said Sir Walter Scott. "This is the very sword sent by King Charles to the gallant Montrose, the General of his armies in Scotland;" and he presented the sword for examination. "No," said I; "it was drawn against the cause in which my fathers bled, and I should account it pollution to touch it."

"Morrison," said he, "if you had lived in those times, you would either have been killed or hanged."

"And why not? If I had been properly exercised as a warrior, might not this lucky hand have saved the hangman's trouble, as a predestined arm achieved in the case of his descendant and successor bloody Clavers; but we will let the old fellows sleep."—"So be it," said Sir Walter.

At and after dinner, although he looked very kindly on Johnny Ballantyne, he made himself merry sometimes at his expense; and Ballantyne seemed awed in his presence, although, when addressed, he turned a bold front to everybody else. I ventured to joke him a little on the quality of his coat, and said that it was the best at table. "Yes," said John, "and it belonged to a better man." —"You will find some difficulty in convincing Mr. Morrison of that," said Sir Walter.

The piper strutted about as usual, and played during dinner. His dress and decorations, at least, were imposing; for, as Mrs. Maclean said, he was a pretty man. Sir Walter observed, "that pretty, in the Highland idiom, did not so much apply to a handsome man, as to a man of courage, and to the deeds he might have achieved; "yet, although Mrs. Maclean does not approve of his music, I think that she would have no objection to Bruce as a recruit."

(*To be continued.*)

THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES AND THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

In the Acts of the Scottish Parliament "holden and begun at Edinburgh the third day of October, 1706," chapter VI., entitled an "Act for securing the Protestant Religion and Presbyterian Church Government," we find a clause to the following effect:—"That in all time coming, no professors, principals, regents, masters, or others bearing office in any university, college, or school, within this kingdom, be capable, or be admitted or allowed to continue in the exercise of their said functions, but such as shall own and acknowledge the civil government in manner prescribed, or to be prescribed by act of parliament: as also, that *before, or at their admission, they do and shall acknowledge and profess, and shall subscribe to the Westminster Confession of Faith*, AS THE CONFESSION OF THEIR FAITH; *and that they will practise and conform themselves to the worship presently in use in this Church, and submit themselves to the government and discipline thereof; and never endeavour, directly or indirectly, the prejudice or subversion of the same.*" This is not an oath of allegiance merely: it is a *Test* act, a Protestant Presbyterian TEST act. It constitutes an exclusive privilege in favour of the Established Presbyterian Church, directed generally against all denominations of dissent,—intended, however, specially, as the historical circumstances out of which it arose indicate, to operate against Episco-

* Wae betide the hunter's horn,
The chase's surly cheer;
And ever that hunter is forlorn
That first at morn I hear.

palians and Papists. In order to secure themselves sufficiently against the then so-much-dreaded evil of the return of "Black Prelacy," our Presbyterian forefathers thought it necessary to exclude from the office of public teacher, whether in school or university, all persons who were not, in point of theological doctrine, strict adherents of the Westminster Confession of Faith,—that is, all who were not sound Calvinists; and, in point of external religious profession, genuine members of the Established Church.

How has this Act of Parliament been observed in practice?

In respect of the schoolmasters connected with the Established Church—the teachers of "the parochial schools," as we call them in Scotland—it has been most strictly observed; so much so, indeed, that in the year 1803, when Toryism was strong in this country, the clergy and the landlords got an act passed, (43 Geo. III., c. 54,) commonly called the Schoolmasters' Act, binding the parochial teachers yet more strictly down to the Church creed; and subjecting them, in matters of religion, exclusively, and without review, to the jurisdiction of the established clergy. The practical consequence of this is what might have been expected, —viz., that in this free Protestant country there is not a single schoolmaster now holding office who dares to think for himself in matters of religion, otherwise than the clergy of the Established Church choose to dictate or to permit; an evil of the very first magnitude, inasmuch as it palsies public education at the spring-head, and which would be altogether intolerable in practice, were it not that the great majority of our parochial schoolmasters have studied for the church; and are, so long as the hope may reasonably last, all expectant clergymen. From men in such a situation, anything like an independent and manly assertion of the civil rights of their order, or the religious right of private judgment, is not to be expected.

In respect of the Professors of the Universities, the clerical act of exclusive privilege has been observed more or less loosely; and in Edinburgh, at least, has, for a long series of years, been altogether obsolete in both branches of the Test: neither soundness of Calvinistic creed, nor strictness of Church conformity, having been uniformly exacted from the Professors holding lay-chairs in the Scottish Universities. On the contrary, it is notorious that many of the most distinguished Professors in Edinburgh have never signed the Calvinistic creed at all; and it is equally notorious that in Glasgow, some who did sign it, (among others the late talented Professor Sandford,) considered themselves, nevertheless, at liberty to refuse conformity to the worship of the Established Church, and have, *de facto*, been in the communion of the Episcopalian dissent: the very body of "black Prelatists" to exclude whom the act was more immediately intended.

The Moderate party of the Church of Scotland, that is, the great majority of the clergy now, since the late Secession, remaining in the Establishment, have, in conjunction with the Senatus Academicus of the University of St. Andrews, lately made a movement towards the restoration of the slumbering Test act to full vigour and active operation. They have memorialized Government to eject Sir David Brewster—a man well known in the scientific world—from the office of Principal in that institution, because this gentleman belongs to the Free Protesting Church of Scotland, and not to the Establishment. This is an indication of considerable vigour on the part of the Moderates, and proves, that if the Evangelical Secessionists are remarkable for bigotry in points of doctrine, they, on the other hand, do not lack intolerance in small points of church discipline and ecclesiastical practice. This move of the Moderates shows a determination to enforce, not merely the spirit, but the strict letter of the enactment. Sir David Brewster and the Free Protesting churchmen are brother-PRESBYTERIANS of the Established clergy. The Act of Parliament was certainly not made to exclude, but to include Presbyterians.

The question is, Whether the Scottish universities and the Scottish people should sanction, by their acquiescence, this move of the Moderate clergy? whether they should not rather most decidedly and energetically protest against it? We think they should do this last, and this last only; and that for the following reasons:—

In the first place, it is extremely desirable—even the clergy, we hope, will admit—when a vacancy occurs in an academical chair, to supply such an important public office, not with the best man being a churchman, but with the best man generally. A man may be a good Chemist, and be very ignorant of Calvinistic theology; a good Naturalist, and prefer a liturgy to extempore prayers. It is proper, indeed, that the patrons of the universities should select men, when they can get them, who are not merely expert in their particular department, but also of good morals and respectable character generally; but this duty on the part of patrons is a very different thing from a right on the part of the clergy to exclude all men, however eminent in science, from the universities, who have not the good fortune to have been born sound Calvinists and good Presbyterians. Church orthodoxy is one thing, Christian piety is another; and heterodoxy, as everybody knows, does not mean cacodoxy at all—not an evil or malignant doxy in any sense, but only another man's doxy: *your* doxy generally as opposed to *mine*. Now, when there is a plain advantage, an imperative necessity, in a university filling its chairs with the best men generally, in a scientific and literary point of view, such a talk about theological doxies, Calvinism, Arminianism, Thirty-nine Articles, and Thirty-three Chapters, is, to say the least of it, pretty considerably impertinent.

In the second place, of all creeds which lay professors, not necessarily instructed in sectarian peculiarities, could be called upon to subscribe, the Confession of Faith is certainly the most objectionable. It is not a creed, indeed, in the common sense of the word, at all, like the Apostles' Creed, or the Thirty-nine Articles even; it is, more properly speaking, a pocket body of divinity, and a portable digest of Calvinism; it is not a parchment

merely, it is a book. It is a book containing thirty-three chapters, in which many of the most minute and knotty points of controversial divinity are discussed; it is a curiously-compacted and systematically-complete architecture of Calvinistic theology; it is a scheme of theological science, as comprehensive and detailed in its doctrinal views as it is strict and rigorous in its sectarian spirit. Nay, more, as the manifesto of an ascendant religious party in an age when intolerance was a necessary part of piety, it is essentially leavened throughout with an intolerant and persecuting spirit, from which every large-hearted and Catholic-minded man must instinctively recoil. Witness, for instance, the following clause from the well-known chapter, (xxiii.) "OF THE CIVIL MAGISTRATE." "*The civil magistrate hath authority, and it is his duty to take order that unity and peace be preserved in the church, and the Faith of God be kept pure and entire; that* ALL BLASPHEMIES AND HERESIES BE SUPPRESSED, *and all the ordinances of God duly settled, administered, and observed.*" If we can read the English language, this clause both sanctions and enjoins persecution for religious opinions (in the language of the Church, *heresies;*) and it is from this text that all penal statutes and Test acts, all religious wars and persecutions, all church-monopolies, and practices of priestly ascendency have been preached in Europe from the Reformation, and are preached, even now, to a certain extent; so far, that is to say, as the public opinion of Europe will allow. Now, is it not a most monstrous pretence, on the part of the clergy, that all the professors, say of the Medical Faculty of Edinburgh, shall not only subscribe their implicit faith in the Calvinistic theology of the Confession, but, by so subscribing, (if without qualification,) do that also which is tantamount to signing away their liberties as British subjects, and publicly protesting against all the acts of toleration which have been passed in this country since the days of King William? We can understand how the clergy who subscribe such things are, and, indeed, if they are honest men, *must* be intolerant; but it is enough for the good of the community, one should think, that subscription of creeds in the nineteenth century be confined to the Church exclusively, and leave the universities free.

III. We are opposed to this bigoted move of the Moderates farther, on the special ground, that whatever may be the character of Oxford and Cambridge, an ecclesiastical character does not, in any sense, belong to the Scottish universities. They are not seminaries of the Church merely, and private institutions for educating the children of Churchmen, as the English Universities, falsely so called, are; but they are national institutions, supported, and existing for great national purposes generally. This was expressly declared by the Commission.* The students in our universities subscribe no tests, as they do in Oxford: why should the grown men be slaves of a Presbyterian priesthood, any more than the little boys?

IV. It is, moreover, insulting in the highest degree, and degrading to the literary and scientific character of this country, that such a test should be allowed to exist, even for a moment. It is insulting: for what right has the Church to lord it over the Universities? With what grace do clerical men prescribe creeds and modes of belief to persons who, in intellectual strength and culture, are generally their own equals, and often their superiors? It is degrading: for mark the consequences: either the clergy—as they have too often done—work this Act of the Scottish Parliament so as to secure to themselves and their creatures (often an inferior and ignoble set) the principal places in the universities; while laymen, not creatures of the Church, are publicly declared unfit for those situations of academical dignity, for which they may possess superior qualifications; or free-minded laymen are constantly tempted, and (as human nature is constituted) will generally be seduced to sacrifice high principle and manly independence to the convenience and (as it will seem) necessity of the moment. Such a Test act degrades literary men only too often, by making them public participators in an act of solemn hypocrisy and humbug. It is a bridge of easy passage to the bold and unprincipled; to the modest and conscientious a ban. Let bigoted Churchmen, and monopolizing Moderates, plead for this thing; good Christians never will.

For these reasons, we are of opinion that the Scottish universities, and the Scottish people, should protest at once, firmly and decidedly, against the practical enforcement of the Presbyterian Test act, now most unwisely attempted to be made by the Moderate party in the Church. We have said nothing of consequences; but if this movement of clerical exclusiveness be persisted in, it is plain we must lose, not only all the Free Protesting professors, who may not amount to above half-a-dozen, but all the Episcopalians also, who, indeed, are the grand offenders against both the spirit and the letter of the act; and who, in Edinburgh and Glasgow together, amount to at least a whole dozen. There must, in short, be a royal commission issued forthwith; and all professors, however orthodox, who are not Established Churchmen; and all professors, who, however much attached to the Establishment, are not Calvinists sound in the faith, (for both these conditions are equally a part of the bond,) must be summarily ejected. This would be a consummation by none but violent Churchmen devoutly to be wished. Then, again, the Free Protesting men, the Episcopalians, and other Dissenters, if their Professors be forcibly driven out of the Universities by a conspiracy of the old Moderates and the Tory government, may easily retaliate by conspiring to withdraw their students from these institutions, not at present particularly over-burdened with a fee-paying population. The Scottish Universities will then become, like the English, mere ecclesiastical seminaries; and what they shall or shall not endure in this capacity, will then be to the general public a matter of comparative indifference. The Academical and Presbyterial bigots of St. Andrews are much mistaken if they think Scotland cannot now help itself to learning without

* University Commission of 1830, General Report, p. 3.

ecclesiastical universities and Calvinistic professors.

We shall conclude these remarks with two quotations:—

"I am of opinion," says Mr. BURKE, in his speech on the second reading of a bill for the Relief of Protestant Dissenters, (1773) "I am of opinion that IT IS NOT WISE IN A WELL-CONSTITUTED COMMONWEALTH TO RETAIN THOSE LAWS WHICH IT IS NOT PROPER TO EXECUTE." This is the opinion of a great statesmen. "I dissent," says LORD CORNHOUSE, in the explanation appended to his subscription of the University Commission Report in 1830, "I dissent from the resolution, that all Professors shall be required to subscribe the Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland. It is proper and necessary that the Theological faculty should belong to the Church established in this part of the kingdom; but to extend the same rule to the other faculties, by which not only Dissenters of all denominations, but members of the Church of England are excluded from teaching science and literature, *seems an inexpedient restriction in the choice of Professors.* It is true that subscription is enjoined by the Acts of Parliament cited in the Report; but *the circumstances and opinions of the country have materially changed since that period: and, in particular, the number of Episcopalians has increased among the best-educated class of the community. Accordingly, the practice of subscription has, for a long time, been generally discontinued in the Universities; and* I AM OF OPINION THAT THOSE STATUTES, NOW FALLEN INTO DISUSE, INSTEAD OF BEING ENFORCED SHOULD BE REPEALED. Each of the Universities has the privilege of sending a representative to the General Assembly; but there is no danger that a Professor, qualified for that office, should not be found in each, especially as the Theological faculty are necessarily Presbyterians.

"In like manner, I see no reason why subscription by all the members of the University court should be required." This is the opinion of a great lawyer, and an eminent judge. How simple and how beautiful a thing is UNDERSTANDING!

SPECIMENS OF MODERN ROMANCE.

NO. VI.—THE SLAPDASH MILITARY.

PHELIM O'TOOLE, THE LIGHT DRAGOON.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

I LEFT my comrades seated by the watchfire, and throwing a military cloak loosely over my shoulders, I pursued the narrow winding path through the brushwood, towards the spot indicated by the Señora's letter. It was a glorious balmy night—glorious even for the Peninsula, where the curse of watery skies and nipping blasts rarely chills the occidental luxuriance of the summer. In the sky above, a thousand stars were gleaming brighter than the polished sparkle of lances, a galaxy of heavenly jewels! The leaves of the cork-trees scarce fluttered beneath the aspirations of the warm midnight air, and beds of the scented wild asparagus loaded the atmosphere with a rich and indolent odour. At any other time the emotion excited in my bosom by these scenes would have led my thoughts back to the shores of my native Ireland. I would have drawn a contrast, not unfavourable surely, between the limpid vale of the Bidassoa and the brown bogs of Ballyshannon; but now, both the absorbing thought of the coming interview with my adored Donna Susquehanna, and the intense anticipation of the morrow's combat, thronged upon me, and I had no space left to dwell upon the wrongs of my beloved country.

I reached the ridge, and, turning back, surveyed the plain beneath. An undulating curve of blazing watch-fires marked where the embattled squadrons of the French held their furious bivouac. Faintly, from the remote distance, came the neighing of the steeds as they champed their withered provender; and I could hear, at times, the voice of the watchful sentinels, as they passed along the line the emphatic watchword of the night "*Sauve qui peut!*"

"If the fighting Fifty-fifth don't give some of these lads their gruel before this time to-morrow," said I to myself, "my name isn't Phelim O'Toole."

So saying, I descended the path on the other side of the hill, and, in a few minutes, reached the appointed spot. It was a little mound of turf, above the slope of which spread the foliage of a luxuriant ilex; whilst a spring, clear as crystal, welled out from its mossy covering. A figure advanced from the shade of the trees, and in a moment the Señora was in my arms.

"Oh, is it indeed you, Phelim?" said she, with the delightful abandonment of her country. "Do you indeed love me, *Capitano mio?*"

"Don't I, you crathur?" was the reply. "By this, and this——"

"Ah, Phelim! don't squeeze me so tightly! And you have forsaken that pale English girl for ever?"

The blood rushed to my brow as if driven by a force-pump. Yes! wretch that I was,—villain,—traitor,—what you will! I *had* forgotten poor Mary Howard. The ripe charms of the beautiful Spaniard had come between me and the star of my earliest affection, and blotted her from my memory. I covered my face with my hands, and groaned bitterly!

The Señora tried to comfort me; but in vain. She could not understand my feelings,—I question if any one but an Irishman could,—and perhaps thought that I was overpowered with my affection for herself. All at once the brushwood crackled behind us,—the Señora screamed,—and I was struggling in the grasp of two French *tirailleurs.* "*Rendez vous, Capitaine; vous êtes notre prisonnier!*" said one.

"The Fifty-fifth never yield!" said I, making a dash at the throat of the speaker. We rolled over and over upon the velvet turf; whilst the other Frenchman drew his sword, apparently for the purpose of running me through the body the moment he could do so without inflicting injury on his comrade. At this crisis the report of a pistol sounded close by, and the gigantic Frenchman fell with a loud malediction on his lips. He was shot through the heart.

"Take this poignard!" said the Señora, "and rid yourself of the other!"

I grasped the proffered implement, with which the pocket of every Spanish lady is furnished, and buried it in the bosom of my antagonist. His hold instantly relaxed, and I started to my feet.

"Who fired that shot?"

"Phelim O'Toole, it was I!" said a deep voice at my back; and, turning hastily round, I recognised Trevyllian, the heavy dragoon. His face was as pale as death, and his large glassy eyes stared gloomily upon me.

"Trevyllian!" said I; "how strange! I little expected this. But you have saved my life. Here is my hand!"

"Boy!" he replied, with a scornful laugh, "do you think that I love you, because I slew your enemy? Remember Mary Howard, and that fatal night beneath the plane-trees of Pampeluna, and then say—say, as a man of honour and a soldier, whether I can accept your hand!"

"Trevyllian!" I said, mournfully; for I felt how deeply indeed I had wounded the heart of that noble though saturnine being; "Trevyllian! is it indeed so? And have I made you unhappy? Ask of me what you will; my life—my fortune—all—anything—but do not ask me to abandon Mary Howard!"

"Traitor!" cried the Señora, "is it thus that you keep your vows?"

"And this," said Trevyllian, bitterly, "this is the pure, high-minded lover of her who rejected me for his sake? Why, the very infant in pursuit of the butterfly has more steadiness of purpose; for he does not seek to run down a second insect until he has secured the first; but you, Captain O'Toole, I ask you, as a man of honour, why you are here with the lady?"

"Major Trevyllian," said I, sternly, "you abuse the advantage you have gained. Much as I am indebted to you, Sir, I shall not suffer you to play the inquisitor; nor even, for the sake of my own vindication, shall I be induced to compromise the reputation of another."

"An excellent excuse! You do justice to your education, Captain O'Toole. A lawyer could not have answered better. It is a pity that the army should have robbed the Irish bar of so subtle and ready a casuist."

"Trevyllian!" I said, "beware!—Do not press me too far, or force me to remember that I am indeed a soldier."

"Methinks, young man," said the heavy dragoon, "it had been well if you had remembered that sooner. But enough of this. What has become of the lady?"

And, indeed, it appeared, that during our discussion the Señora had stolen away. I confess that I was not sorry to be relieved from a disagreeable explanation; and perhaps I had, indeed, allowed my warmth of temperament to carry me beyond the bounds of discretion. But an Irishman is never cool, except in the field of battle.

"Major Trevyllian," said I, "however harshly you may think of me, I cannot forget the great duty that we both owe to our country. Should we survive to-morrow's battle, there will be time enough for us to settle our private quarrel. Till then, let us bury all animosity. Is it a bargain?"

"It is!" said the heavy dragoon, emphatically; "and we shall see whether you or I pierce deepest into the ranks of the enemy. He who wins an eagle from the French is best worthy of Mary Howard!"

"So be it!" said I; and we parted. Trevyllian strode through the forest, and I returned to the bivouac.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

"Charley O'Malley, my son, push round the sherry!" said old Monsoon, as I approached. "It's little way towards quenching your thirst that the thought of Lucy Dashwood will go. There's poor Jack Hinton, with a throat as dry as the great Zahara desert."

"Come, come, Major! that excuse wont do. Hinton has been remarkably shy of the sherry, ever since you hocussed him with the Teneriffe from the King of Portugal's cellar."

"Ha, ha! capital joke that was, to be sure! Why, O'Toole, what's the matter with you? You look as pale as moonlight, and your epaulette is half-tore away."

"A slight brush with the French, Major; that's all. Two of their skirmishers fell upon me in the valley, down yonder; but they'll never trouble us again!"

"Tuns and puncheons!" cried Monsoon, starting to his feet. "You don't mean to say the blackguards are prowling about so near!"

"Faith do I, Major; more by token that one of them, in his last moments, confessed that he had been instigated by Junot to seek for, search, and capture a certain fat commissary, known by the name of Monsoon, who drank, to his own cheek, the whole of last year's vintage of Alcantara."

O'Malley burst into a loud laugh. "Never mind him, Major; he's only making game of you. Better see to the broiled bones. I'm devilish hungry; and we'll all be ready for supper by the time Lorrequer has finished his song."

"If that's all you're waiting for, Charley," said Lieutenant Lorrequer, "Mickey Free may be looking out the forks. Here goes; and I say, my lads, mind you help me with the chorus."

Harry Lorrequer's Song.

'Twas in the field,
When none would yield,
And Frenchmen breath'd defiance,
Our gallant band
Went, hand in hand,
With the Portuguese Alliance.

The fighting Third
They onward spurr'd,
To give the foe their gruel;
And Picton, he
Cried out to me,
"Pitch into them, my jewel!"
(*Chorus.*)—We'll drive them back
Across the track,
And carry all their trenches.
It's little sin
To pitch it in,
And floor the furious Frenchies.

At beat of drum
The squadrons come,
With all their colours flying;
And valiant look,
While great "Malbrook"
Their fifers play'd, defying.
Like lightning, through
A bush or two,
Right through their lines soon we go;
And, ere night sank,
Our wine we drank
Within Ciudad Rodrigo.
(*Chorus.*)—We drove them back
Across the track;
We carried all their trenches.
It's little sin
To pitch it in,
And floor the furious Frenchies.

"Bravo, Lorrequer!" cried a dozen voices.—"Moore is a joke to you," gurgled Monsoon, through a quart of sherry, which he had tossed off during the pauses of the song. "Oh, the divil! hear to that crathur Sparks!"

We turned to our sentimental friend, who sat by the fire, playfully stirring the embers with his counterscarp, and humming to himself—

It's little sin
To pitch it in,
And kiss the charming wenches!"

"I say, Sparks," cried O'Malley, "we'll allow none of your low immorality here."

"Shame, shame!" echoed half the mess.—"Oh, the deludin' villin! It's little I'd uv thought it ov you, Misther Sparks," exclaimed Mickey Free, who at that moment entered, bearing a steaming load of soup, which, for want of a more convenient utensil, he had dished up in a spontoon.

"Push the sherry, O'Toole," said Monsoon, "and don't look sleepy. May I die the death of a sinner, if I don't think you're grown spoony of late. It's the way with all you young dogs. You will always be looking into bright eyes till they burn a hole in your shakos, and fingering glossy ringlets, or, as that old ruffian Milton has it, sporting 'with the tangles of Neæra's hair,'—isn't that it, O'Shaughnessy?—till you're fixed like a sheep in an Anaconda's tail. Rosy cheeks and rosy lips—fudge,—stick to the broiled bones and the sherry negus. That's your only safety. Push the liquor, boys. The night's young, and the drink's plenty."

[We omit a great quantity of lively dialogue, consisting, for the most part, of requests to pass the bottle, and squibs upon Monsoon's thievish propensities.]

"Good God!" cried Sparks, starting back from the pasty, the breach in which he had just stormed, "did you hear that?"

"Cockadoodle-doo—oo—oo!"

"There it is again. The spatchcock is alive, as sure as I am. See, it stretches out its neck! It flaps its wings. Mick, you rascal, what do you mean by serving up live spatchcocks?"

"Sorrow taste of it's living, Misther Sparks. I twisted the necks of every bird of them with my own hands, as nate as any *boneen* in all Galway."

"Cockadoodle-doo—oo—oo!" again rose shrilly from beneath the pie-crust. Sparks grew very white in the face, and Monsoon hiccuped the propriety of passing the gentleman the sherry. We were all at a nonplus.

"Where's Lorrequer?" said I, for the first time missing that illustrious campaigner from the seat opposite me, which he had been occupying.

"Bolted,—gone to roost!" said a dozen guttural voices.

"Cockadoodle-doo—oo—oo!" The interior of the pasty was again vocal.

My foot happening, at this moment, to come in contact with a heavy body, I thought of looking under the table. There lay O'Malley, in a state of blissful unconsciousness, preparing his throat for another crow. The mystery of the spatchcock was explained. We raised O'Malley, who was by this time so completely occupied with one engrossing idea, that he could give utterance to no other, but continued to exclaim, in subdued and slightly inarticulate accents, with an air of quiet philosophy,—"I'm d——d drunk;"—a position which none of us felt called upon, at that moment, to dispute.

We were still engaged in restoring the equilibrium of our fallen friend, when the swell of a bugle, ringing through the silence of the morning—for we had carried our revels so far—startled us from our friendly office. To this succeeded the quick roll of the Devil's Tattoo upon the muffled drums along the whole of our line. It was manifest that the camp had been surprised. We all started to our feet; and in an instant every man of us had buckled on his sabretache, and slung his ravelin across his shoulder. The soda-water was fortunately abundant, and soon dispelled the fumes of Monsoon's sherry. Even O'Malley was as steady as the monument.

"To your troops, you drunken vagabonds," said Picton, dashing into the room, and waving high above his head a camp-stool which, in the hurry of the moment, he had caught up in the nearest bivouac. "You, O'Malley, carry your detachment round by the bend of the river, cross the hill, and charge the enemy's left flank.—O'Toole, keep them in play on the right, till the Eighty-fifth come up." We touched our caps and retired. Five minutes before, and we had been fast drowning the little brains we had in the vintage of Alcantara—heedless alike of present, past and future—and now, with energies braced for the grapple of death, with heads clear, and hearts throbbing with the high impulses of patriotism, and eyes bright with visions of promotion, we were ready to lead our gallant countrymen to the conflict with that noble foe, whom they were bound to vanquish by every tie which glory and their country's pay could impose upon a British soldier's heart. I have often had occasion to observe, from personal experience,

how the stupid imbecility of drunkenness vanishes before the excitement of sudden danger, or the call of elevated duty; but I never felt this more signally than in the present instance.

Not a moment was to be lost. A dropping fire told us that part of our lines had already engaged. So we sprung into the saddles of our horses, which by this time our servants had led round from the pickets, and dashed off to our different troops. A loud cheer from my men received me as I rode among them. With the rapidity of thought I drew them up in a hollow square; and, as I passed the command, "Make ready, present," along the line, I felt that when the time came to conclude the order with the word "Fire!" the French troopers would go down like ninepins before the withering volley. The morning had begun to break; but the mist, which hung upon the low ground, concealed the enemy from our view. We could hear, however, the clatter of their sabres against their horses' flanks, and the "*Allez vous en!*" of their commanding officers encouraging them to the onslaught. It is a moment of vast interest—of thrilling suspense—the brief interval that precedes the shock of action. The fitful thought of home, of our own native bogs,—the years long past curdled into a moment's space—the hurried glance to all that the heart holds dearest—the brief prayer—and, over all, the high prevailing thought of a grave of glory or *The Gazette*. All these passed with the swiftness of intuition through my mind; and still, amid them all, one bright form shone ever serenely forth, and seemed to beckon me to honour and to fame. "Yes, Mary," I exclaimed, to the infinite surprise of a sergeant who was chewing a cartridge at my elbow, "if I die, thy tears shall hallow my bloody sepulchre; and if I live, it shall be with a name not unworthy to mingle with that of the noble Howards!"

"Silence in the ranks!" cried the hoarse voice of my commanding officer, Sir George Dashwood. I of course did not pursue my apostrophe further.

At this moment the mist before us seemed rent asunder; and from its depths, as from the bowels of a volcano, shot forth a mass of flame, with a roar that shook the ground on which we stood. Again and again it came, scattering death on every side. Presently, from amidst the smoke, issued forth a dark mass, which I soon distinguished as a troop of *cuirassiers*. "*En avant, mes braves!*" exclaimed the gallant Ney, whose voice I recognised in that of the officer at the head of the column. Every sabre started from its sheath, and we were preparing to charge down the hill upon the advancing enemy, when an officer rode up. It needed not his eagle eye and equally aquiline nose to tell us that it was Lord Wellington.

"Lads," he cried, "you know your duty. Do it. Cha-a-a-a-a-a-a-rge!"

Every spur was buried in our horses' flanks as we thundered down the hill. The French cavalry, horse and man, were trodden under us like brushwood. Indeed, such was the impetus which the declivity gave our troops, that we rode through the French column, and were a considerable way beyond it, before we drew a rein. But our success had carried us too far. Before us were a troop of horse artillery, who, after discharging their *ricochets* in our faces with deadly effect, wheeled and unlimbered with the speed of lightning. On the left a strong body of infantry was advancing towards us, headed by Junot; while Massena was bringing up a squadron of heavy cavalry to charge us on the right. By this time, too, the broken fragments of Ney's battalion had re-formed upon our rear; and thus we all at once found ourselves completely hemmed in by the flower of the French Peninsular army. But it is in positions like these, that the dauntless bravery of the British veteran is best seen. Here was glory indeed to be won! On every side flashed the deadly musketry. Volley after volley told with shattering effect. One ball passed through my thorax, while another pierced my left shoulder. But I had no time to think of these wounds; for I presently found myself engaged, sabre to sabre, with Massena. The struggle between us was long and desperate. I have never encountered a better swordsman than Massena; and the result might have been anything but favourable to me, had not his charger tumbled over a spent bombshell. Availing myself of the accident, I made a furious cut at him, and his sword-arm fell powerless by his side. I should have spoiled his fencing for the future, had not a young Frenchman, dashing between us, given me enough to do to defend myself.

Faint with loss of blood, and with my exertions, I found myself gradually giving way before my new assailant, when a loud huzza, from the hill above us, rung in my ears, and, turning my head, I saw Sir Stapleton Cotton's brigade dashing down the hill to the assistance of our now severely shattered troop. A deafening shock—the mingled roar of artillery and earthquake clash of cavalry—rent the air; whilst the cheers, which told of the vacillating fortune of the fight, rose amid the wild scream of the Highland bagpipe. All was confusion before my eyes, and I remember nothing of that dreadful moment, but the ferocious visages of the Old Guard, as they stroked their grim moustaches, and prepared their bayonets to receive the charging squadron.

The young Frenchman continued to press me with unabated fury. By this time my troop had retreated to some little distance, so that I was entirely separated from them. The issue of our combat was still doubtful, when a cannon ball struck my horse in the shoulder, and, covered with blood and foam, he rolled to the earth, bearing me with him.

"So perish all faithless English!" said my opponent, waving his sabre exultingly; and in that voice I recognised one which, in its softer accents, had often charmed my ear. Yes, the Señora—for she it was—had thrown aside the woman, and, disguised as a French *tirailleur*, had sought me through all that ghastly fight to slake her jealousy in my blood. Such is the fatal fervour of the Spanish maiden's heart.

My fall had not been unobserved; for, while the Señora was yet speaking, an officer, bare-

headed, with his long, dark hair streaming like a meteor from his haggard face, rode up to the spot. It was Trevyllian. The pallor of death was on his brow, and the blood sprung from his firmly-compressed lips. "Curses on you!" he exclaimed; "you have stripped me of my revenge;" and, whirling his sabre above his head, he rose in his saddle, and bringing it down with a force which bore down all opposition, he struck the Señora to the earth; not, however, before she had discharged her pistol in his face. The ball took effect in his forehead. I saw the blood gush in a torrent from his lips. He reeled in his saddle, and fell.

* * * * *

The sun was high in the heavens when my senses returned. I was lying against a broken gun carriage, with my head leaning on a military chest. Around me lay fearful evidence of the bloody fray—dismounted guns, broken wagons, and heaps of dead and dying rolled in blood. At some distance from me I observed figures moving to and fro about the field, removing the wounded and pillaging the dead; and, from their uniform, I knew but too well that the French had remained masters of the field.

I was stiff with cold, and my wounds smarted severely. Feeling myself unable to rise, my first thought was, how to make the best of my position till some good Samaritan should come up to me. I pulled a cheroot from my cartouche-box, and, striking a light, proceeded to smoke with what serenity I could. I never found the flavour of the Indian weed more grateful than at that moment.

I had commenced a second cheroot, when several of the French staff, Murat, Junot, Ney, Massena, and the rest, approached. The military chests, which had fallen from a broken wagon near me, had obviously attracted their attention. I saw Junot strike open one of them with a broken gun-rammer. A quantity of doubloons rolled to the earth.

"*C'est a moi!*" cried the gallant Ney, dashing forward and snatching up a handful of the broad pieces.

"*A toi! vil pendard! Nous verrons ça,*" shouted Junot, tapping the Marshal's head, as he spoke, with the rammer.

"*Dix milles tonnères. Quoi! Frapper un Marèchal de l'Empire! Gardez vous, infâme!*" cried the Marshal, unsheathing his sword and rushing at Junot, who with equal rapidity stood upon the defensive. They went to work with all the ferocity of disappointed avarice; while their fellow-generals seized the opportunity to appropriate the doubloons. They were still busy stowing them away in their haversacks, when Ney, observing them, dropped his sword, and exclaimed—"*Arrêtez vous, mon cher Junot. Regardez ces voleurs infames!*"

"*Sacristie!*" muttered Junot, and they both began to drive off their brother generals from the disputed treasure.

I thought it was time to end this fun. Not far from where I was lying, and within a few feet of the French generals, lay a barrel of gunpowder, which had dropped from the artillery train. The head of the barrel was stove in, and, with a cautious aim, I threw my lighted cigar into it. The next thing I saw was Massena following Junot on his way to heaven; but at this moment Marshal Ney falling across my body, drove what little breath was left me entirely out of it.

ANTI-CORN LAW RHYME.

THE STARVING MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

Oh, hush! my darling, for your wail
Distracts my head, and pains my heart.
I have no bread—no bread to give,
You must endure fierce hunger's smart.
I pine and faint with hunger too,
And other cares unknown to you.

Oh, nestle in thy scanty straw
And try to sleep away thy care;
Yes, sleep, and dream of happy days,
Of blessed ease, and dainty fare.
The waking hours are slowly sped
Amid one gnawing rage for bread.

Gaunt fever that with busy death,
Still hovers o'er the starving poor,
Assailed us in our lowly shed,
And thy poor father is no more.
They bore him out, I know not where,
But almost wish that I were there.

I saw them take him from that straw,
I spoke no word, I could not weep;
Some cursed fiend aye bid me laugh,
And then I thought I did but sleep.
I rush'd to clasp him where he lay;
I did not dream he was away.

I never yet could rightly tell
What people mean by happiness;
If I could rest, and eat, and sleep,
I had no thought of other bliss.
I've heard them sing of joy, and love,
By flow'ry fields and sighing grove,

That some are great and rich I know,
And oft have wish'd such lot were mine;
No doubt that happiness is theirs:
When do they toil, or starve, or pine?
Ah, they can never, never know
Dread hunger's terrors, want, or woe.

Beyond the grave, I've heard it said,*
There is a life of joy and peace,
A life which never, never ends,
Where want, and toil, and sorrows cease.
It may be true, I scarcely know,—
But if it is, should like to go.

There is a day when, to the church,
The people crowd to hear the priest;
But oh, too glad to be at rest,
From mill and labour when releas'd,
I never went. 'Twere vain to ask
The priest to stop an endless task.

You sigh, my child; as the dull light
Falls on your pallid face you sigh
In sleep. Oh me, it is no sleep!
Or what! what means that starting eye?
'Tis death!—'tis death!—'tis death! Despair
Has done its worst: thy grave I'll share!

L. R.

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* See "Report and Appendices of the Children's Employment Commission" for details bearing testimony to the possibility, at least, of such a state of ignorance as is here assumed,

HOOD'S AUSTRALIA AND THE EAST. *

If the breed of English Squires has amazingly improved, or rather been completely regenerated, since the days of Squire Western, it is not less true that the race of Scottish Lowland Lairds has ameliorated at least as much since the age of Balmawhapple, the Laird of Dumbiedykes, and Morton of Milnwood; those flagrant types of Scottish gentry, among whom a Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns was but a happy accident. If proofs of this improvement were not rife on every hand, the recent writings of Mr. Samuel Laing, and the work now before us, might alone establish the fact. This work is the production of a Berwickshire Laird; and the best book, with the exception of Dr. Lang's elaborate history of the colony, which we have yet seen upon Australia. Its inferiority to Dr. Lang's History consists in the absence of facts and statistics. This is a want, to those seeking merely for the kind of information which may enable them to concert their plans and regulate their proceedings, for which nothing can atone; but as a book to gratify the general reader, it is in every way superior to the more formal work, and in one respect more valuable to persons meditating the serious step of emigration, as it exhibits the internal state and prospects of the colony at a later period and during a disastrous crisis. And of all these rapidly-increasing colonies, it may be affirmed, that what was true in any one year does not exactly hold in the next, whether in relation to the value and eligibility of land, stock, or locality. Mr. Hood's eldest son had gone out at a very early period of life to New South Wales. With a Scottish partner he first settled at Bourolong, in the New England of Australia, and subsequently by himself at a station named Connobolas, a place sufficiently remote and wild, though only about two hundred miles west from Sydney. To visit this son, to spy out the capabilities of the land of promise, and to gratify a liberal curiosity, Mr. Hood embarked for Australia in May 1841, accompanied by a younger son, who had also views of settling in Australia.

The journal of the voyage out in an emigrant ship fills up a considerable portion of the volume, and is among the best narratives of the kind that we remember, whether as regards the gratification of the general reader, or his instruction if he shall become a voyager. Mr. Hood's observations and hints must, we should think, lead to improvement in the conduct of such voyages. There seems indeed great room for reform on board of all emigrant ships. But leaving these, and the incidental advices given to voyagers for the promotion of their personal comfort, we shall cite but one or two sentences illustrative of the style of the work, and pass to the heart of the matter—Sydney and the Bush. Many of the passengers in the crowded vessel were Irish. Scarlet fever, measles, and hooping-cough had broken out in the ship, and there was much suffering and dismay.

The Irish heart is of the finest porcelain of the earth. More affection and kindness I never saw displayed in my life than amongst these Irish emigrants. The husband and father is to be seen supporting the drooping head of his sick wife or child; and the wife and mother showing all the better qualities of the female heart, while oppressed and stricken herself. I see at this moment such a group before me. Silent and watchful lies a poor man supporting his partner in distress,—her head upon his breast, and a child in her arms, which she is feeding from her withered breast, when any short respite from extreme illness enables her to do so; all the three are one mass of squalid wretchedness, painful to look at, but rendered interesting by the air of resignation and kind feeling in the countenance of the man. The Scotch are apparently less afflicted. Habit reconciles the eye to everything. Poverty, Shakspere says, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. So does sea-sickness. In one heap of discomfort, we see on the main deck, twenty or thirty people all lying together, heads and feet, without their delicacy being offended. That influence that draws together stranger hearts is also here. Several young men and young women have already shown a predilection for each other's society; and I have little doubt that, shortly after our arrival, there will be a numerous batch of marriages at Sydney. . . . . I have mentioned that our Scotch and Irish passengers kept themselves separate. This evening they were ranged on opposite sides of the ship. The Irish were dancing their fandango-like dances, when, to the great delight of us Scots, a Blairgowrie man and two other Highlanders struck up, in admirable style, a whistling trio—"Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," and "John Anderson my jo." The effect was electric: the airs of Scotia on the wild strange sea sounded more touchingly to us than they ever did before.

A beautiful little Greek vessel crossed our bows this evening, and hundreds of porpoises played around our ship. In striking contrast to the stormy weather and rough seas we have lately had, this morning has arisen all we could desire it;—a beautiful sun, mild air, and comparatively smooth sea; and, better than all, a more favourable wind. A fine day at sea is certainly a very delightful thing; but, after all, it is sadly monotonous, and soon wearies the eye. How different from the landscape on shore, with its thousand objects and endless variety of tints! *Here* all is one vast interminable heaving mass of dazzling deep-blue water—*there*, all the varieties of light and shadow give interest to the scene: thousands of animated things arrest the attention; the flocks, the herds, and, were there nothing else, the singing of birds. *Here* the grampus and porpoise tumble and dive about, but they are mute; and, for the merlin and the mavis, we have the scream of the wild sea-mew and the rapid silent flight of Mother Carey's chickens. . . . . How often has the fate of the *President* been in our minds, and formed the subject of our discourse! Never, till now, could I fully estimate the unutterable horrors of her end, whether by fire or water. In our ship, fire is too little guarded against; smoking is allowed too liberally both fore and aft, and the fires in the cook-shops, and the lights under the forecastle, are very *disagreeably* brilliant, and at too late hours. I have hinted at this, and an order was given for "*douse the glim*" earlier; but as yet it has not been attended to.

Every one that goes to sea, for however short a voyage, must lay his account to encounter at least

* Australia and the East: being the Narrative of a Voyage to New South Wales in an Emigrant Ship: with a residence of some months in Sydney and the Bush, &c., &c. By John Hood of Stoneridge, Berwickshire. Octavo, pp. 465. London: John Murray.

one awful and perilous storm, such as no man has ever before met with and survived. The Lady Kennaway, Mr. Hood's ship, experienced several fresh gales, as sailors term violent storms, and one really terrific hurricane; and had sundry hair-breadth escapes from dangers caused by accident, and also by very culpable negligence. Of negligence, which under such circumstances becomes serious guilt, we shall give but one instance.

To-day it rains heavily; the dense atmosphere and thick haze are melancholy; and we feel more depressed than we ought to do, when we reflect upon the past, and consider that the Heads of Sydney are only eighty miles distant. We had a grand but stormy sunset last evening, and to-day all is again dark and gloomy. . . . .

Tuesday, 12th October.—When will our troubles end? Last night, after the heavy rain, it cleared up, and by ten o'clock we all had *turned in*, weary of the day. At eleven, a loud voice called out at the door of one of the passengers' cabins, "The lanthorn, Sir, the lanthorn—a large ship close upon us to windward." It appears that the only ship's lanthorn we have, has been most improperly given to one of the passengers for his individual use, and we were now in the greatest danger for want of it,—the lives of all in the ship in jeopardy, for the accommodation of one person: this needs no comment. Before the lamp could be got ready, the strange ship had, fortunately, passed us. We were now but a few miles from port, and in the very run of ships outward bound; it was very dark, and yet our only warning light was in the cabin of a passenger. Our captain confessed to me next day, before the surgeon, that she passed us within half the length of the ship!—a large ship, on the opposite course, under all sail—the collision must have sunk us. The heat has been excessive, and the lightning was flashing wildly the whole night. Early this morning I was awakened by a tremendous bustle on deck, and on quitting my berth I found everything in confusion. A sudden storm had arisen; we were quite unprepared, and everybody was alarmed.

This storm was, like its numerous forerunners, weathered; land was in view, a pilot on board, and things beginning to look more and more Australian.

The boat that brought our pilot on board was manned by six New Zealanders; they were fine-looking, athletic fellows, with good expressive faces, copper-coloured, and tattooed in every part. They were most picturesquely dressed, in red shirts. Their boat was painted light blue, her bows were scarlet, and the shape most beautiful; it was long and narrow, and cut through the waves like an arrow.

Colonial manners and minor morals must have improved considerably since Dr. Lang denounced large classes of his fellow townsmen so unsparingly; but the commercial and pecuniary distress of the colony at the period when Mr. Hood landed, and which has since reached the climax, may have at that time somewhat sobered down the horse-racers and Sabbath-breakers of Sydney. He remarks—

We have arrived in this country at a critical moment: alarm and panic prevail; over-speculation, as it is alleged, has been going on to an extraordinary extent; and all credit and confidence are gone. The demand for money is unexampled; but there is none to be had, and the bill system will go no further. Many causes are assigned for this distressing state of affairs; and sundry proposals are now brought forward to give temporary relief, or rather to afford a barrier against the ruin that threatens to engulph the country. Individual suffering is very great, and in some cases peculiarly severe. There seems a kind of "*sauve qui peut*" feeling in the community, that banishes the better feelings of our nature; and if a few pounds are wanting to pay debts, or to meet bills, an execution is taken with as little compunction as I now state it, against those with whom habits of business, intimacy, and friendship, have been hitherto uninterrupted.

Government also appears to have arrived at the bottom of its strong-box; and delays occur in the payments of the emigration bounties, which cause, and will continue to cause, great and unexpected inconvenience and loss. Our surgeon is alarmed for the bounties due to the Lady Kennaway, and for his own gratuities and salary; but I trust and believe this is without foundation. . . . .

In every department stagnation and pecuniary pressure are excessive; and for those that occupy the credit-side of the books of the Sydney storekeepers, the times are alarming indeed.

The general appearance of the town exceeded my expectation. Although the houses, even in the principal streets, form most striking contrasts as to architecture—a handsome stone building of four stories being frequently next neighbour to a slab wooden erection of one, still the great length of some of the streets, and the regularity of their plan, being cut at fixed distances by others at right angles, and the great extent of the place altogether, bordered by these beautiful bays on every side, give the whole an extremely imposing effect to a stranger.

The shops are very handsome; and were it not that the *trottoirs* are so villanously bad as even to endanger life at night, and so broken up as to appear intended as a check, or at least a punishment to drunkenness, one would have pleasure in looking at these signs of prosperity, and at the most wonderful collection of merchandise, furnished by almost every part of the globe. Some of the shops are lighted up with gas; and those of the confectioners, silversmiths, and haberdashers would, many of them at least, not discredit Prince's Street, Edinburgh, or that street of streets, Regent Street, London. . . . One thing that pains and surprises a stranger, is the vast number of grog-shops, and the conspicuous and public places and thoroughfares selected for these wells of poison. I am told there are at present in Sydney two hundred and fifteen of these dens of iniquity; which gives one public-house, where spirits are sold and drunk over the counter, for every one hundred and forty souls, including women and children! . . .

Shop rents in Sydney are higher than in any town I ever was in. Those of the corner shops in some of the chief streets—George Street and Pitt Street, for instance—range from three hundred and fifty to five hundred and fifty pounds per annum. Retail prices are enormous: in some articles two hundred per cent. upon the prime cost in England. This, together with there being no local dues, and very few taxes of any sort, accounts in some degree for these high rentals.

This report of extravagant retail prices does not tally with other accounts of profits, and may perhaps only apply to articles sold in the finest shops.

Though Sydney boasts of several splendid public buildings, and many handsome private houses, it is still without common-sewers; a want which, to a city, is like that of a dandy with a flashy waistcoat, cravat, and glittering pins, without a clean shirt or a shirt of any kind on his back. This applies to towns nearer home than Sydney. Mr. Hood waited upon the Governor, Sir George Gipps, and is on the whole favourable in his report of that once-unpopular functionary. His salary of £5000 is considered too narrow to maintain the proper state of the foremost man in the land; but it should be remembered that the President of the United States manages with less, and that the Australians seem eminently to require examples of that frugality and simplicity of living, which are perfectly compatible with high station and dignity of character.——Our readers will be glad to hear once more of their old

combative acquaintance, Dr. Lang, to whom Mr. Hood does no more than justice.

Dr. Lang has, I believe, four times braved the ocean, and made the voyage to England on different errands, but chiefly on the affairs of his church. He has obtained for himself the character of great pugnacity, and is considered not to be very scrupulous as to either his language or his assertions; and will, occasionally, descend from his sphere. I believe it is true that vice, in New South Wales, is not public outrage so much as domestic iniquity. But it is rather extraordinary that men of his calibre should not see that their thunders lose their power when hurled at individuals instead of at the multitude; but Dr. Lang is no common man. I went on Sunday to hear him preach. I was very much struck at first with his meagre appearance, his low, flat head, unmarked features, and the total absence in his countenance of the fire and force of genius. He strongly resembles, however, one of the ablest men of his day, the late Dr. Thomas Brown, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; the resemblance extends even to the single lock of hair that used to curl over that mild and thoughtful brow. Dr. Lang's forehead is particularly low, and bespeaks none of the intellect and talent which he undoubtedly possesses; phrenologically speaking, it is a poor development, as far as I could see at the distance I sat from his throne. . . .

Upon the whole, I left the church confirmed in my expectation of finding in Dr. Lang a man of a superior order of mind. He is proprietor, it is said, of the *Colonial Observer* newspaper; and writes in it pretty regularly, under the apology of its being necessary to combat the opposition the Scotch Church has within itself, and meets with from others, and to write down as well as preach down the loose principles and practice of the colony.

Though the charges in the best hôtels are very high, board and lodging seem reasonable in Sydney, if the best may be obtained for forty-five shillings a-week. Mr. Hood advises all young settlers to escape from Sydney as fast as possible; but, while there, counsels all who hope to turn "their plack into a bawbee," to betake themselves to the boarding-houses, were it but to avoid the enervating consequences of the seduction of those temples of luxury—fine hôtels; contrasting as they do so dangerously with the discomforts of the airy cabins and rough fare in the Bush. It is well known, from a hundred writers, that Sydney is a fine and finely-situated town; but its environs are also peculiarly delightful.

Many of the private houses in the vicinity of the town are delightful little retreats, placed amid beautiful gardens and scenery, wood and water. Many are magnificent in their architecture and dimensions. When you inquire the names, however, of some of them, you are amused at hearing, in reply, a nickname generally indicative of the calling or origin of its possessor or builder. "Frying-pan Hall," for instance, a very handsome château in the neighbourhood, belonged to a person who, after serving his term of bondage of seven years, followed the useful calling of an ironsmith! It is not safe to be too curious in Australia, as to either fortune or family: we must take the good the gods provide us, and the civilities *sometimes* vouchsafed the stranger, without much inquiry as to the pedigree of the host, or the mode in which his wealth was acquired. Personal history is at a discount; and good memories and inquisitive minds are peculiarly disliked.

When I landed first on the beach, I was naturally desirous of being relieved of my baggage. Small as it was in bulk, I should have in vain waited for anything of the nature of a porter, or cab, or coach. There are no such conveniencies in Sydney,—a very extraordinary deficiency in a place of its size. A dray may be had to transport heavy goods landed at this place, if you walk a quarter of a mile into the town; but the lesser conveniencies *are not to be found*.

Evidences of civilisation, however, and proofs of one's being in a land of money and of *classes*, are seen on every hand. They have their theatres, amateur theatricals, promenades, balls, concerts, reviews, bands, and other amusements. . . . . .

In Sydney one naturally looks for the badge of the country—convicts and shackles. In the morning, forenoon, and evening, large bands of these unfortunate persons are to be seen marching, two, and sometimes three or four abreast, to and from their respective places of labour. They are nearly all dressed alike, in a garb of hodden gray, or duck, and are branded with the initials of the place of their confinement—as P. B., signifying Paramatta Barracks, &c. Some of the greater delinquents are also to be seen in bands, chained by the ankle, and sometimes to each other, when marching from one place of imprisonment to another. Some few are dressed in piebald, brown and yellow cloth; so that should they attempt an escape they may be instantly known.

The *squalor carceris* is generally written in the sunken cheeks and unhealthy countenances of these wretched men. Many have a stupid, heavy expression; others have cunning printed most manifestly on their faces; and some have *the villain* written in every feature. I dare say I may be in error in my observation, that the general colour of eye of these criminals was black; but certainly the eye of the greater part of the offspring of the earliest convicts, the generation now peopling Sydney, is of that hue. The convicts are guarded to and from their work; and it is not often that escape is effected: when it is, the bush is their resort, whence the perpetration of additional crimes generally consigns them to Norfolk Island, or the gallows.

The communication with the interior is now very regular; mail coaches, as they are termed by a very strong figure of speech, run in every direction, and the scarlet-coated postman raps at your door almost as regularly as at home. . . . The banks of the Paramatta salt water river are certainly extremely pretty: gentlemen's houses stud them all the way down throughout the eighteen miles; and every turn and bend of this arm of the sea presents a new and interesting landscape, with the water in front, and for a background the eternal forest. I do not know a finer piece of scenery of the kind than that of the river banks from the town of Paramatta to Sydney.

I know not how it was, but, thankful as I felt to escape from the ocean on first setting foot in this country, I was rejoiced [after leaving the bush] to see the blue sea again.

While Mr. Hood's younger son went off to his brother's station, he amused himself with looking about him in Sydney. Among other places to which he went, he tells,

I went to what is called the Park to-day—it has some other name, but I forget it—to see a few soldiers reviewed, and hear the band. There were a great many carriages, gigs, horsemen, and pedestrians. It was the first time that I had seen, in the open air, an assemblage of the people.

I observed no good steeds on the ground; and I have scarcely seen what in Britain would be called a well-shaped horse since my arrival. Most are sheep-necked, lanky-leggy, weedy-looking cattle. This was a gala day, and I should have supposed that the best would have been on the field; but possibly it is a rule with the *aristocracy* (!) of New South Wales not to sport their best nags on such plebeian occasions. The heat while we were on the ground to-day was very great, yet not beyond what I have known it in Scotland; and the weather, in its changeableness in this, the April of Britain, very much resembles that of the English October or November. But here no change in leaf or grass meets the eye: universal greenness reigns at all seasons. To-night it rains violently, and lightens as it does in no other country—sheet upon sheet, flash upon flash, illuminating the whole heavens above, and earth beneath, with a lurid blue glaring light, that envelops you, as it were,

and blinds your eyes, and, if you are walking, compels you to stand still. Here it often, indeed generally, rains after a fashion unknown in England—pouring down as if a waterspout had burst directly overhead.

The precocity of the female sex in Australia is extraordinary. I was told, the other day, of a mother thirteen years of age! This must be an unusual case; but at fifteen the instances are numerous. At twelve they have the form and appearance of women. They look much older, however, than they are; and one with difficulty credits the extreme youth of some. I am not aware that life is proportionally shorter; indeed, that can scarcely yet be known accurately in the colony; but I find that the enamel of youth and beauty is gone here at an earlier age than that at which it reaches its perfection with us. The young men and boys of this country appear sharper, quicker, and more manly than at home, and speak with a keener and more decided confidence in their own opinions. But in this also, it is said, the fruit does not fulfil the promise of the blossom.

The Botanical Garden of Sydney, Mr. Hood thinks the most beautiful spot that he ever saw. He gives us but few city *interiors*, or personal sketches. The following are among the most remarkable:—

I have just returned from a visit to an old acquaintance, who possesses one of the most splendid villas in the neighbourhood of Sydney, in the midst of an extensive and beautiful garden. The interior of the mansion is handsome and spacious, and fitted up with good taste; comprising in its many elegancies the results of his extensive travels in Europe. Mr. B. is a gentleman very justly esteemed, and is an active member of many of the excellent public institutions in Sydney; and his ample fortune and high respectability are just those lights that settlers in this distant land should keep ever before them, as guides to show what may be accomplished by prudence, activity, and strict integrity.

His gardens are most beautifully arranged. Here I saw the almond, the fig, the citron; the blossom, the newly-set fruit, and the ripe fruit of the orange, all on the same tree; the lemon, the loquat, (an excellent Chinese fruit, of the size of a plum, and in taste resembling the gooseberry,) the pomegranate, the grape, nectarine, apricot, and pear; the date, the aloe, the sugar-cane, the strawberry, and, better than all, the delicious water-melon. The white cedar is also there, and the bamboo; the dark Norfolk island pine, with its pelican-pouch, and the weeping willow, in all their vigorous and graceful perfection. Fifty hives of bees amuse the leisure hours of my excellent friend and his lady. . . .

While merely glancing at the *hospitality* of Sydney, I may mention meeting at a dinner a person of name and rank in his own land, with whose career considerable interest is associated—the chief of G——. He is a large muscular man, of the Marquis of T. school. His garb was a blue cap with a tarnished silver band, pea-coat, thick cloth trousers, and no waistcoat; and in this he rode seventy miles in a hot wind. Although *outré* in his attire, whenever he addresses you, you instantly recognise the gentleman. He made himself extremely agreeable; and the evening passed cheerily away under the benign influences of burgundy, claret, hock, sherry, mareschino, curaçoa, and aqua vitæ.

G—— has settled down in a newly-discovered district of the colony, called after the present governor's euphonious surname, *Gipps' Land;* and intends to cultivate cattle, and not sheep. The country, it is asserted, suits the former best, being moist, in consequence of its vicinity to the mountains and sea; and he is now chartering a vessel in order to remove his lady and establishment thither.

Alone in the wild! what a life will it be for a woman of fashion and elegance, with native blacks on every side, and her home regularly guarded, as if danger were ever at the door! She ought indeed to have a bold Scotch heart. And yet, when one casts a look back towards home, what is life in the far highlands and islands of Scotland? what is society there? or to the sister isle, "that first gem of the sea," as we are commanded to term it! where is the security for life there? And what a change to G—— himself is this! In his native mountains he was laird—chief "prince of all the land." With his tail on, his clan around him, he was mighty among the chieftains. Now his country owns another lord—a Southron; and the descendant and representative of his chivalrous and ancient race, (for a time only, I trust,) is a stockholder in the wilds and woods of Australia. May he be spared to rebuild the walls of his house, and one day tread again the mountains of his fathers as their rightful lord!

Were Mr. Hood to consult some of the Glengarry Highlanders, long since exiled—happily for themselves, and no thanks to their chiefs!—exiled to Canada, he might modify his regret that the head, in the due revolution of human events, has followed the fate of the tail. There have been harsh clearings and ejectments from other estates besides those of Irish absentees.——While among Scottish Highland emigrants, we must describe one more, whose fortunes, if not quite so romantic as those of the chief of Glengarry, are to the full as important in the history of the social progress of the race. ——When Mr. Hood was travelling by very indifferent roads—or no roads at all—and very slow stages, to his son's station, among his halting-places was the hostelry of the "Green Swamp," the station of Lauchlan Mackay.

Our next hostelry was the "Green Swamp," the station of Lauchlan Mackay. Here we rested our horses and ourselves; and Lauchlan, the fortunate possessor of the "Green Swamp," furnished me with his history. He, his wife, and six grown-up children—three sons and three daughters—were, four years ago, a starving family in the island of Coll; and now he possesses "seventy head of cattle, seven or eight horses, a vineyard which last year yielded two hundred-weight of grapes, which were sold at the Bathurst races at a shilling the pound; and a 'bonny farm,'" giving three crops of oat-hay, self-sown for three years, without plough or harrow; and follows, with his sons, the callings of farmer, blacksmith, and innkeeper. Lauchlan monopolizes and prospers; and, from being in wretched poverty in the island of Coll, is now thriving, rich, and happy. "Had it no been for the laird himsel, I wad ne'er hae gotten frae Tobermory; for I was a gie bit abune forty, sir; and it's no easy getting aff after that age. But I was the first yemigrant that ever went frae Coll, and it was just lookit over; and weel it was sae, for we had tint the coo, and the wife was like to gang daft on our hands a'thegither—that's her, sir, (pointing to a moving mountain,) she hasna yae word o' English, puir auld crature—and now I'm prood to say she has mair coos than she kens what to do wi'!" Happy Lauchlan!—what with one shilling and threepence for a horse-shoe, three shillings per bottle for porter, and three crops of self-sown oats, I prophesy that, ere long, you will be a wealthier man than *Coll himself!* . . . . . .

Small settlers are a description of persons that do well in this country. Possessed of a few hundred pounds, they purchase one of these allotments, which are generally backed by the bush, into which no one will go, as the *frontage* and *water* are, of course, preoccupied; so that after tilling the allotment, and accumulating a little fund, they buy cattle or sheep, and gradually extend their holdings: such persons certainly change for the better in coming to Australia. And just so with a still poorer class, who, like Lauchlan Mackay, have only mechanical and labouring skill for their capital. Lauchlan's whole wealth was *seven* pounds.

We must return to the regular course of the narrative. The brothers had a romantic and happy accidental meeting in the bush; and the Australian settler, leaving the European stranger to supply his own place in superintending the flocks and

herds, galloped off to Sydney to welcome and escort the father, whom anxious affection had unexpectedly brought so far.

Our arrival was unknown to the Australian; and, of course, his surprise was unbounded, as well as his delight; and it will easily be believed, that when he was told that I had crossed the ocean to visit him,—that I was at that very time within two hundred miles of him, and was now to be his guest for a time,—there was little delay in making arrangements for his journey to Sydney. Having placed his brother at the head of affairs during his absence, he the next day mounted his horse; and as, in the bush as well as in the town, every one gallops as if on an errand of life and death, he was by my side on the second day. Rapidity is the grand characteristic of Australian life; and the habits of this country remind me much of what is asserted of the Americans. "They are born," it is said, "in a hurry; educated at full speed; make a fortune with a wave of the hand, and lose it in like manner, but only to remake and relose it in the twinkling of an eye. Their body is a locomotive, travelling at the rate of ten leagues an hour. Their thoughts are a high-pressure engine. Their life resembles a shooting star, and death surprises them like an electric shock." I was walking in Prince's Street to my lodgings, when my son overtook me. I heard a bounding step behind me; and, looking round, saw a countenance that I felt I ought to know, although I could not instantly recognise it; but the very first accents of his voice removed all doubt. The first greetings over, I began to examine my boy. He was but eighteen when we parted. He was altered, of course, and had become more manly in figure and face—bronzed, older-looking, *changed!* I felt somewhat disappointed at not seeing exactly the same slim young creature that had left me three years before: but, if I had lost the boy, I had found the man; and so, after a second look at his garb—and a look of amazement I fancy it was, for his toggery partook largely of the backwoodsman's style of costume—the past was dismissed with something like a feeling of regret, and the present became all in all. The negligence of dress that these sons of the forest indulge in in this country, is somewhat appalling to a stranger. The face is adorned with a luxuriant growth of beard and moustache. The dress consists of a cabbage-tree hat, as large as an umbrella; a round cut-away jacket; no waistcoat; a black glazed belt round the waist; white trousers; and frequently a stock-whip in the hand, almost as long as a South American lasso, while clouds of smoke unceasingly issue from the mouth. My son was not *quite* after this fashion; but, had I met him in the recesses of the bush, my first impulse would, I confess, have been to have looked to my pistols.

But for the costume and habits of settlers and bushmen, we refer to the AUSTRALIAN SKETCHES, of which sketch the first appears in the present number of *Tait's Magazine*. Mr. Hood purchased a gig and two horses, and father and son at once departed for the bush. On the road the inns were found English-like, and much more clean, comfortable, and well-ordered, than the hugger-mugger but thriving hostelry of Lauchlan Mackay. The first stage was Paramatta, the second town in the colony.

It is now the beginning of the Australian summer, and everything around me is fresh and blooming. Our road was bordered on either side by the bush all the way, except spots here and there picked out and partially cleared of wood, with wooden and sometimes turf cottages, resembling those one sees in the wilds of Lochaber. Miserable as such dwellings with their open crevices must appear to our northern notions, they are quite sufficient for this mild climate; and their neat appearance (for many of them are white-washed) made them look wonderfully comfortable, and picturesque too, as the night drew on, when the light shone through their crevices, and brought them into view in the forest. Before day closed in, we passed one or two really sweet places, with neat and pretty gardens and vineyards around the cottages and paddocks, as the adjoining cleared spaces are called; but the continual croaking of frogs, the tormenting everlasting chirping of myriads of locusts and insects that cover the trees by the way-side, the dust of the road, and, above all, the melancholy impressions produced by the never-ending succession of public-houses, with the tumultuous scenes around their doors, greatly detracted from the pleasurable feelings we experienced in this emancipation from the sea and the city.

The eye of one accustomed to Berwickshire and East-Lothian husbandry, of course spied out some strange things, and many more things were missed. Among these were enclosures, which give so finished and secure a look to all fields. On the journey, the travellers were frequently entertained at private residences. Hospitality is a necessary virtue on the frontiers of the bush.

3d November.—We drove this morning to breakfast to an extensive station that lay on our way to Penrith, called by the *pretty* native name of Bungarrabee. The occupier, an English gentleman of the name of K——, is an acquaintance of my son's, and is married to the sister of my friend Mr. D. of Sydney. The entrance to this place is by a fine avenue through the bush. The house is most peculiar in its style; beautiful festoons of roses and plants almost conceal it from sight; it is a delightful spot; and, like most houses in this country, is encircled by a broad verandah to exclude the sun. The interior was as pleasing as the exterior; comfort and elegance were blended in all its arrangements. Mr. K—— is principally engaged in rearing stock of a very superior kind: nags, with pedigrees as long as their legs, and bulls and cows of the most aristocratic blood; he is considered to have some of the best in the colony. We inspected his stock minutely: his horses and mares; his bulls and cows, and also his oat-hay; bad turnips; (this root does not grow well in this country;) good beet and mangel wurzel; his thriving garden with its vines, cabbages, potatoes, and strawberries. . .

Before coming to Bungarrabee, the country is one continued dense wood, except at one or two places. One of these open spots, called Prospect, resembles very much the country above Bennahie, in Aberdeenshire. The hills are of the same character, with a similar half-boggy, half-cultivated country at their foot. The high grounds here cannot properly be called hills, but there is a general resemblance between the scenery. *Here*, however, on the hill-side grows the vine, and in the swamp the best land grows wheat, oats, and maize; instead of bear, oats, and heather. This place belongs to a Mr. Lawson, one of the most considerable stock-holders in the colony; and his house, grounds, and vineyards, seem to be very handsome and extensive. There is a little modest English chapel, beautifully situated on the opposite side of the road here, at the end of a little avenue of trees cut out of the *solid bush*, that has a pleasing effect.

We left Bungarrabee after one of the most terrific land thunder-storms I ever witnessed; and after a wet drive, in the cool of the evening of a very sultry day, through a country partially cleared by the roadside, but in the main one forest of eucalypti or gum-trees, and brushwood, reached the village of Penrith, where we proposed passing the night.

The "Rose Inn" at Penrith, was found all that even a fastidious traveller could desire. It is probably from hearing such frequent and grievous complaints of slovenly taverns on the best-frequented roads in America, that we are so much struck with the superiority of these Australian way-side inns; though, it must be confessed, that the traveller pays for his superior comforts.

Here we are at the nice little village of Penrith, with its hostelry of the Rose Inn, kept by "John and Susan-

nah Perry," with every comfort about us. The cleanliness of the beds, the very first object with a traveller, is here, as at Paramatta, above all praise. From their style, one can scarcely credit that these inns are in the bush. Although not so large, the rooms are as comfortably and completely furnished as any in our best provincial towns; and their bouffet is covered with plated articles of all kinds, and glass, ready for use, and clean and bright as they can be made. . . . . The charges at the inn were certainly very high: our horses cost six shillings each for the night: beds, and the usual meals, are tolerably reasonable; but the feed of horses, and luxuries such as porter and ale, are three hundred per cent. dearer than in England. I am informed that as much as twenty shillings a-night was paid for the keep of a horse in the dear years 1837-8-9.

The country, after leaving Penrith and coming in sight of the Cow Pasture river, resembled, as Mr. Hood thought, the rich carse of Falkirk; though it is not yet so well-studded with hamlets and farmhouses as that celebrated locality. And now the *Emu* plains were traversed, and the Blue Mountains penetrated by a pass more dangerous and grand than Killiecrankie. But, alas! there were here no Tummel or Garry; and this was, besides, the second of a series of those blighting, dry seasons, which are the greatest drawback of all the Australian colonies. Mr. Hood's brief, incidental descriptions convey a very lively idea of the Australian landscape; for we should imagine that his sketches are nearly equally applicable to the bush in all the colonies.

We are now quite in the bush, in the midst of a world of trees that are unknown out of Australia: the red, white, and yellow gum-trees; the stringy bark, and the mimosa or acacia, with its yellow flower, and its sweet perfume, lined our road occasionally; and the twelve miles we drove before breakfast were once or twice enlivened by drays and teams of bullocks, winding their slow and clumsy way to their far-off homes in the wild. The bush ought, in proper language, to be called the forest: it is an interminable world of large timber, interlaced below with young wood springing up of the same trees, chiefly the gum tribe or eucalyptus.

Thus far in my drive I have not seen one patch of what, at home, would be called good grass. With the exception of one small field, I have seen neither white nor red clover; but the yellow or hop kind, is not uncommon. We have not yet had many birds to enliven our way, but shall, I am informed, when we get further to the west. . . . . .

The never-ending forest soon grows wearisome to the eye; and the roads are so bad that it requires all one's attention to prevent the vehicle from upsetting, or falling through the holes in the bridges! . . . . . The corn given to the horses in this country is not oats, but Indian corn or maize; very excellent, if not preferable food. Oats are only grown for hay: when cut green, and properly winnowed, they make most excellent fodder. This, and, in some places, lucerne, are the only representatives of rye-grass and clover in this land.

The inns are not placed with reference to the convenience of travellers, but with reference to water,—that scarcest and most valuable of all articles in Australia.

4th November.—We started this morning at seven, and, by a road which one would be inclined to say, was not made for *civilized* man, horse, or even bullock-dray, reached Jager's inn to breakfast, at the foot of the celebrated Mount Victoria. In our way we passed some of the noblest and grandest scenery I ever beheld; and by a most wonderful road, a new and enormous work, descended into the Vale of Clwyd, through a pass cut partly out of the solid rock, and falling some thousand feet in a circuitous route of little more than two miles and a half. This is a large and commodious inn, excellent in every way, and most romantically situated. The first view we had of the vale from the mountain-top, struck me as having some resemblance to Highland and Welsh scenery; but the universal wood did not permit the idea to last long. There are a few green patches of open land, here and there, interspersed in the low ground; but around, behind, on every side, the view is hemmed in by the boundless forest. These patches, however, with a cottage generally dotted upon them, are a great relief to the eye. We lost a horse's shoe at the village of the vale, which consists of four or five houses; and the rural Vulcan protested to my son he had seen me in Wales. He left it only last year: I was there some years ago, and it may have been so. This peaceful valley is soon passed, and again do terrace upon terrace, mountains upon mountains, uplifted to the clouds, and covered with forest, distress the eye.

We are now nearly a hundred miles from Sydney, in the wilderness of Australia; and I have as yet seen no blacks, no bushrangers, no snakes, no kangaroo, no emu, nor any of the Australian wonders. Indeed it has been too like home in some respects; for a dense fog, like the mists on our own hills, wetted us to the skin all day, and scarcely permitted us to catch occasional glimpses of the high upheaved rocks by which our path led. .

. . . . . After leaving these peaceful retreats, we began to mount our last and worst range, which seemed to have no summit. We at last arrived at a prettily-situated inn, called "Rottens," where her Majesty's portrait swings betwixt two poles, inviting all her loyal subjects to halt there. From the summit of this mountain, the eye stretches over a whole world of ranges, towering one over the other, and all covered with forest,—the dismal-looking gum and stringy bark trees, which, seen in certain lights, have at a distance a gloomy reddish-brown shade, that gives a sombre character to this country. When near, the hue of all the tribe of eucalyptus is that of our gray saugh or willow, and the leaf is of exactly the same shape; but in the mass in the distance, at evening, it is dusky, and dark, and *painful*.

For the first time since I landed in the colony, my spirits gave way. When looking abroad from this mountain on the interminable forest around me, I confess I did, for a time, wish my sons and myself were again in our own native land. But the interior of the inn in some degree made us forget the desolate scenes around us. A large cheerful wood-fire was burning on the hearth; the room was neatly furnished with the usual showy sideboard of bright plate and crystal; and a good meal, consisting of green tea, (black tea, or coffee, are not much used in Australia,—the very labourers consume only green tea,) eggs, excellent home-baked bread, beef-steaks, &c., served to dissipate my gloomy reflections. Fires are rarely needed in this country, and few houses have grates. The wood-logs blaze, as in the Highlands, on a clean hearthstone.

The next stage was Lauchlan Mackay's, which we have already seen; and, upon the whole, good progress had been made, when, at the close of the seventh day, young Mr. Hood's lonely station was reached, placed at a distance of fourteen miles from any other habitation. The country, in point of soil, improved as they approached Connobolas, and, when there, was found better than any that had been passed.

As we drew near, we got a good view of his *runs*, as sheep-walks are called, which form a long stretch of country, on the slope of a glen, ending in the towering top of the lofty Connobolas, a mountain seen from a great distance, and said to be about 4,450 feet above the level of the sea. We left the dray track, called a road, some miles before coming to his residence, and *took to the bush*. I was not a little surprised at the first view of his gunyah or house: it belonged to no recognised order of architecture. However, I was too much rejoiced at finding myself at the end of my long journey, to feel inclined critically to inspect his domicile; but felt thankful that the object of my journey was now

likely to be attained, and that I was permitted to see both my sons safe and well in the land of their choice.

The ranges of the station were most extensive, and it appears to have possessed several natural advantages. However, as seems common to all young settlers, Mr. Hood, junior, still wishing "to better himself," had turned his views to Moreton Bay, which was then in high vogue as a place of settlement. His father set himself to examine and balance the advantages of the two localities, assuming in all his speculations and calculations, that *wool* is, and must long remain, the staple of Australia, the *only exportable* commodity, and, consequently, that upon which the advancement and prosperity of the colony and the settlers must for generations depend.

Mr. Hood exerts his philosophy in the bush; knowing well that a man cannot carry into the Highlands "a' the comforts of the *Saut Market* at his tail," and makes the very best of the lodge in the wilderness; though he permits us to see many discomforts which his Australian son had by this time happily forgotten. He says,—

We must make ourselves as comfortable here as we can. I have now been three days in this far corner of the wilds of the bush; sleeping and living very comfortably, despite the uncouthness of our abode.

"*Parva Domus Magna Quies*," was written over some Roman door; and here we do, indeed, rejoice in a small and quiet house. It is divided into two rooms, not by any wall or partition, but by my old cloak, which is made to do duty as a curtain. The abode is as primitive as anything can well be. It was erected in a day, and is formed of slabs of bark, supported by boughs of trees. Daylight or starlight penetrate it at every corner, affording to those of an astronomical turn excellent opportunities of studying the heavens, while they recline on their couch; admitting, too, as freely, the cold by night as the heat by day. Yet, in spite of the torments of myriads of flies, and the apprehension of an attack from the bushrangers, who prowl about these mountains; with no door to the mansion, a sheet for a carpet, and a thing called "a stretcher" for a bed, placed beneath the bare bark of the sloping roof, I have slept as soundly as I ever did on my own bed in my own home.

We rode out to-day to survey the run: we went to the foot of the "Old Man of Connobolas," as the highest mountain is called, and saw there the house occupied as a station by my son's predecessor; and a more sequestered and beautiful spot I never beheld. In front, the mountain towers in three high ridges, wooded to the summit, with here and there spots green and devoid of trees. A little streamlet runs before the door, and behind and on both sides the dense forest shuts in the house. Two glens stretch upwards from the spot, and lose themselves in the recesses of the ranges; and one of them—the channel of the "creek," as the rivulet is called—winds downwards to the gunyah.

A path, admitting of the passage of a gig or dray, leads to Boree, a district of country fourteen miles off, where our nearest neighbours reside. This upper station is, indeed, a sweet place, and, but for the close neighbourhood of the bushrangers, who scruple not at anything to obtain a booty, however small, and to whom no one dare give food or water, lest the law punish the charity, it would be a delightful retirement from all the ills of life—a perfect hermitage. My son proposes moving thither shortly. The distance from any other habitation, and from help of any kind, when needed, would, to me, be a great objection to this or any such situation. But, in this strange country, it is considered no objection; on the contrary, it is held to be an advantage. It is not long ago since a gentleman in the county of New England, challenged a new comer for "*sitting down*" within ten miles of him, which he considered to be an encroachment on his runs. *Sitting down* is the expression used by the blacks for encamping or settling at any place.

I had heard so much of the fare of the bush, that the very word "damper" was associated in my mind with something like the black bread of Russia, or the pine bread of Sweden. I am glad to say, however, that it is the very best bread I ever ate. The merino mutton is very excellent, though not equal, in my opinion, to our blackfaced wedder; and, what with the hundred shapes which flour assumes in this country, and other aids, living in the woods is as good as any one need desire, albeit the service is not of plate, nor the variety of viands very great. At one house at which I have been, although it was that of an extensive stockholder, and one which might be called a superior establishment in these parts, the remnant of a broken tumbler did service as a mustard-pot, a *silver* salt-cellar was the point of attack for every knife, black bottles passed for decanters, and one tumbler did the duty of five.

In the bush Mr. Hood found one old friend, whom, next to his son, he must have been rejoiced to meet with,—a worthy repesentative of the primitive and hereditary *hind* of Scotland, before the era of the bothy system and of the ploughman changing his place at every six-months' term.

My old servant, James Simpson, whom I allowed to accompany my eldest son to this country, has been, indeed, a great assistance and comfort to him. He had been with me all his life, and his father had lived for sixty years in the service of our family; it was, therefore, not without reluctance that I parted with him. Faithful, intelligent, and careful, James is just the support needed by my son in all the dilemmas incidental to such a country, and such a neighbourhood and population. His wonder was excited to the uttermost, on hearing I was really in Australia. His pleasure did not display itself at the first moment of our meeting, as I expected. He afterwards explained the cause. "I was quite dung doon donnerit, whan I saw the laird; I canna concet what doonned me; I was raal glad to see him; bit I dinna ken hoo, I couldna speak it." *I*, however, saw the cause, James; and I gladly took your hand as that of an attached friend in a far foreign land. "Eh, sir; I little ever expeckit to see you here!" was said so truthfully and naturally, that I valued the words more highly than I should have done the best turned compliment. And the very sight of James returning at evening from the hills, quietly following his flocks, is pleasant to me; and I make it a rule always to meet him, as soon as the sheep-bells and the bleating reach my ear.

James is a good deal altered since he left Scotland. He wears his chin in colonial fashion, with a beard as long as a Hebrew's, which makes him look like a Cossack. His manner, too, is changed, more self-possessed and more independent; and he can say "*Mornin'*"—the usual Australian salutation—with as much *bonne grâce* as an American. But he has not yet acquired that disagreeable nasal twang with which it is pronounced, and which is purely Australian.

Our hours in the bush are very early; we rise at six, and retire to our couches at nine. One of the first things done in the morning, is to look in the direction the horses *should* be. On looking across the forest to-day we could not see any of them, and without them nothing can be done. Stables are not much used; the open wood is, generally speaking, the only stable, and hobbles the only halter. To seek and find was the next step. My son's experience led him to the belief that they were only gone to the ranges, and would return when the sun got high. James, however, was dispatched to Boree, the place at which one of them had been purchased, as it was possible he might have returned to his old abode. But he had his trouble for nothing: at noon they all came galloping home. They had gone to the ranges in their wandering during the night, and were driven home, as my [illegible] had foretold, by the sultry heat of the sun. June

absence afforded my younger son, Alexander, the first opportunity of following his chosen vocation. His man, Luke, knew nothing of a bushman's life at present, and had a wholesome apprehension of bushrangers, blacks, snakes, and all such horrors; and his master, therefore, determined to accompany him on his first essay in sheep-tending, the other men being off with their own. He and John Luke are, therefore, away with the merinos, pipes in mouth—no oaten reeds, but actual *tobacco clays*—for the pastures among the mountains.

Mr. Hood makes here some judicious animadversions upon the trouble of gathering back wandering flocks, cattle, and horses; but this seems an evil not easily remedied in a country where labour is very dear, fences nearly unknown, ranges wide, and neighbours unscrupulous. Mr. Hood saw no wild animals; and the birds were tuneless, and fewer than with us. Among the variety of wild plants, he met with nothing that, in Scotland, would be called *grass*. The party visited Captain R—— of Boree, one of their next neighbours,—though more than fourteen miles off,—who had a large and thriving sheep station, which, at this time, had suffered so much from the drought of two successive summers, that the soil looked like arid sand. The homestead consisted of a large cluster of wooden huts.

Both Borees were esteemed as nearly the best sheep stations in this part of the colony; and, until lately, were well watered by a chain of ponds supplied by the rivulet that passes Connobolas: lying low, moreover, the heat, though excessive, was well suited to merinos; which, provided they have plenty of food and water, cannot be in too warm a situation. But last year, and this also, the drought has been so great, that even these favoured stations have suffered dreadfully, and are now looking as if the whole was arid sand, or red earth. Captain R——'s fields, enclosed as usual with pales, were as large as those in Scotland, and were studded over with mares and foals; the cleared ground beyond was similarly enclosed, and would bear comparison with the park of any noblemen in England. The open plain in front, with its semicircular background of forest, looked more inviting, more British, than anything I have seen here. Captain R—— was not at home; but we found, instead, a relation of the immortal Sheridan residing there, who did the honours of the house.

This is sheep-shearing time—the most important season of the year in Australia. All was activity and bustle, and extensive were the operations which were in progress. The sheep was first dipped into hot water, and then into cold—a regular Russian bath, the wool meanwhile being washed carefully with the hand; when well done, this leaves it white and clean. The hot water is used, because the lime in the bed of the creek is thought to possess some quality that darkens the fleece. The flock was all merino; and it was wonderful to see animals in such good condition on such miserable pasture. Clipping, sorting, packing, and branding were, also, all going forward. The clipping struck me as being done in a slovenly way, and with great cruelty to the sheep. . . .

After leaving Boree Cabonne, we crossed the creek, and, about a mile further on, arrived at Boree Nyrang, just as dinner was about over; and here we found Capt. R——, who also gave me a polite invitation to spend some time with him, either at Boree Cabonne, or at his homestead, near Bathurst. Mr. B—— received us very kindly, with a warm welcome,—a point of first-rate importance in a visit,—and good cheer of every kind, including delicious Sauterne, and excellent porter; (no man can, *prior to experience*, duly estimate a glass of London porter on a hot day, sixteen thousand miles from the Thames.) The first day, which is sometimes a little stiff and formal, passed agreeably away, amid general conversation. This is also a very large station, not quite so well situated perhaps as Captain R——'s, but possessed of a better cottage. Many thousand sheep bleat on its ranges; and the wool harvest in all its stages was going on. The first step is to place the sheep in the man's hands; who, holding it by the fore-feet, rolls it backwards and forwards in the water; and then passes it under water to a second, and he to a third; a fourth holds it under a fall of water of two or three feet, spreads the wool, removing every impurity, and allows it to scramble out the best way it can. Then follow the clipping, and the packing in large bales, which are marked with the letters N. S. W. W.,—New South Wales Wool; with the addition of the degree of fineness, the initials of the grower, and the number of the bale. Some of these bales weigh three hundred pounds and upwards; and many persons take great pride in the neat appearance of the packages, and the great mass of wool compressed into them. For this purpose a pressing-machine is used; but, in small establishments, this operation is performed with the spade. In this station everything seemed to go on like clockwork. . . . .

This summer, the terrible drought has robed every plain and patch in this district in russet brown, and shrivelled the leaf as with a scorching fire. These dreadful evils—the failure of the pastures, and the drying up of the usual supplies of water—added to the unremunerating price of the fleece, are indeed severe dispensations, and would appear to have thrown a gloomy foreboding of evil over the settlers, which is exceedingly alarming. They are a class of great enterprise and daring, with a vast amount of invested capital; and the generality of them are men of superior birth and education—in fact they are the gentlemen of the colony: and hard indeed would it be, if, as seems to be expected by some, the present difficulties should cause the destruction of so important a class.

In the face of these apprehensions Mr. Hood was hopeful both for timely rains and rising prices. Mr. Hood had some intercourse with the natives at this place. He considers them not negroes,—which is, we believe, a general opinion,—but Asiatics; not descendants of Ham, but of Shem.

While on a visit to a near neighbour, Mr. Hood, among other novel and curious spectacles, saw bullock drays loaded with huge bales of wool, passing the station on their yearly journey to Sydney:

It is a most picturesque sight to see these immense piles winding their slow way through the forest. These drays are of two kinds,—some have shafts and others have a pole; these had six bullocks in pairs before the one in the shafts. The bullocks are harnessed in the simplest manner, with a rod of iron for a collar, and the yoke over the shoulders of each pair, to which is fixed the chain, which is fastened to the end of the pole or shafts. Their progress is slow, averaging from ten to fifteen miles a-day; but they drag heavy loads up steeps and over roads upon which no horses in our country could be made to draw a load. They have the advantage, too, of being cheaper; the roadside is their pasture; and blows and curses their only grooming. The bullock-driver is a being completely *sui generis;* he is the most cruel and profane wretch that breathes; his cruelty and drunkenness render him more a brute than the animal he tortures. Of all men that ever broke the third commandment, they are the most perfect in profanity. . . .

Swearing, drunkenness, and blackguardism of every description, characterise these draymen; and while better paid than any other daily labourer, some of them receiving forty pounds per annum and victuals, they are the laziest of men, often refusing to do anything whatever, except belabour and curse their helpless victims; but, of course, there are exceptions to this rule, as to every other. Respectable men may sometimes be found in this class.

The fact of being a drunkard, or a convict, is not looked upon, in this country, amongst *the class*, as any disgrace; on the contrary, they often openly express their intention "to go and get drunk;" and "Where

have you been, Tim? have you been getting drunk?" is an every-day question. As to being a convict whose term has expired, and who is called an *expiree*, or one still under sentence, but possessed of a pass during good behaviour for the unexpired period of his sentence, called a "ticket-of-leave man," no shame whatever is evinced by the very best amongst them; and they look down upon all "self-imported devils" as beneath them, and not worth consideration. And yet many of the convicts are good servants: there are several of them at this station; and Mr. B—— assures me he looks upon them as the best servants he has.

It is characteristic of the bush, that the days of the week are sometimes forgotten, and Saturday kept as Sunday.

A grand mansion, with wings, which, as some one quaintly says, are constructed as if to fly away with the estate, is a first consideration with a Scottish Laird at home. In the bush, the emigrant settlers are more prudent. A house, which can be got any day, is their last consideration. Mr. Hood tells—

I have been in a house in Australia where there was no lock to secure my bedroom; where the furniture was of the very plainest kind; where bunches of receipts were suspended from the roof, and books and drawings lay promiscuously amidst guns and constables' fetters; and yet the owners were among the *élite* of the colony, and would be found in the first circles of society in England.

Here, at Connobolas, we rejoice in one table of homely manufacture, fixed to the earthen floor, with a long suitable seat to match. A similar piece of upholstery, minus one leg, supports my desk and dressing-case; a stretcher (universally used in the bush) supplies the place of a bedstead;—mine I have adorned magnificently with a curtain of mosquito-gauze. The rafters are our roof and ceiling, and slabs of bark our serking and slates. Glass windows we do not patronise; shutters outside are our only screens. The walls are slabs of bark, closely fitted upon upright slabs of wood; and the painting and papering are clean white sheets, nailed all round the room, to exclude, in some degree, the light and cold by night, and the sun by day. Two loaded guns stand, ever ready, in the corner; and pistols are always below my pillow. In the space betwixt my apartment and that of James Simpson, is the couch of my sons, where, beside another stretcher, may be seen saddles, bridles, ropes, rice, tea, sugar, tools of all descriptions, gig gear, preserves, butter, cheese, spirits, *et multa alia*. As to James, he and his wife slumber upon a very primitive elevation above the floor, prepared by him in half an hour, and find rest and peaceful oblivion "as weel as e'er they did at hame." The *cuisine* is furnished with considerably fewer materials than would be held requisite at the Clarendon, or Gresham's; but there is merit in management; and I never dined more comfortably in my life than among the mountains of Connobolas. Nor has the fear of snakes, (although the trail of one that must have been at least six feet long, and as thick as my arm, lay on our path to-day, betwixt the stations,) of blacks or of bushrangers, yet cost me an hour's rest. There was a person in this neighbourhood, fifteen or twenty miles distant, who forfeited this station and his license, in consequence of having allowed bushrangers from these haunts to come about his house—harbouring them, as it is called; and it is not a fortnight ago since certain gentlemen (!) made use of the enclosures around for the purpose of branding their neighbours' cattle and calves with their own marks—a process carried on by the light of the moon, and a favourite pursuit in this colony. If my memory serves me, there is a motto on the borders of Scotland, "Reparabit Cornua Phœbe!"

The nearest town is Bathurst, distant from us about fifty miles; and there, also, are the nearest magistrates' bench, church, and physician. Our nearest post-office is at Boree or Peisleys, both of which places are fourteen miles distant, and the post is only once a-week. At Boree, also, live our nearest friends. The shepherds' huts are scattered around in every direction, but some miles from us, and quite out of reach in any case of emergency.

Such is our present situation. Hitherto we have not been disturbed by night or day. No door as yet prevents intrusion; a piece of unbleached linen alone excludes man and beast! Indeed, a door of *sheet iron* would be of little avail against the class of persons who sometimes demand admission from these mountains; and the linen portal is so much cooler, that we prefer it, as it acts like an Indian punka. We erected a tent, but I could not breathe in it. In this country, as in the East, tents ought to be *double*, to exclude the sun. My two youths intend to try it; but I suspect that, what betwixt the cold by night and heat by day, they will be glad to flee to their storehouse again. Amidst all this exposure, which but lately would have appeared to me the life of a savage, with a blazing fire on the hearth in the ample chimney of bark slabs, we pass our evenings wonderfully well.

Yet Mr. Hood had grown rather too old in the comforts of civilized life, to take so kindlily to this mode of existence as did his stout-hearted sons. He felt that this seclusion was

Wild, grand, and beautiful; but there is a silence about it, a singular loneliness, which, coupled with the impression that we are constantly within the *ken* and *shot* of the outlaw, gave a tone to the mind and feelings not beneficial; and which can scarcely be conceived by those who have never lived in forest scenery. . . . . .

Life is passed with us after a most primitive and pastoral fashion. We rise at six, and the early mornings are delightful; we see the flocks tended by James, and the other men set off for the ranges; then breakfast, read, write, shoot, lose a horse and seek and find it again, send off a dray on "a canny errand, to a neighbour town;" I write these notes of my wanderings, then dinner; after that, we walk a mile or so to a fall of the creek, among the hidden places of the glen, amidst rocks and solitary woods, making calculations and plans as to the future; then tea, good-night, and to bed by ten. . . . . .

The more I see of this country, the more I am at a loss to form an opinion regarding it. There does seem a curse upon it at present, judging from the awful droughts to which it has been subject from its first discovery: the first was in 1791, and they have since happened pretty regularly every seven or ten years; 1827, 8, and 9 were dreadful years; little or no rain fell in 1837, 8, or 9; and, in 1840 and 1841, in most parts of the colony complaints have been general. The fall of prices, the increase of expenses from the scarcity of labour, the want of public markets, the insecurity of property, the difficulties of realizing property when necessary, from the scarcity of money, the almost complete impunity with which crimes are committed, the impracticability of procuring evidence of deeds done in this thinly-peopled country,—these, and many other evils, render it a difficult and serious matter indeed to point out the right and prudent path for a settler to pursue; and the task is rendered still more arduous by the fact, that almost the whole of the country in this district worth possessing is already occupied.

This *want of country* is one of the most serious bars, as it appears to me, in the way of the future advancement of the colony. The idea of the settler not finding ample room in so immense a country as Australia may at first seem absurd; but many things are required to form what is called "a desirable run." The feed must be good; the water must be in sufficient quantity not to fail in dry seasons; there must be a passable country betwixt it and Sydney; the land carriage must not exceed three hundred miles, at the utmost, or there must be good water communication with the metropolis. Now a very considerable part of the known country, where these requisites are combined, is already occupied; and without these no station is worth having. No one taking a station would wish it less in extent than would be sufficient for five thousand sheep at the least, and

from that to twenty thousand, with a proportionate number of cattle—say from three hundred to a thousand. From the information I have been able to obtain, such stations must now-a-days be *bought*, and not *selected;* and, in these times, purchasing becomes an affair of grave consideration. . . . . .

18*th Nov.*—Great excitement was created amongst us to-night; and I confess I was again induced to wish that my boys had remained at home in Britain instead of becoming bushrangers in New Holland. But I suppose the thousand gentlemen bushmen would laugh at my apprehensions. At sunset it was observed by Alexander, that one of the flocks of ewes and lambs was greatly diminished in numbers; and upon their being counted, two hundred and fifty were found to be wanting.

In coming home with his flock, James Simpson had seen a fire in the woods, with three sheep roasting upon it! One of the shepherds, formerly a convict, had been lately warned away.

We cannot follow out this long adventure,—it is enough that the missing merinos were recovered. Mr. Hood was, however, the witness of still more alarming and really perilous bush adventures before he left an abode which, with the habitual love of books, and the habit of receiving letters and newspapers, transmitted regularly by the post every day, he never could have relished as a permanent home, although it had been his intention to make trial of it. When he had been about a fortnight in the bush, part of which time was spent in a visit to a highly civilized and accommodated station, he writes :—

20*th*.—Here is a morning as gloomy and surly as any November morning in Scotland: the elements, like everything else in this country, are always in extremes—great heat or great cold—a calm or a whirlwind—a drought or a deluge.

The Australian is off to Boree for some of his stores, which he did not consider it safe to keep at his own station. A—— is gone after some bleating sheep, which he supposes to have strayed from the shepherds. James has driven his fleecy treasures to the pastures; and Luke is clearing out the yards,—an operation performed daily with a broom and shovel, that the sheep may lie upon a clean hard bed every night, which is thought essential to their well-being. These yards are regular stockades, impregnable to native dogs. Mrs. Simpson is at her housewifery, and my black fellow is looking after the horses; and here I am left to guard the castle, and smile to find myself *daundering* about with a loaded gun over my shoulder, expecting every moment that *the hill folk*, seeing the dispersion of our forces, may forego their usual times and seasons, and consider it a suitable opportunity for replenishing their rocky storehouses with the plunder of our ill-manned garrison. These accounts may, I fear, give a rather unfavourable idea of my *first* impressions of bush life in a *new station*. But to these evils are to be added other discomforts: there is no sort of society, no new books, no letters, and the newspapers only once a-week—and, after all, merely Sydney ones; a slabbed and bark hut, open to every chilling blast, and scarcely affording a shelter from the heat, which is, occasionally, still more unendurable than the cold; no glass in the window frames; a bark slab door, that turns on the broken end of a black bottle for the lower hinge,—(the bush *is* certainly a good school for invention,)—and is tied with a stirrup-leather for the upper one; which door, moreover, when shut, darkens the apartment, and when open leaves you to the mercy of the dust, (a terrible nuisance in Australia,) of the rain, the wind, the horses, the oxen, the sheep, and the bushranger. I confess that for me such a life has not charms to compensate for all these disadvantages; but there are those that hold a different opinion. . . . . We were honoured last night by a visit from his sable majesty, Sandy king of Boree. He was accompanied by one or two of his subjects, and came to strip bark for "the master;" at which operation they are particularly dexterous. . . . .

James's admiration for his black brethren is not great; and his jargon when addressing them is a very droll mixture of broad Scotch and the little he has picked up of Wirradery, the language of this district. When angry with them, for being dissatisfied with any meat given to them, James will say, "Ye no ken what budgeree pata is, ye sumphs!" But to do them justice, though very greedy they are not very difficult to please, as far as relates to the delicacy of their provisions. The price of their labours in this instance was an old coat of my son's, which his majesty had long coveted.

Their eye is invariably black, with a suspicious watchfulness lurking in its corners; but it is not so ferocious as I had expected. All I have heard speak have a smattering of slang English: they have some expressions which are not without poetic beauty; for instance, "Euroka boi,"—the sun is *sick* and *dying;* "Euroka naroi,"—the sun *jumps* up. The following are some of their phrases:—"Orquoyapita,"—make haste; "Oquarapata,"—bring water. If you ask them if they saw any one yesterday, they reply, "*Bel, he no make a light* yesterday,"—No, I did not see him yesterday. Their sense of sight is remarkably acute: they will trace a footstep while galloping on horseback through the woods, where no mark is visible to a white man, and can tell whether an opossum went up or down a tree. The acuteness of their hearing is also extraordinary. . . . . .

There are various and never-ending annoyances in this shepherd's life, and of various degrees of importance. Both of my horses have for some days disappeared; and the glens and ranges are so numerous and difficult of access and search, that it is almost impossible to trace them. Two men have been out, Monday, Tuesday, and to-day, with the Australian, peering into every hollow, but without success; and I am now, therefore, a close prisoner, with ample time and subjects for reflection.

The plague of insects was severely felt, and there were of them and reptiles of all sorts,—

Flies of all kinds, and shapes, and sizes; ants, single and double-headed; grasshoppers, locusts, scorpions; a large assortment of centipedes, varying in length from one inch to four; snakes from those eight or nine feet long down to the little adder, whose bite is instantly fatal; and, worst of all, the common fly: you eat it, you drink it, you inhale it,—truly, their name is legion! We have at last had a slight shower, which I hope will set these villanous annoyances to roost, and refresh the thirsty ground at the neighbouring stations; for the earth there, indeed almost everywhere for three hundred miles west of Sydney, is parched up, and as red as a tile. But here all is luxuriantly green. The heat this evening is tremendous, and, from the perpendicular rays of the sun instantly absorbing the moisture, it is quite overpowering; and yet at night we shall be drawing round a blazing fire; and when in bed, having in some places only a sheet overhead between us and the moon, we shall be heaping up mountains of blankets, opossum cloaks and shawls. Fuel, fortunately, is a thing we can never want here. . . . . .

For my own part I conceive that the changes of climate here are fully as great as at home, and more instantaneous; and that the deluges of rain that do occasionally fall, the dust that almost constantly fills the air and penetrates everywhere, the heat by day and the cold by night, require as perfect dwellings both for man and beast as in other lands.

Shortly after this, Mr. Hood's younger son, and James Simpson, had nearly perished while wandering in pursuit of their strayed horses. The danger of such expeditions is stated in one brief sentence, and illustrated by some horrible stories :—

One dreadful feature of the forests of Australia is, *that they do not furnish a single plant or blade that will sustain human life, nor any wild fruit;* and, in this case, they were also without *water*.

Mr. Hood made other visits to the friends and fifty-mile-off neighbours of his son, and had opportunities of seeing some of the most fertile places of

the colony. But the drought had burnt up everything, and the arid soil seems to have been like the ashes of a volcano. We shall present one station, as we fancy it a favourable specimen of the homes of the best order of settlers that are of some standing:—

What a drawback to the advantages of this country is the want of water! We left this uncomfortable caravansary by early dawn, and journeyed towards the station of some friends of my son's to breakfast. In this stage we travelled fourteen miles through one of the finest tracts I have yet seen in the colony. . . . My hospitable acquaintance of "Twenty-mile Hollow," who so politely offered me the comforts of his station, has a very pretty place upon a rising ground, above the Bell River. This sweet romantic spot is at present inhabited by a lady,—rather a lonely situation for a female. An excellent sheep country is intersected here for many miles by the Bell. It is one of the few parts of the colony that have left a very pleasing impression on my mind.

We were most hospitably received by the Messrs. B——, and had a most excellent breakfast set before us. Fresh fish was on table, a luxury seldom known in the bush; it was a kind of cod, caught in the Bell River, and very like, in shape, the salt water cod-fish; its taste was excellent. The Messrs. B—— have a very considerable station here, in a spot quite retired from the world, with the winding Bell River below; so called by courtesy, being, at present at least, only a chain of ponds. I have not seen in Australia any gentlemen who appeared to me more likely to do well than our kind entertainers. They are, I believe, from Lancashire, have a large stock, and are steady sensible men, blending, as every man ought to do, strict economy with most liberal and gentlemanlike hospitality.

From this comfortable mansion—at which, by the by, one of the emigrants brought over by the Lady Kennaway was sinking a well—we drove to the Plain of Nurya. . . . . The Plain of Nurya delighted me excessively: it is the prettiest open space I have seen in New South Wales; of an excellent level, and beautifully green, bounded on the one side by the river Bell, which all the way is concealed by the fringe of its beautiful dark green swamp oaks. This river winds most picturesquely here, as indeed it does throughout its whole course. We have passed over its dry bed four times within the last twelve miles.

In connexion with these gentlemen, a story of Australian life is afterwards related, which is almost too horrible for publication.——Mr. Hood and his elder son returned from these visits to spend Christmas under their own slab roof; the younger son having been constrained to remain at home, as, after the lapse of three months, the Sydney carriers had not yet brought up his clothes!

If Mr. Hood considers Australia a land of promise to men like Lauchlan Mackay of Coll with his industrious family, this does not always apply to all the young gentlemanly settlers with some property, of whom "the fathers of the colony" often take every manner of unhandsome advantage.

These young settlers have to contend with a total ignorance of the native customs, of the peculiarity of the climate, and of the nature of the country, as well as with the impossibility of obtaining stock, &c., at fair prices, from the want of public markets. In short, it almost seems as if "every man's hand were against them," and they had reason to apprehend that "every one that finds them" will sacrifice them. There is at present a feeling among many holders of stock which makes them rather cold and unfriendly to new settlers, as if they were rivals that would destroy them; and assuredly the times *are* favourable, in some respects, for those now arriving with capital.

All property has fallen dreadfully in value. Sheep that sold at 16s. and 20s., may be had for 8s. and 10s., and cattle have fallen from £5 to 35s.; while at sales in Sydney, the former fetch 1s. 6d., and the latter 30s.,—still there are many circumstances connected with these low prices that a youth has to consider before he invests his capital: such a step requires the greatest caution and circumspection. He will not find it here as at home, where, by attending public places and markets, he may inform himself of everything he desires to know connected with the object he has in view; and he will be fortunate indeed if he can discover any one that will give him an *unbiassed* opinion, either as to a proper country in which to settle, or as to the advisability of any purchase of stock. It is the policy and practice of almost all to extol their own district, and to induce "new chums," as such fresh arrivals are called, to alight in their vicinity, or it may be in their own dove-cotes, that they may be caught and plucked advantageously and quietly by themselves. . . . . The young settler will find himself flung entirely upon his own energies and prudence: and, instead of rushing headlong into investments suggested to him, it may possibly be by some *very disinterested friends*, and, fixing instantly upon some station of which he knows nothing except through the same kind advisers, he will act more wisely if he places his cash in some safe custody,—the bank in preference to every other place,—mounts his horse, and *buys experience* and knowledge of both country and stock by the wanderings of some months, without being seduced by the gilded colouring of either sanguine or interested men, or tempted to buy at cheap prices what he may find too late to be, in consequence of scab or catarrh, not worth his acceptance as a gift.

It will scarcely be believed in England, that the estimated number of sheep which have died within the last twelve months in the colony, from catarrh and drought, is seventy thousand!!—that colonists are compelled, in order to save the dam from starvation, to cut the throat of her lamb—that no means are adopted for securing a stock of lambs for next year—or that a stockholder would offer 8000 sheep to any one that would remove them from his runs; and, finding that no one could be prevailed upon to taint his own flocks by accepting so dangerous a present, had recourse to consuming them by fire! and had actually killed and burnt two thousand.

Such things are nevertheless perfectly true. I myself know the parties; and it all goes to prove that everything depends upon the healthiness and character for feed and water of the country in which a stockholder locates, and the freeness from disease of his stock, and not so much upon his commencing with what is called a *great bargain*. The first object on the arrival of every settler, should be to procure a good country for his flocks; and this, I have elsewhere said, is his grand difficulty. Let him be wary upon this point. Almost every desirable or habitable spot in *the old countries*—as the early-settled districts are called—is already occupied; but there is ample space in the south and north, and will be, I believe, for years to come, though enterprise is fast penetrating into these regions also.

But those who meditate emigration will study this important section of Mr Hood's work for themselves and at length; so we content ourselves with one wholesome caution—

One grand mistake is committed by almost all young men, and by others too; and that is, the desire to commence with an immense stock at once—some seven or eight thousand sheep, whether their funds be adequate or no; in short, to buy beyond their capital, in hope of being able, by good fortune and the chapter of accidents, to pay off their debt gradually. The phrase "a respectable commencement," has deluded many; and the ill effects of this delusion are, at this very moment, cruelly proved by the experience of hundreds.

Instead of this, the very opposite course ought to be the one universally adopted. Where there is plenty of capital, to establish at once an extensive station in the bush is very desirable for many reasons; but even then he is a wise man who places some portion of his ready money in safe securities, or in the Sydney banks, and who does not buy up to the full extent of his funds, but

one-fourth short of them; and keeps the reserved fourth where it shall be always ready to meet unexpected demands, or to take advantage of those opportunities which this country constantly presents to a prudent man who has cash at his command.

One of the great causes of the general distress among the settlers is the credit obtained by them from the very outset of their career from storekeepers, who being themselves pushed for money, not only are obliged to bring their creditor's property into the market at a sacrifice which is ruinous to him, but also decline to make even the usual annual advance of rations.

To return from these grave matters to the ordinary life of the bush—

1*st January*, 1842.—The year eighteen hundred and forty-one is gone—a record against us for weal or woe. To me this is a melancholy and lonely New Year's-day; for both my sons are absent. Having heard of stock and stations, which are very desirable, to be disposed of in the Buckingbar country, down on the river Lauchlan, about a hundred miles off, they set out last night to inspect them, and I sadly miss their society on this, which ought to be the gayest day of the whole year. The sultry heat of this midsummer is a disagreeable contradiction to all our impressions of that happy season of frosts and snows, and fire-side comforts. . . . .

2*nd January*.—The travellers returned this evening from their journey to the river Lauchlan. The account they give of the country is extremely bad. They proceeded about forty miles down the river, and found the plains in the neighbourhood of it as level as if a roller had passed over them. But, as far as the eye could reach, there was no verdure; all was arid red earth and sand, and interminable wooded flats. The heat was so intense, they could scarcely breathe. The very birds sat open-mouthed panting on the trees: and the atmosphere was such, that A—— says it seemed as if the sky was "*raining down a fiery heat!*"

The finest rivers in the colony were, in this season, quite dried up. Of the Darling it is said—

When Mitchel first discovered this river, the grass was luxuriant, and the river full of water. Now it is a chain of distant ponds; although, in some parts above, it is still in a continuous stream. The blacks and cattle are fighting for the stagnant pools of the Lauchlan, Macquarie, and Darling, in the western districts. But the scarcity is greater on the two former rivers than on the last, which is the recipient of all these western waters; and ultimately becomes, after the junction with the Murrimbidgee, the great River Murray, which runs southward into Lake Alexandrina. The cattle render the water putrid; and the blacks, irritated to madness, murder the shepherds, and slaughter the cattle, or drive them into the interior. On Liverpool Plains the carcases are lying in heaps; and the plains are impassable for the white man, there being no water for a hundred and sixty miles. On the River Hunter, the very air is tainted, and rendered unwholesome by the stench from the dead animals that have perished on its banks from drought and catarrh. The emus have come down to the low country in great numbers, in search of water; and, in New England, the natives have become exceedingly violent, and set the police at defiance, killing the shepherds, and driving off large flocks of sheep. This is a dreadful season, and will be long-remembered in the colony. I am inclined to believe, however, that these excesses do not result so much from want of water in the New England country, as from other causes, often originating in the conduct of the whites. My sons are fortunate in being in this district, where, at least, none of these evils assail them. Had they wished to proceed to Moreton, it would now have been quite impossible to have done so. No one can pass over the Liverpool Plains at present; nor for six months past has the transit been practicable.

I do not think that that invaluable animal, the camel, could anywhere be used with greater advantage than in Australia. . . . . .

In the bush, the most common things are often the most difficult of acquisition. Thus, the great event of to-day is the arrival of four hens! They have long been much coveted by me, and I cannot but mark their appearance as an epoch in my life at Connobolas. One white cock has strutted about in solitary importance ever since I have been here; and truly I have obtained these ladies nearly as much for *his* domestic happiness, as for the prospect of fresh eggs. Anything of far less consequence would be a matter of interest here, for such complete seclusion I have never before known.

On his return to Sydney, Mr. Hood was accompanied by his elder son, the younger being left to look after the concerns of the wide station. The journey was at the outset rendered dangerous and uncomfortable, by the *bush* being found on fire on a part of the route, a frequent accident in dry seasons.

Mr. Hood returned to Sydney in time for the great colonial holiday, the anniversary of the founding of the colony of New South Wales, now in the fifty-fourth year of its age—an infant giant. The anniversary, we are told—

Is kept as a holiday; the shops are shut, and all Sydney is agog. A regatta, feasting, firing of guns, and other noisy symptoms of rejoicing, mark this national festival. The boat-races were good: thousands of people in their best attire crowded every part of the shores, the gardens, and rocks around; most romantic-looking parties were dining *al fresco* in the recesses of the rocks, in alcoves, and amidst the bushes; and several of the Sydney tribe of natives were mingled with the crowd, full of wonder at the strange doings. They are decidedly the ugliest blacks I have yet seen. The waters were covered with hundreds of boats of all descriptions, and filled with people of every class; and steamers covered with gay flags, dashed up and down the beautiful Paramatta River. The sun shone brightly; the day was every way propitious; and it was altogether a truly gay and pleasing scene. The governor, with some of the officials, were at Daw's Battery, under an awning. He looked extremely well and governor-like, and a salute of twenty-one guns announced his arrival.

But, alas! these regattas and boat-races too often end in loss of life, and suddenly change rejoicings into mourning. . . . . .

26*th*.—I had the pleasure of dining yesterday at a Mr. C———'s, son of a judge in I———, and nephew of one of the Scotch judges, who in my early days was one of the most brilliant ornaments of the bar, and one of the first founders of the "Edinburgh Review." With the exception of one New Zealander, we were a party of Scotchmen: Mr. C———, who originated the mail betwixt Damascus and Aleppo; Mr. T———, son of one well known and highly respected in the Scottish capital; and Mr. B———, nephew of the cleverest peer in England. In short, to use a phrase of former days, we were all from the *right* side of the Tweed, and, for a few fleeting hours, felt as if we were once more in the "Land o' Cakes." . . . .

By letters from my son at Connobolas, I learn that the evils of the bush are displaying themselves there in a new and alarming shape. The country around him has been enveloped in fire for miles on all sides, and at one time threatened his paddocks, stockyards, and house with destruction. The whole mountains are scorched and red, and the grass much injured. My kind friend at Boree came up to see if he could be of assistance to them; but I am thankful to say that the danger had been warded off from the house by clearing a space in advance of the flames, setting it on fire, and after it had blazed for a time, brushing it out with stable brooms. When James found that he and the men could do no more, he turned to his master and said, "'Deed, Sir, this is waur than the rough sea at the warst o't: oo maun just lippin to Providence." In short, every corner of this country seems to have its visitation. It is a trying commencement for my young bushman; but he

writes to me like a man, that is resolved to bear up against all difficulties.

Before leaving Sydney, Mr. Hood visited Mr. Macarthur, the representative of that fortunate early emigrant, who so well deserved his good fortune by his industry, enterprise, and public spirit. Of this visit he reports—

Feb. 6th.—I have passed a most delightful day at C——; a more agreeable English-looking place I have not seen. The house, the park, the water, the gardens, the style of everything and of every person, master and servants, resembled so much what one meets with in the old country, that I could scarcely believe myself sixteen thousand miles from it. Mr. M——— is well informed, and gentlemanlike, and I have never before found myself so completely at home on so short an acquaintance. His obliging kindness and attention in showing me his domain, his vineyards, wine-house, the view of the place, and surrounding scenery, the church, his horses, and cellars, I shall not soon forget; nor the regret with which I parted from him. The house is handsome; the drawing-room is a particularly fine room, and furnished quite in English fashion; and books of all descriptions, reviews foreign and colonial, prints, &c., cover its tables. The lady of the house was kindness and politeness itself. Everything here is carried on on a scale suitable to the large possessions of the family. There are 25,000 acres attached to the place in the celebrated Cow pastures; which, by the by, are not the extended plains I had expected to find, but they are rich and well cultivated.

Ten acres of the most beautiful vineyard imaginable, containing many different varieties of grapes, lay at a short distance from the house, and are managed by a colony of vine-dressers from the Rhine. This year ten thousand gallons of wine are expected from it, and next year a much larger quantity, which, at four shillings per gallon, would form a handsome item in the income of this wealthy colonist. The expense, however, is great, and a considerable outlay is incurred before there is any return. . . . . I have little doubt but that Australia will one day owe to this gentleman the development of its as yet comparatively untried capabilities and resources, in the production and exportation of Australian wine. Grapes grow well in all the parts of this colony that I have seen, and are common at the cottage-door, as peaches also are by the roadside. I must, however, confess in passing, that except at C———, I have nowhere in this country tasted a peach equal in flavour to those of England, nor such as I should consider thoroughly ripe, the generality of them being of a sort that, even when apparently ripe, still adheres to the stone. With grapes, however, it is different; they are as fine as in any country in the world; and the wine I tasted here, which was two years old, and made from the Madeira grape, was equal, except perhaps in strength, to any Madeira I have ever drank in England. There are other gentlemen in the colony who are vine-growers to a considerable extent. I allude to Mr. R———, Mr. P———, and Sir J. J———; but not on the same large scale as Mr. M———. His father was the first person who introduced the merino into Australia, and is therefore entitled to be considered the father of the colony; and I have no doubt the son will ere long be acknowledged as the author of another source of its wealth.

I am satisfied, from many reasons, that this continent was not designed ever to be a great agricultural country, being essentially a pastoral land; and the same circumstances fit it, I conceive, for a wine country. Drought and dry seasons are beneficial to the grape; and the best vintages in Europe have always been in dry years. An irregular supply of moisture unfits it for an agricultural, but not for a wine country. The climate is everything that could be desired for the proper growth of the vine; and I entertain no doubt that, ere many years are over, it will be a source of great revenue to the colony.

After expatiating upon the magnificence of this farming establishment, and lordly residence, Mr. Hood relates the history of the rise of the founder of this wealthy and lucky colonial house, who obtained by public grants 18,000 acres of land, and purchased 32,000 more. On this land 25,000 sheep are kept, and 700 acres are under the plough. One understands whence the mania for *town lots* has arisen in all these colonies, when informed that the elder Macarthur, in 1800, purchased sixty acres of land in the township of Sydney for £25, which, in 1836, were valued, according to the current government land price, at £1000 an acre!

Mr. Hood's chapter on Emigration holds out no great encouragement to emigrants, unless some new and comprehensive scheme of settling them be adopted. His report is fully as gloomy as the late newspaper accounts; yet he has faith in *wool*; and does not despair of returning prosperity, while the manufacturers of England find the Australian wool the best in the world. On emigration, he says—

The present state of the barracks for immigrants in Sydney is, in some degree, a commentary on the system of immigration pursued of late; there are five hundred and sixteen Irish, one hundred and sixty-four English, and thirty-five Scotch immigrants, living unengaged at this moment in tents at this place of refuge. Ireland, from the poverty of its lower classes, readily suggested itself to the wholesale agents for the exportation of human beings, as the most promising field from which to obtain lading for their ships and bounty for their pockets. Ambulatory decoy-ducks were employed to traverse its southern (the Roman Catholic) counties, and speechify the unfortunate and discontented into delusive hopes of a better world at the Antipodes.

The Irish are hard-working men at any fixed and certain labour; they can live at home on simple and scanty fare, but on reaching the shores of this country their character changes; they are found to be indolent at their tasks, and troublesome and discontented as to their food. Their families are generally numerous; and the result is, that they find, when too late, that their labour is not in demand. From what I learnt from several families in these tents, it is evident that the Irish are neither liked in the bush, nor inclined to make themselves of value; and it is a fact that there are many now there that have been *five months* on the government allowance of beef and flour, and prefer living in idleness on that, to taking such wages as were offered them. One would have expected a different state of things, and that they would be thankful to get a home and employment. Some arrangement is evidently required to combat this injurious sloth; instead of the charity being extended for such a lengthened period, they ought, after moderate wages *have been refused by them*, to receive that support no longer.

In many respects the Irish are unsuited to a pastoral life; they do not in general make good shepherds; their wives are seldom contented with the bush life; and the expense of removing their families is a great objection to their being employed there. Were the young unmarried men, and young women of character, to cross the sea, they would, however, as labourers and servants, be eagerly sought after; and it is to be hoped that such, in future, will be the persons chosen. . . . . .

National reflections are national injustice; but I shall be borne out by the present state of the populace of New South Wales, when I say that the lower Irish character, in some of its worst features, is deeply imprinted upon this colony, and that it would be well for it if the tide *of a similar description* of its population were to cease to set in here from the shores of Ireland. Free or voluntary emigration should undoubtedly be fostered and encouraged; it is of all others the point of greatest consequence to Australia. Scotland is too poor in population to afford to spare its best sons, and generally throughout the country the mechanics and labourers are able to make a decent livelihood. I say its best sons; for as far as my observation enables me to judge, it is the educated, enterprising portion who have funds that leave it,

and not the poor in character or in purse. But I should certainly say to such as possess knowledge of any of the branches of mechanics—wrights, blacksmiths, and joiners, and those who have been accustomed to tend stock—that if they can be happy away from Scotland, and dare brave the discomforts and risks of a long voyage; can resist rum, and are content with reasonable wages,—in this country they will never be in want of employment, and that at a higher rate of remuneration than in Scotland. But England seems to me the portion of the empire best fitted to supply that class of emigrants who would, by removal to Australia, greatly benefit not only themselves but also the country they leave and the country they adopt. There are thousands of persons in England in such circumstances as to make the change no sacrifice to them, while the old country would not suffer by the loss of their labour. The same classes are in a different state of advancement, and are of a different temperament from their Irish brethren; and a considerable influx of English blood would very greatly improve the Australian character. To Englishmen, therefore, I would hold out every inducement to cross the sea. They must not expect to find gold lying at their feet; but the national character, stamina, and energy, must greatly change with the climate, if they do not obtain a competency in Australia in every line in which English skill excels. I have said that they would benefit the country they leave: for the population of England in many parts is redundant; and there is, also, a growing disposition to settle in towns, adding largely, year by year, to an already superabundant manufacturing population, and increasing poor-rates, to the injury, moral and pecuniary, of the whole community.

With regard to the immigration of females, I have already shown, by the facts stated in a former page, how important it is that it should be encouraged. I will only add here, that there is a certain and very considerable demand for their services as domestic servants, provided they are not absurd in their expectations as to wages. But I must remark, that no *unmarried* female ought ever to set her foot in a vessel for this country, unless under the protection of some respectable *married* woman, to whom she can look for a home in Sydney until she is provided with one in some other satisfactory way.

Married couples, from any country, would readily find employment in their various callings, and in the bush would be preferred, for the very evident reason—their greater steadiness. But from the cases that have occurred within my own knowledge, I would hold out no inducement to persons with four or five young children to leave their native land.

Having wished for a freer infusion of *British blood*, Mr. Hood in another place concludes—

Were I asked whether I would recommend my fellow-countrymen and others to emigrate to Australia, my reply would be, If they are possessed of *caution*, *energy*, and self-command, and have moderate views, let them come here. There is a field open for industry and capital to almost any extent; and the following classes of persons are those most likely to benefit themselves by emigrating:—Among the lower ranks, the poor man, with his tools and his skill as his capital, the day-labourer, and the shepherd; among the better ranks, men that possess not less than three thousand pounds, whose object is to become stockholders; and those also of more limited means, who, by the industry of their own families, could cultivate a small section of arable land, and subsist upon its produce. Without some certainty of procuring a situation here, I do not think there is an equal prospect for an educated youth with small capital to improve his position, unless he puts his little fund to interest, and is fortunate enough to become a manager for others. I am quite satisfied, that with less than three thousand pounds no young man can profitably invest his capital in sheep, if the care of them is to be his sole occupation, and it ought to be the *sole* occupation of every stockholder. Not only is Australia essentially a grazing country, but it is also the poor man's country. If he be reasonable in his expectations, the mechanic need never want work, and at wages above what he can obtain in Great Britain; nor need the shepherd, unless burdened with a wife and *numerous* family. But let no man come here, relinquishing his country and friends, under the expectation of making a fortune by the wave of his hand, or in the twinkling of an eye. Time, character, and minute attention to his business, aided by strict economy, will doubtless enable such persons as I have above enumerated to make money, if they keep clear of the rum-shop. But they will find all these qualities as essentially and fundamentally requisite here as at home. They may possibly hear that wages in the bush, for shepherds and labourers, are as high as £40, with the addition of rations; and that 15s. per diem is the pay of mechanics in Sydney: but they will find themselves misinformed. They will, however, readily obtain in the bush from £20 to £30, to which will be added the principal articles necessary for their maintenance, with a dwelling-house. . . . . For the wealthier classes, Sydney is by no means a cheap place of residence. . . . . I would not have any youth fear the bush life from anything I have said of the discomforts of the dwellings it affords. Connobolas was a new and previously unoccupied station. When once here, a young man will soon learn to consider this almost the least important point of all. I do not think that I have seen any house in the bush inhabited by stockholders not proprietors, that might not have been built for £100; and I have seen *many* that could not have cost £20. His abode is a matter in which he may speedily suit his taste. Nor should he start at the retirement of the bush. With anything like a tolerable quantity of stock, he will find ample occupation: he will soon learn to *dislike* near neighbours as hindrances to business; and while, on the one hand, he enjoys the society of an occasional visiter with double zest, it is most essentially necessary, on the other, that he should be ever at the head of his business. From the depressed state of matters at present, too many of the stockholders are neither more nor less than managers for behoof of their creditors in Sydney—the storekeepers. But this cannot last long.

With two sons settlers, and a great stake in the colony, Mr. Hood, perhaps unconsciously, looks, as we think, somewhat *colonially* at certain subjects; though many excellent suggestions for the solid improvement of the colony in its best and permanent interests may be found in his work.

Mr. Hood's judicious political disquisitions have been superseded by the late measures of the Home government; and New South Wales is now left to make trial of its representative constitution and legislative assembly, of the working of which we can as yet say nothing.

Before Mr. Hood left the colony, he had the satisfaction to see the windows of heaven opened, and rain pouring down in torrents for several successive days.

He returned home by India, in which country he hoped to see another of his sons; but was disappointed. His short residence in Bombay, and overland journey homeward, furnish matter for some pleasing chapters; but we have exhausted all our space on Australia, and on matters interesting only to emigrants, which forms the cream—the enduring staple of this excellent book.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES LORD SYDENHAM.*

This is a twofold work. Mr. Poulett Scrope, the brother of Lord Sydenham, has written a memoir of his distinguished relative; and Mr. Murdoch,—Lord Sydenham's civil secretary, while he was Governor-general, or, shall we say? Pacificator of the Canadas,—a narrative of his administration of the government of the British-American colonies, from his appointment until his death. The Memoir, though the most interesting portion of the volume, is comparatively brief.——Lord Sydenham may be said to have served an early apprenticeship to that department of statesmanship in which his reputation was afterwards gained. The volunteer pupil of the school of Mr. Huskisson was bred a merchant; and, from boyhood, had opportunities of acquiring that practical knowledge of the principles of trade and commerce, the details of which are never so effectually learned by any other means. He was the youngest son of John Poulett Thomson, the head of an old and respected London firm, engaged for several generations in the Russian trade, and having an establishment in St. Petersburg.

Charles Edward, the youngest of the family, was born in 1799, and died comparatively a young man; yet his public career, if measured by what he originated and accomplished, cannot be termed brief. He is described as having been a very beautiful child; and it is told, that when the Royal Family visited Weymouth, his childish good looks attracted the attention of George the Third, who actually compelled Mr. Pitt to take the little boy into his arms, and awkwardly caress him. Mr. Charles Thomson was educated strictly in private; and, at the early age of sixteen, sent to St. Petersburg to be initiated into the mysteries of the counting-house. He was fond of polite society; made his way into it, and became a favourite in the best circles of St. Petersburg, where, at this early period, he began to acquire those polished manners which, according to his biographer, contributed not a little to his subsequent advancement in his political career. Though so early estranged from the domestic circle, a close and valuable correspondence with an affectionate and intelligent mother kept alive the wholesome influences of home. His health, originally delicate, appears to have suffered in the severe climate of Russia; and, while still a youth, he spent a considerable time in Switzerland and Italy for its improvement. He afterwards, before settling down to business in the London counting-house, travelled in France. By his travels he profited in many ways. In Russia, he had probably laid the foundation of that intimate knowledge of modern languages, which is a general Russian accomplishment, and which must be of equal advantage to the foreign merchant and the diplomatist. To the career of diplomacy Mr. Thomson's ambition was early turned; but, fortunately for himself, his hopes were disappointed, and he soon made the discovery, that there are nobler paths to distinction than idling away time, as a *charge d'affaires*, in some petty court. As his understanding ripened, his mind was directed to the study of the principles of commerce, and practice had already made him familiar with the details of business; for, after remaining for some time in the house in London, he had returned to St. Petersburg to share in the management and profits of the establishment in that capital. He, about this time, travelled extensively in Russia, and its conquered provinces, keeping a journal of his progress, and paying particular attention to the natural resources and commercial capabilities of the places which he visited. In 1824, Mr. Thomson once more came back to London, where he conducted the business of the house, in partnership with his elder brother. The period of wild speculation which was followed by the *panic* of 1825, had now arrived, and the sanguine young merchant, in the losses which he incurred through the prevailing mania, gained a needful lesson of caution. This was the critical period of Lord Sydenham's life, and that which fixed his future destiny. We shall let his biographer describe the epoch, and its influences upon his brother's character and subsequent career.

> The year 1825 was not remarkable only for the general speculative mania. It constitutes, moreover, something like an era in the history of the commercial policy of the nation. In the course of the two or three preceding sessions, the attention of Parliament had begun to be directed by Mr. Huskisson to the faulty character of that system of protective duties which had for many years been acted on for the supposed benefit of colonial and domestic producers; the navigation laws had been already relaxed; and in this year, 1825, the same statesman, as President of the Board of Trade, carried through a general revisal and simplification of the Revenue Laws, or Tariff. Commercial questions were thus assuming a prominence in the debates of Parliament, which might well suggest to a merchant entertaining enlarged views on these subjects, and conscious of the possession of an amount of knowledge and information which might be usefully brought to bear upon their discussion, the desire to take part in these debates. It was not difficult to perceive that the time was favourable for men of practical experience in commercial affairs, not only to obtain a hearing, but even to exercise considerable influence in the deliberations of the House of Commons.
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> Mr. C. Thomson, moreover, entertained strong opinions of a liberal character on the more ordinary political questions of the age. These principles were entirely self-formed. Those of his family, of his father certainly, were rather of the opposite complexion. But whether acquired by reflection during his residence among the despotic, and consequently stagnating states of the continent, or from his course of reading, or from the general bent of his mind, or, as seems most probable, from all these influences combined, certain it is that his political principles were from the first of a very liberal character, and led him to cultivate the society of those who entertained similar views on questions of public interest. He thus became acquainted about this time, among others, with Dr. Bowring, Mr. Mill, Mr. Warburton, and Mr. Hume, and was occasionally admitted to the hermitage of the eccentric and amiable Bentham. He likewise studied

* With a Narrative of his Administration in Canada. Edited by his Brother, G. Poulett Scrope, Esq., M.P. Octavo. With a portrait. London: John Murray.

the Science of Political Economy with Mr. M'Culloch, and frequented the Political Economy Club then lately instituted.

Mr. Thomson's ambition thus expanded, and he was not without that happy confidence in his own powers, which, in despite of the remonstrances of his prudent relatives, tempted him to the bold step of trying his fate with the electors of Dover.

In the pursuit of this object he was warmly aided by his friends of the Utilitarian school. Dr. Bowring, who, indeed, had been the medium of his original introduction to the electors of Dover, accompanied him there and assisted in his canvass. And Bentham himself had taken so great a liking for him, that he broke through all the habits of his hermit-like existence, actually took up his residence at Dover, canvassed daily for him, opened his house, and allowed himself to be accessible to all Mr. Thomson's friends, and mingled in the contest in a manner which surprised all who knew his retiring disposition, but which strongly marked the interest he took in his young friend's prospects.

At the cost of £3000, and the serious displeasure of his brother and partner, Mr. C. Thomson gained his seat, and at once came forth in Parliament, as a Free Trader; almost on his first appearance voting with Mr. Hume, and a very small minority, on a Corn Bill, which embodied the Whig principle of importation under a small duty,—or free trade in fetters, as such a proposition would now be regarded. He spoke seldom, but always to the point; dealt largely in specific facts; and displayed great knowledge of the few questions he ventured to discuss. We apprehend that Mr. Charles Poulett Thomson was a much more zealous reformer when he first represented Dover, than when he had become a rising member of Earl Grey's government; but this is in the nature and necessities of things and of placemen. At the earlier period he was always found voting with Hume and Warburton, and strenuous for retrenchment and economy in the public expenditure. The secret of his early success as a speaker, is divulged by himself in a letter to a friend.

"A man who tells the house *facts* with which the majority are unacquainted, is sure to be listened to; and a reputation for doing so will procure him attention upon other points on which he, perhaps, does not deserve it. But a parliamentary reputation is like a woman's. It must be exposed as little as possible. And I am so sensible of this, that I would willingly abstain from opening my mouth more than once or twice in a session. I have latterly been obliged to infringe this rule more than I wish; but it has only been in committees, which are parliamentarily *sans conséquence*. I hope to have one or two occasions for a splash, but I shall not go out of my way for them. This, to be sure, is all sad manœuvring. But still, it is a *means* to being useful hereafter, and therefore must be submitted to."

A passage in another letter amuses us. The writer, now familiar with the temper and trim of of the House, is blowing cold on some enthusiastic or impracticable reformer, and he remarks—

"Why, God bless you, the majority of the House of Commons, ay, 600 of the 650 senators, are opposed, upon principle, to any change, be it what it may; and a whole session could be readily spent by them in considering whether they had better consider."

Mr. Thomson, when the Whigs came in, proved one of the most hard-working and efficient members of Earl Grey's government, though his labours were generally limited to questions of finance, and fiscal regulations. He speedily found such favour with the commercial and manufacturing world, that he was chosen Member for Manchester, though he had positively declined to stand, and had neither gone to that city, nor solicited one vote. He was at the same time reëlected for Dover, but preferred sitting for that more important place, which had done him so novel and distinguished an honour. The entertainment given upon the occasion to Mr. Thomson, in the theatre of Manchester, may be called the first Free Trade, or Anti-Corn-law Banquet, ever held in that now notorious city. At this meeting he argued for—

"A fair field for our industry—and no restrictions, beyond what for fiscal purposes are necessary, upon the exertions of our manufacturers;—in one sentence, to buy as cheap, to sell as dear as possible."

It is eleven years since this was said: Well: we have made some small progress since then, and years are but the days or hours of nations. Even when in Canada, and absorbed by other interests and responsibilities, Lord Sydenham, though he never seems to have reached the true point of *total repeal* of the Corn-law, did not lose sight of the question; and, in one of his latest letters to Lord John Russell, written in 1841, we find him looking forward to coming events with no mean sagacity.

"Your finance is what I look to now with most anxiety. I have told Baring that I do not think you will make anything by trying to *patch*. He may either go to work in downright earnest with commercial reform, sugar duties, timber duties, corn duties, and thus get a large revenue by throwing over (*if he can*) landlords, merchants, West Indians, and Buxton & Co.; or he may come to a property tax.

"In the first case, nothing but a general and decided attack upon all these different monopolies—a sort of commercial reform bill—will give him a chance of success."

Lord Sydenham seems to have thought the Whig scheme of a fixed duty on corn, with a modification of the Sugar Duties, a very satisfactory "Commercial Reform Bill;" and when he learned the tactics of the Whigs for the ticklish session of 1841, and when their defeat was understood to be impending, he again thus wrote to Lord John:—

12*th June*.—"The last accounts I have, make me think that the whole of your plan is likely to be upset by the Tories and the class interests. But, never mind. The seed is sown—and the flag of commercial reform is at last unfurled, and sooner or later it must triumph. The debate of the 18th May (my latest news) tells me nothing of what your course will be; but I trust, for your own sakes and that of the cause, that you will not have abandoned the helm to the Tories upon the mere defeat upon the Sugar Duties, which was, of course, inevitable. It seems to me that, having once entered upon this new contest, you are bound to proceed with it. If they beat you on Sugar, give them Timber; if they beat you on that, give them Corn. The discussions must benefit you, and *must* injure them. And when beaten on all, and your course of policy fairly before the country, test it with a dissolution, which, though it can scarcely be expected to give you a majority, or render resignation unnecessary, will at least have ranged parties under the new banners, both on one side and the other, and enable you *to force your measures on another government*, should your own not get back."

Lord John has not yet tried the *forcing* of his old measures; probably from guessing that the specified measures are not those that can be forced, while the Tory government is strong to oppose them, and the nation indifferent to their success,

or to anything save total repeal of the Corn Laws, and other sweeping fiscal changes, which, apparently, he has not yet contemplated.

On the dissolution which followed the dismissal of Lord Melbourne's Ministry, Mr. Poulett Thomson was reëlected for Manchester by a large majority; and on the disruption of Sir Robert Peel's short-lived government, and the restoration of the Whigs to power, he resumed his former office at the head of the Board of Trade, but now with a seat in the Cabinet. He was now liable to frequent and severe attacks of gout, probably accelerated by the burthen of his harassing official duties; but the leisure of the Parliamentary recesses, spent in the country, or in travelling, generally, enabled him to weather another campaign.

The disciple of Bentham, and the friend of Dr. Bowring, was necessarily (?) gagged,—had his hands tied up by his place in the government; but if now silent on what are erroneously called party questions, Mr. Thomson made up for taciturnity or supineness on organic measures, by close attention to the national interests of commerce, and by his persevering efforts to remove obstructions and improve the commercial relations of the country with other States. Had he been spared, and remained at home—his true place, well-timed and valuable as were his services in Canada—so many hostile Tariffs might not now have dismayed our merchants, and crippled our commerce and resources. We are here tempted to quote the brief account of an affair which should not be lost sight of by the friends of Free Trade. The Commission of 1831-1834, the object of which was to establish satisfactory commercial arrangements between England and France, had completely failed; and another of 1838-1839 was also abortive; though something was done, when a door had been opened through the persevering efforts of Mr. Thomson. But he did more; and now we come to our quotation, which is become most important in its last clause.

With Austria, Prussia, and the other German States, Mr. Thomson made frequent efforts to extend our commercial relations. The Zollverein, or union of the several states of Germany with Prussia under a common tariff and system of customs laws, in 1833 and afterwards, was never regarded by Mr. Thomson with the apprehension and alarm with which it was viewed in many quarters. On the contrary, he clearly saw that a change which loosened the fetters hitherto shackling the industry of an European population of thirty millions, and gave room for the development of their natural resources, could not be otherwise than eventually beneficial to all neighbouring countries. It did not necessarily follow, from a fusion of all the separate conflicting tariffs of Germany into one, that the character of that one should be more hostile to British interests than the medley preceding it; and, on the contrary, it afforded an available opening for the negotiation, with the representatives of all Germany in a body, of a treaty of commerce offering new benefits to British industry. Mr. Thomson saw and determined to avail himself of this opening. He obtained from Mr. Macgregor—a gentleman fully imbued with his own views on international commerce, and thoroughly acquainted with the political and material condition of the German States—a report on the effect of the "Union" on manufacturing industry in Germany, and on the sale and use of British manufactures there.

This report led Mr. Thomson to the conclusion, that to preserve and increase the long-existing trade between Great Britain and Germany, which in value is second to none, except that between England and the United States of America, it was necessary to propose a reduction in our import duties on the leading articles of German produce, in return for similar concessions by the Union in favour of British manufactures.

To pave the way for such an arrangement, Mr. Thomson despatched Mr. Macgregor, in 1836, as British commissioner, to attend the Congress of Deputies from the several states of the Union, which was held at Munich in August of that year, for the purpose of revising the tariff of 1833.

The results of this mission would have been perfectly successful in obtaining reductions of the German tariff in favour of British manufactures, had it been possible for concessions to be offered in return upon two points of great value to Germany, viz., CORN and TIMBER. Extracts from Mr. Macgregor's correspondence to that effect were read by Mr. Poulett Thomson in his speech on the Corn Laws in the session of 1839. The reply he met with, generally, to propositions for an improved tariff in favour of England was this:—"We are all desirous to trade freely with you; *but a reduction of your Corn duties to a fixed rate* must be the preliminary of any understanding as to a reduction on our part of duties on your commodities."

On this essential point Mr. Thomson's hands were, of course, tied by the invincible resistance of the supporters of the British Corn Laws. Had there been any possibility of carrying a modification of those laws, such as a fixed duty of 8s., or even 10s. per quarter on wheat, it was Mr. Thomson's intention to propose a new treaty of commerce to the States of the Zollverein, which he had every reason to know would have been readily assented to by them, on terms highly favourable to British commerce and manufactures. The opinion he had entertained from the first of the Germanic Customs' union was proved to be correct. *It is not that union, but our own restrictive commercial legislature, especially our Corn duties, which check and diminish our exports to Germany.* In respect to Austria, Mr. Thomson's efforts to obtain improved commercial relations were, however, crowned with success.

The opinions of Lord Sydenham's biographer on the Corn Laws are enlightened and sound, though he inclines to the Whig scheme of a fixed duty. He justly says, that so long as we refuse to admit the staple productions of Europe and America on terms of fair reciprocity, these countries will continue to maintain tariffs of a hostile character towards us—and to strengthen this opinion, he quotes the following extract of a letter to his brother from M. Anisson:—

(*Translated.*) "PARIS, *April* 12, 1839.

"I have followed, with great interest, your discussions on the *Corn Laws*, and have seen with pain how little progress the question makes. This is a terrible argument against those who are struggling here for commercial liberty; and certain recent words of Lord Melbourne do not better our position when we attempt to base it on the experience of England. All this is saddening to those who have only at heart the triumph of truth, the general interests of humanity, and the progress and union of European society."

When Lord Sydenham accepted office in 1830, and again in 1835, he, on both occasions, stipulated that he should have liberty to advocate a change in the Corn Laws.

In 1830, when called on to accept place under the government of Lord Grey, he declined it unless with the stipulation that he was to be at liberty to speak and vote for an alteration of the existing Corn Law. In 1834 he vindicated that right; and in the face of the cabinet, of many of his friends who strongly dissuaded him from the course, and of much public and private attack, he spoke powerfully in favour of such a change, in direct reply to his colleague in the government, Sir James Graham. In 1835 he joined the government again on

the same condition; and in 1839, he spoke at great length, and voted in favour of Mr. Villier's motion for a committee. . . . . It was therefore in no degree owing to any lukewarmness or deficiency of zeal on his part upon this most vital question, that the delay took place in its advocacy by the government of which he was a member. That delay may be far more justly imputed, if blame exist anywhere, to the parties most directly interested in the question—the manufacturing and commercial classes, who so long slumbered over it, and could not be roused from their torpor by the remonstrances of Mr. Thomson himself, and other more far-sighted members of those classes, until the crisis which he and they anticipated had actually arrived; when the diminished demand of foreign nations, prevented by the Corn Law from becoming our customers, had brought on an amount of pressure and distress, threatening the decay and destitution of large portions of our manufacturing and commercial industry, which depend for their existence on foreign demand.

So long as this torpor existed, so long as the public out of doors appeared careless of the matter, Mr. Thomson could not but yield to the argument of his colleagues, which was based on the indisputable fact, that to bring it forward was to break up the government; and whilst other matters of great importance to the welfare of the people remained unsettled, and could be accomplished only by a liberal ministry, it appeared to him, and to those who agreed in his opinions, right to suspend their determination, and defer the irrevocable step of a ministerial declaration in favour of a great change in the Corn Law.

Lord Sydenham's zealous biographer claims the merit for him, while at the head of the Board of Trade, of having introduced many useful measures and alterations. These are points which, we imagine, no one will be inclined to dispute.

Mr. Thomson's delicate state of health, which the late sittings of the House of Commons greatly aggravated, and the difficulty the Whigs had of finding a better, or so eligible a man, led to his appointment to the government of Canada. The choice seems to have originated with his friend Lord Althorpe; and his able and successful management of the Canadas at a very critical period, completely justified his lordship's sagacity.

On his fortieth birth-day, Mr. Thomson embarked at Portsmouth for his new government, his health already so much shattered as to excite a presentiment, in which the relatives who saw him embark shared, that he might never return in life. He does not seem to have been sorry to escape, for a time, from the difficulties and disgraces which were impending over the Whig government; which had, by this time, become very unpopular. The following extract from the private journal, which he kept on ship-board, fully explains his feelings of his own position at this juncture:—

"*Saturday, Sept.* 21, 1839.—I have thought a good deal, within the last few days, of my position; and, upon the whole, I think I have done right, both on public and on personal grounds. I have a better chance of settling things in Canada than any one they could have found to go; and if I had not taken it then, as I could not well have got out of the government, I should have shared in the disgrace next session. It is a *great field*, too, if I bring about the union, and stay for a year to meet the United Assembly, and set them to work. On the other hand, in England there is little to be done by me. At the Exchequer all that can be hoped is to get through some BAD tax. There is no chance of carrying the House with one for any great commercial reforms, *timber, corn, sugar*, &c.; party and private interests will prevent it. If Peel were in, he might do this, as he could muzzle or keep away his Tory allies, and we should support him. If he got in and had courage, what a field for him! But he has *not!*

"On private grounds I think it good, too. 'Tis strange, however, that the office which was once the object of my greatest ambition (the Exchequer) should now be so disagreeable to me that I will give up the Cabinet and Parliament to avoid it. After all, the House of Commons and Manchester are no longer what they were to me. I do not think that I have improved in speaking—rather gone back. Perhaps in Opposition, with more time to prepare, I might rally again; but I do not feel sure of it. I am grown rather nervous about it. The interruption and noise which prevail so much in the House *cows* me. I have certainly made no good speech for two years. It is clear, from what has passed, I might have kept Manchester as long as I liked. But till put to the test by my leaving it, one could not help feeling nervous and irritated by the constant complaints of not going far enough or going too far. The last three years have made a great change in me. My health, I suppose, is at the bottom of it. On the whole, I think it is as well as it is."

Another passage may merit extraction, as affording an insight into the secret sources of political eminence, in the estimation of one who so unquestionably attained it.

"Read Life of Sir James Mackintosh. It is a melancholy picture of talents—not misapplied, for he did good—but failing to produce the effect they ought, either for the public or their possessor. With all his powers he never achieved eminence—for want of perseverance. What a lesson! My recollection of him certainly does not justify the high reputation which he seems to have had among distinguished men who were his immediate contemporaries. But life, and especially the life of public men, has been far more active of late years; and his character was not that of an active man. He was more fitted to embellish society at Holland House, when there was *time* for literary and philosophical discussion, than for the duties of an active statesman in these latter days, or even for the conversation of those who now form society in the political circles in which I move, and which he then moved in. It is strange, though, that I, who never had half his recommendations to the Whig aristocracy, and not a tithe of his talent, nor a hundredth part of his information, should have been in office with him as his superior, and for five years a Cabinet Minister. I believe that the cause of this is to be found in the dependence of the one and the independence of the other. The knowledge that I wanted not office for the sake of money, nor patronage to procure me a seat, has done for me that which his superior talents and knowledge, wanting both, could not do."

This is probably the most valuable passage in the whole Memoir.

With the elaborate history of Lord Sydenham's administration in Canada we shall not intermeddle; but the narrative of public measures and affairs is agreeably relieved by notes and extracts from the private letters of the Governor-general while on his progresses through the different provinces; and these are of more general interest. Lower Canada he did not admire. The following is the extract of a letter written in August 1840, and dated from Drummondville, near the Falls of Niagara:—

"Here I am on my road to the West, and with the windows and balcony of my rooms facing the most magnificent sight on earth, with beautiful weather; and, if they would only give me a minute's respite from business and show, very much disposed to enjoy myself. I arrived on Sunday, and mean to complete my week nearly. As for attempting to describe the Falls, it is impossible to convey any idea of them. Vulgarly they are only two great milldams, and in painting they can only appear so; but the effect they produce on the mind from their magnitude is indescribable.

"We have a host of Yankees, either in the house, or

arriving daily from the opposite shore, a gun-shot off, to see Mr. Governor Thomson. You never saw or can imagine such a set of people; but they are great fun. I gave them a review yesterday of the 93d, a Highland regiment in *kilts*, which delighted them not a little, I guess. I overheard one of them say "I guess these Britishers do it a'most as handsome as the Buffalo Citizen Militia!' Another said to me to-day, meaning, I presume, to pay me the highest compliment, 'I opinionate that you are very like our old Hickory' (Jackson)—'you *downs* them everlasting locusts of place-goers, and wo'n't stand no *up* but your own;'—pretty true, by-the-by. Yesterday, on the balcony, a Yankee lady was walking with her little girl; the child said, 'Mamma, I can't bear this.' Upon which mamma looked daggers at her, and said, 'How can you talk so before the Governor? You should say, I can't tolerate this.' Such is their delicacy of language. What it is, practically, you may imagine from the circumstance of my bed-room's opening on a balcony that is common to the house; and there is not a young lady in the hôtel who does not walk up and down staring into the window of the room, which is about eight feet square, every morning whilst I am going through all the processes of my toilet."

From the Bay of Quinté, when he had nearly completed his progress through the upper province, we find him again writing:—

"This tour has indeed been a triumph—a series of ovations. You can conceive nothing more gratifying than my progress through Upper Canada, especially in the west: nor, indeed, with one exception, anything more fortunate; for I have had beautiful weather and good health, and have been able to keep my time very exactly at the different places, so as to receive all intended honours, and satisfy and please the people.

"That exception was Lake Erie. The Government steamer in which I embarked was altogether the filthiest and vilest concern which ever floated on water. *Admiralty, not* Provincial, of course; and my patriotism prevented me from hiring a Yankee steam-boat instead, which would have conveyed me safely and comfortably. We had a storm on the lake, and got very nearly lost; and what was as bad, I could put in nowhere to see the coast, but was obliged to run for Amherstburg. The same thing happened on Lake Huron, where the sea runs as high as in the Bay of Biscay; and, to complete the catastrophe, in running up the River Thames to Chatham, away went the rudder and tiller, both as rotten as touchwood. So I abandoned 'the Toronto' to cut a fresh rudder out of the woods, and was right glad to get the rest of my tour by land.

"I had a carriage on board and plenty of saddle-horses; and as the roads are not impassable at this time of year, on horseback at least, I made it out admirably.

"Amherstburg, Sandwich, River St. Clair, Lake Huron, Goderich, Chatham, London, Woodstock, Brantford, Simcoe, the Talbot Road and Settlement, Hamilton, Dundas, and so back to Toronto. You can follow me on a map. From Toronto across Lake Simcoe to Penetanguishine on Lake Huron again, and back to Toronto, which I left again last night for the Bay of Quinté. *All* parties uniting in addresses at every place, full of confidence in my government, and of a determination to forget their former disputes. Escorts of two and three hundred farmers on horseback at every place from township to township, with all the et ceteras of guns, music, and flags. What is of more importance, my candidates everywhere taken for the ensuing elections; in short, such unanimity and confidence I never saw, and it augurs well for the future. . . . . .

But, apart from all this political effect, I am delighted to have seen this part of the country; I mean the great district, nearly as large as Ireland, placed between the three lakes—Erie, Ontario, and Huron. You can conceive nothing finer! The most magnificent soil in the world—four feet of vegetable mould—a climate certainly the best in North America—the greater part of it admirably watered. In a word, there is land enough and capabilities enough for some millions of people, and for one of the finest provinces in the world; the most perfect contrast to that miserable strip of land along the St. Lawrence, called *Lower* Canada, which has given so much trouble. I shall fix the capital of the United Province in this one of course." . . . .

"I have sent home a long Report on Emigration, which some of you won't like because it tells the truth, and declares that to throw starving and diseased paupers under the rock at Quebec ought to be punishable as *murder*. Send me out good, stout English peasants, who know what *work* is; give them the means of getting up the country 600 or 700 miles where it is to be had; and I will take as many as you can get, and promise them *independence*. Or give me some yeomen with a few hundred pounds each, and let them take prudent advice—*buy cleared farms—not* throw themselves into the bush, where they are as helpless as they would be in the Great Desert; and I will secure them comfort and perfect independence at the end of a couple of years—but not *money*. *That* is a thing never to be mentioned. Pigs, pork, flour, potatoes, horses to ride, cows to milk; but you must eat all you produce, for devil a purchaser is to be found. However, the man's chief wants are supplied, and those of his family; he has no rent or taxes to pay, and he ought to be satisfied. But send me no Irish paupers; nor young gentlemen with £500 or £600, who fancy that upon that they may be idle, and are hardly used because they cannot get £200 or £300 a-year income in return for it. The Province absolutely teems with persons of this character—lawyers, broken-down merchants, clerks, soldiers—who have come out here to farm; lost their money through their ignorance of the business; or have been unable to brook plenty without the enjoyments of civilized life—the lot of those who succeed best; and all these are applicants for places, of which there is one perhaps to one hundred candidates. So you see competition is nearly as rife here as in the mother-country."

And again, at another date, he writes—

"I told you in my last that Wakefield's doctrine won't do in Canada. To *force* concentration here is the greatest of absurdities. There is no fear of people spreading too much. No man will go far into the woods if he can help it. The evil of these Provinces,—or rather of the Upper, which is the only field to be thought of for colonisation,—has been the improvident grants of land to individuals, who have become possessed of immense tracts, three-fourths of the country, which they hold without doing anything to them, and preventing any settlement, even in their neighbourhood, by their refusal to make roads and communications. So far from a high price being essential, as Wakefield has it, I would willingly *give* land to settlers who came *bonâ fide* to establish themselves, and would engage to make roads, &c. But there is, alas! none to give, except what is rendered valueless by the neighbourhood of these cursed land-jobbers, who cut off all access to it. Talk of a high price, indeed! I could buy any number of thousand acres of these people, at 2s. per acre."

The valuable Report on Emigration alluded to above, is printed in the Appendix to the Life. In Canada, Lord Sydenham's health suffered both from his onerous duties and the extreme severity of the climate; and, in the spring of 1841, we find him complaining not merely of gout, but fever and utter prostration of strength. When summer approached, he left Montreal for Kingston. He resided for some time in a private mansion on the banks of the lake; and his shattered health was temporarily benefited, though not restored, by the pure air and repose of this residence. He tells—

"For two years nearly, I have not been able to take a stroll without my hat, or without the sentinels presenting arms, and I enjoy being able to do so amazingly. The worst, however, is, that I do not recover strength, which hitherto I always did very rapidly after an attack. My work oppresses me as it never did before, and I am

ready to hang myself half-a-dozen times a-day. I am in the midst of the bustle attending the opening of the session, and have, besides, a ministerial 'crisis' on my hands. The latter I shall get through triumphantly; unless my *wand*, as they call it here, has lost all power over the members, which I do not believe to be the case. But the excitement and worry are more than I can stand in the present state of my health, and I do not know how it will end. I long for September, beyond which I will not stay if they were to make me Duke of Canada and Prince of Regiopolis, as this place is called."

But with September, in which he anticipated his release, came his fate. On the 4th of that month Lord Sydenham had his leg broken by a fall from his horse, and was otherwise severely hurt. From the consequences of this accident, combined with previous debility, he died on the 18th of the same month; having, in the face of death, and under extreme bodily suffering, manifested the same energy in the discharge of his duties that had throughout distinguished his public career. In Canada, where he had, from the first, been exceedingly popular, his loss was most deeply felt; while at home it was generally acknowledged that the government had lost a hard-working and most useful member, and valuable prop; and the Free-Trade party a thorough-going friend in office, and powerful champion in opposition.

AUSTRALIAN SKETCHES.

BY MR. M'COMBIE.

No. I.—THE SETTLER.

The Australian settlers are an extraordinary class, and nearly as various as the members of the human family. There is first your dashing settler, who has his home-farm, and his grazing stations, and who rides in a fine chaise like the aristocrat of the soil. Then there is the outlandish settler, who lives hundreds of miles up in the interior of the country—no one knows where or how: this class are looked upon as a kind of amphibious animals, part man, part wild beast. They make a cruise to Sydney, Melbourne, or Adelaide, once in the year with their wool. They seem to be in the world, but not of it. They are looked upon by the more civilized inhabitants as Goths, and their strange appearance gazed upon with wonder. There seems to exist an emulation amongst this class to imitate the celebrated Monikins of Cooper. They think it a great honour to have an extravagant growth of hair; the more hair, the more distinguished appears to be the motto of these monkified men. Then there is your swell agriculturist, who owns several sections of land, and farms upon a grand scale. This gentleman wears a Newmarket coat, with a fine white handkerchief hanging halfway out, and carries a fine tapering riding-whip. He owns an entire horse; and considers himself a great man of the fancy, and on the turf. About race-time he is in all his glory, and is sure to have a horse entered for the steeple-chase, or hurdle-race; he is to be seen galloping to and fro on the ground, as if he had suddenly been seized with a fit of insanity, or had heard that the world was in a general conflagration. Then we arrive by gradation at lower castes. There is your dairy-farmer, who makes a living by renting cows, which he keeps on government land, and sells the dairy produce in the towns. He is generally a married man, with a rough, hardy, tearing, industrious wife. She milks the cows, and makes butter, cheese, &c.; while her husband attends to the out-of-door work. I could easily tell a dairyman y his appearance: they are the most industrious ass in lazy Australia, and have the same look of ork which the lower ranks at home have. To ilk wild cows is a work of no little difficulty. he cows are turned loose into a large enclosed yard, with a stall in the corner for milking; the man and woman, with, perhaps, one or two dancing children, now set about the grand operation of milking. The cow is haltered, and the man attempts to lead her towards the stall; it is, however of no use, she will not budge a foot. The woman and children now get long branches of trees, and lay on with a will, crying, "Bail up, Coffee," (or whatever name she is known by,) "bail up." At last, after a good deal of kicking and endeavours to get away, the cow is got into the proper position, and the golden fluid caught.

There is likewise, among settlers, the market-gardener, who owns his ten or twelve acres of land, and grows fruits and vegetables. He is a hard-working, industrious man, and very often contrives to save a good deal of ready money. Then there is the small settler, who runs a few hundred sheep upon some friend's station, and drives a team of bullocks; the settler who grows hay; the settler who makes a living by cutting up timber; and a multitude of settlers who follow meaner occupations.

With such small fry, however, we have nothing to do; and we shall take leave of them, and retrace our way to the second class of settlers mentioned, viz., the settlers who wear the superfluity of hair, and reside somewhere far inland.

Reader! if you were to cut down a sufficient quantity of young saplings and drive them upright into the ground, and were you to cover them over with bark after the fashion of a dog-kennel, or rather one hundred per cent. worse, then you may have some idea of the residence of an outlandish squatter: the light of day breaks in everywhere; for the uprights, which form the walls of the hut, are open, and five inches apart. Door or window there is none. The furniture consists of a shake-down, and a few logs cut up after the fashion of stools; an old tin pannikin, and a short black pipe. Extended upon the shake-down is a curious-looking figure, with red eyes, uncombed locks, and shaggy whiskers. The figure is dirty; and clothes it has none, save a ragged pair of old inexpressibles, and a shirt, which last appears as if it had a natural antipathy to soap and water. The figure draws itself up, stretches his limbs—for it is a man, kind

reader—gives one or two growls, and calls for some one outside. A creature ten times more dirty, more ragged, and more hairy than the figure on the bed, enters. He inquires, in a dogged, sulky tone of voice, what is wanted. "Ah!—ah!—give me some tea, you old rabbit," exclaims the other. "Don't you know it is four o'clock in the afternoon, and you have not been out of bed to-day?"—"Ah! —yes; hand me the pipe." Having disposed the cup, or rather the pannikin—for cup there is none —to his mind on the bed, the lazy figure starts into a momentary fit of action. He gets a hand upon an old boot, very dirty and very dusty; this he sends at the head of the retiring creature, with which it comes in sharp contact, and sets him a-swearing at a great rate. In retaliation, he gets his hands upon a long flexible reed, and, watching his opportunity, as the settler lies on bed smoking his short black pipe, he extends the reed towards him through one of the openings in the wall. It approaches the mouth of the settler with slow and silent motion; at last it comes close, and gives a sudden jerk, when, by a dexterous movement, the pipe is knocked from the mouth of the sleeping beauty, and the tin can of tea ejected over his lovely countenance. He starts up; but the worker of all this evil has vanished.—"That's you, Tim; I know it is; but I will pay you for this when I lay hold of you—I will, by George! Come here, and I will give you as sound a drubbing as ever you got in your hang-dog lifetime."

"I am going to drown myself," squeaks Tim.

"I am certain that is not true; you will never drown. You have the hanging-mark on your ugly carcass."

To follow the delinquent Tim would be a work of great difficulty; so all thoughts of doing so are abandoned; and the settler is fain to pick up his short pipe, a good deal shorter by the accident; and in a few moments he has sunk into his former quiescent state. Night arrives, morning, noon, and there he lies, perhaps once or twice a-day rising to partake of a mutton-chop and a slice of bread baked in the ashes, and known as damper.

This state of things will sometimes continue for a whole week; then the settler shakes off the lazy fit, and arises after his short slumber. He now goes forth to see after his flocks and herds. His barb is caught and saddled; and away he rides through the wide forest. Then guns and fishing-rods are put in requisition. Sport is the order of the day. This week he works as much as two men; is up early, and goes late to bed. In fact, he seems as careless of sleep as it is possible for any one to be. The next week arrives, and finds him once more stretched on the shake-down, as lazy and dirty as before.

Sometimes, although rarely enough, some wanderer finds his way to the station of the outlandish settler. It may be well taken for granted that he is an old hand; for no one else would be so far inland. He is received with great hospitality; and a great deal of smoking and tea-drinking ensues. The quantity of both these articles consumed in one evening upon such an occasion, would exceed the belief of an European reader. He would think the author was attempting to cram his readers across the seas. But it is far from uncommon for two men on a station to consume a whole chest of tea in five or six months; though a good deal of it may be wasted, as their extravagance in the use of tea knows no bounds. The traveller may consider himself very fortunate if he get any kind of a bed to sleep in. This, in fact, he need not often expect. He takes a blanket about his shoulders, and goes to rest as comfortably as he can, glad to be where food and drink are plenty. Few have travelled the forests of Australia without being compelled to bivouac in the open air; and the comforts of ever so mean a hut are, therefore, duly appreciated. You never see a dainty traveller in Australia. It would be a good joke to find such a person in the Australian bush.

The time of the annual visit to town is looked forward to with no ordinary interest. That is the time for wild bacchanalian gaiety; for renewing their knowledge of the world, which, but for that, they would altogether forget. The settler, leaving his cot in the wilderness, and turning his face and his attention towards the civilized world, is like the ephemeral butterfly quitting its dull winter quarters, and coming at once into light and sunshine, life and enjoyment. He has longed for this time for months. At last his wool drays are packed, and away they start. After many weary days' journeying in the forest, the town is reached. The settler immediately begins his round of dissipation. At some of the taverns he falls in with some other settler as wild as himself. They get very soon gloriously drunk, and set out to kick up a row. They get a chaise and drive about the town, one of them sitting behind and playing on a bugle. At night, they imitate the doings of a certain notorious peer; and many are the jokes they have played upon some of the unsuspecting townspeople. Knocking at doors and windows; frightening many weak and delicate females, who start from their sleep, thinking the day of judgment has arrived, or that some other frightful event has happened. The knock is repeated.—"Who is that?" screams a shrill voice.

"It's only me, my dear."

"Who are you?"

"Mr. Jones, ma'am."

"What do you want here?"

"Nothing."

"Go along with you, you wretch!"

(Rap, rap, rap!)

"I say, what do you want?"

"Mr. Thomson does not live here, does he?"

"No; go away, will you?"

"I say, old girl, have you got anything there to eat or drink?"

"Now, will you get along?"

"Does Mr. Ferguson lodge here when he is at home?"

"No, I don't know him."

"Or Hookey Walker?"

"Go away, will you, or I will set the dog loose." Bow, wow. Bang goes a pistol. Smash—"Oh, murder!—Wretch, ho, murder!—oh, I will be murdered!—oh!"

"Now, young gentleman, come with me, will you?"—And exit the outlandish settler a prisoner. He has to fork out a crown as tip to the Charley, or go to durance.

Sometimes the settlers remain as long as a week or two on business, and some of them as long as six weeks. What business they have to do might all be gone through in a day or two. Yet this is the excuse they give for remaining so long—business keeps them; while the plain truth is, they are revelling. And there is some excuse for them. The joyous time is only of yearly occurrence. They have not many comforts in the bush. In the end, however, they begin to be ashamed of having been so long in town; day after day have they been to start for the last month; and there they are. They disappear; and you imagine, at last, they are away, when, lo and behold, some morning, a week afterwards, you catch a glimpse of them stealing round some corner, in an out-of-the-way part of the town. You cannot, however, overtake them, as they wish to be *incog.* The next time you happen to see the person, you inquire whether it was he. He denies vehemently that it was, and asserts he had arrived at home before the time you mention. Of course you have more politeness than to give him a hint that you do not believe him, although you are perfectly aware that he is not speaking the truth. The settler is prone to tell the poor townsfolks crammers about his adventures with blacks and bushrangers, and of having been all but bitten by the deadly yellow snake, or the yet more implacable diamond snake.* You would suppose him to be one of the cruellest men on the face of the earth; for he talks of having gone out with his rifle, and shot the black coolies by dozens. He informs you it is splendid sport; and invites you, with the best air in the world, to come up and have a day's shooting. You can scarcely give him credit for being in earnest, and you look into his face for some traits of that cruelty of character which he would fain make you believe he possesses. You look in vain, and are loath to credit him; but his air is so grave, and his countenance wears such a solemn aspect, that you hardly know what to think,—in fact you are fairly puzzled.

Nothing can be more opposite than the appearance of the dashing settler and the outlandish settler: the one is all show, the other the reverse. The dashing settler emigrated with a large capital, and has mixed in the best society at home. He wishes to do things upon a grand scale, and to be considered one of the leading men in the sporting and agricultural circles. The papers teem with commendations of his breed of cattle, his entire horses and racers. He never troubles himself with business: he leaves that to his overseers; and his life passes in one round of pleasure and gaiety.

The poor outlandish settler was, perhaps, better born and bred than the other; but having little wealth, and being of an independent mind, he prefers the lonely but free wilderness to a life of dependence in the fashionable world. It is a spirit to be commended; and whatever may be their little peculiarities and failings, the heart of every good and honourable man will go with them, and sympathize with them in their sylvan hermitages. It is an act of self-denial almost heroic, thus to cast the sumptuous bread of idleness behind them, and choose a life very little better than that of a savage. But to many a noble heart, the free wilderness, with content, is far before the fashionable circles, with wrangling, discontent, and envy. The writer speaks from experience, when he says that many a noble heart beats in the forests of Australia; many a clear and grasping intellect which would have shed a bright lustre over a name at the English bar, or even in the senate-house of St. Stephens; but, friendless and poor, they soon saw that there was little chance of arriving at an independent station in life in the overpeopled country at home, and they have sacrificed all for their independence. It is a sad pity thus to see so many right noble-spirited men,—who, had they been born under more auspicious circumstances, might have done deeds which would have filled the world with their names,—sobered down to keepers of sheep, banished from the civilized world, and more than half-barbarians. Carelessness, like everything else, grows upon a man, after being indulged to a certain extent; and after a term of years, these men become nearly unfit for society, and every year the rust enters deeper and deeper into their souls. One of the main causes of this is, that few, very few, come into the colony married. A great number of the Australian settlers have moved in good society at home, and are the scions of good and, not unfrequently, of aristocratical families. They did not wish to marry one of their own standing in society, to undergo the fatigues and annoyances of an Australian bush-life: their proud spirits would not descend to marry an inferior, and thus they have come alone, and chosen a life of celibacy; for few of them ever either marry in the colony, or return home. The outlandish settler will continue the outlandish settler. He soon becomes a sort of a misanthropical anchorite, and looks with a jaundiced eye upon the world; he loses his temper, and becomes, in short, as discontented as Diogenes, but with a bark cot to live in instead of the tub of that famous cynic.

The life, however, is changing. In whole districts of Australia and Van Diemen's Land, the graziers are married; and, instead of the dirty, slovenly cot of six feet by ten, the eye rests with pleasure upon the neat white cottage, overgrown with some one of the beautiful creeping plants indigenous to Australia; the neat parterre of flowers, and the fruitful gardens; while everything about the place tells of comfort with economy. This is a happy life; and let every young man contemplating emigrating to Australia,—especially if his thoughts are directed towards grazing or agricul-

* The diamond snake is said to be the most venomous of all the reptiles. The blacks stand in great dread of it, and have given it the name of "Tumble-down snake." The next is the black snake, which is often met with, and the bite of which is death. If you do not tread upon it, it will not attack you, unless you happen to intercept its retreat; then it will attack you furiously.

tural pursuits,—bring a partner with him to gladden his heart in a strange land. He will have a happy life; and instead of squandering the earnings of a whole year in a week or two of wild and insane dissipation, he will have a "*fireside.*"*

The outlandish settler, however, looks down upon this happiness with scorn: he considers it effeminacy, and looks upon himself as superior to anything of the kind. As soon, therefore, as one or two married couples settle near him, he becomes uncomfortable, and is indignant at his privacy being disturbed in this rude manner. He changes his quarters, and goes several hundred miles farther up the country. In this manner will these settlers become extinct in a few years, and, like the overlanders, nothing of them will remain but the name. They are, however, an order that well deserve to be noticed; and there is little doubt but, in after days, much will be thought of, and written regarding them. To rescue from oblivion a few particulars which may be deemed interesting regarding the first inhabitants and settlers of Australia was the principal object with the writer of these excursive sketches. He proposes to give to the world all that he knows that is interesting; and in speaking of the overlander and outlandish settler, he has had a subject to his mind. He loves these classes of men for their very eccentricities.

In personal appearance, the outlandish settler resembles the overlander: he is dirty, badly clothed, and with a head and face of hair that, of a certainty, has not come into contact with a razor, scissors, or comb, for many a long year. He cares nothing for your opinion of him: laugh, if you like, you are made quite welcome; for he is happy to see fools' mirth, as he will soon inform you; and he would be sorry to be taken for an ordinary person, one of your every-day family small tea-party men, against whom, by the way, he entertains a mortal aversion. He cares not one straw for the world: it and he have long since ceased to have anything in common: they have parted company—the world has treated him with neglect and scorn, which he now throws back with interest.

The only feeling which outlives this supineness is love for home. Few, even of the most cynical, can resist that all-powerful feeling. They have made up their minds not to return, unless with an independent fortune. It is all well enough, the outlandish settler remarks, to talk of friends; but it is not so pleasant for a proud heart to be among friends poor or dependent. He is generally far from a provident individual; for he spends all the ready cash he possesses when upon his annual visit to town: the true outlandish settler would scorn to take a single sixpence away with him. Hence a fortune is seldom acquired, or, by the time that it is arrived at, he has become so accustomed to the life, that he thinks he could not be happy with anything else, and he will not change. Nevertheless, speak but of home, and the tear will start, and the very tone of the voice will change. Strange! I have heard men of great experience of the human heart say, that, during the whole course of their experience, never did they meet any one, however abandoned or callous-hearted, but had some feeling of regard for the home and friends of early days. This is one of the simplest and purest of the human affections, and seems to be one of the strongest implanted in the heart. The communications of the outlandish settler with home, if that home lies in the distant isles of Britain, are very much interrupted by the distance, and the rare chance of his receiving his letters oftener than once a-year; and, perhaps, by the time he arrives in town, his letters are mislaid, unless he be known at the post-office. In this way years may elapse without his receiving an answer to any letter he may send home. The hunting for letters forms the last part of the business of an outlandish settler; and when he draws the price of his wool, he generally puts a pound-note into the hands of some one for the purpose. When he neglects to do so, he is obliged to borrow money to pay for them; or if he does not like to do this for very shame, or cannot find any one to trust him, (for the credit of a settler after shearing-time is but indifferent,) he is under the necessity of going without his letters. When he has every other business finished, and his money all spent, he orders his horse to be saddled, and proceeds to the post-office. He gets his letters, stuffs them into his pocket, and rides away; he has not a sixpence left to pay his expenses home, and is often obliged to make mean shifts, or draw upon his agent in town, if he have any credit there. At the first leisure hour he opens his letters: he would not do so when in town, as there might be bad news which would break in upon his pleasures; and he has set down a certain routine, which is on no account to be disturbed.

The outlandish settler finds himself at the old dirty hut again; and, after a few days, sinks down into the same state of apathy as before. He has, however, the war now to carry on for twelve months; he has wages to pay, and necessaries to purchase, and he has not the wherewithal; he is in a perfect state of bewilderment and difficulty for twelve months, until the next wool season arrives. Experience might have taught him wisdom; and it might now have been expected that he would not have spent all. Never, however, was there a more complete mistake than to suppose an outlandish settler would keep money,—it would burn a hole in his pocket: so it all goes, and, in the end, he is as poor as ever. So true is this, that sometimes, when a day's journey from town, if the outlandish settler should find that, by mere accident, a five pound note had escaped the general consumption, from its having been put carelessly in his coat-pocket, he will face about, and return and spend this likewise. "Of what use is five pounds?" he argues; "let it go and keep the rest company."

It is a strange anomaly in the character of the outlandish settler, that at home he lives in the plainest and simplest manner possible. Such things as wines, spirits, or malt liquors, are never heard of: no-

* This simple and touching phrase was first heard by the author in Scotland: it says more than a whole volume could do, to the heart, of home and happiness.

thing stronger than tea, or the pure element, crosses his lips. His food is of an equally plain kind: Damper, a kind of bread baked with plain flour and water, without yeast, and fired in the ashes. This, with a plain chop and the everlasting tea, forms his meals, morning, noon, and night. He drags his limbs from the dirty corner where he has been stretched in indolence and apathy, and partakes of this food with little relish. He has lived on in this kind of life until the habits of civilisation and refinement, in which he was reared, relax, by slow degrees, until they become altogether obliterated, and he sinks into a state of demi-barbarism. I have said before, and cannot help repeating it here, that it is both a lamentable and melancholy thing to see many noble hearts left to rust in cold and barren solitude, until all the affections and finer feelings are choked up by carelessness and misanthropy. What might not some of these men have been! The undaunted explorer conferring everlasting benefits upon the human race; the gallant and intelligent navigator enlarging the knowledge of science, and bringing to light many grand truths regarding the natural world; the warrior, the statesman, and the elegant man of letters. Some may perhaps say, that there are men enough left in the world to distinguish themselves in all the departments mentioned. It may be so; but this does not make our sympathy with the hard fate of the outlandish settler a whit the less.

It is no less melancholy to observe, that although the Australian settlers might live as contented and happy as any class of men in the world, yet the outlandish settler persists in his own mode of life. He came to the colony poor and friendless; he got hold of a few sheep, with which he travelled into the interior of the country; he formed a station, after great trouble and difficulty; he had many hardships to encounter, and to fight his way through tribes of hostile and warlike Indians; he was reared in the rough, hardy, old school; and dislikes, in his heart, the new-fangled method of squatting with a number of petticoats and children at one's heels. The outlandish settler will remain the outlandish settler till the end of the chapter. Like all Australian bushmen, the outlandish settler is an excellent horseman, especially if he have any cattle upon his station. The cattle-farmers spend a good part of their time on horseback; galloping about after herds as untamed as the buffaloes of America. They are an equestrian race, and in many points resemble the wild racers of the American prairies—the equestrian Indian tribes of the "Far West." The life of an Australian grazier, if he have large herds of wild cattle, is one of no ordinary excitement. He has noble and stately herds extending over vast tracts of country; and he has to see that they do not stray, and become rovers of the wilderness, belonging to, and owned by no man. The herds are under the charge of their respective keepers or stockmen, who are themselves a class far from unworthy of notice. The stockmen of Australia have claims to rank with any equestrian race in the world. They are splendid riders. Dismount one of them, and he descends to the level of his fellows; he is a common individual. Place him on a horse, and he is great; for his superiority soon becomes apparent. It is a pleasure to see a stockman mounted: he is so much at his ease, and is such a fearless, graceful rider. The horses of the stock-keepers are so thoroughly trained, and have arrived at such perfection in turning with a sharp, quick movement, that no one but a stock-keeper could maintain a seat upon their backs for any length of time. The herds will sometimes, in a very warm day, start from their pasture with a simultaneous and, apparently, involuntary motion, and rush away headlong over hill and dale, heads down, tails up: perhaps the stockman was asleep upon his horse's back; but the sagacious animal springs forward. At the same time the stockman is full of life; he is in for a race. Halloo!—away he rides. Miles on miles are passed, and he is unable to turn them. He keeps up, however; for he knows that if once his eye loses them, he may never behold them again. Many runaway herds reach the hills and impassable ranges of mountains, where they form into bands more wild and dangerous to approach than the lion or tiger of the African desert. The stock-keeper, therefore, holds his way through rugged chains of rocky country, brushwood which appears nearly impervious to human footsteps, and ravines which would make the most eager fox-hunter in England quail. Nothing intercepts his progress: so long as the cattle hold on, he will hold on likewise. At length he seizes some favourable opportunity, and, approaching the leaders of the scampering herd, pretty well exhausted by this time, he hits them severe strokes with his long lash. Sometimes the irritated animals will retaliate, and one of them make a quick dart at his aggressor. It is upon such emergencies that the training of the horse, and the superior horsemanship of the rider are apparent. The horse springs to one side so suddenly as often to have the rider half way round his belly; but so long as girth and stirrup hold, the stockman never loses his seat. The furious animal rushes at empty air, and, in a second, the stockman is at him again, wheeling about and lashing him violently with his short-handled whip. All this time the race is continued as before: what we have been relating forms but an interlude. The herd is seldom turned until the leaders tire: they are easily turned then; and walk back to their grazing ground as meek and tractable as lambs.

The cattle-farmers, or graziers, although they leave the charge of the herds to stockmen, are themselves splendid riders. Their superiority in equestrian exercises would at once be apparent to a stranger, were he to view, for the first time, an Australian race. In Australia the riders are all gentlemen; for every Australian gentleman is a jockey. At any race they excel; but this excellence is most apparent in steeple-chases: the leaps are positively frightful, and are what no jockey in England would attempt. More accidents, however, occur in Australia on the race-ground, than in England; and there is often a most disastrous array of killed and wounded. Nothing will frighten

these fiery youths when their blood is up; and they venture what appears desperate.

In pecuniary matters the outlandish settler is taken advantage of by every class of townsfolks. His tavern bills are run up at an extravagant rate, and every item charged double. The tradesmen think they cannot charge them enough. They bargain for their stores at a certain rate; and when the account is rendered them, they find fifty per cent. has been added to the prices of the different articles. They provoke the merchant and tradesman very much by their absurdities. The outlandish settler will often bolt out of town in a drunken fit, and leave everything unpaid: and this is considered a most exquisite joke. The creditors in town have no alternative but to wait with patience until the next wool-season brings the settler back to town; for to send to him up the country would be out of the question, as, perhaps, they are even ignorant of the part of the country where his station is situated. With curses, "not loud, but deep," the debt is allowed to lie over; and it is scarcely to be wondered at that the trader, in his turn, charges them extravagantly.

Thus I have attempted to give a few particulars regarding this extraordinary class of men. In appearance, manners, and habits, they resemble no other class in the world. How different the wild, dare-devil look of an Australian settler, from the honest, comfortable look of an English farmer! Such an one you never meet in the Australian woods; each one has more the dark tawny look of a Spanish bandit, as he scours past you on his high-mettled charger. His very air is replete with liberty; the tone of his voice breathes independence; his heart leaps with wild delight to career over the illimitable plains, teeming with all that can delight the eye, and to know that all he sees is his, and he owes no man thanks. Let those who live in courts and cities, with mind and body enervated by excess,—abject slaves to their gross appetites,—live on, oppressed by satiety and ennui; they know not the pleasure of the wild life of an Australian settler. But "I have said my say," and must bring this article to a conclusion. Yet I am loath to take leave of these wild men: my mind lingers fondly with these "old men of the woods;" but, as the reader may not sympathize with this feeling, I shall bid them adieu.

Before this, however, I intended to have said a few words to emigrants past their prime, who contemplate emigrating to Australia. I never met one who had been many years in the country, who liked to return permanently; and I may likewise add, I never met any one reconciled to the colony at first. However great the alteration in their worldly prospects, if even for the future welfare of themselves and families, and even when comfort cheers where want had formerly knocked at the door, all find the change alike: for Australia is altogether different from home; and one who is, for the first time, a stranger to his native soil, even if he has reached a brighter and happier land, feels all the poignant grief of the exile. I would not, therefore, advise middle-aged persons, especially of a peevish, repining disposition, to emigrate; for such persons are certain to find numberless grievances; and often, by their misstatements, do the colony a serious injury. I have often seen old farmers who have emigrated, very much dissatisfied with the life of a grazier. An anecdote of one of this class shall conclude this paper.

The gentleman who told it me was once residing in the town of Geelong. Now, although the beauty of the scenery about this town, which has the lovely bay of Corio close to it, cannot be exceeded in any quarter of the globe, yet, to one accustomed to the bustle of fairs and horse-races in England, and whose happiness was concentrated in such amusements, the town would be misery. An old, stout English farmer, who had purchased sheep in the adjoining country, was in the town on business, and living in the same boarding-house with my friend. The way he commonly passed the time, was in sleeping the whole day, rising to his meals. One day he came in about twelve o'clock, and commenced a severe essay to get on his boots. After a struggle of about ten minutes, he had got one on, and was resting until he could find courage to attempt the other. "I wonder," he says to my friend, "there is no appearance of breakfast."—"Breakfast!" replied the other, staring him in the face. "You had your breakfast hours ago."—"No!" replied he.—"You had," replied the other; "for you sat beside me."—"Oh, then," said the farmer, kicking the boot away, "I better just go and lie down again!"

LITERARY REGISTER.

A Short Treatise on Life Assurance, with the Rates of all the Offices in London, Mutual, Mixed, and Proprietary. By Frederic Lawrence, Esq.

This little book explains the general principles of Insurance, and, by tables, furnishes the requisite information as to rates, and also about the modes of application, &c., &c. The Treatise concludes with a sensible exhortation to those selfish individuals who take good care to insure against loss by fire, which loss would affect themselves personally, but take no care whatever to insure against the loss their families may sustain by their death. The policies of "Life Assurance," as compared with "Fire Assurance," are comparatively, even now when the value of Assurance begins to be well understood, very few. It is, however, to be kept in mind, that a man may insure against a contingent loss for a trifle, while a Life Insurance may press hard on his means.

Astronomy and Scripture. By the Rev. T. Milner, M.A. London: Snow.

This work is written chiefly for the use of such piously-disposed young persons as love to trace the finger of God in the grandest of his visible works. Another object is, to show the harmony of true science with Scripture testimony. The book is a pleasing one.

History of the War in Affghanistan, from its commencement to its close, from the Journals and Letters of an Officer high in rank, who has served many years in the Indian Army. Edited by Charles Nash, &c., &c. London: Thomas Brooks.

If Mr. Nash, instead of digesting the journals and letters of the unnamed officer, "high in rank," had sunk him altogether, and more carefully studied the various publications that have appeared on the Affghan War, and the policy which led to it, he might have produced a far more complete and satisfactory compilation. And yet it is very evident that he has studied and profited by these narratives. Those who have read the extracts from the private correspondence of Sir Alexander Burnes in *Tait's Magazine*, must know that Dost Mahommed, contrary to what is stated in this history, never made obtaining Peshawur a *sine quâ non* in his negotiations with the English plenipotentiary Burnes; and also, how far it is from the fact that Dost Mahommed closed the negotiation from irritation, on the Indian Government refusing to comply with his alleged wishes, and immediately entered into close correspondence with the Russian agent. The truth is, that it was in acting under the advice of Sir A. Burnes that Dost Mahommed courteously received the Russian agent. But this is of less importance than the grave statement that Burnes, when dismissed from Cabul, or when he took leave on the failure of his negotiations, returned to India, representing to the Government the "necessity of taking immediate measures for the counteraction of the intrigues carrying on against us;" which would seem to represent Burnes as urging the war to which he was decidedly opposed; as that was the immediate measure resolved upon. "The officer high in rank," as he has, or may have found most of his facts in printed books, in Lieutenant Eyre's Journal for example, and other publications, seems to have generally drawn his inferences from the same sources. There is nothing original in the history, save the labour of compilation.

Hints and Reflections for Railway Travellers and others; or a Journey to the Phalanx. By Minor Hugo. Three volumes. London: Earle.

The above is the eccentric title of a series of eccentric and lively sketches of society, and strictures on its usages, with a view to remedies for all or many of its acknowledged evils. The author bases the principle of his reforms on the economical and social doctrines of *Fourier*. His work, in short, is another of those purblind, or one-eyed gropings after great truths which remarkably distinguish the present age, and give hope for future social improvement, though that improvement may not come in the way prescribed or anticipated by the speculators. Minor Hugo disclaims the most distant affinity with Owenism; and professes "implicit, simple, and entire belief in the pure doctrines of Evangelical Christianity, as laid down in that priceless volume the Bible;" and "an humble and sincere wish to be guided wholly and exclusively by a single eye to His glory who is the King of kings; and by the golden precept, 'Do unto others as ye would that men should do unto you.'" We see nothing in his work that gainsays this profession. Besides his sketches, strictures, and good-humoured satires on prevalent bad or foolish customs, Minor Hugo presents us with the details of his projected economical schemes in what he calls Phalansteries; and gives an account of some attempts that have been made to reduce the theories of Fourier, or some modification of them, into actual practice. It would be fair to let him speak a little for himself in support of his coöperative or associative plans; but our space forbids it; and we can only say that, whatever may be concluded of the philanthropic theories of this modern kind of Uncle Toby, who would do everything by a *Phalanx* and Etzler's machines, every one must admire his benevolent feelings and kind-heartedness.

The Original History of Ancient America, founded upon the Ruins of Antiquity: The identity of the Aborigines with the People of Tyrus and Israel, and the introduction of Christianity by the Apostle Thomas. By George Jones. Longman & Co.

How many regions and countries have been peopled by the Israelites? The Affghans are Hebrews, the South Sea Islanders are Hebrews. There are Israelites found in the heart of China; and the Aborigines of South and North America are also Jews, or rather Israelites. The hypothesis of Mr. Jones is not new, and it is one on which an ingenious man may expatiate and speculate to his heart's content; as "much may be said on both sides," though nothing can be satisfactorily, or, at least, absolutely established upon either. After all the trouble and pains that Mr. Jones has bestowed, there will be sceptics. He lessens his difficulties by restricting his theory to North America, but does not surmount them. The book is, however, somewhat racy, as the productions of an enthusiastic theorist are generally found.

Rome as it was under Paganism, and as it became under the Popes. 2 volumes octavo. London: J. Madden & Co.

It is not easy to characterize this anonymous work, unless as History dramatically written, by an author of the literary school of Chateaubriand, or De La Martine. It displays an ostentation of learning, and is composed in a style which some critics may describe as ambitious, and others as tawdry. The best account we can give of a production so much out of the usual routine of historical writing is, that we have, in perusing, admired it more than we fear sound and sober judgment will sanction. It gently excites and makes some impression; and this always counts for something. So far as we have dipped, we see nothing to forbid the conjecture that the writer may be a lady, and either a Catholic or with strong Catholic tendencies.

The Social, Educational, and Religious State of the Manufacturing Districts; with Statistical Returns of the Means of Education and Religious Instruction in the Manufacturing Districts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire; in Two Letters to Sir Robert Peel, &c., &c. By Edward Baines, junior, Author of "The History of the Cotton Manufacture." Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

The alarming statements of Lord Ashley in Parliament required an antidote, were it only to tranquillize the public mind. This is administered by Mr. Baines; while he, at the same time, incidentally justifies the dissenters for the apprehension and disapprobation with which the whole body viewed Sir James Graham's late Education Bill. Very great pains and care have been bestowed on the statistical tables upon which Mr. Baines bases his statements, and upon his vindication of the manufacturing districts from the sweeping and ill-considered charges of those who, from obvious motives, seek to depreciate the national importance of manufacturing interests, and also the character of the manufacturing popu-

lation, and the dissenting body. The vindication was required; it is able and earnest, and cannot fail of the intended effect. Yet although Sir James Graham's obnoxious Bill has been crushed, and although the moral and religious condition of the manufacturing districts be not quite so depraved and deplorable as it has been represented, it should not be forgotten that there is still vast room for improvement, and for Dissenters and Churchmen meeting on the broad and level ground of their common Christianity and equality of civil rights, to concert measures for the better training of both the agricultural and manufacturing population. Some acknowledgment of this sort is all that is wanting to render the remonstrance of Mr. Baines complete.

Historical and Descriptive Account of South Australia; founded on the Experience of a Three Years' Residence in that Colony. By J. F. Bennet. London: Smith & Elder.

This gentleman's report of the colony is, on the whole, favourable, though the only thing of unqualified good which he admits, is the climate. In every respect rapid improvement is going forward. Adelaide has already *eleven* churches, four newspapers, and a magazine. The inhabitants are plain, but civil in their manners,—social, and not yet exclusive; and, in short, South Australia is a much more eligible place for emigrants than it was four or five years since. It has got over its first difficulties.

The Influence of Respect for Outward Things, in Two Dialogues. London: Charles Fox.—This is a brief practical inquiry into the moral principles which actuate modern society, and a calm exposure of many of the current fallacies by which men regulate their conduct.

NEW POEMS AND DRAMAS.

The Dream of Life, Lays of the English Church, and other Poems. By the Rev. John Moultrie. London: Pickering.

The Philosopher's Stone, and other Poems. By Manley Hopkins. London: Nickisson.

Nature, Napoleon's Entry into the Hades, and other Poems. By Benjamin Wale. London: Steill.

The Festive Wreath: a Collection of Original Contributions read at a literary meeting held in Manchester. Edited by John Bolton Rogerson.

Monomania: a Poem. By Dry-Nurse. Saunders & Otley.—This clever satire is appropriately dedicated to the Judges and Physicians of the land.

Strafford: a Tragedy. By John Sterling. London: Moxon.

The Secretary: a Play, in Five Acts. By James Sheridan Knowles. Moxon.

The Earl of Leicester: a Tragedy. By Samuel Heath.

SERIAL WORKS.

Knight's Pictorial *Shakspere*; a Biography. Part IX.—This part concludes this pleasing and ingenious, if somewhat imaginative, Life of Shakspere. In the title-page to the volume (which forms the frontispiece to the Part) we have five portraits of the Bard, in beautiful wood-engraving. The autographs are as extraordinary symbolic scratches as those of Napoleon Buonaparte.

The Miller of Deanhaugh. Part V.

German Amaranths. Part VII.

The Old Sailor's Jolly-Boat. Part VIII.

Harry Mowbray. Part VIII.

The Phreno-Magnet. Part VII.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Le Page's French School. Part I.—L'Echo de Paris. Sixth Edition. Effingham Wilson.

Helps to English Grammar; or Easy Exercises for Young Children. By G. F. Graham, Author of "English, or the Art of Composition." Longman & Co.

PAMPHLETS.

The Real Monster Evil of Ireland. By Augustus Stapleton, Esq., formerly Private Secretary to the Right Hon. George Canning.—The writer of the pamphlet knows something of the Irish character, and of Irish wants and grievances. His *Monster Evil*, and it is our own, and that of every one looking deeply into the case, is poverty—*destitution*; and without removing this excessive and accumulating destitution, he sees no hope of peace or prosperity for a country with which, whether in Union or disunion, the destinies of Britain are irrevocably linked. In the abolition of the Church establishment of Ireland, and even the establishment and endowment of the Roman Catholic, he sees no efficient remedy for the miseries of Ireland; nor do we; though the abolition of the State Church, and the application of its funds and tithes to useful secular purposes, would be a soothing measure. The idea of setting up a Catholic Establishment, the Irish Catholics themselves affect to repudiate—nor has such a scheme found advocates among Protestants of any party. After stating the Monster Evil, Mr. Stapleton proposes his remedy; which is, the annual expenditure of four millions of public money for public works, during four years, which, by the sale of these works to companies and capitalists, would enable a commission, we presume, to expend the same sum of four millions, for four more years, by which time the "Monster Evil," *destitution*, would be vanquished with its twin, *turbulence*. We cannot enter into the details; but may freely affirm, that if this nation had the same confidence in Mr. Stapleton's plan which he has himself, the money would be forthcoming, though at the expense of three years more of the Income Tax.

The People and the Church of Scotland; a Reply to Sir James Graham and the Government, &c., &c. By John White, A.M.

Who should Educate the Prince of Wales!—The title of this pamphlet embodies a pertinent and well-timed question, to which the country will reply negatively—"Not a bigoted High Churchman—not a Puseyite—not an Ultra-Tory, though nick-named a Conservative."

Remarks on Pauperism: its Prevention and Relief. By John Taylor, A.M. Edinburgh: Maclachlan, Stewart, & Co.

Statistical Report of One Hundred and Ninety Cases of Insanity, admitted to the Retreat near Leeds, during the ten years from 1830 to 1840.

Remarks on the First Operations of the Campaign of Waterloo. By Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, H.P.

*** A good many books have reached us, too late for notice.

Printed by William Tait, 107, Princes' Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1843.

THE CLOSE OF MANY SESSIONS.

"*The close of the Session*" is a heading that, for some weeks back, has met the eye in every newspaper; and each Journalist is louder than the other in reprobating the "unprofitable," the "shameless," the "do-nothing" session, and poor Sir Robert Peel, who has made it so "shameless," and "profitless," and "do-nothing." Far be it from us to say that this condemnation is not merited; though we are obliged to extend the blame and the title, and assume as our heading, *The close of many Sessions.* It is now nine years since Lord Brougham, with perhaps more honesty and frankness than policy, told the grumbling Reformers, that "if little had been done in the session just past, then less would be done in the next." Every one was indignant; and not without some reason, as many visionary and extravagant hopes had been cherished from the "Reform Ministry," then in the first flush of power. In themselves not extravagant were these hopes, but in the men in whom they were placed. Unfortunately, Lord Brougham's predictions have been more than verified, though he is innocent of their accomplishment; for, not only in the next, but in every successive session, little, and less, has been done, until that just closed, when all parties agree that nothing whatever has been done. And if we measure what has been accomplished by the legislature and the government by what is required for the relief of the country, for the restoration of public tranquillity and confidence, and the permanent improvement of the social condition of the people; then, how emphatically true is it, that nothing has been done in the last eight sessions, either by the Whigs, who suffered some obstruction in the few good measures which they proposed, or by Sir Robert Peel, who met with no obstacle which he did not foresee, and which, therefore, in accepting office, he was virtually pledged to encounter and surmount, or to resign.

The history of any one of these do-nothing sessions, is nearly the history of the whole series; and, without further change in the system of government, and, above all, in the character of the House of Commons, that of the nine may become that of ninety-nine, if the disjointed, undermined, and crazy fabric should, by patching and tinkering, be held together so long. It is impossible to foretell whether, unless timely wisdom avert the calamity, it is destined to fall to pieces from inherent weakness and corruption, or to be rent asunder in some fierce and sudden anarchical convulsion. It is every day more evident, that upon the present system the people cannot long be kept quiet, although contentment under legislative injustice, under selfish, class-government, could be a desirable state for any people calling themselves free. A dreadful social crisis, or prompt measures of reform too bold and sweeping to be seriously entertained either by the present Administration or its predecessor, appears the only alternative before the country. Public confidence is, for the time, completely destroyed. Every class is uneasy, and either suffering from the actual pressure of poverty, or from vague fears of coming dangers and changes. Every Conservative apprehends that he alone perceives the true causes of the evil; and every one is ready, not with a mere remedy, but a universal panacea for all our ills. The High Churchman sees the evil in Dissent—trembles for the supremacy of his church, and becomes more mischievously active, bigoted, and intolerant. The landowner and colonist tremble for their Bread-tax, their high rents, and monopolies; but neither will relax their grasp,—nor act upon the growing glimmering conviction, that their safety lies in doing tardy justice to their countrymen of England and Scotland, as well as of Ireland. Some who will not surrender their stolen slice of the poor man's loaf upon any terms, yet affect to pity and lament the condition to which he has been reduced by "the manufacturing system," "over-production," "competition," "machinery," "the greedy Irish priests and demagogues," and the "rapacious manufacturing capitalists!" They propose to administer remedies of their own devising for grievances which they deny to be of their own infliction,—and they will give the people everything save what they most want and ask for. They will not be allowed the elective franchise which they demand; but the Church is anxious to educate and train them all, in good order, passive obedience, and Church-of-Englandism, as expounded by the latest fashion of Oxford; and the more humane and enlightened of the aristocracy begin to ponder that, though denied their birthright, their mess of pottage should not be withheld, lest, already discontented, they wax rebellious beyond all control. These enlightened persons would give the people

everything but justice and fair-play. They would give them, when starving, a right to food in their Union workhouses, such as it is; and education in their schools, such as it might be. Some would even go the length of interfering with the rights of all employers, (save themselves,) and forcibly, that is, by legislative enactment, raise wages. They would better the condition of the working-classes at the expense of the manufacturing capitalists, with the greatest good-will, if that were possible; but to free their bread from taxation, and their labour from trammels, and allow them a voice in the framing of the laws and the management of their own affairs through their freely-chosen representatives,—that they will never concede:—without the gentle coercion of "pressure from without," neither Whigs nor Tories will. It is the contemplation of this great want—the want of an extended suffrage—of the elementary power, the instrument of working the institutions of government for the common good of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, and the very slow approximation making towards it, which renders many zealous reformers at present almost indifferent to the few beneficial measures of legislation, and the very few practical reforms that have been wrung from the successive resisting governments since the passing of the Reform Bill. For every administration has been one of resistance; the prime minister and his colleagues acting as the advanced guard, the protectors of the landowners and monopolists. And with a parliament so constituted, he is, in fact, bound to be this; bound, above all, to study "the paramount interest of the country—the landed interest;" as if the social wellbeing of the whole people of the country were not its first—its infinitely greatest interest. The distinctive feature of every administration since, as before, the passing of the Reform Bill, is resistance to the People, and submission to the Oligarchy; to those who still nearly make, and wholly overrule the legislature. And the system is so contrived that this governing class which, left to itself, would decay and die out, should be continually recruited from the best blood of the country; from the intellectual vigour, the industry, talent, and wealth developed among the People. It never decays; and its unseen but ever-present power presses in every direction. The chief business of every British minister is to gratify this governing class, to maintain its interests and extend its privileges. It gives him his majority, and this majority he has to work for its selfish purposes, and so as to procure a certain amount of revenue, and retain his own place. For what higher objects than these did Sir Robert Peel, to go no farther back, go into office? He found the Court in an ill humour—though it has mollified—but he obtained a powerful and tractable House of Commons. The whole strength of the Tory party was at his back. He was, as a minister, powerful beyond calculation—positively in his own strength, negatively in the weakness of the party he had turned out—and almost popular with the middle class, whom the Whigs had alienated and disgusted. There were some confidence and great hopes placed in his Free Trade principles, and in his knowledge of the vital interests of the country, as they are now bound up with manufacturing industry. No important organic change was expected from an avowed Tory, undergoing the process of absorption into the aristocratic body, though not yet completely amalgamated with it: but there were hopes of "practical measures" from a man of large experience and some sagacity, who was still vibrating between the order from which he had risen and that to which he was tending; and who might, therefore, be presumed to have some sympathy with the former. A concurrence of favourable circumstances enabled Sir Robert Peel to carry almost any practical measure of commercial reform that he liked to propose, had he acted with promptitude and energy. But he has frittered away the opportunity exactly as the Whigs did one more golden; and with it any reputation for great statesmanship which he ever enjoyed. Mr. Poulett Thompson said truly of Peel, "There is no great chance of carrying the House with one for any great commercial reforms—timber, sugar, corn, &c.; party and private interests will prevent it. If Peel were in, he might do this, as he could muzzle or keep away his Tory allies; and we should support him. If he got in and had courage, what a field for him! but he has not." It is now evident that the present man is not "the coming man;" and as no one can tell where that Phœnix is to be looked for, it is full time that the people set about working out their deliverance by their own earnest and united efforts. The men of the League see this, and do not relax in their patriotic labours. And how powerful for all good might the Suffrage party be did they follow this example, and were they as united as they are earnest!

We are not going to waste words in condemning the policy of Sir Robert Peel, or in vilifying him. That pleasant duty may safely be left to "the organs of Opposition." The Tories—the more ignorant of them—say he has deceived them. The Liberals could expect little from him; and it is enough that he has fallen far short of that little. He is not the Samson who is to burst the cords of the Philistines, although he had courage to venture the trial; and, moreover, he is in the same trammelled position in which every English Minister must find himself while the present system lasts. He has done his ministerial duty to the best of his ability: attempted to maintain rents by a Sliding-scale; set his face determinedly against the inroads threatened to the Sugar Monopoly; recruited the finances by the only means that, by his small policy, remained to him—an Income-tax; and by the changes in the Tariff, showed what might be done by a man who had courage to set about the work in the right spirit. By that measure the governing class have been a great deal more frightened than hurt. Sir Robert Peel, a man of large landed property, understands how their interests are to be promoted better than they do themselves.

It is now evident that, like his predecessors during the Melbourne term of precarious Whig existence, Sir Robert Peel took office without any great or consistent plan of policy of any sort. He put to sea without a compass, trusting to his good

fortune and the stars; and feeling somewhat proudly that the country, nay, the insolent aristocracy, could not do without *him*—"the cotton-spinning *parvenu*,"—that he had triumphed over the bedchamber ladies, and the proudest blood of England. He might have had—and may now have, if he has any hope left—some confidence in the partial revival of trade from simply natural causes. The customary period of excessive depression was passing away; and good harvests and better employment for labour must produce their natural effects of cheapness and good humour. And so the thing might last his time. And when did any British Minister, for the last forty years, act as if he looked to anything beyond his own probable term of office? The nature of our government forbids it, although the intellect and patriotism of Peel and Pitt—and we may throw the Whig chiefs into the bargain—were combined in one individual. The Prime Minister of England, however large or generous-minded, has not to consider what he ought to do as a statesman—not what would be best for the country, whether for its present relief or permanent prosperity, but what the Parliament, or, more accurately, those who make and control the Parliament, will permit him to do beyond his prescribed routine: the business of laying on taxes, defending profitable abuses, and resisting the just demands of the people. Whatever his good-will might be, if he hopes to keep place, he can do no more for the country than the Church and the land-owners, and the other "great interests," consent to—and that is just nothing: so he is prudent enough never to propose anything. The alternative of resigning when great and necessary measures cannot be carried—the only alternative left to a conscientious and high-minded man—never seems to occur to an English Minister: and for why? What is the poor country to do if deprived of the benefit of his indispensable services? That the Minister of the day is the bound thrall of the aristocracy, requires no proof. Pitt, in early life, saw and advocated the necessity of purifying and renovating the institutions of the country by Parliamentary Reform; but it was a full half century later before the clashing interests of the dominant factions, at a critical historical juncture, obtained that measure for which the public mind had long been ripe, and the people long clamorous. It was, with a few exceptions, from no abstract love of a free and broadly-based representation of the people that the Whigs became all at once violent reformers. They longed for power and place, baited their hook with Parliamentary Reform, and having caught their gudgeon, soon showed how very small was the *final* measure of reform which they deemed sufficient, and how identical is the policy of Whigs and Tories when in power, and their selfish interests and elementary feelings of *caste* at all times. To take an example—the Established Church, whatever it may fancy, has as firm a friend in Lord John Russell as in Sir Robert Peel; and the Anti-Corn-Law League and the Complete Suffragists as decided an opponent. Consequently, if Sir Robert Peel has sunk to zero in the general estimation, the rival leader has not risen as he went down. The country is too much in earnest, too seriously impressed by the growing symptoms of national decline—and when Ireland is looked at, with the menacing aspect of the times—to take much pleasure in merely clever displays of parliamentary oratory or skill in debate, leading to nothing; and the public feeling out of doors has happily outgrown all sympathy with the despicable dog-in-the-manger tactics of a merely factious Opposition. The leader of the Opposition must not again, like Sir Robert Peel, tell a suffering people—"I have a remedy for all your maladies, acute and chronic; but it is not my business to prescribe till I am regularly called in." If the Whig State-doctor has any great remedial measure beyond the alteration of the sugar duties and the soothing system for Ireland, he would surely have propounded, or at least have hinted at it. The inference is that he has none. The Tories, or some of them, go as far as the Whigs in redressing Irish grievances, when they speak of endowing the Roman Catholic clergy, and even of giving up that "incubus" the Church of Ireland to its inevitable fate. Sir Robert Peel goes further than any minister ever went before, when he hints at inquiring into the law of Landlord and Tenant; —at, in other words, endeavouring to mitigate, by legislation, that excessive poverty which has been allowed to grow up in Ireland, and which is, after all, the master-grievance of that unhappy and devoted country, which bad legislation and worse government has permitted to grow into the fearful condition of being "Evil to herself, and a Terror to all around her." We shall not at present say more of Ireland, than that, whatever has been done, has been ill done; though the *Fabian* policy to which Sir Robert Peel has tied himself up, seems not the worst that might be adopted under the circumstances. It is, however, unfortunate that he did not begin to do nothing before the senseless and irritating dismissal of the Repeal Magistrates, and passing the, at best, useless Arms Bill. To *do nothing* has become the policy of a temporary expediency, which, if followed up when the lull comes, if it ever comes, by wise and large measures of justice, and a generous spirit of conciliation, may not be so blame-worthy. It is, at all events, surely better to do nothing, than to issue violent proclamations, and pass Coercion Bills. But why, in such a crisis, do not all the English proprietors of Irish estates help Sir Robert, and *do something*? Much of the prevailing misery and mischief is fairly attributable either to the *do-nothing*, or the *do-wrong* management of that Irish property which, to judge by their acts, they seem to think has been created only to yield them rack-rents. Why do not they, individually, take the proper means to inquire into, and redress the grievances of their revolted serfs? —The very attempt would be conciliatory. We forbear, at this time, scrutinizing the motives of Mr. O'Connell in the renewal of the Repeal agitation. After having done so much for his native country, it cannot be his object, in his latter days, to bequeath to Ireland the legacy of a violent disruption, followed by a sanguinary civil war. No man can foresee the end of these things. Mr. O'Connell has fairly in-

voked a spirit before which he may yet tremble. Powerful though he seems, he is not altogether omnipotent. He can no more throw a flaming brand into the gunpowder which he has placed in a dangerous position, and bid it not explode, than any fallible Saxon.

Whatever be the result of this movement—and we trust that it may issue in real "justice to Ireland," and consolidation to the United Empire—it cannot be forgotten that it has been the obvious policy, the constant aim of O'Connell, not merely to coerce the British Government into concessions,—in which the end might often fairly be held to justify the means,—but to keep alive among his excitable countrymen that international and religious jealousy and hatred to which they are naturally too prone; to inspire them with the most rancorous feelings towards their British fellow-subjects; to maintain perpetual dissension, where the best interests of both the nations demanded not only a legislative union, but a union of sentiment—of heart and hand—for the attainment of those objects which Mr. O'Connell affects to hold so desirable for both. But we waive the discussion of Irish affairs, upon which there is, we think, a growing unanimity of sentiment in Britain. The Liberal party—and it is no mere handful—has always been desirous of giving "justice to Ireland;" if by that is meant giving the Irish entire equality with "the Saxons" in every civil and religious right and privilege; together with such special remedial measures as the peculiar condition of the Irish people, from misgovernment and other causes, may render necessary; and the *Illiberals* now perceive the necessity of adopting the same course. If the agitation for Repeal has helped to open their eyes, it has not been without use, nor is it without vindication. Nay, so much do we admire the principle of *peaceful agitation*, that we should be very glad to see much more of it at home; and the time is not unpropitious. At present we are all alike, Whig, Tory, and Liberal, sulky, or bitterly malcontent. The Reformers are in despair of government's ever effecting the relief of the country from not merely the present disastrous commercial crisis, but from the growing tendency—the more and more frequent recurrence of such crises, every one of which leaves us in a more disabled condition than before, and demonstrates that the system has lost its vigour and elasticity. To a certain extent trade will, nay, must revive; we may soon have another delusive flush of prosperity—popular discontents may abate—the Chartists may become quiet—nay, the Anti-Corn-Law League may relax amidst the prevailing abundance and cheapness; the middle-class reformers may become inactive; and Sir Robert Peel, proudly showing an increasing revenue and a few small commercial reforms, perhaps one or two satisfactory commercial treaties, may become a prosperous and even popular minister. All this is quite possible; and yet the poison still lurk in the system, to be virulently developed in due time. Is it, then, necessary to say, that the sooner the antidote, the only effectual remedy, is sought the better? We place it, in the first place, in FREE TRADE and in COMPLETE SUFFRAGE—in a truly reformed House of Commons; and without neglecting any other good object, would hold these principles paramount—would *agitate, agitate, agitate* for these. Without an improved house of representatives, every coming Session must be much like the last. Mr. Gisborne, the liberal member for Nottingham, puts the whole matter in what we conceive the true light, when he writes to a meeting for Complete Suffrage, lately held at Leicester, and which we trust will be the precursor of many more before Parliament assembles:—

"Not a single week has passed during my attendance in parliament in the present season, in which my convictions of the necessity of a thorough and impartial reform of our system of suffrage have not been strengthened. The real truth is, that the first object of our legislation, whether it be social, physical, or political, is not the good of the great mass of the inhabitants of the country. I do not believe that a single M.P. is otherwise than desirous of benefiting the people; but four out of five are determined, and indeed almost obliged, to serve some other class first, and to take care of some other interest before they take care of the interests of the people; and for this simple reason, that they are returned to parliament by some other class, and not by the people. I never met with a man yet who was conjurer enough to tell me how this was to be remedied, except by giving the people a fair share in electing those who ought to represent them. Till some one convinces me that the evils which I have stated above do not exist, or shows me some other means by which they may be removed, I must continue to be an advocate for a complete suffrage. I am sure that the principle, that every member of a society should have a share in making the rules and regulations of the society, is the fairest: and I have never seen or heard anything which has made me doubt that it is the safest principle. I believe it to be very dangerous to have a vast numerical majority included in your society, and to say to them, 'You are not good enough, or wise enough, or rich enough to have anything to do in our social arrangements.' I hope to see these Conservative principles more generally diffused, and shall therefore rejoice in the success of your patriotic efforts."

This exactly embodies our sentiments, and points to the proper course of action. Is there any Whig chief left to lead the van in such a movement as Mr. Gisborne's principles point to?

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

FIAT LUX.

WE are almost tired of hearing the listless of this world—stupid with excess of learning, or excess of ignorance—exclaim, that there is nothing new under the sun! We maintain that every day, and every hour, the earth salutes the sun with novelties; and that all the cycles of the world united have produced less novelty—the novelty of combination—the novelty engendered by intelligence—than the first half of the nineteenth century, which has had the honour to class among its *milliards* of originations *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

The thing that strips novelty of its newness, is-

dimming the gloss of every happy invention, is the pair of old-fashioned spectacles through which we persist in regarding it! The times march; but we do not march with the times. The civilized earth extends itself; but our perceptions do not enlarge their boundaries. The world is now divided into fifths, and in a fair way to accomplish sexagonality; yet we recognise only the four quarters extant in the fifteenth century! The Tower Hamlets send forth their ships freighted with gimcracks and ginghams to Hong Kong or Tahiti; yet, when we sit down to reflect upon our colonial policy, we argue as Walpole or Chatham might have argued when the Celestial Empire was a close borough.

It is time that this should be amended. The relative position of all earthly things has been reversed by the aid of steam. By economizing our time and labour, steam allows us leisure to examine into old abuses, and perfectionize new reforms. We have found time to investigate what sufferings the "swart fairies of the mine," our miserable slaves of darkness, are undergoing in the bowels of the earth; and to inquire not only by what process goose-berries may be made gigantic, and *piccotees* enriched with piedness, but whether the little Helots on our streets have been instructed that they are the creation of a God! By land and sea, in short, we are no longer dawdlers; and it is highly desirable that our intellectual progress should be accelerated, in its turn, by the abrogation of long and unmeaning conjectures,—cut-and-dry moralities,—passages that lead to nothing,—and superficial plausibilities of every description.

We appeal to the commonsense of our readers, whether, on the recent occasion of Her Majesty's visit to Eu, more empty phrases have not been wasted by the press than would have set up a respectable periodical for a month five-and-twenty years ago?

The larger moiety of the newspapers, English and foreign, have persisted in treating of this pleasant little summer cruise as they would have written of the meeting between Francis I. and Henry VIII., in an age when even a kingly word was scarcely so good as a bond; and when the great object of the great powers of Europe appears to have been, *which* should overreach and steal a march upon the other. The inverted vision of these journalists seems solely endued with a retrospective power. So far from being able to look forward, they cannot even look around them; or, instead of forewarning Queen Victoria at Eu against the perils that beset Charles V. in Paris, or Francis I. at Madrid, they would have insisted rather on the dangers of indigestion from a Perigord pie, or instructed her to admire at the Court of Louis Philippe the consideration enjoyed by artists and men of letters, who, at that of Pimlico, are reduced to the level of the *valetaille*.

What far-fetched motives have been sought for this journey, and what ridiculous perils predicted from it! Our young, healthy, happy sovereign, is fond of travelling. By sea or land, she is an active and enjoying tourist. Connected by close ties of relationship with Louis Philippe, so that both his excellent and accomplished daughters have been within these few weeks, and four of his promising sons within a few years, her guests and inmates; the Queen is invited in return, as by friend to friend, to extend her cruise from the Isle of Wight across the Channel, and spend a few days with the Royal Family of France at their private domain of the Château d'Eu. Four centuries ago, perhaps, such an invitation might have been susceptible of invidious interpretation; but it is rendering the vocation of kingship *too* irksome and too degraded, to suppose that the hospitality of one of the most exemplary families in the world, could have no better origin than a paltry political intrigue. We are convinced that the invitation was the result of a mere hospitable impulse. The Queens of England and of the Belgians have long lived together on the footing of sisters. The habits of these two young mothers are of a purely domestic nature, and the young and fatherless family of the Duchess of Orleans possesses peculiar claims to the interest of both. Such are the sympathies which attracted Queen Victoria, after visiting the chief dock-yards of her kingdom, to extend her pleasant excursion to the sunny shores of Normandy. Had mere entertainment been her object, she would have proceeded direct to Paris; but she went to visit an amiable family with whom she was closely connected; and after winning golden opinions from all, by the grace of her deportment, and frankness of her manners, returns into the bosom of her own.——We disgrace ourselves by scepticism as to this simple fact. Incredulity concerning so natural a circumstance does little honour to the humanities of the nation.

Still, viewing the event with the eyes of 1843, we cannot but prognosticate a thousand advantages from the facility thus demonstrated. The more it becomes impressed upon the minds of nations, that kings and queens are no longer pagods to be shut up like images in their shrines, puppets to be played with by dexterous mountebanks, or Escurialized into idiotism, the stronger will become the trust of the world in their responsibility. Had Charles I. and Louis XVI. lived in more locomotive times, the fatal circle, by whose vapours their brains were offuscated, would have been broken, and their heads preserved on their shoulders. It is difficult to obtain undue influence over an active and observant sovereign. It is difficult for an active and observant sovereign to remain blind to the happy results of a liberal system of things, practically demonstrated. There is much that is German in our Court of Windsor, which might gain by the influence of the refined liberality of that of the Tuileries. On a recent occasion, for instance, Gudin, a master and commander in the French navy as well as one of the first painters in the world, was refused access to the fêtes of Buckingham Palace, after enjoying, as an honoured guest, those of Louis Philippe and Nicholas I., on the grounds that *he was an artist*;—while Winterhalter, the Lawrence of France, when despatched to Windsor by the king of the French to paint the portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert, was never honoured by a royal invitation. It must have afforded some consolation to these enlightened and

distinguished men, to know that Landseer, who has enriched the royal gallery with some of his choicest pictures, and is courted as a guest in half the aristocratic mansions in the kingdom, passes weeks together at Windsor Castle without further notice vouchsafed him than to a corporal of Life Guards. But in affording a balm for their wounded feelings, the fact also supplies to Europe a curious standard whereby to admeasure the refinement and liberality of the British Court. It was not thus that Holbein, Rubens, and Vandyke, were welcomed by Henry and the Stuarts!—It was not thus that the great schools of art were created by the illustrious patrons of Italy. It is not thus that the glorious improvements of Paris, and the regeneration of its galleries, have been effected by the King of the French. For though the Tuileries may have their Dr. Prætorius and their Sir James Clarke, the royal hospitality is not the less extended to the Scheffers and Vernets;—nay! one of the first distinctions conceded to the boy-author of the fine new tragedy of "Lucrèce," was an invitation to the table of his sovereign.

Instead, therefore, of sharing the apprehensions entertained by so many of our contemporaries lest the lovely head of Queen Victoria, and the long head of Lord Aberdeen, should be overreached by the wariness of Louis Philippe, we are not only disposed to believe that, for four short days, the sovereign was merged in the man; but to hope that the simplicity of life adopted by the royal family at Treport, may have afforded a favourable contrast, in the eyes of our youthful queen, to the brocaded buckram of Windsor Castle.

Of this we are certain;—that we can offer no wish more loyal or more auspicious to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, than that their children may grow up to do them honour in the eyes of the world, and afford them comfort and affection in private life, in the same degree with those they have recently seen constituting the domestic circle of the royal family of the Chateau d'Eu.

ALIENOR; OR, "DIED LIKE A DOG."

A TALE.

BY MRS. GORE.

(*Concluded from page 654 of our September Number.*)

"How came the brave fellow by his untimely end, you ask?—Why, from his own good-heartedness! At that accursed supper, (where, would that he had never set his foot!) Jehann Van Kerckx, who was present among the rest of his townsmen, got into a foolish quarrel with Klaus, the tanner of Vraeschoot, who sat next him,—no matter about what,—he was always quarreling and brawling!—and as they were leaving the house, the squabble was renewed upon the threshold, and ended in a violent scuffle. Jehann's antagonist was a tall, stout man; whereas my brother-in-law is a poor, meagre creature, who soon got the worst of it; and they went on struggling and cuffing along the glacis, on which the house of entertainment where they had been supping is situated, till Peter, perceiving his old patron in sore distress, stepped forward and warned the tanner to take his hands off. But they had all been drinking more than their stint, and, so far from desisting, the fight was renewed, and Peter again forced to interfere,—upon which the son of Klaus turned upon him; and in so cowardly a manner, that the blow he dealt upon him from behind, (while Peter, after extricating Jehann Van Kerckx, was attempting to pacify the furious tanner,) so threw him off his guard, that down he rolled straight from the glacis into the ditch below!"

"Into one of those dreadful moats,—the precipitous walls of which are inaccessible!"

"At any other season of the year, Peter would have swam round the fortifications to the drawbridge, and got the sentries to hold down a musket, to which he might have clung and been saved. But the fall from a height of thirty feet upon the ice, probably stunned him; and when his weight crashed at once through the ice into the chilly waters below, he went straight to the bottom, and betwixt the cold, and the injuries received in his fall, never recovered his senses! Meanwhile, this noble dog, on seeing her master disappear, made but a single spring after him; and plunging through the fissure in the ice, dived again and again, till she brought him, with her teeth fixed in his coat, to the surface. By that time succour had arrived.—Several soldiers of the artillery pushed their way through the casemates of the fortifications, reached the ice with boat-hooks, and, as all was clear as day for their operations, those above could distinctly see the efforts made for the recovery of the poor fellow's body,—which might still, they trusted, be revived.

"They did not think so long! When, at last, after innumerable defeated efforts, they managed to extricate him from under the ice, he was removed to the old Dutch barracks of the artillery, and submitted to the treatment already in preparation for him at the suggestion of the hospital surgeons. But it was soon discovered, from the countenances of these gentlemen, that even had not the submersion for twenty minutes in that icy water been necessarily fatal, the injuries to the skull occasioned by the fall would have rendered their efforts unavailable. They tried, however,—in order to satisfy the minds of the assistants:—for to every soul in Nieuport was the name of the brave Peter Van der Heyden dear!—not only for his daring, but for the noble devotion with which he had twice perilled his life in the harbour for the rescue of drowning mariners; and once carried out a rope, through the wildest surge of the most fearful of equinoctial hurricanes, to an English vessel in distress.—But it was all to no purpose. At the end of an hour, they summoned four of their men to remove the body from the room, heated with stoves,

in which it had been deposited, and convey it to the residence of his sister.

"A concourse of hundreds, deploring and lamenting, followed the body from the barracks to Aloyxsia's abode. It was so hard a fate for the brave fellow who had so often confronted death in an honourable manner, to die like a dog, drowned in a ditch of the fortress!"

"He died in defence of a fellow-creature," said I. "Surely you could not desire a happier death for——" I was about to say "a smuggler,"—but checked myself in time to add,—"for your daughter's betrothed?"

"I don't know,—perhaps I am wrong;—but for a noble fellow like Peter Van der Heyden to die in defence of a pitiful, heartless rogue, such as Jehann Van Kerckx seemed to me then,—ay, and seems now—a miserable waste of human life."

"Many a seeming waste of human life is, for its own wise purposes, decreed by providence," said I; "witness that battle of Waterloo, to which you accuse us English of evermore reverting."

But having spared the reader much of the homely eloquence of mine hostess of the Korren Bloem, let me be equally chary of my homilies;—adding only that, before she had half described the touching ceremony of Peter's funeral, her daughter reëntered the room,—still with her usual stolid, changeless face, which, as an effort of self-government, now acquired the highest interest in my eyes. It was as much as I could do to refrain from starting up and taking her by the hand, in token of reverence for her sufferings, and regret for having so imperfectly estimated her nature. I forbore, however, in deference to a sign from her mother; but still more, because I felt it would be sacrilege to intrude upon the sacred quietude into which the voluntary widow had chosen to subside.

That evening, when Trincia, according to custom, was giving Alienor her supper, and installing her afterwards on her rug for the night, Vrouw Van Kerckx entered my room to conclude, according to her promise, her history of the morning. There was little more, however, to tell. It was not from *her* I had to learn that one of the greatest outlays of luxury among the modern Flemings, as in all countries where the ascendancy of the priests is considerable, lies in their funerals;—and that sixty or seventy pounds sterling are often expended on the interment of a tradesman who, in his lifetime, found a year's maintenance in the sum.

"I chose," said the old lady, "that Peter should be laid in the grave as if he had been a son of my own,—as in affection, mutual affection, God knows he was;—and can promise you that all the choir from the Dominicans of Ostend came over for the celebration. There had not been seen such a burial in Nieuport since the death of its last burgomaster!

"'Let it be a ceremonial as for my bridal!' said poor Trincia. 'Expend upon the altar, mother, all you would have done had your child stood there by *his* side who now lies cold and stiff in the aisle; for never, NEVER will she stand there with another man!' And well has she kept her word; and, I fear, will keep it to the end;—for not a year goes by, but Trincia has her suitors,—partly as heir of the property of Van Kerckx, but more, I verily believe, out of respect for her faithfulness of heart. She waits upon old Alienor, you perceive, as though it were a child left her by Van der Heyden;—and I often shudder to think how desolate her life will be, when the faithful animal drops off, as in the course of nature she soon must;—to say nothing of the old mother, who cannot long survive the old favourite!—And, by the way, among the many grievous circumstances that rendered Peter's funeral so touching a spectacle, (attended, two by two, by all the mariners of the port,—government sailors and all, noted smuggler though he was,) was his faithful dog,—his famous, well-known dog,—following at a distance even to the churchyard;—ay! and jumping into the grave into which the coffin was lowered. And though they dragged her out, and one of Aloyxsia's young sons brought her home to us in a string, that we might carry her back here with us to Vraeschoot next morning, as I was busy watching beside Trincia's bed, who had fallen into a sore fever, Alienor managed to slip her collar and make off to the fortress;—and before I found time to apprize Aloyxsia's family of her loss, she was found by the sexton whining beside the grave of her old master!—She had found out the exact spot, though a heavy snow had fallen on it in the course of the night!"

"And was nothing done," I inquired, "to punish those whose disorderliness was the cause of poor Peter Van der Heyden's untimely end?"

"Nothing,—that is, nothing to be called a legal infliction. They were arrested, and the particulars of the conflict minutely inquired into before the burgomaster of Nieuport. But the tanner is his distant cousin; and so, though it was proved that Peter came by his death in the course of their squabble, he had interest enough to get it believed that Peter was the worse for his carouse;—though twenty sufficient witnesses were ready to swear that the poor fellow was as sober as the burgomaster. After a reprimand from the police on the subject of brawling and disturbing the public peace, therefore, the offenders were discharged. But the Society of St. Sebastian took justice into their own hands; and, by way of tribute to the memory of the dead, expelled both my brother-in-law and Klaus the tanner from their company, by common acclamation,—ay even though the burgomaster himself was present at the meeting;—and to this day, every 20th of January, in addition to the solemn masses I cause to be performed at Nieuport and Vraeschoot, the memory of the brave Peter Van der Heyden is drunk in solemn silence at the coffee-house on the glacis."

My readers will, perhaps, have had enough of Vrouw Van Kerckx and her son-in-law; and conclude that, the latter having "died like a dog," in the ditch of the citadel of Nieuport, they have heard the last of my Netherlandish Romeo and Juliet. But I must entreat further indulgence; for *now* commences the most romantic part of my romance,—or rather its most real reality, according to my personal witnessing.

Long after I had completed my collection of

marsh bulbs, and quitted Vraeschoot, the memory of these people pursued me. There was something so touching in the quiet, persevering grief of that silent Flemish girl, something so warm in the sympathy of the mother, and, above all, something so striking in the intelligence of the dog, (apparently as faithful a partner in the family grief as either of the others,) that I thought of poor Peter Van der Heyden, not only when visiting the fortifications of the little harbour of Nieuport and its miserable churchyard, (for the higher families of Flanders being interred in churches, their cemeteries are of the meanest description,) but when pursuing my examination of those quaint old cities of Flanders and Hainault, which, in addition to their connexion with English history, contain worlds of interest for the ponderer over days that are done. I began to regret I had not made a sketch of the trusty Alienor to send to my friend Edwin Landseer, in order to increase his collection with the type of a species worthy to afford a new subject for his exquisite pencil.

Nor had I lost sight of this purpose, when, shortly after the commencement of the present year, I read in the Brussels papers, an account of—"A riot at VRAESCHOOT!"

A riot at stagnant, sluggish, lifeless, voiceless, Vraeschoot! The idea of an *émeute* among the mummies of the Great Pyramid would not have appeared more incongruous,—or in the Shaker village described by Boz,—or in the monastery of La Trappe! The fact, however, was incontestible; being formally announced by the organs of the government of King Leopold; and I fear that rumours of riots at Paisley or Manchester, would not have so much excited my curiosity. I inquired of the men in authority most likely to have information on the subject, the nature and origin of the *émeute*;—when lo! like men in authority of all countries, they replied that they "knew nothing about the matter,—not having read the day's papers;" and after tormenting governors and secretaries, (scarcely cognizant of the existence of the unimportant little place in which I took so deep an interest,) I was forced to suspend my curiosity till the *Emancipation* and *Indépendent* newspapers chose to afford a supplement to their "curtailed abbreviation" of provincial intelligence.

After all, my presentiments had not deceived me: the dogs of Vraeschoot *were* the cause of the disturbance! It was a frontier affair,—a question of customs and excise; and one of the strangest, perhaps, that ever exercised the collective wisdom of the Belgian Home Department.

As Vrouw Van Kerckx had repeatedly informed me, the great injury arising to the revenues of the kingdom from the extensive system of smuggling carried on by means of the frontier dogs, had determined the emissaries of government not to allow another winter to pass over, without striking a blow at the root of the evil. But it was found much easier for the coast-guard to lay their hands on the *men* engaged in the perilous career of smuggling, than upon their four-footed coadjutors; and the collector of customs at Nieuport was even heard to say, that his department would derive little benefit from the untimely end of the famous Peter Van der Heyden, so long as the race of his equally celebrated dog was suffered to infest the country.—During my short sojourn at Vraeschoot I had certainly occasion to note the beauty and number of these fine animals: more especially of a noble fellow named Moeghy, who used to accompany his master, a notorious smuggler, to the hostel of the Korren Bloem, and was often brought to my room by Trincia as the handsomest specimen of the breed, and greatly resembling the earlier days of his grandame Alienor,—with whom he was so great a favourite, that she allowed him to share her place beside the stove,—a distinction she was never known to accord to any other of the canine species.

The government officers, however, surveying poor Moeghy and his brethren with other eyes than those of a Landseer, were resolved on the extermination of him and his; and one night, one ill-omened night, in the month of January, 184-, a heavy snow having fallen on the morning of a day when they had certain information of the Vraeschoot dogs having been despatched over the frontier with a cargo the previous night, the custom-house officers felt pretty sure that the track of the dogs over the snow, on their return, laden with French merchandize, would enable them to lay hands upon the outragers of the law *in flagrante delicto*. Though these functionaries would have been, of course, unauthorised in seizing the dogs while following their masters on the public way, (there being no especial clause in the Belgian code for the arrest of dogs "on suspicion,") they felt that, convicted in the act,—arrested with bales of Cambray cambric on their back, or Artesian tobacco, or Grenoble gloves, or any other species of contraband goods,—there was warrant of execution on the very face of the affair.

On the night in question, accordingly, both *douaniers* and gendarmes were astir,—some mounted, some a-foot,—along the various lines of communication between the less-guarded portion of the Flemish frontier and Vraeschoot; nor had they been long on the watch, before one of the gendarmes came galloping to a cattle-hovel where three of the *douaniers* had taken up their station, with intelligence that he had made out the track of a pack of between twenty and thirty dogs; and that by accompanying him across an adjoining coppice, they must intercept the course of the delinquents. In a moment, they were on the move; and having arrived on the opposite outskirts of the plantation, stationed themselves stealthily, with a species of lasso from hand to hand, so that the dogs could not fail to run into their toils.

Scarcely had they taken up their position, when, at a distance, a dark object became discernible on the snow; and by degrees, though muffled in sound, they could hear the trot of the dogs, and the panting of their breath under their burthens.—Ten minutes more, and the rich prize was captured;—seven-and-twenty dogs, richly laden with an endless variety of French merchandize!—The poor animals, hampered as they were, were dragged across the coppice into the hovel; where they were unloaded and tied to one of the cattle stalls; while

the gendarme galloped off to Vraeschoot, to procure a horse and cart for the removal of the confiscated property to the custom-house depôt.

Before morning, all was safely lodged;—the goods in the warehouses of the Douane, the dogs in the burgomaster's yard; where they kept up so piteous a howling, that had not the intelligence of their capture already transpired, this grand disaster to the smuggling trade would soon have made itself known to their masters, who dared not utter a syllable in defence of their lawful but lawless property. The only drawback, meanwhile, to the delight of the EMPLOYÉS in the success of their enterprise, was the fact that, on their road from the scene of action to Vraeschoot, two of the dogs had managed to make their escape! Twenty five, however, remained,—twenty-five noble animals, which Snyders or Hondekæter would have realized thousands of florins by painting; and which, even crestfallen as they looked when brought up in a string to the ignoble tribunal of a village burgomaster, were still a study for the artist or the huntsman. Such quarters!—such chests!—such muscle!—such vigour! The chief of the custom-house officers, who attended to support with his attestations the *procès verbal* of the gendarme, was not far wrong in estimating the value of this portion of the capture alone, (integrally, and without reference to its effects on the contraband trade of the town,) at seven thousand florins; the lowest value of each dog, computed in English money, being ten or twelve guineas. For their specific purpose, of course, their price was beyond rubies.

Nevertheless, this noble pack no sooner made its appearance before the authorities of justice, than it was condemned to death, by acclamation as unanimous from burgomaster, clerks, gendarmes, and *douaniers*, as that which had ejected Jehann Van Kerckx and the Tanner from the company of the Toxopholites of Nieuport.—It was decided that the offending dogs of Vraeschoot were to die the death of a dog!

The "death of a dog," however, though proverbial, is an indefinite phrase; and though commonly understood to designate the halter, certain it is, that for every hundred dogs hung in the course of twelve kalendar months, thousands are shot and poisoned. In the month of July, in all Christian communities more especially, as much *Nux vomica* is applied by the constituted authorities to secure the population from hydrophobia, by exterminating all dogs stupid enough to allow themselves to be poisoned, as might have served the purposes of Madame de Brinvilliers, or one of the Papal family of the Borgias.

When the question of life and death came, however, to be discussed by the Lycurgus of Vraeschoot, either the manner of execution was predetermined, or he felt it unnecessary to burthen the civil budget of the town with the price of a halter or an ounce of arsenic. The dogs were condemned to undergo military execution. What better, indeed, had the company of infantry, quartered at Vraeschoot, to do with their powder and shot?

This knotty point decided, the "where" became as critical a question as the "how" and "wherefore;" but as it appeared the burgomaster's family had already undergone sufficient persecution from the howling of the imprisoned dogs in his premises, a more convenient locality was to be selected for the ensuing massacre.

"Let them be taken to Klaus the tanner's yard!" said the man of authority. "Being on the outskirts of the town, the discharge of musketry will cause less disturbance to the inhabitants!" To which suggestion the collector of the customs judiciously added, that the dogs, being now an item of government property for which he had to account, the carcases would be conveniently on the spot to be sold to the tanner for skinning, in case he felt inclined to secure the bargain."

Though the burgomaster's tribunal contained no reporters' gallery to record this summary decree, it was a sufficiently open court for malcontents to be present; and a general murmur became audible at the idea of these noble dogs, the treasure of many households, being shot like curs, and sold to the currier. Certain of the unsuspected owners themselves were probably present; for there was something of a tender yearning, resembling that of the mother in the judgment of Solomon, in the suggestion audible from that rude assemblage of boors, to "send the poor dogs to Nieuport, and embark them, for the benefit of government, in the first vessel sailing for some distant port."

But the authorities knew better. Less cunning convicts than these marauders have been known to return from transportation, and recommence their course of crime; and the burgomaster and collector consequently decided that dead dogs wag no tails; and that the frontier would not be half so safe with its canine enemies at Cape Cod or Malaga, as worn in shoes by the women and children of Vraeschoot. The verdict was accordingly "death;"—the place of execution the tanner's yard,—the orders to the soldiery, like Macheath's, "To your arms, brave boys, and load!"

The utmost I was able to gather further on this subject, at Brussels, whether from newspapers or hearsay, did not exactly explain the origin of the confusion that ensued. All I could learn was that, on their way to the tanner's yard, (the identical tanner whose unpopularity in the town, fostered by the antipathy of Vrouw Van Kerckx and her daughter, arose from his share in the death of Peter Van der Heyden,) the gendarmes were assailed by the populace with hootings and peltings; that they had some difficulty in accomplishing their entrance into the tannery; and finally, that, on the arrival of three rank and file of the infantry company, with their musquets loaded to do this ignominious piece of execution, they were so set upon by the mob, that, at one time, it appeared likely there might be a necessity, in self-defence, for their substituting bipeds for quadrupeds.

"And no wonder!" added my Flemish informant. "Seven thousand florins is in itself no trifling loss to a poor town of the frontier that might more honestly call itself village. But these dogs had a fifty-fold value. Ten years' training would scarcely recomplete such a pack. Accustomed to travel together, they were as sure, surer

perhaps, than a government courier,—regular as a railroad,—steady as time. To such a population as that of Vraeschoot, the loss would have been utter ruin."

"They were saved, then?" said I, clinging to the conditional mood in which the opinion was expressed,—in earnest hope that Alienor's descendants might be on an outward-bound voyage, to visit their distant relations in Newfoundland, embarked in some vessel belonging to the Ostend Cod fishery.

"Saved,—when legally condemned to death? You count too much on the magnanimity of burgomasters!" replied my informant. "Respites and reprieves are seldom heard of in village tribunals. No, no! An example was wanting,—an example was given! The century that shot Marshal Ney could have no good excuse for pardoning the smugglers of Vraeschoot. There was a struggle,—a sad disturbance. The burgomaster's wig is said to have been torn off, and the tanner's palings to have been torn down. *One* account said something of a woman having been seriously wounded at the moment of the execution of the dogs,—but this wants confirmation. Next year, some of us may chance to be walking in their skins;—which I should have been plaguily sorry to be, by the way, after they had received sentence of the utmost rigour of the law from the Vraeschoot council of war."

And thus, apparently, my insight into this episode of Flemish life was to end with a bad joke! But enough had transpired to render the subject one of considerable interest;—for I must plead enormously guilty to the philo-canine boss, if any such exist among the subdivisions of phrenological physiology;—a weakness no one, more especially no writer of fictions, need blush to own,—since it is shared with the three first romanciers of the age,—Scott,—Byron,—Beckford. Frankly, then, I am an enthusiastic lover of intelligent dogs; and, but that I have young children constantly around me, should never be without some four-footed favourite by my side, as before such pets were subjected to rivalship with pets still dearer. The other day, therefore, when about to embark for England, at the distance of only a few leagues from Vraeschoot, I devoted a few hours to a second visit to the little town, for the sole purpose of procuring Alienor's portrait, as progenitress of a race apparently in as much hazard of extinction, as any other race, canine or human, opposed to the purposes and rights of powers that be. I was not without hope that my friend Moeghy might be the fortunate dog rescued from the carnage which caused the quiet inhabitants of Vraeschoot to rise against their constituted authorities; and that, like other delinquents, he might have skulked back to his native place, now that the storm was blown over. For Moeghy would make a noble subject for a pendant to that early picture of Landseer, (in the gallery at Ilam,) representing the rescue of frozen travellers by the dogs of St. Bernard.

But what a melancholy spectacle did the little Flemish oasis of the marshes now present! Stripped of its deceptious summer verdure, it seemed to stand in a wilderness of plashy pools, such as might drive the very frogs into an ague!—Canal and ditches alike overflowing,—the dykes themselves under water,—the whole surface of the country looking like a cracked and clouded looking-glass of vast dimensions.

The driver of the *patâche* I had embarked in—a word most appropriate to the operation and the scene,—encouraged me, however, to proceed; and, partly from a spirit of curiosity to ascertain how the amphibious inhabitants of this watery waste kept up their spirits against its influence and exhalations, I managed to arrive about noon at the door of the Korren Bloem,—so that the sun and I made our appearance together. But its brightness seemed as much out of place as it appears to land-lubberly eyes when shining on the ocean, out of sight of land. Sunshine seemed to have nothing to do among the dreary pools of Vraeschoot!

Yet on reaching the village inn, I was forced to admit that it stood in need of all the cheering which extrinsic brightness can bestow. It was no longer the same place;—no longer orderly,—no longer comfortable. The sanded floor of the kitchen had not, I suspect, been renovated for weeks! The brass knobs of the stove, and the brazen culinary utensils, instead of being bright as the gold of Ophir as when I saw them last summer, were now tarnished and dull. Even the Almanack which, carefully suspended, used to constitute one of the chief ornaments of the room, was hanging slovenliwise from the wall, having lost one of the nails that preserved its equilibrium; nay, but that I scarcely hope good housewives will credit the assertion, I would add, that the little German sentry, which had been performing its peregrinations there ever since the days of the Duke of York and Valenciennes, was, at length, at a stand still.—For it was so! All was going wrong!—Even the cuckoo clock had stopped!

"Worse and worse!" muttered I, thoroughly discomfited in my turn, on perceiving that neither the hostess nor Trincia were at home, while even Alienor had deserted her accustomed place by the stove; and, to the best of my ability, I tried to make myself understood by the slipshod Flemish damsel, who was pretending to skim some broth in a pipkin on the stove, in that detestable mongrel language which is neither High Dutch nor Low,—yet to which French and English are more indebted than they care to own.

But the poor girl answered me only by mournfully shaking her head, and muttering a few broken words, of which I could only put together "Trincia" and "fever." The young lady of the house was probably suffering from one of those severe attacks of ague, so common among the inhabitants of the district; and the exterior influence of which has earned for them the opprobrious name of the "death's heads of Ypres."

I now asked to see Vrouw Van Kerckx; but, still shaking her head, she intimated that her mistress never quitted her daughter. I even asked for Alienor,—and then, indeed, the surprise and consternation of the girl exceeded all bounds, and she raised her hands and tearful eyes to Heaven, with an exclamation of profound amazement, that there should exist a human being still ignorant of

the fatal fact—*that Alienor was no longer in existence!*

In that one word, the illness of Trincia was explained: the absence of the hostess, the dinginess of the brass knobs, and the crookedness of the Almanack. Alienor—poor Alienor!—the last relic in this world of Peter Van der Heyden!—The last—*the last!*

On perceiving the earnestness of my sympathy, the girl flew to summon her mistress; and Vrouw Van Kerckx, on learning my arrival, was in equal haste to greet me; for well did she remember my former interest in her domestic troubles, and right glad was she to have secured an auditress for the few remaining pages of that sad romance.

"When you were last here," said she, after having dried up the first burst of tears that accompanied her intimation of poor Trincia's illness,—nay, of her danger, "I told you, if you recollect, that Alienor was the dearest object in this life to my poor child; and that I knew not how it would chance with her when she survived the faithful creature that seemed so much a part of Van der Heyden. But I never thought it would come to this,—no!—I never, never thought it would come to this! There she lies, in the chamber above,—the doctors scarcely promising she will survive another week!—A low fever is eating her strength away, and all from that accursed wound! Even should she survive, Trincia will be lame for life!"

"What accursed wound?" cried I, in astonishment.

"You have not heard?—you know nothing of our new misfortune?"—

"I have just heard from your servant that—"

"That Alienor is gone,—that Alienor *has been murdered!*" cried the Vrouw, throwing herself into her usual arm-chair, for the indulgence of another burst of tears. "At least you know that those wretched *douaniers* entered into a conspiracy to ruin the poor people of Vraeschoot, by destroying their trade—"

("Their contraband trade," said I, faintly.)

"And shooting their dogs,—poor, innocent, dumb creatures!—who, whatever their masters had done, had committed no offence against the king or his government. With malicious cunning they inveigled them into a springe, and brought them prisoners into the town; and one morning, (it was precisely the morning of St. Sebastian's Eve!)—I was woke up with the news that two gendarmes were in the kitchen, laying violent hands upon Alienor. In a moment I sprang out of the room, and was nearly thrown down on the landing by the poor dog, who, having escaped from her enemies, was bounding up to take refuge under Trincia's bed, with the gendarme, in his jack-boots, clattering up stairs after her.

"My daughter, who was braiding her hair at the time, half in her night-dress, came forward with her usual gentle demeanour, to inquire what harm her dog had done,—fancying that, gainsaying her nature, Alienor might have been tempted to worry some neighbour's favourite cat, or break into a rabbit hutch. But, when the man replied that 'the dog was one of the smuggling pack, and, having been captured the previous night among the rest, had broken her bonds, and escaped to our house, for that he had traced her, furlong by furlong, by her footprints in the snow,' I, for my part, not dreaming the seriousness of the case, burst into a loud fit of laughter; which so exasperated the fellow, that he was for forcing his way into the chamber, and seizing the poor dog. But with mild steadiness Trincia laid her hand on his sleeve, and assured him, in simple, earnest words, that the dog had rested all night on a rug by her bedside, and could not be the animal of which he was in quest.

"He chose, however, to have a sight of Alienor with his own eyes; and, though he pretended to give way to the force of my daughter's asseverations, I suspect he found stronger arguments still in the sharpness of poor old Alienor's white fangs, which she took care to show him when he approached where she lay, growling and grinning under the bed of her mistress. At all events, he suffered himself to be persuaded, and made off at last to support his comrades in their *procès verbal* before the burgomaster; muttering, however, as he quitted the kitchen, (even after a glass of our best Schiedam,) 'that, as sure as Heaven was above all, one of the smuggling dogs *had* been tracked to our door, whose footprints would measure to a hair's-breadth with those of Alienor!'—

"Well,—will you believe it?—so besotted were we with our own knowledge of the poor dog's innocence of the offence laid to its charge, that, instead of doing as any reasonable being would have done, and carrying it off instantly to Nieuport, that it might be out of the way in case of further inquiry,—so thoroughly was Trincia overpowered by the danger Alienor had run, that down she sat on the kitchen floor, by the side of the poor dog, trembling in every limb, and weeping like a child, while the faithful animal licked her hand, and looked up in her face, as if in gratitude for her interference in its behalf. Every time I called to her to rise and finish dressing, and come to breakfast like a reasonable Christian, this scene of tenderness between them was renewed;—my daughter weeping for joy, and the poor old dog looking wistfully up into her face by way of thanks,—thanks to her who should have been the bride of her lost master.

"'Forgive me, mother!' said she,—'forgive me! But it seems as if *he* had been alive again, and in danger, and rescued. My poor Peter! On this day, too, of all the days in the year,—the day of St. Sebastian,—the day of my widowhood! Oh! mother, mother!—what should I have done, had they deprived me of Van der Heyden's old companion, who watched beside his grave which all others had deserted?'

"And so, she hid her face again in the grizzly coat of the faithful old beast; and even I, who had been laughing at first, could not keep a dry eye when I saw how sadly she was in earnest.

"All this was not over, when the girl came running in to tell us that the smugglers' dogs were going to be shot in the tanner's yard, and that the same gendarme was returning from the burgo-

master's towards our house. For my part, I did not much care; knowing that Alienor had no more part in the enterprise for which the animals were to suffer, than King Leopold on his throne. But I saw, from Trincia's face, that *she* was uneasy; and when the gendarme entered the kitchen, the first thing he did was to hold out a paper containing a warrant, signed by the burgomaster himself, to take and 'shoot the dog of Widow Kerckx of the Korren Bloem, Alienor by name, find it when or where he might.'—A municipal warrant for the execution of a dog! Heard ever man the like of such a thing!

"This is Klaus the tanner's doing! cried I; for you are to know that he had found audacity to renew, after Van der Heyden's death, the addresses he had paid to my daughter in her father's lifetime; and, as it was still without success, he took a spite against poor Alienor, as serving only to remind Trincia Van Kerckx of the lover it was his interest she should forget. *He* always chose to assert that the quarrel with Jehann, in which poor Peter so haplessly interfered, arose from his zealous advocacy of our rights against my brother-in-law, and was never weary of taxing us with the ingratitude of our resentments. Altogether, the occasion tempted him; and the only conditions, accordingly, on which he agreed to lend his yard for the massacre of the dogs, (which, it was well-known, would be an unpopular measure,) was, that the whole five-and-twenty should be forthcoming;—protesting to the burgomaster that the gendarme had suffered himself to be taken in, and that the dog tracked to our house ought to be executed among the rest.

"'Leave but *one* of them alive,' argued he, 'and the owners of the others have a right to feel themselves aggrieved, and lodge a complaint with the king's proctor against the execution!—to say nothing of the peril of leaving such a nest-egg for future mischief. Exterminate the race of these smugglers in Vraeschoot, or you do nothing!'

"Such was the origin of the warrant; and the gendarme, to whom it was delivered for execution, having received a hint from the burgomaster that he had suffered his eyes to be blinded to Alienor's delinquency by the potency of the Schiedam of the Korren Bloem, he made his second appearance in a brutal mood, resolved to redeem his character as a guardian of the public weal, by showing no mercy towards the poor, dumb animal.

"But, when he attempted to seize the poor victim by the scruff of her neck, you should have seen our dear, quiet Trincia start up and defy him! No mother in defence of her child ever struggled more ferociously! But, bless you! what avails the struggling of a feeble girl against a great, iron-armed, ruthless gendarme? As well have attempted to smite down, single-handed, the sea-dyke of Ostend! With a firm gripe, he swung the dog into the air, (after stunning it with the butt-end of his musketoon;) and, having thus gained possession, was stalking out of the kitchen, when Trincia threw herself down on the ground under his feet, and offered him bribe upon bribe, guilder upon guilder, to spare the dog,—so that his acceptance of her terms would have left our savings'-box empty as a beggar's wallet; and all in vain,—all—*all* in vain! I was forced to drag the poor girl away, or she would have been trampled down by his heavy boots as he rushed across the threshold.

"The snow still lay white upon the ground; and Trincia was only but half-dressed, just as she quitted her room for the first encounter with the gendarme. But, without heed to weather or appearances, forth rushed my daughter after the gendarme, at whose heels, as he went along with poor Alienor flung over his shoulder, all the populace of the town was fast gathering!—To *them* did Trincia address herself;—calling upon them to rescue Peter Van der Heyden's faithful old dog, which, though it had not stirred from our stove-side these six years past, was going to be slaughtered on a false pretence of smuggling.

"Most of them knew the truth of this; and those who knew it not of themselves, could not doubt the truth of what was urged by the poor, frantic creature they saw rushing, half-naked, through the snow, to save the life of a poor, feeble dog. And so, by degrees, murmurs began to grow, and the boys took up stones to pelt the gendarmes; and I, who, having thrown on my cloak, was panting after them as fast as my old legs would allow me, had much ado to prevent their proceeding at once to acts of violence.

"You know the tanner's yard,—at the end of Lange Straet, towards the Canal?—Well!—by the time the fellow reached the spot with that dear, precious, old burthen, the premises were surrounded by the crowd. It could not be of Trincia's gathering,—for, as yet, *they* knew nothing of her story. Oh, no! The owners of the unfortunate animals about to be butchered in cold blood, had stirred up the feelings of their fellow-townsmen;—who swore that the burgomaster had exceeded his authority,—that he had no right to destroy the property of Belgic citizens without trial by jury and legal award.

"And when those who managed to overtop the palings of the tannery, caught sight of the troop of dogs, poor things, huddled together, half-frozen and half famished, after their night's exposure, and saw the soldiers deliberately loading their muskets, such a shout of execration was raised on the spot as might have been heard at half a league's distance.

"Now, all this, take notice, was before *we* arrived,—so that, we had neither art nor part in the first movement of the people. But when they saw the gendarme push his way, with Alienor, through the tanner's gates, and slam them in the face of my poor, sobbing Trincia, and gathered from her wild outcries that the poor beast about to be so shamefully sacrificed, was Peter Van der Heyden's old dog,—the dog whose fidelity was as well-known in all the country-side as her own,—then, indeed, their indignation broke out with a vengeance!—For Trincia Van Kerckx is beloved here at Vraeschoot, according to the deserts of a good and charitable creature, never weary of ministering to the wants of her fellow-creatures; and, I warrant you, there was not a man in all that mob, for whose wife, or mother, or child, she had not, at one time or other, done some act of mercy. So, without a moment's pause, they swore to rescue the dog;—and, oh!—

you should have heard the crash of the tanner's palings, instantly thrown down by the mob, as though they were of paper!—

"But, well-a-day!—that crackling burst was instantly succeeded by an explosion louder still,—and, knowing what was to come of it, that discharge of musketry seemed to go through my very heart!—And then, such a hideous howl from such of the poor victims as were only wounded,—and such a shout of fury from the owners, who had been too late to rescue them!—As quick as enabled the soldiers to reload their pieces, came another discharge, to complete their work, and put out of their pain the poor creatures writhing from agony!

"But to the second report, ensued a bitterer sound than even the last moans of the dogs which the gendarmes were despatching with the butt-ends of their arms;—a shriek—*such* a piercing shriek!—*Not* from my daughter—though, at that moment, she fell wounded to the ground—but from the women who had seen her rush desperately forward to make a last, fatal attempt at interposition between those ruffians and our poor, old favourite.

"I pressed on like mad through that yelling, shouting mob, who now swore they would fire the tannery, and throw the gendarmes into the flames; but made way for me to reach my poor Trincia, who lay senseless on the snow, with Alienor beside her, dying fast;—yet, with the little life left in her poor, old frame, feebly licking, to the last moment, the hand of her loving mistress!—Their blood was mingled together on the snow!—and, for a moment, I thought my child, as well as the dog, was gone for ever;—till, on being raised from the gronnd, it appeared that the shot had only grazed her leg, and that her swoon was occasioned by exhaustion of spirit.

"We contrived to get her home, (though it was no easy matter, for the men were either struggling with the soldiers, or thronging round the frightful spectacle occasioned by the carnage of a score of dogs upon the snow;)—we managed, however, I say, to get her home before she quite recovered her senses, so as to secure her from seeing the body of poor Alienor flung upon the heap of carcases among the rest,—to be hacked and hewed, as though none had ever cared for her in life or death; and Trincia was in her own bed again before she found so much strength as to call upon the name of Alienor. When the doctor came, he relieved all immediate fears about the wound, but bade me keep her quiet, so as to ward off fever; and I, who knew what sort of quiet awaited her, when she came to know what had happened, and that we were not even permitted to redeem the skin of our murdered dog, trembled to think of the consequences.

"All I foresaw occurred. Fever *did* ensue; and has since irregularly intermitted. The doctors fancy her mind is disturbed by dread of the consequences of the riot; inasmuch as the vindictive tanner, in his *procès verbal* concerning the destruction of his premises, explicitly points her out as the instigator and author of the disturbance,—the consequences of which accusation we have yet to meet. But *I* know better!—I know that she takes no more heed of the burgomaster's threats, or our neighbours' forebodings, than if they had never been uttered; and that what keeps her nights so restless, and her days so desponding, is the consciousness of being alone in the world,—of having lost the last link that bound her to the memory of the dead. Even when she *does* sleep, I hear her murmuring, 'Alienor,—poor, faithful Alienor,—my companion—my friend;—and, after all our cherishing, to die like a dog!'"

Heavy sobs now impeded the utterance of the worthy Vrouw, which I could not interrupt to inquire into the conclusion of the riot, or the condition of the owners of the dogs, thus deprived of their means of maintenance. All I ventured to observe was that, without a tittle of proof of Alienor's participation in the offence, there could be no legal pretence for including her in the warrant of execution.

"But there *was* some tittle of proof,—there was even strong presumption of guilt, in the footprints tracked to our door," replied Vrouw Van Kerckx. "And guess, I beseech you, *who* was the author of this mischief? Moeghy!—(you remember Moeghy?) Imagine our surprise when, late on the night following the execution, the cunning villain crept down from the granary in which he had taken refuge, having secreted himself during the outcry, after his escape from the gendarmes, on their way back to Vraeschoot."

"Moeghy survives, then?—Moeghy is still with you?" cried I, trusting that the object of my visit would not be altogether lost; and that a portrait of the grandson might enable Landseer to immortalize the now historical Alienor.

"He survives, *I trust*,—for it is something to know that there is a living thing in whose veins old Alienor's blood is flowing! But the moment he was discovered, I forced him back into his concealment, till I had an opportunity of getting him over safe to Nieuport, for embarkation; and Moeghy is gone to England, on board the Junge Vrouw."

This was satisfactory! This afforded some comfort. Nevertheless, Trincia Van Kerckx's condition moved my deepest sympathy, when, having sat by her bedside, I saw into what deep despair the poor girl was sinking.

"I never felt, till now," murmured she, in answer to my exhortations, "how thoroughly I had lost him!—He was everything to me!—My childhood, my youth, my future,—all were bound up in his existence."

"But your mother,—your duty to your mother—"

"My mother is old: one or other of us must soon be the survivor. What matter which?—My good, kind mother will see me laid beside Van der Heyden in the grave!"

By this time, I fear, the wish of poor Trincia has been fulfilled; for I found that her medical attendant entertained little hope of rousing her from the state of exhaustion into which she was rapidly falling. When I quitted Belgium, it was doubted whether she would survive to give evidence in the trial of the Vraeschoot rioters, and bear testimony to the unjust sentence enforced upon the faithful ALIENOR.*

* The catastrophe on which the foregoing tale is founded, occurred at Binche, on the Belgian frontier, in the month of January, 1843.

REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, SIR HENRY RAEBURN, &c., &c.—No. II.

BY JOHN MORRISON.

THE dining-room at Abbotsford is a very splendid and highly decorated apartment; but certainly not in good taste. The roof or ceiling is divided into panels; and at the corners are placed heads, and other grotesque figures, taken in plaster from those in Melrose Abbey, where, in their original position, they are placed sixty, seventy, and eighty feet from the eye, but at Abbotsford at fifteen or sixteen only, where the harshness of the features is not softened by distance. Mr. Bullock of London, made these casts of heads and figures, and otherwise gave his assistance and advice.

Sir Walter told us a strange tale one morning at breakfast. "My wife," said he, "awakened me at midnight, and declared that 'Mr. Bullock must be returned from London, for I hear him knocking in the dining-room.' I prevailed with her to fall asleep, for it must be all nonsense; but she again awakened, and assured me that she not only heard his hammer knocking in the usual way, but heard him speak also. In order to satisfy her, I arose and examined the premises, but nothing was either to be seen or heard. On the second day after, a letter, sealed with black, arrived, stating that poor Bullock was dead,—mentioning the hour, which exactly agreed with the time he was heard in the dining-room by my wife."

I have heard other editions of this tale; but what I have stated, I heard Sir Walter narrate.

The story of Lord Byron I have heard differently told than in the "Demonology;" as if he had really seen the apparition of Byron; and he saw it without fear, not recollecting that Byron was dead. And my strong impression was, that he believed he had seen the apparition of his friend, and that he intended to leave that impression on his hearers. His Gray Spectre in "Waverley," the White Lady of Avenel, and the Mermaid's Well in "The Bride of Lammermoor," with many other instances, are proofs that such impressions were strong on his mind.

Upon one occasion he said to me, "It is ill-advised, and has a bad tendency, to do away a system that connects us so closely with the other world. A believer in ghosts can never doubt the immortality of the soul! Come," said Sir Walter, "to supper, and bring your friend, Grieve; Hogg and Allister Dhu will be here to meet you. I wish that we could have Jameson; but he has taken up ill-will to me. He wished to be librarian to the Advocates; but the affair was decided before his application:—explain this to him. Jameson's ghost stories are excellent:—

It was far in the night, and the bairnies grat,
Their mither aneath the mools heard that;
The wife stood up at our Lord's knee,
And said, 'O! may I gang my bairnies to see!'
She pleaded sae sair, and she pleaded sae lang,
That he at last gied her leave to gang.
'But see ye come back ere the cock does craw,
For langer ye mauna bide awa.'

"Grieve," said I, "is ill, and cannot come." Mr. Scott, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Campbell, and myself, made the party. We were sufficient of ourselves to fill the country with ghosts. "It is reported," said Mr. Hogg, "that you saw the spectre of Byron."—"I did so, to the wonder of mine eyes that looked upon it. It was in the dusk of the evening. I saw the figure of Lord Byron exactly as I last parted with him in London. I was so suddenly taken by surprise that I had not time to recollect that he was dead, and went forward, with my hand stretched out, to welcome him to Abbotsford. But it vanished; and I stood for some time in wonder and disappointment, till I recollected that he was dead."—"I never," said I, "knew any good coming of seeing ghosts and dreaming dreams: the ghost of Hamlet is fatal to his son's happiness, and is the cause of his death; the Gray Spectre comes as an enemy to MacIvor."

"I have one exception. The White Lady," said Mr. Hogg, "of Froud Water did some service. The stream of that name falls into the Tweed, a short distance above the Bield Inn, on the opposite side of the river. Two or three miles up the burn there is a shepherd's house, with some aged trees. One fine summer evening, the shepherd and his family were assembled to supper, except a bairn, who came running into the house and said, 'O come out and see the most beautiful lady in the world, dressed all in white, and walking down the water-side.' The family all hurried out; and just as the last person had cleared the door, the house fell with a great crash, and would have killed them every one. This story," added he, "is perfectly true, and happened in my own recollection. My brother, William, now lives in the house."—"It was an honest ghost," said Sir Walter. "Let us have a round of ghosts."—"I have dreamed dreams," said Mr. Campbell. And he told us a dream he had had of the death of his daughter, which came exactly to pass. "I think nothing of dreams," said Hogg. "Come, Morrison, let us have a ghost."—"I once," said I, "made an engagement with a friend, that whoever died first should, if permitted, return and tell the secrets of his prison-house. I saw him die, and felt the last beat of his pulse, and proceeded immediately to the place of appointment, a most retired spot, where we had often sat and talked of the narrow house. It was dark, about two o'clock in the morning; but nothing came. I remained till it was fair day; so that it is not my fault that I have no ghost tale to tell you. But I can tell you a tale told me by a lady who had it from her own brother, who told it to her on his death-bed. He was in a ship of war with a fleet, and lieutenant. It was night, and a very particular friend of his was on the watch; he came into the cabin very pale, and declared that he had seen a ghost. 'I saw a lady whom I left in Portsmouth under particular circumstances, dead, with a child in her arms.'—'Return to your watch,' said his friend,

'it is imagination only.' He did return; but rushed down the hatchway in greater terror than ever, and said that she was still standing where he had first seen her. He soon after died. Mr. Stewart, for that was the gentleman's name, made a note of the day and hour, and found, on his return to England, the lady had died in child-bed exactly at the time that she made her appearance in the ship."

"You must," said Sir Walter, "make me a survey and plan of Abbotsford."—"I will begin," said I, "in the first place, and make you a proper waterfall in the Rhymer's Glen. True Thomas, if he ever were there, would never have suffered the present formal affair: the breakwater is laid right across the stream, and the water falls in threads."—"You shall," said he, "call up the *posse comitatus* of our establishment, with Tam Purdie at their head."

I had the largest and most rugged stones tumbled to the narrowest pass in the glen, and had the chinks stopped with moss; so that the water fell irregularly, and was forced to wander and find its way round the rock. He was much pleased, and exclaimed, "Here is the hand of a painter!"—"I have endeavoured to follow the idea of a poet," said I.

Whyles o'er a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it stray'd,
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel."

"We have too little water," said Sir Walter; "but in time of floods the effect will be excellent."

"You may assist that by constructing a large dam or reservoir, somewhere out of sight, about the head of the glen; and when you have occasion to show off, send some brownie to draw the sluice, taking care to bring the party just in time."

"Excellent idea," said he; "and taking care to withdraw the party when the supply of water begins to fail."

In the course of my survey of the estate, the titles *Eildon Tree* and *Stone*, *Bogle Burn*, and *Huntly Bank*, were unknown. The house called Huntly Burn, where the Fergussons lived, was formerly called Toftfield.

In 1819-20, when I had finished the rough plan, Sir Walter wrote in the names as they now are noted in the plan; but the Eildon Tree and Stone, Bogle Burn, &c., do not appear. And yet, in 1816, if we may believe Washington Irving, Sir Walter exclaimed to him—"We are now treading classic ground. There, in ancient times, stood the Eildon Tree, under the shade of which Thomas the Rhymer delivered his prophecies; and this is the haunted glen where he met the Queen of Elfland, and the Bogle Burn along which she rode on her gray palfrey! *

At every tait of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and ten."

On a ride with Sir Walter Scott, to call on his relation Mr. Scott of Raeburn, we visited the Eildon Tree, which is from two to three miles distant from any property belonging to Sir Walter,—"I have small hope," said he, "of ever stretching my wings so far as this same Eildon Tree; but if ever it should come into the market, I will have a hit at it."

On this ride he was in excellent humour; and from the commanding site of the Eildon Tree, he pointed down towards Old Melrose.—"There," said he, "tradition says, fell Richard of Coldingham, by the hand of the Baron of Smailholm."

"They would not have very far to carry him," said I, "for he was buried here.

That knight is cold, and low laid in the mould
All under the Eildon Tree."

"You have a good memory," said he, "Morrison; go on."—And I repeated the ballad to the end. On the other side of the Tweed we saw Bemerside and Smailholm Tower.

"You must go and make me a drawing of Smailholm Tower," said Sir Walter. "You will think it but a poor thing after the towers and castles which you have seen; but I passed some of my early days there, when I thought it the grandest object in the world." This drawing I made a few days after our return.

I found Mr. Scott of Raeburn a very reverend old gentleman. We recognised each other, having met some time before on the summit of the Eildon Hills, where he had come, he said, to take his farewell. "My relative, Raeburn, is a great antiquary," said Sir Walter, "and would be gratified to look into your portfolio." On our return, we repassed the Eildon Tree, which is near the roadside, and whose site is now occupied by an old hawthorn, very different from the dern or dark tree of True Thomas. "I would have a clump of trees planted here," said he; "oak, plane, and others; to afford shelter to the 'Throstyle and the Jay.'

Ye mawes movyde of her sang,
Ye woodwale sange notis gay,
That all ye wood about rang.

And I would have a flagstone, broad and long, with an appropriate inscription."

I observed, that Fernielee, in his own composition, is pressed into the service. In the old tale, Fair-lee is the trysting-place, where the Fairy Queen desires True Thomas to meet her, and not Fernie-lee; which, if the hunting-ground, they must have had a long ride to dinner to the Tower of Ercildoun, the Rhymer's residence.

This was one of the most delightful days I ever passed.

Sir Walter had lately purchased Toftfield, now Huntly Burn, and the high pasture-land marching with the property of Buccleuch, and had planted about twenty acres, which he named Chiefswood. I advised him to extend the plantation along the line of his march with Buccleuch to an hundred acres, the land being high and of indifferent quality, though wood was likely to thrive when planted in large masses. It may be observed by the plan,† that he was too much given to plant in

* See Washington Irving's visit to Abbotsford.

† This refers to a plan of the Abbotsford estate, drawn and published by Mr. Morrison.

stripes or belts; and I have even thought that his descriptions of landscape are much superior to his practical taste. He said that he preferred the scenery of the Forest to that of every other country; the Tweed, the Yarrow, and the Ettrick, to all other waters. They are bare of wood; and there is nothing entitled to the name of waterfall from head to foot on any of the three. He used to regret that Cauldshiels Loch was not all his property. "For a few acres to the west I would exchange acre for acre of the best land on the south-east side of my estate. I would have it planted with wood round and round." He planted his own portion of the margin; but so wretched is the soil, that the plants all died. I recommended to make pits, and fill them with a more generous soil; select the plants from high-lying nurseries; and also to sow seeds. It is a cold, naked, uncomfortable-looking place; and "the Lord of the Lake with flowing mane," the Water Bull viz., must have a poor way of living. Even St. Mary's Loch is a poor affair, and by no means answers the description Scott has given of it. *One* very good tree grows on its western margin, large and old enough to be one of those that graced the ancient Forest, and may have served King James as a gibbet whereon to hang a Border thief. It is at least as large and ancient as the tree at Tushielaw on which he hanged Adam Scott, commonly called the King of the Border, and "made the rash-bush keep the cow." Hogg used to say, that the Forest mountains were the grandest in the world. I hate rocky hills; and never like to look down from the west or south side of Loch Skeen or Tala Linn, which is as wild as anything in the Highlands.

I thought the hills were sharp as knives,
And the blue lift lay whamled o'er them,
And glowered wi' wonder on the wives
Wha spake of other hills ayont them.

This was the year of the mock rebellion in the West, and the skirmish at Bonnymuir. Sir Walter was seriously alarmed. The East Country cavalry were out, and quartered at Kilmarnock and other suspected places. Many of his friends were among the cavalry, for whose safety he was interested.

Although in the confidence of the Tory faction, I cannot think that he was in the secret, for he believed the business real. His heart would have revolted at the base plot of getting up a mock rebellion in order to support a corrupt ministry at the expense of blood. He lamented the fate of the sufferers; for, in such cases, he foresaw that much innocent as well as guilty blood would be shed; nor did he approve of the execution of Hardie and Baird at Stirling. "But the law could not save them," said he; "they were taken with arms in their hands, fighting against the king's forces."

There is at present a monument about to be built by subscription to their memories, as having died martyrs in the cause of Freedom.

I mentioned the horror which was felt by the people at the execution of the poor, old, half-witted man Wilson, in Glasgow, who was incapable of forming any plot; that, when apprehended, Wilson was found thatching a house; and that the only crime laid to his charge was carrying bread and cheese to some meeting of weavers on the Cathkin hills, in his own neighbourhood. At his execution, he wore the same wooden clogs in which he was apprehended. When the hangman was about to fasten the rope round his neck, poor Wilson said, "It is no possible:—ye can never be in earnest to hang me that never did ill to onybody?" After having hung some time, a person in a mask sprung on the scaffold, and cut off the head, in order that nothing might be wanting to complete the horrible farce. "It was," said Sir Walter, "a fearful business, and carried much too far."

"At the time of the riots at Tranent," he related, "I was in the Mid-Lothian cavalry. After some review or other duty, on returning to Edinburgh we were much hissed by the rabble, and a fellow from a house-top threw a stone which hit me betwixt the shoulders, slightly. I could have easily brought him down with my pistol or carbine; and such was my first impulse. 'But no,' quoth I, 'I will not deface the image of my Maker.'" Such was his awe, forbearance, and tenderness of heart.

He proposed raising a volunteer regiment,—"And you, Morrison, must be our engineer."

"That," said I, "depends on circumstances: I will, if I think you are in the right; if not, I will be of the other party. I am a Whig and Cameronian."

"We must secure you at all events, either as a friend or foe; as, from your knowledge of the country, you would be a dangerous subject in the enemy's camp."

Once, on walking into his study, I observed a portrait hanging up. "You are," said he, "admiring the portrait of the Great Dundee."—"In Galloway," said I, "he is better known by the title of the *Bloody Clavers*." The author of Old Mortality could never have drawn from this picture; it is red-haired, squints, and has an unnatural length between the nose and the chin, and well accords with the countenance my father used to describe from the account of his old acquaintance Joseph Robson, who saw Claverhouse attending the murder of two martyrs on the sands of Dumfries. He rode his horse along the coping of a parapet wall built to guard off the waters of the Nith in time of floods; and when the horse had arrived at one end, he wheeled round on one of his hind legs as on a pivot, repeating the same manœuvre. His arms were long, and reached to his knees, his hair red or frizzly, and his look altogether diabolical. Such could never be the face that "painters would love to limn and ladies to look on."

"Your father and his acquaintance were Whigs, and drew a distorted picture."—"The painter there," said I, "has done the same."

(To be continued in our next.)

THE ROMAN LYRISTS.—No. I., CATULLUS.

BY BON GAULTIER.

The biography of Catullus is comprised in a few sentences. Born at Verona, B.C. 87, of a good family,—his father a friend of Cæsar's, whose house was frequently honoured with the presence of him "that kept the world in awe,"—he went to Rome early in life,—mingled in the best society, numbering among his friends, Cicero, Cornelius Nepos, Asinius Pollio, Manlius Torquatus, Calvus the orator, Cælius of Verona, and other men of note; led an easy and careless, rather than profligate life, as the times went, which some small fortune enabled him to maintain, although, like other men upon town, he occasionally found himself run aground,—accompanied the prætor Memmius to Bithynia, in hopes to improve his fortune by snapping up, like Autolycus, "some unconsidered trifles" in the provinces,—came home as poor as he went, resumed his former life, and died about the age of forty, when Virgil was twenty-three years of age and Horace eighteen. History is silent as to his personal appearance, and leaves us to picture him in whatever form our fancy pleases. We cannot express our own notion of him better than by saying, that we conceive him to have been a Roman D'Orsay; gay, handsome, elegant,—with eyes that showed he could love, and mouth that told he could keep love's secrets. He was manifestly accomplished in all the "good graces that do grace a gentleman,"—frank, generous, of an independent spirit, a warm friend, a favourite with the clever of both sexes not a bit the less than he was known to be something of a *roué*, feared by all "the slow coaches," and a good earnest hater. Let us add one other trait. He was partial to little women. His Lesbia was of small stature.

All this is palpable on the face of his poems. That he wrote his heart, can be said with more truth of no poet than of Catullus. He never sat down—we of course speak here only of his lighter poems—to spin graceful conceits or imaginary passions out of his brain. But a friend was to be asked to dinner, or rallied on some sly amour which had carried "the poor sequestered stag" out of the daily circle of pleasant fellows,—a rival was to be lampooned, while the arrow he had shot still quivered in the wound,—Lesbia had been coy, or she was *desolè* at the loss of her pet sparrow,—a friend, bereft of the wife of his bosom by the sudden hand of death, demanded his sympathy,—some "impulse from a vernal wood" had loosened a gush of song, and with the feeling of the moment strong upon him, he snatched up his tablets and his style, and straightway his thoughts were moulded into verse, which after-times have pronounced to be unmatched for symmetry and graceful ease. He wrote always from a strong impulse, and therefore always wrote well. Catullus is, indeed, the best of occasional poets—and we might fill our page with names, and no mean names either, of writers of other nations, who have made him their model, and been proud to follow in his footsteps, even though that were *longo equidem intervallo*.

There is a life and brilliancy of tone in these occasional poems, which the hand of the most awkward translator can hardly destroy. But who shall catch the exquisite grace of expression, the fine and evanescent shades of sentiment that pervade them, like the flitting smiles that play around the lips of a beautiful woman? Many have tried it,—indeed, there is hardly a name of note in our poetical literature, from Ben Jonson downwards, who has not broken a lance in the attempt. The late premier, "in his hot youth, when George the Third was king," made a translation, and a good one, of the whole poems that are worth translating, and ushered it to the world, in 1821, through the aristocratic hands of John Murray. In his preface he furnishes us from Pezay, a French translator, with the qualities necessary for a translator of our bard. "Il faut, pour entendre Catulle, connoître un peu l'yvresse du vin de Tokay et les caprices de jolies femmes;" though a man, adds Pezay, might be familiar with both, and make a bad translator notwithstanding. The method to be taken is thus explained: "Pour avoir une excellente version de ces poëtes, il faudroit qu'un homme bien amoureux les expliquât à sa maitresse, que la maitresse les traduisit, et que l'amant ne se chargeat de corriger, que les fautes d'ortographe; car le femme qui n'en feroit point, ne seroit pas celle dont je préféreroit la traduction." "This recommendation," adds Lord Melbourne, with much point, "has been little known or little minded; for the crowd of translators would have become innumerable, if the task had been undertaken but by a tenth of those possessed both of the requisite education, and of mistresses with the requisite want of any." If Pezay's rule be infallible, it augurs ill for our success. However, as we have had some experience—as who has not?—of the "*caprices des jolies femmes*," and smacked our lips over "imperial Tokay," twice and once in our time, there may be hope for us.

It is only, we presume, because love and wine have run in couples since poetry was cradled—"*sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*"—that Pezay has thrown a relish for this liquor into his aphorism. Catullus was obviously none of your three-bottle men,—at least no poet of his class ever spoke less than he does in praise of the jolly god. In only one poem of his is wine the theme—but that certainly has the true Bacchanalian fervour. It is addressed

TO MY CUPBEARER.

Boy that pours, as none else can,
The sparkling old Falernian,
Fill our goblets—theirs and mine—
With the very mightiest wine!
Posthumia is our queen to-night.
Brimming cups are her delight.
Not the juice that courses through
The vine, and gives the grape its hue,

More native there, than is the bowl
Congenial to her festive soul!
Take the water hence, my boy,
Death to wine, and death to joy!
Deep-brow'd sages, they may quaff it,
We aside shall ever daff it.
God Lyæus, none but he,
In our mantling cups shall be!

Glowing as this is, it does not stamp Catullus as a votary of Bacchus by any means. Everybody remembers poor Keats's passionate yearning for "a beaker full of the warm South," in his charming *Ode to a Nightingale*, and his somewhat extraordinary exclamation for

——a fountain of eternal drink
Pouring unto him from the heaven's brink,

in the *Endymion*. But who ever suspected him of being anything but a water-drinker? So, of Catullus, to whom a cup or two of Falernian could bring the fancies of Anacreon,—while your regular carousers could say nothing of the wine, but that it was of vintage so and so,—"consule Planco"—and had a pleasant sharpness of flavour. This poem, to our mind, has all the air of an impromptu, called forth very probably by some passing remark of Posthumia's, that she preferred the unadulterated juice of the grape, or, in the classic language of the cab-stands, that she "liked her liquor neat." We can fancy a burst of raillery at her confession, from all the guests around her, and, when this had cleared away, Catullus, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, improvising these lines, which mean neither more nor less than a pleasant exaggeration of Posthumia's very sensible remark. There seems to be no reason either for supposing, with some of the commentators, that Catullus meant to satirize some lady who had a weakness for the bottle, or with Lord Melbourne, that he had a lady of equivocal virtue in his eye, in some such scene as that alluded to by that respectable matron Mrs. Cole, when she mentions, as an interesting fact, that "the Colonel and Jenny Cummins drank three flasks of Burgundy hand to fist."

There is no debauchery in Catullus's amours—the wretched "woman-and-wine" sort of trash which passes current for erotic poetry at the Cider Cellars and Coal-hole,—nay, even in less equivocal quarters. His love is of that right sort, spoken of by my Lord Biron,

"Whose tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste."

Still less is it the dreamy sentimentalism which sees a goddess in every pretty woman, and flies into raptures about the Cynthia of to-day, that eclipse the absurdities thrown up around the "rare pale Margaret" of yesterday. It is compounded of that mixture of sentiment and passion, which alone deserves the name of love. Catullus, no doubt, had "kissed and had prattled with fifty fair maids." His poems, however, refer only to two flirtations. But he never loved but one—and her he loved with the fervour of his whole heart. She became false—abandoned herself to every licentiousness; but her hold upon his affections, even when esteem was gone, remained the same: and his verses portray, with the most touching force, the anguish of the infatuated heart that clings to a beloved object, of whose worthlessness it is convinced, unable to spurn it from its dominion there with the contempt it merits. His verses reflect the various phases of the lover's feelings with the liveliest truth—his joys, his doubts, his anguish, his self-contempt. Let the reader, for evidence of this, glance with us over the various poems that have made his Lesbia immortal.

She is introduced to us playing off the engaging but tormenting artifices of the coquettish beauty in the following lines.

TO LESBIA'S SPARROW.

Sparrow, pet of my dear May,
With whom it is her wont to play,
Whom in her breast she loves to fold,
And to thee her forefinger hold,
Provoking thee to bite its tip;
While I sit by with quivering lip,
And she, with playful arts like these,
Affects to keep a bright-eyed ease,
And hide the passion's pleasing pain,
That runs in fire through every vein!
With thee, like her, I fain would play,
And chase my bosom's grief away;
And thou shouldst welcome be to me,
As in the legend old, we see,
The magic apple was to her,
Whose icy heart no youth could stir,
The golden fruit, that loosed the zone,
And bade her love's dominion own.

Alluding to Atalanta and the golden apple,—which fruit, by the way, we have always regarded as symbolizing handsome settlements, and a trousseau from Howell & James's. Atalanta's wits were as nimble as her heels.

But the sparrow dies; and, like a true lover, Catullus must pen a woeful sonnet on the occasion.

ON THE DEATH OF LESBIA'S SPARROW.

Mourn, mourn, ye Loves and Graces,
Mourn, ye youths of comeliest traces,
Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is,
Sparrow, that was all her bliss;
Dearer than her eyes to her,
Love's delicious harbinger!
For he knew her from all other,
Well as knows a child its mother,
Ever dropped into her breast,
There to lie and be caress'd,
And, with glances upwards thrown,
Chirrup'd but to her alone.
Now he treads that gloomy track,
Whence none ever may come back.
Out upon you and your power,
That all fairest things devour,
Orcus' dismal shades! For e'er
You've ta'en my bird, that was so fair!
Oh, cruel, cruel destiny!
Oh hapless bird, she mourns for thee,
And spoils her charming little eyes,
Weeping for thy obsequies!

Never had lady's pet a cenotaph like this, which has kept its memory fresh through the crash of empires. It makes the tears of the luxurious beauty for her plaything respectable, that otherwise would have been ridiculous. Juvenal, in his sarcastic way, has a gird at them in his sixth Satire, where he speaks of Lesbia thus:—

——cujus
Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos.

The maid, who for her sparrow's sad demise
Almost wept out her charming little eyes.

Doubtless the lines served Catullus's purpose by

raising him high in favour with the distracted beauty, to whom he could now address the following pleasant admonition :—

TO LESBIA.

Let us give our little day
All to love my Lesbia,
Heeding not the precepts sage,
Nor the frowns of crabbed age!
When the sun sets, 'tis to rise
Brighter in the morning skies;
But, when sets our little light,
We must sleep in endless night.
Give me then a thousand kisses,
Add a hundred to my blisses,
Then a thousand more, and then
Add a hundred once again.
Crown me with a thousand more,
Give a hundred as before,
Cease not then, but kiss me still,
Adding hundreds, thousands, till,
Lost in exquisite sensation,
We confound all calculation,
And none seek to mar our blisses,
Hearing of such heaps of kisses!

This species of unlimited osculation has been a mania in the poetical world ever since. Not a bard or rhymer to the fifth degree but has tried his lips at it, till the chaste muses blushed behind their fans in their back drawing-room at Mount Parnassus, to hear the smack of lips reverberating from behind every bush upon their favourite hill. Herrick has caught up the strain happily in some lines to his Anthea.

Ah, my Anthea, must my heart still break?
Love makes me write what shame forbids to speak.
Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a score,
Then to that twenty add a hundred more—
A thousand to that hundred—so kiss on
To make that thousand up a million,
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let's kiss afresh as when we first begun!

But hear Catullus again upon the same ever interesting theme.

KISSES.

Dost thou, Lesbia, bid me say
How many kisses from thy lip
I'd take, ere I would turn away,
And of its sweets no longer sip?

Count the grains of sand are roll'd
On Cyrene's spicy plain,
'Twixt the tomb of Battus old,
And the sweltering Hammon's fane.

Count the silent stars of night,
That be ever watching, when
Lovers tasting stolen delight
Dream not of their silent ken.

When these numbers thou hast told,
And hast kisses given as many,
Then, perchance, I may cry Hold!
And no longer wish for any.

But, my love, there 's no amount
For my raging thirst too vast,
Which a curious fool may count,
Or with tongue malignant blast.*

An unreasonable rogue! And yet, who would be so ungallant, as to cry "Hold, enough!" in similar circumstances?

But to return! The sun does not always shine, —least of all in that sphere, which is known in boarding-schools and Italians Operas as "the heaven of love." Pretty Polly's fancy will "stray to some newer lover." Lesbia has thrown the handkerchief elsewhere. Catullus sees that he has outlived her liking, and thus he remonstrates, as men in the like circumstances will do to the end of time.

THE FAREWELL.

Sigh no more, thou foolish wight!
Catullus, be a man—and deem
That, which thou seest hast perish'd quite,
To be like an evanish'd dream.

Oh, life was once a heaven to thee!
Her eyes beam'd at thy coming theft—
The maid beloved, as ne'er shall be
Maiden beloved by thee again.

Then didst thou freely taste the bliss,
On which impassioned lovers feed,
When she clung closer to thy kiss,
Oh, life was then a heaven indeed!

'Tis past! Forget as she forgot!
Lament no more—but let her go!
Tear from thy heart each tender thought,
That round her image there did grow!

Girl, fare thee well! Catullus ne'er
Will sue, where love is met with scorn;
But, false one, thou with none to care
For thee, on thy lone couch shalt mourn!

Think what a waste thy life shall be!
Who'll woo thee now? who praise thy charms?
Who shall be all in all to thee,
Thy heart's love nestling in thy arms?

Who now will give thee kiss for kiss?
Whose lip shalt thou in rapture bite?
And in thy lone hours think of this,
My heart has cast thee from it quite.

Clodia, for such was Lesbia's real name, was a woman, as we learn from Cicero's witty oration in defence of Cælius, who abandoned herself to the whole round of dissipations, which lay open, in a "high-viced city" like Rome, to a rich and profligate beauty. We know that she numbered in her train of admirers men of the first families in the city; but she seems to have pursued her pleasures with an indiscriminate appetite, which was not scrupulous as to the character or rank of her associates. To this Catullus alludes more than once, and, in particular, in a poem to Cælius, couched in terms of the bitterest disgust. That he was unable, notwithstanding, to maintain the resolution to forget her expressed in the poem just quoted was only to be anticipated. The wanton beauty held him in her meshes, and he was as ready to be deceived with his eyes open as ever. After some temporary reconciliation he probably wrote these caustic lines.

ON THE INCONSTANCY OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

My sweetheart says, there's not a man
Of all the many swains she knows,
She'd rather wed than me, not one,
Though Jove himself were to propose.

She says so;—but what woman says
To him who thinks his tale has caught her,
'Tis only fit it should be writ
In air or in the running water.

Such must ever be the Jeremiad of him who fixes his affections on a "weed of glorious feature" like Lesbia. Well for him if he can tear it from

* The concluding lines of this and the last poem both refer to the superstition common to many modern nations with the old Romans, that whatever could not be counted was exempt from the influence of magic, and *vice versa*.

his heart! Catullus could not. With all her faults, he loved her as passionately as before; but how changed that love! There is deep pathos in the following:—

TO LESBIA.

You told me,—ah, well I remember the hour!
That still to Catullus thy heart should be true,
That, blest with his love, thy best, brightest dower,
Even Jove at thy feet unregarded might sue.
Then I loved thee, and oh! what a passion was mine!
Undimmed by dishonour, unsullied by shame,
Oh, 'twas pure as a sire round his child might entwine,
To guard its dear head with the sheltering flame.

Now I know thee, how faithless, how worthless thou art!
That the stain of dishonour is dark on thy brow,
And though thou may'st still be the queen of my heart,
How changed the emotions I feel for thee now!
No more the pure being my fancy adored,
With incense sent up from love's hallowing fire,
Thou hast fallen, and my heart, to thy infamy lowered,
Is cursed with the rage of degrading desire.

In a similar mood must he have written the following couplet:—

ON HIS LOVE.

I hate and love—wherefore I cannot tell,
But by my tortures know the fact too well.

Once more, however, the temptress threw her fascinations around him. His scorn of her fickleness, and her frailty,—the better promptings of his own self-reproach were forgotten, and he wrote thus,

LOVE IS BLIND.

Oh Lesbia, surely no mortal was ever
So fond of a woman as I am of you—
A youth more devoted, more constant was never;—
To me there's enchantment in all that you do.

Yes, love has so wholly confused my ideas
Of right and of wrong, that I'll doat on you still,
As fondly, as blindly, although you may be as
Chaste or as naughty as ever you will!

Every lover recognises the truth of the following lines, which were probably written when Catullus had been alienated from her side by some of their lovers' quarrels.

OF LESBIA.

Lesbia rails at me, they say,
Talks against me all the day.
May I die, but I can tell
By this, that Lesbia loves me well!

Would you know my reason, Sir?
Even so I rail at her.
But may I die, but I can tell
I love my Lesbia but too well!

The symptom is, we believe, infallible. See how it ended with Catullus! One fine forenoon, as he lay meditating very possibly his tale of

Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjuries and unjust vows,

one of the noblest poems, by the way, that ever was written, the lady walked into his apartment. We leave him to tell the rest.

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

There's not a joy we have so strong,
As when some wish by chance is granted,
For which, though hugg'd and cherish'd long,
Without a hope we long had panted.

Such was my joy, my glad surprise,
When gloom around my head was closing,
To find thee, with thy ardent eyes,
Once more within my arms reposing.

You came to me—unsought you came—
And brought with you delight the rarest,
When Hope had left Love's drooping flame;
Oh day of days the brightest, fairest!

What living man more blest than I,
So lapped and throughly wrapped in blisses!
All human fancy I defy
To feign a greater joy than this is!

"If after every tempest came such calms," a little bit of coolness now and then would be delightful. In fact all have agreed that it is this alternation of sunshine and storm that gives the charm to the tender passion. Even the pious Herbert owns, as Juvenal did in all but the same words before him, that "the falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love." What could Catullus do! There was a tear glistening in the soft eyes of his mistress, as she begged forgiveness, and promised constancy for the future. Catullus kissed it away, and addressed her thus.

THE VOW.

Oh, my soul's joy, and dost thou wish, as now,
That evermore our love burn strong and clear!
Ye gods, grant she be faithful to her vow,
And that 'tis uttered from a heart sincere!
So may each year that hurries o'er us find,
While others change with life's still changing hue,
The ties that bind us now more firmly twined,
Our hearts as fond, our love as warm and true!

Jove is said to laugh at lovers' perjuries. It is hardly necessary to say, that the vow in question afforded him a quiet chuckle over his nectar and filberts. It was made, of course, like pie-crust, to be broken; and the Celestial Thunderer one day found himself thus passionately invoked by the unfortunate lover in a way that left no doubt upon the subject. We are half ashamed of the levity of that last sentence; as we regard the poem we are about to quote, with all the reverence which the dignity of the appeal which it contains, under a sorrow well-nigh the most agonizing that a high mind can experience, is calculated to inspire.

THE PRAYER.

If there be joy for him who can retrace
His life, and see some good deeds shining there,
Who never plighted vows, in the dread face
Of heaven, to lure another to his snare;
Then many a joy through many a smiling year
For thee, Catullus, is there yet in store,
Requital of thy truth to one so dear,
So false as she, the maid thou dost adore.
Why longer keep thy heart upon the rack?
Give to thy thoughts a higher, nobler aim!
The gods smile on thy path; then look not back
In tears upon a love that was thy shame.
'Tis hard at once to fling a love away,
That has been cherish'd with the faith of years.
'Tis hard—but 'tis thy duty. Come, what may,
Crush every record of its joys, its fears!
Oh ye great gods, if you can pity feel,
If e'er to dying wretch your aid was given,
See me in agony before you kneel,
To beg this curse may from me far be driven,
That creeps in drowsy horror through each vein—
Leaves me no thought from bitter anguish free.
I do not ask, she may be kind again,
No, nor be chaste, for that may never be!
I ask for peace of mind—a spirit clear
From the dark taint that now upon it rests.
Give then, oh give, ye gods, this boon so dear
To one that ever hath revered thy 'hests!

With this ends what remains to us of the poems relating to Lesbia,—a fasciculus, which presents in vivid colours that conflict of emotions which must ever spring from love wasted upon profligate inconstancy.

Many of Catullus's poems are so steeped in impurity, that they furnish singular glimpses of the state of Roman society in which they could have been tolerated. Grossness in the writings of a Roman poet, however, is, according to the poetical canon, not to be assumed as proof of practical profligacy in the author. Catullus says;

Castum esse decet pium poetam
Ipsum; versiculos nihil necesse est, &c.

No doubt, a poet's life should be
The pink of all that's chaste and good;
But there's no reason, that I see
In nature, why his verses should.
In fact, unless he can anoint
Them well with sparkling naughtinesses,
They're voted dull and wanting point,
As every honest man confesses.

Ovid puts forth a similar plea in his *Tristia*, ii. 354.

Crede mihi, distant mores a carmine nostro;
Vita verecunda est, musa jocosa mihi.

The glow of my verses if any one quarrels,
I tell him, that they are no proof of my morals.
There's not a more regular man in society;
'Tis only my couplets that err in propriety.

The distinction is, we confess, too nice for our comprehension. Imagination always works upon a substratum of reality. *Abeunt studia in mores.* Bayle, a great authority, advocates a different view.* But, without questioning the position, that the most indelicate writers are not practically the gayest, we are satisfied that their comparative purity of conduct arises more from physical than moral causes.

The following lively burst of raillery smacks little of the "castum poetam," even when softened down as it has been by us.

TO FLAVIUS.

Flavius, if you'd have them shine,
These *sub rosa* joys of thine,
With a fashionable grace,
Far above all commonplace,
You'd never let Catullus doubt
What it is you are about,
If the girl be handsome! But
I fear me she's a sorry slut—
A common thing, and this is why
You keep your secret all so sly.
Nay, never look so modest! Own
Your evenings are not spent alone.
You chaste as Dian! Oh, no, no!
How comes your couch here tumbled so?
And whence this rich distill'd perfume
Of roses, filling all the room?
And, as I live, a tiny pair
Of slippers underneath the chair!
All these too plainly tell the tale,
E'en though your cheeks were not so pale:
And so you'd best confess outright;
Be she a beauty, or a fright,
I care not! Only let me know it,
I'm ready to become her poet,
And deify, with verses rare,
You and your little love affair!

This reminds one of Sir Peter Teazle's "I'll swear I saw a petticoat! sly rogue, sly rogue!" and, after all, is perhaps not a bit more naughty than the innuendoes of that most humorous of scenes in "The School for Scandal," which our well-bred audiences at the Haymarket laugh at with ever-fresh gusto, season after season. The age of Byron and Moore has certainly not the best possible right to throw stones at Catullus.

Here is a chance hit that might have been meant for some victim of the modern bill-discounter,—that pest of society, which, thanks to the abolition of the usury statutes, has been let loose upon youthful extravagance. In this respect the Rome of the Cæsars was the counterpart of the London of the Guelphs.

THE MORTGAGE.

Dear Tom, your little country seat
Lies in a famous shelter,
That keeps it snug, though tempests beat
Around it helter-skelter.
But there 's a mortgage, I've been told,
About it wound so neatly,
That, ere this new moon shall be old,
'Twill sweep it off completely.

The following is pithy and painfully true, if we qualify it as all such invectives must be qualified.

ON AN UNGRATEFUL MAN.

No more thy pains for others' welfare spend,
Nor think by service to attach a friend:
All are ungrateful—love goes slighted still,—
Nor merely so, but is repaid by ill;
As witness me, whose bitterest foe is he,
Who never had a friend on earth but me.

Cicero had probably pled some lawsuit for Catullus, who sent him his thanks thus:—

TO CICERO.

Most eloquent of all the line
Of Romulus, now dear to fame,
Or that have shone, or e'er will shine,
Marc Tully, honour'd name!

Catullus, of all bards the worst,
Sends hearty thanks to thee,
As thou of pleaders art the first,
The worst of poets he.

The following invitation to a friend to dine is not to be taken literally. It was meant, no doubt, as an elegant excuse for a plain dinner. Catullus's purse had run low,—in classical phrase, it was full of cobwebs, or, as we should say, the devil was dancing in it. He could not afford a cœna in his usual tip-top style; but somebody has sent him a choice perfume, by which the Romans set great store, and Catullus asks his friend to come and enjoy it, as a bachelor in chambers now-a-days, who had got a present of a dozen of choice claret, would ask a friend or two to try its merits over a beef-steak.

* Au pis aller on doit rendre à ces auteurs la justice qu'ils demandent, qu'on ne juge pas de leur vie par leurs ecrits. Il n'y a nulle conséquence nécessaire de l'une de ces deux choses à l'autre. Il y a des poètes qui sont chastes et dans leurs vers et dans leurs mœurs; il y en a qui ne le sont ni dans leurs mœurs ni dans leurs vers; il y en a que ne le sont pas dans leurs vers, et qui le sont dans leurs mœurs et dont tout le feu est a la tête. Toutes les licences lascives de leurs Epigrammes sont des jeux d'esprit; leurs Candides et leurs Lesbies sont des maitresses de fiction.—*Bayle. Discours sur les Obscenitez.*

THE INVITATION.

You dine with me, dear Argentine,
On Friday first, at half-past two;
And I can promise that you'll dine
As well as man need wish to do.

If you bring with you, when you come,
A dinner of the very best,
And lots of wine, and mirth, and some
Fair girl, to give the whole a zest.

'Tis if you bring these—mark me now!
That you're to have the best of dinners,
For your Catullus' purse, I vow,
Has nothing in't but long-legged spinners.

But if you don't, you'll have to fast
On simple welcome and thin air;
And, as a sauce to our repast,
I'll treat you to a perfume rare;—

A perfume so divine, tis odds,
When you have smelt its fragrance, whether
You won't devoutly pray the gods,
To make you straight all nose together!

The following poem, which seems to have been written upon the happy nuptials of two of his friends, has all the neatness, the sharply-cut and graceful outline of a Greek gem. Cowley's translation is familiar to every reader, but it is clumsily done. There is a version among the minor pieces subjoined to Leigh Hunt's "Feast of the Poets,"—a poem which, happily for his reputation for consistency, is long since forgotten in its original shape. It is, however, by no means a favourable specimen of Hunt's translations from Catullus; of which not a few are scattered about his works, but all more or less tainted with Cockneyism and slipshod affectation. Here is ours.

TO ACME AND SEPTIMIUS.

Septimius, holding on his breast
Acme, thus the maid addressed:—
"Acme, if I love thee not
Dearly as my dearest thought,
Nor will love thee, love thee still
With a love years shall not chill,
May I, sweet, on Lybia's sand,
Or in India's burning land,
In my solitary path
Meet the tawny lion's wrath!"
As thus he spoke, Love, who was near,
Listening with attentive ear,
Heard him his devotion plight,
And smiled propitious on the right.
Then Acme, with a gentle grace
Bending back her rosy face,
Kissed the eyes of that sweet boy,
That swam beneath her lips with joy.*
"Septimius, my life," she cries,
"Thine is the only heart I prize;
And this, and this, my witness be,
That thou art all in all to me!
For fondly as thy heart may beat,
In mine there glows a fiercer heat,
And mightier is the flame that reigns
Through all your own fond Acme's veins."
As thus she spoke, Love, who was near,
Listening with attentive ear,
And heard her thus her passion plight,
Smiled propitious on the right.
With such fair omens blest, the twain
Love, and are fondly loved again.
Septimius prizes Acme's smiles
Above the East, or Britain's Isles;
By faithful Acme is her lord
With all her early love adored.
Were ever pair so blest as these
By Venus' brightest auspices!

* A poor substitute for the original—

At Acme leviter caput reflectens,
Et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
Illo purpureo ore suaviata,
Sic, &c.

We have missed the force of the "*illo*"—"*that* rosy mouth."

Catullus, we have mentioned, accompanied the Prætor Memmius to Bithynia. This expedition was fraught only with danger and disappointment. It added nothing to his fortunes; and it cost him his only brother, who died upon the coast of Troy. To this brother's tomb Catullus made a pilgrimage, to pay the solemn rites with which the Romans consecrated the ashes of relatives and friends. His feelings on the occasion are so exquisitely expressed, that, as we read his lines, we seem to stand beside him on the lonely shore, beneath a lowering sky, and to hear his broken sobs, as he strews with flowers the untimely grave of him who was his other self. We have put our translation into the form of a sonnet.

CATULLUS AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE.

O'er many a sea, o'er many a stranger land,
I've come, my brother, to thy lonely tomb,
To pay the last sad tribute to thy doom,
And by thy silent ashes weeping stand.
Vainly I call to thee. Who can command
An answer forth from Orcus's dread gloom!
Oh, brother, brother, life lost all its bloom,
When thou wert snatched from me with pitiless hand!

A day will come, when we shall meet once more!
Meanwhile these gifts, which to the honour'd grave
Of those they loved in life our sires of yore
With pious hand and reverential gave,
Accept! Gifts moisten'd with a brother's tears!
And now, farewell, and rest thee from all fears!

This beautiful poem has a charm in the glimpse it affords of the poet's hope of a future life,—a hope, the want of which saddened the whole Pagan life. Take as an illustration, Horace's well-known ode, beginning *Æquam memento*, &c., which is tinged with the hues of a melancholy that owes its birth to this cause.

TO DELLIUS.

Let not the frowns of fate
Disquiet thee, my friend,
Nor when she smiles on thee, do thou, elate
With vaunting thoughts, ascend
Beyond the limits of becoming mirth,
For, Dellius, thou must die, become a clod of earth!

Or, though thy days go down
In gloom, and dull regrets,
Or, shunning life's vain struggle for renown,
Its fever and its frets,
Laid in the grass, with old Falernian wine,
Thou givest the thoughtless hours a rapture all divine.

Where the tall spreading pine,
And white-leaved poplar grow,
And mingling their broad boughs in leafy twine,
A grateful shadow throw,
Where runs the glistening brook, its slumbrous tune
Still murmuring, as it runs, to the hushed ear of noon;

There wine, there perfumes bring,
Bring garlands of the rose,
Fair and too short-lived daughter of the spring,
While youth's bright current flows
Within thy veins,—ere yet hath come the hour,
When the dread sisters three shall clutch thee in their power.

Then must thou stoop thy pride;
  Thy mansion's pleasant seat,
Thy lawns washed by the Tiber's yellow tide,
  Each favourite retreat,
Thou must leave all—all, and thine heir shall run
In riot through the wealth thy years of toil have won.

It recks not whether thou
  Be opulent, and trace
Thy birth from kings, or bear upon thy brow
  Stamp of a beggar's race;
Be what thou wilt, full surely must thou fall;
For Orcus, ruthless king, swoops equally on all.

Yes, all are hurrying fast
  To the one common bourne;
Sooner or later will the lot at last
  Drop from the fatal urn,
That sends us hence in the grim Stygian bark,
To dwell for evermore in cheerless realms and dark.

We have amplified a little in this version; but it is not possible to reflect the stately melancholy of the original in English without doing so.

The same faith in a future life is apparent in some lines of exquisite pathos addressed by Catullus to his friend Calvus, on the death of Quinctilia, the latter's wife, of the grace of which the following version conveys but a faint idea.

ON QUINCTILIA.

Calvus, if those now silent in the tomb
  Can feel the touch of pleasure in our tears,
For those we loved, that perished in their bloom,
  And the departed friends of former years:
Oh, then, full surely thy Quinctilia's woe
  For the untimely fate that bade ye part,
Will fade before the bliss she feels to know
  How very dear she is unto thy heart.

Catullus performed his voyage home from Bithynia, in a small, open pinnace, called a phaselus; a voyage of no ordinary danger, when it is considered that it commenced in the Euxine and ended in Lake Benacus, now the Lago di Garda. Well might Catullus, remembering the transport with which he leapt from its oozy deck upon his native Sirmio, dedicate this trusty bark to Castor and Pollux, in verses that are conspicuous for beauty amid a galaxy of others. We have no room for these, but shall give his address to this lovely peninsula, of which he was the proprietor. This poem has been the admiration of the world ever since—so simple, so purely natural, flowing with the delightful languor that steals over the frame after long exertion. Lovely in a country that is rich in loveliness, how beautiful must that promontory have been in the eyes of the toil-worn wanderer! There was a light upon it for him, which shone upon no other spot of earth—the light of home.

TO SIRMIO.

Sirmio, thou fairest far beneath the sky
Of all the isles, and jutting shores that lie,
Or deeply bosom'd in calm inland lake,
Or where the waves of the vast ocean break;
Oh, joy of joys, to gaze on thee once more!
Scarce may I deem that I have left the shore
Of Thynia, and Bithynia's sweltering plain,
And gaze on thee in safety once again!
Oh, what more sweet than the release from care,
Where the mind lays its burden down, and where,
Spent with far travel, we come home and spread
Our limbs to rest, along the wished-for bed:
This, this alone, repays such toils as these!
Smile, then, fair Sirmio, and thy master please,—
And you, bright Lydian waves, your dimples trim,
Let every smile of home be wreathed for him!

Mr. Dunlop, in his History of Roman Literature, says that it appears to him "that the beauty and pathos of the poem is in some degree injured by the last verse,

Ridete quicquid est domi cachinnorum,

which introduces the idea of obstreperous mirth." This construction the line by no means justifies. The same metaphor occurs in the well-known couplet—

Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun;

which, though unfortunate in the structure of the first line, gives the effect of the sunlight flickering upon the broken wavelets of the lake. Leigh Hunt renders the line thus:—

Smile every dimple on the cheek of home!

but "the cheek of home" has no business there, and simply spoils the metaphor by carrying it out into too great minuteness.

Catullus had a mansion on this promontory, the stately ruins of which are still to be seen. There is this pleasant memory connected with the spot, that Napoleon, while travelling from Milan to Perseriano to conclude the treaty of Campo Formio, turned off from the road between Breschia and Peschiera to visit it. The poet is the true conqueror, after all!

We have dwelt so long upon these minor poems, that we have left ourselves little room to bring into view the greater efforts of Catullus—the matchless Epithalamium upon the nuptials of Julia and Manlius,—matchless in its glow of passion, in its series of pictures like a gallery of fine Corregios, in its rhythm the "lutes in the lines" sounding their own music as we read them,—the Peleus and Thetis, with its episode of Ariadne, enriched with a passion and pathos worthy of that fine "fable of the antique world,"—and the Atys, which stands alone in poetry, ancient or modern, both in metre and subject. But, before quitting the subject, we should wish to show our poet in his finer frenzy, as well as in his "mild singing-clothes;" and we cannot do so better than by attempting a version of this fine poem, inspired by the frantic orgies of the votaries of Cybele. The hurried sweep and whirl of the verse, the broken cadences, the energy and passion, present difficulties that make the translator despair. But as it is only out of a multiplicity of attempts that good translations are evolved, ours may, perhaps, help on the good work; while it conveys, at the same time, some faint echoes of the original to the English reader. The ballad metre which we have adopted, or something akin to it, seems to us the only one in our language congenial to the measure employed by Catullus.

ATYS.

Swiftly, swiftly, o'er the ocean Atys urged his flying bark,
Swiftly leapt to land, and plung'd into the Phrygian
  forest dark,
Where the mighty goddess dwells, and frenzied with a
  dark despair
Snatched from the rock a pointed flint, and reft himself
  of manhood there.
And when he felt his manhood gone, and saw the gore-
  bedabbled grass,
Up in his snowy hands he caught the timbrel light, that
  with the brass

Of clanging trumpets swells thy rites, thou dread maternal Cybele,
And struck the sounding skin, and thus sang to his mates impassion'dly.

"Away, away, ye sexless ones, to Cybele's high groves," he said.
"Ye truant herd, hence, hence, and hail your mistress, Dindymene dread!
Ye exiles to strange lands, who dared with me the ruthless ocean's storms,
And, loathing woman and her love, emasculate your lusty forms!

"Rejoice, rejoice, what revelries our mistress has in store for us!
No lingering fears retard ye now! On to the steep of Dindymus!
Hence to her Phrygian shrine away! Together to her forests speed!
Where drums and cymbals crash, and pipes the droning curvèd Phrygian reed.

"Where toss the votaresses dark their ivy-circled brows about,
Where they affright the sacred seats with wailing shrill and piercing shout,
Where shrieking, whirling, to and fro in wild careering bands they stray,
There must we pay our vows, and join the mystic dance —away, away!"

He ceased, and his companions all with hideous howl repeat the strain,
The timbrel light, the cymbal's clash reverberate along the plain;
To Ida's leafy mountain through the drear and dismal shades they sped,
With Atys, raging, panting, crazed, staggering breathless at their head.

On, on he flew, the maddening crew whirled after—at the shrine they stopped;
There, wan and wearied, lifelessly they all upon the threshold dropped;
Faint and fasting down they sank—soft repose their frenzy dims,
And leaden sleep seals up their eyes, and 'numbs their overwearied limbs.

But when the sun had bathed the earth, and sea, and sky with golden light,
And with his thunder-pacing steeds had chased away the shades of night,
Sleep, leaving then the fevered brain of Atys calmed with downy rest,
Flew to divine Pasithea, and sunk upon her gentle breast.

The frenzied dream was past, and when the wretch saw what it was and where,
Again it tottered to the shore, writhing, groaning, in despair,
There, gazing on the ocean's wide and waste expanse with streaming eyes,
With choked and broken voice unto the country of its birth it cries.

"My country, oh my country, my mother, and my nurse! From whom,
I like a recreant slave have fled to Ida's dreary forest-gloom,
To rocks and snows, and frozen dens, to make with beasts my savage lair,
Where dost thou lie, thou lovèd land, my country, oh, my country, where?

Oh, let me see thee, while my brain is yet awhile from madness free!
Wretch, must I house in these grim woods, far, far from home unceasingly:
Friends, country, parents all, all gone!—the throng, the struggle for the goal,
The sports of youth—oh misery!—weep, weep, for ever weep, my soul!

"What grace, what beauty, but was mine! Boy, youth, and man, I was the flower
Of the gymnasium; and the best, that wore the oil, confess'd my power:
My doors were ever throng'd, and when I left my couch at break of day,
Fair garlands hung by beauteous hands around them welcomed me alway.

"What am I now! Slave to the gods—crazed votary of horrid rites—
Maimed, barren, ever doomed to dwell on Ida's green and snow-girt heights,
'Neath Phrygia's frowning crags, where roam the stag and forest-ranging boar,
Woe, woe, that e'er I did the deed! that e'er I touched this fatal shore!"

The wandering winds caught up the words, as from his rosy lips they fell,
And bore those sounds so strangely wild to where the blest immortals dwell;
They reached the ears of Cybele, who loosed her lions from the yoke,
And thus to him was on the left in words of kindling ire she spoke:

"Away, away, pursue your prey! Scare, scare him, shrieking with affright
Back to the woods, the wretch that spurns my service, and that scorns my might,
Lash, lash thy flanks, with furious roar shake terror from thy shaggy mane,
Away, away!" She ceased, and flung upon his neck the loosen'd rein!

Frantic and fierce, with roar and plunge the monster through the thicket crashed,
And on to the surf-beaten shore, where stood the gentle Atys, dashed.
The wretch beheld him—wild with fear, into the shaggy forest fled,
And there in orgies drear a life of ministering bondage led.

Oh goddess ever to be feared, oh goddess great and wonderous,
Oh Cybele divine, that hast thy reign on shady Dindymus,
Oh may thy madness never touch my heart, nor blast my trembling brain,
In others let thy visions wild, thy frenzied inspirations reign!

When we look back at the original, and see how much of the passion, the frenzy, the wild music of its numbers, has evaporated in our hands, it looks like sacrilege to put forth this translation. It may, however, lead some lover of poetry to the original; and for this we are sure of his thanks.

And now we close this hasty gossip. Much that is beautiful we have left untouched; and although we have also avoided much that is simply disgusting, the reader will see that my Lord Byron is not to be construed literally when he says

"Catullus scarcely has a decent poem!"

THE MARQUIS DE CUSTINE'S EMPIRE OF THE CZAR.*

In closing this work we cannot exactly say whether its greatest attraction lies in the insight obtained into the opinions and the character of the eccentric author, or the curious information that is found in his singular book. As in France everybody, if not ultra-Jacobin or ultra-Royalist, must be, as Madame de Staël said long ago, *ultra-something*, the Marquis de Custine is ultra old aristocrat, a proper denizen of the Faubourg St. Germain; and by consequence, in these days, ultra-Papist. But if an avowed aristocrat in Paris, and glorying in his prejudices for the old *régime*, he is a professed democrat in Russia; and for the excellent reason, that "a peasant in the environs of Paris is freer than a Russian lord;" and also, as we apprehend, because the Emperor Nicholas has crushed the Roman Catholic religion in Poland, and the power of the priesthood in Russia; choosing to be himself the Head of the Greek Church; to be, indeed, the sole Church, as he is the sole State of the Empire—the all in all. This dislike of the Emperor's assumption or inheritance of spiritual as of temporal despotism, arises from no abstract love of religious toleration; a feeling which the Marquis, as a good Catholic, decidedly repudiates.

Throughout the work there appears not a little inconsistency of opinion on all subjects and persons. Yet this is often more apparent than real; for, in the sentiments of this erratic traveller and thinker, there is harmony of its own kind to be found when one has got the proper key.——The original work was written in the form of letters to unnamed friends in Paris. They were not all intended for publication, though eventually they have all appeared. These letters the translator has thrown into the form of chapters; and he has judiciously omitted many paragraphs, and might, with advantage, have omitted many more. The book is a tissue of repetitions; still the work, as a whole, is an interesting and even a valuable one, though its author is a strange jumble of all the systems, and philosophies, bigotries, and liberalities that have each had its day and its party in France, or rather in Paris, for the last seventy years.

In a rambling sort of Preface the author gives us his creed, religious and political; along with a statement of the principles on which he viewed, judged, and condemned the Empire of the Czar. English Puseyites will see little or nothing to blame in the creed of the Marquis de Custine, and much to admire. Of the Church of Rome he says—

If that church—daughter of Christ, and mother of Christianity—has seen revolt issue from her bosom, the fault was in her priests, for her priests are men. But she will recover her unity, because these men, frail though they be, are not the less direct successors of the apostles, ordained from age to age by bishops who themselves received, bishop from bishop, under the imposition of hands traced backwards up to Saint Peter and to Jesus Christ, the infusion of the Holy Spirit, with the requisite authority to communicate that grace to the regenerated world.

Suppose—for is not everything possible to God?—suppose that the human race shall wish to become sincerely Christian, will they in that case seek for Christianity in a book? [in the Bible!] No; they will apply to men who can explain that book. There must, then, always be an authority, even among the preachers of independence; and the authority which is chosen arbitrarily is not likely to equal that established for eighteen centuries.

Will any believe that the Emperor of Russia is a better visible head of the church than the Bishop of Rome? The Russians have to believe so: but can they? Such is, however, the religious truth which they now preach to the Poles!

Would you, piquing yourself on consistency, obstinately reject all other authority but that of individual reason? This would be to perpetuate the war; because the government of reason nourishes pride, and pride engenders division. Alas! Christians little know the treasure they voluntarily deprived themselves of when they took it into their heads that people might have national churches! If all the churches in the world had become national, that is, Protestant or schismatic, there would not now be any Christianity; there would be nothing but systems of theology subjected to human policy, which would modify them at its will, according to circumstances and localities.

To sum up: I am a Christian, because the destinies of man are not accomplished upon earth: I am a Catholic, because out of the Catholic church, Christianity becomes diluted and perishes.

This is Puseyism *neat*.

Custine is as sanguine in the hope of Unity, and as earnest in the desire of it as any English Tractarian whatever; and quite as high-flown in his notions of pure Catholicity, and of sacerdotal power. Extremes meet: A Protestant Voluntary might adopt Custine's ideas of a pure Church; yet how different would be the conclusions from the same premises that each would arrive at.

The spectacle of abject servility into which the sacerdotal power can fall in a land where the church is only held of the state, would make every consistent Protestant recoil. A national church or a national clergy are words which ought never to have been joined; the church is, by its very essence, superior to all national distinctions, all human associations; to abandon the church universal in order to enter into any political church, is to do worse than err in faith,—it is to abjure the faith, it is to fall back again from heaven to earth.

And yet how many sincere, how many excellent men believed, at the birth of Protestantism, that they should be purifying their creed by adopting the new doctrines which have only served to narrow their minds! Since then, indifference, masked and extolled under the attractive name of toleration, has perpetuated error.

M. de Custine, who is withal an amusing egotist, imagined that extreme apprehension was entertained in Russia as to the nature of his report of its internal condition, and its tremendous government. He was, therefore, at great pains to conceal his notes and letters; intrusted none of them to the post, which is found no security in Russia; and, after his return, delayed publishing for three years. While concealing his private journals, he slyly sent flaming panegyrics through the post-office for the purpose of being opened and read. Some French writers, either from national or personal vanity, have a trick of imagining themselves and

* The Empire of the Czar; or Observations on the Social, Political, and Religious State and Prospects of Russia, made during a journey through that Empire. By the Marquis de Custine. Translated from the French. 3 volumes. Longman & Co.

their books of travels the objects of all sorts of plots and designs from foreign governments. Madame de Genlis could not travel a few miles in England without becoming, in her own imagination, the object of dark conspiracies, and of the systematic attacks of no common highwaymen; and, in like manner, Custine seems to fancy himself in no small danger of Siberia, if he shall ever be caught within the Russian frontier. And it might be so, where personal security and life and death hang on the caprice of one whose will is the sole law of the land.—In the account of Russia which he has given, the French traveller professes not merely sincerity but impartiality; and asserts that he no more exaggerates than flatters. He found much to interest him in the character of the common people, and found many amiable individuals in the other classes, but few or none that might be pronounced *good*. The most signal change wrought in his own sentiments was, that he went to Russia to find arguments against a representative government, and returned the partisan of constitutions; that, in fact, having originally been a Carlist, a Legitimist, he has become reconciled to the inevitable Louis Philippe and his dynasty; to a mixed government in preference to that of which the foundation was laid by Peter the First, whom he dubs Peter the Strong, instead of Peter the Great; and which is, in truth, the fitter epithet.

In the summer of 1839 the Marquis de Custine, who, though a spiritual growth of Parisian *salons*, has been a traveller during much of his life, happened to be at Ems, where he saw the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia; and two days afterwards he set off for St. Petersburg, speculating, as he went through Prussia, upon German politics, and the evil influences of Protestantism. On the route, and *apropos* to himself, he entertains us with his family memoirs. His mother, a very beautiful and amiable woman, was one of the heroic sufferers of the Revolutionary period, and the fellow-prisoner of Madame Tallien and Madame Beauharnois, the future Empress Josephine. She had a romantic and narrow escape from the guillotine.

M. de Custine went from Travemunde to St. Petersburg by a steamer; and had, for his companions, a piquant assortment of Russian nobility, Princes and Princesses, returning home; some of them fresh from the Naiads of Gräfenberg, and the wet blankets of Priessnitz.

Among the other prejudices of the old *régime*, which Custine carried into Russia, was dislike of popular oratory—of public political speaking. With one old Russian nobleman, who had been a diplomatist, and had visited England in 1814 along with the Emperor Alexander, the French traveller had in the steamer, among many others, the following leading conversation:—

My answers to the Prince K——, the old diplomatist, quickly discovered the tendency of my views.

"You do not belong either to your country or to your age," said he; "you are an enemy to the power of speech as a political engine."

"It is true," I replied; "any other way of ascertaining the worth of men appears to me preferable to public speaking, in a country where self-love is so easily excited as in mine. I do not believe that there could be found in France many men who would not sacrifice their most cherished opinions to the desire of having it said that they had made a good speech."

"Nevertheless," pursued the liberal Russian prince, "everything is included in the gift of language; everything that is in man, and something even beyond, reveals itself by discourse: there is divinity in speech."

"I agree with you," I replied; "and it is for that very reason that I dread to see it prostituted."

"When a genius like that of Mr. Canning," continued the prince, "enchained the attention of the first men of England and of the world, surely political speech was something great and glorious."

"What good has this brilliant genius produced? And what evil would he not have caused if he had had inflammable minds for auditors? Speech employed in private, as a means of persuasion, to change the direction of ideas, to influence the action of a man, or of a small number of men, appears to me useful, either as an auxiliary, or as a counterbalance to power; but I fear it in a large political assembly whose deliberations are conducted in public. It too often secures a triumph to limited views and fallacious popular notions, at the expense of lofty, far-sighted conceptions, and plans profoundly laid. To impose upon nations the domination of majorities is to subject them to mediocrity. If such is not your object, you do wrong to laud oratorical influence. The politics of large assemblies are almost always timid, sordid, and rapacious. You oppose to this the case of England: that country is not what it is supposed to be. It is true, that in its Houses of Parliament questions are decided by the majority; but this majority represents the aristocracy of the land, which for a long time has not ceased, except at very brief intervals, to direct the affairs of the state. Besides, to what refuges of lies have not parliamentary forms compelled the leaders of this masked oligarchy to descend? Is it for this that you envy England?"

"Nevertheless, man must be led either by fear or by persuasion."

"True; but action is more persuasive than words. Does not the Prussian government prove this? Does not Buonaparte? Buonaparte at the commencement of his reign governed by persuasion as much as, or more than, by force; and yet his eloquence, though great, was never addressed except to individuals. To the mass he never spoke except by deeds: to discuss the laws in public is to rob them of that respect which is the secret of their power."

"You are a friend to despotism?"

"On the contrary, I dread the lawyers, and their echo the newspapers, which are but speeches whose echo resounds for twenty-four hours. Such is the despotism which threatens us in the present day."

"Come among us, and you will learn to fear some other kinds."

The farther discourse of the Prince unfolds the true progress of Russian civilisation, which is, according to Custine, a thousand years behind that of the other nations of Europe—as Russia is still only four hundred years distant from the invasions of barbarous tribes, while Western Europe is fourteen hundred; and Russia was only growing into an unmitigated despotism when feudal vassalage had ceased in other nations. The enlightened Russian Prince, whom De Custine must we fear have committed with his government, declared that, from the invasion of the Mongols, the original stock, [the Slavonians,] until then the freest people in the world, became slaves:—

"Bondage was thenceforward established among them, not only as an existing state, but as a constituent principle of society. It has degraded the right of speech in Russia to such a point that it is no longer considered anything better than a snare: our government lives by lies, for truth is as terrible to the tyrant as to the slave. Thus, little as one speaks, in Russia one always speaks

too much, since in this country all discourse is the expression of religious or political hypocrisy."

"Prince," I replied, after having listened attentively to this long series of deductions, "I will not believe you. It is enlightened to rise above national prejudices, and polite to deal gently with the prejudices of foreigners; but I have no more confidence in your concessions than I have in others' claims and pretensions."

The traveller soon changed these opinions, and underwent other changes before he left Russia. In some points, the views of the Prince were singularly coincident with his own, or what his became. As a specimen of the French traveller's style of philosophizing and speculating upon the future, we shall quote the reflections to which his repeated conversations with this liberal and enlightened Russian gave birth. One might sometimes fancy that De Custine pitted himself against De Tocqueville:—

There is perhaps more to look forward to in this country, [Russia,] long depreciated by our modern thinkers, because appearing so far behind all others, than in those English colonies implanted on the American soil, and which are too highly-vaunted by the philosophers whose systems have developed the real democracy, with all its abuses, which now subsists.

If the military spirit which prevails in Russia has failed to produce anything analogous to our creed of honour, or to invest its soldiers with the brilliant reputation which distinguishes ours, it should not therefore be said that the nation is less powerful. Honour is a human divinity, but in practical life duty outvalues even honour; though not so dazzling, it is more sustained, and more capable of sustaining.

In my opinion, the empire of the world is henceforth no longer to be committed to the turbulent, but to a people of a patient spirit. Europe, enlightened as she now is, will no longer submit, except to real strength: now the real strength of nations is obedience to the power which rules them, just as discipline is the strength of armies. Henceforth falsehood will react so as to produce most injury to those who would make it their instrument; truth will give birth to a new influence, so greatly will neglect and disuse have renewed its youth and vigour.

When our cosmopolitan democracies, bearing their last fruits, shall have made war a detested thing to all people,—when nations, once the most civilized of the earth, shall, by their political debaucheries, have brought themselves to a state of enervation, and from one fall to another sunk into eternal lethargy and external contempt, then—all alliance being admitted impossible with societies steeped in helpless egotism, the flood-gates of the north will again open upon us, and we shall have to endure a last great invasion, an invasion of no longer ignorant barbarians, but of a people more enlightened and instructed than ourselves; for they will have been taught, by our excesses, the means and the mode of ruling over us.

It is not without design that Providence is accumulating so many inactive instruments of power in Eastern Europe. A day will come when the sleeping giant will rise up, and when force will put an end to the reign of speech. Vainly, at that time, will dismayed equality call upon the old aristocracy to rise in rescue of liberty. Arms in the hands of those too long unaccustomed to their use will be weak and powerless. Society will perish for having put its trust in empty words, and then those lying echoes of opinion, the journals, will revel in the overthrow, were it only to have something to relate for one month longer. They will kill society in order to live upon its carcase.

Germany, with its enlightened governments, its good and sensible people, might again lay in Europe the foundations of a defensive aristocracy; but its governments are not one with its people. The King of Prussia, become the mere advance-guard of Russia, has converted his soldiers into silent and patient revolutionists, instead of having availed himself of their good dispositions to render them the natural defenders of ancient Europe,—that only portion of the earth where rational liberty has hitherto discovered an asylum. In Germany it might yet be possible to allay the storm; in France, England, and Spain, we can now do no more than await the thunder-bolt. A return to religious unity would save Europe. But this unity, by what means can it be restored; by what new miracles will it enforce its claims on an indifferent and thankless world; by what authority will it be supported? This is a secret with God. The human mind proposes problems, it is the Divine action, that is to say, it is time, which must resolve them.

These considerations fill me with painful apprehensions for my own country. When the world, wearied with half measures, shall have taken one step towards the truth,—when religion shall be recognised as the only important principle of society, actuated no longer by perishable, but by real, that is, eternal interests,—Paris, frivolous Paris, exalted so proudly under the reign of a sceptical philosophy, Paris, the wanton capital of indifference and of cynicism, will it preserve its supremacy amid generations taught by fear, sanctified by chastisements, undeceived by experience, and perfected by meditation!

The reaction would have to proceed from Paris itself. Dare we hope for such a prodigy? Who will assure us that, at the termination of the epoch of destruction, and when the new light of faith shall illume the heart of all Europe, the centre of civilisation shall not be removed? Who, in short, shall say, whether France, cast off for her impiety, will not then become to the regenerated Catholics what Greece was to the early Christians, the ruined temple of pride and eloquence? What right has she to hope for immunity? Nations die like individuals, and volcanic nations die quickly.

The Marquis is a good Parisian for all this. Go where he will he still finds "nevertheless it is in Paris that one still leads the most pleasant life." Its old aristocratic, narrow coteries are his favourite models of society; the very *beau-ideal* of ease, refinement, and true good-breeding; the great secret of these confederacies being, that the aristocratic class kept by itself, and was not infested by the *parvenus* who have, in imposing restraint, destroyed its charm; have left the fashionable coterie in short no more a refined sort of "Free and Easy." Yet the Marquis has some sound ideas of what ought to be the true character of all good society—which certainly is not a crowding together of people for display, or to gratify their vanity, instead of meeting for pleasure; not the merely belonging to such or such a set, estimated by its wealth, rank, and numbers; including the whole of the few hundreds of the fashionable world, and excluding all besides.

A Frenchman of rank and family is the very person to detect the assumed consequence of his countrymen abroad; and of one of them, who was caught in the steam-vessel, we have this clever sketch:—

Our Russian ladies have admitted into their little circle a French merchant, who is among the passengers. He is a man rather past the middle age, full of great schemes connected with steam-boats and railroads, but still exhibiting all his former youthful pretensions; agreeable smiles, gracious mien, winning grimaces, plebeian gestures, narrow ideas, and studied language. He is, notwithstanding, a good fellow; speaking willingly, and even well, when he speaks on subjects with which he is conversant; amusing also, though self-sufficient, and sometimes rather prosy.

He is going to Russia to *electrify* certain minds in favour of some great industrial undertakings. He travels as agent for several French commercial houses, who have associated, he says, to carry into effect these important objects; but his head, although full of grave com-

mercial ideas, finds place, nevertheless, for all the songs and bon mots that have been popular in Paris for the last twenty years. Before turning merchant, he had been a lancer; and he has preserved, in his air and attitudes, some amusing traces of his former profession. He never speaks to the Russians without alluding to French superiority in matters of every description; but his vanity is too palpable to become offensive, or to excite anything beyond a laugh.

When singing, he casts tender glances upon the ladies; when declaiming the *Parisienne* and the *Marseillaise*, he folds his cloak around him with a theatrical air: his store of songs and sayings, although jovial in character, much amuses our fair strangers. In listening to him, they seem to believe they are on a visit to Paris. The *mauvais ton* of this specimen of French manners by no means strikes them, because they do not comprehend its source or its scope; a language which they cannot understand cannot disgust them; besides, persons belonging to really good society are always the last to be annoyed or alarmed. The fear of being lowered in position does not oblige them to take offence at everything that is said.

The old Prince K—— and myself laugh between ourselves at the language to which they listen; they laugh on their part with the innocence of an ignorance unacquainted with the point where good taste ceases, and where French vulgarity begins.

Vulgarity commences as soon as the individual thinks of avoiding it: such a thought never occurs to persons perfectly sure of their own good breeding.

When the gaity of the ex-lancer becomes rather too exuberant, the Russian ladies moderate it by singing, in their turn, some of those national airs of which the melancholy and originality greatly charm me.

The Princess L—— has sung to us some airs of the Russian gypsies, which, to my great surprise, bring the Spanish boleros to my mind. The Gitanos of Andalusia are of the same race as the Russian gypsies. This population dispersed, one knows not by what agency, throughout all Europe, has preserved in every region, its manners, its traditions, and its national songs.

Mr. Borrow is not more of an enthusiast for the gypsies, whether of Spain or the North, than De Custine.——The Russian ladies who had the good fortune to be his fellow-passengers obtained much of his favour. They were good-humoured and unaffected.

They never tire of asking about Mademoiselle Rachel or Duprez, the two great dramatic stars of the day. They long to draw to their own country the celebrated talents which they cannot obtain permission to come and see among us.

When the French lancer, the mercantile militaire, joins in the conversation, it is generally to interrupt it. There is then sure to be laughter, singing, and Russian dances.

This gaiety, innocent as it is, has proved offensive to two Americans going to Petersburg on business. These inhabitants of the New World do not permit themselves even a smile at the foolish pleasures of the young European women. They do not perceive that liberty and carelessness are the safeguards of youthful hearts. Their puritanism rebels not only against licence, but against mirth; they are Jansenists of the Protestant school; to please them, life must be made one protracted funeral. Happily, the ladies we have on board do not trouble themselves to render any reason to these pedantic merchants. Their manners are more simple than most of the women of the north, who, when they come to Paris, believe themselves obliged to distort their whole nature in order to seduce us. Our fair fellow-passengers please without seeming to think of pleasing. Their French accent also appears to me better than that of most of the Polish women whom I have met in Saxony and Bohemia. In speaking our language, they do not pretend to correct it, but endeavour to speak as we speak, and very nearly succeed.

A great admission this for a Parisian; for such, we persist, is the cosmopolite traveller, in spite of his professions.

When the traveller reached Cronstadt, the Emperor was there acting his annual naval farce with his fleet, of which imperial amusement it is remarked:—

Puerility on a grand scale appears to me a monstrous thing, impossible except under a tyranny, of which it is, perhaps, the most terrible result! . . .

As regards myself, this childish Colossus by no means predisposes me to admire what I may expect to see in the interior of the empire. To admire Russia in approaching it by water, it is necessary to forget the approach to England by the Thames. The first is the image of death; the last, of life.

The regulations of the custom-house proved as offensive to the French traveller and his native companions as they do to all who are subjected to the insolent annoyance of its officials.

It has been so much the custom for travellers of every country to praise St. Petersburg, that a different strain sounds harshly; yet we suspect that there is truth of painting as well as force in the following description of this chilling capital; though, perhaps, what is absurd and incongruous is put forward, and what is picturesque and poetical, left in the background:—

Nothing can be more melancholy than the aspect of nature in the approach to St. Petersburg. As one advances up the Gulf, the flat marshes of Ingria terminate in a little waving line drawn between the sky and the sea; this line is Russia. It presents the appearance of a wet lowland, with here and there a few birch trees thinly scattered. The landscape is void of objects and colours; has no bounds, and yet no sublimity. It has just light enough to be visible; the grey mossy earth well accords with the pale sun which illumines it, not from overhead, but from near the horizon, or almost indeed from below,—so acute is the angle which the oblique rays form with the surface of this unfavoured soil. In Russia the finest days have a bluish dimness. If the nights are marked by a clearness which surprises, the days are clothed with an obscurity which saddens. . . . . I have never seen, in the approaches to any other great city, a landscape so melancholy as the banks of the Neva. The *campagna* of Rome is a desert; but what picturesque objects, what past associations, what light, what fire, what poetry, if I might be allowed the expression, I would say, what passion animates this religious land! To reach St. Petersburg, you must pass a desert of water framed in a desert of peat earth; sea, shore, and sky, are all blended into one mirror; but so dull, so tarnished, that it reflects nothing.

In the architecture and public buildings of St. Petersburg, the Grecian architecture and sculpture are, it is alleged, as much burlesqued as British men of war seem to be by the vessels and equipments of the Imperial navy; and Russia, notwithstanding its forced civilisation, is held to be essentially the same country it was three centuries ago, when it was thus described by Baron Heberstein, the ambassador to the Czar of that period, from the Emperor Maximilian, father of Charles V.

"He (the czar) speaks, and it is done; the life and fortunes of laity and clergy, nobles and burghers, all depend on his supreme will. He is unacquainted with contradiction, and all he does is deemed as equitable as though it were done by Deity; for the Russians are persuaded that their prince is the executor of the Divine decrees. Thus, '*God and the prince have willed*,' '*God and the prince know*,' are common modes of speech among them. Nothing can equal their zeal for his service. One of his principal officers, a venerable gray-haired person, formerly ambassador in Spain, came to meet us on

our entry into Moscow. He galloped his horse, and displayed all the activity of a young man, until the sweat fell from his brow; and when I expressed my surprise to him, '*Ah, Monsieur le Baron,*' he replied, '*we serve our sovereign in a manner altogether different from that in which you serve yours.*'

"I cannot say whether it is the character of the Russian nation which has formed such autocrats, or whether it is the autocrats themselves who have given this character to the nation."

Custine thus finishes the picture.

At the present day you will hear, both in Paris and in Petersburg, numbers of Russians dwelling with rapture on the prodigious effects of the word of the Emperor; and, in magnifying these results, not one troubles himself with dwelling upon the means. "The word of the Emperor can create," they say. Yes; it can animate stones, by destroying human beings.

The following is the substance of the traveller's first impressions in the streets and hôtels:—

The movements of the men whom I met appeared stiff and constrained; every gesture expressed a will which was not their own. The morning is the time for commissions and errands, and not one individual appeared to be walking on his own account. I observed few good-looking women, and heard no girlish voices; everything was dull and regular as in a barrack. Military discipline reigns throughout Russia. The aspect of the country makes me regret Spain as much as though I had been born an Andalusian: it is not, however, the heat which I want, for that here is almost suffocating; it is light and light-heartedness. Love and liberty for the heart, brilliancy and variety of colour for the eye, are here unknown: in a word, Russia is in all respects the very opposite of Spain. Fancy can almost descry the shadow of death hovering over this portion of the globe.

Now appears a cavalry officer passing at full gallop to *bear an order* to some commanding officer; then a chasseur carrying *an order* to some provincial governor, perhaps at the other extremity of the empire, whither he proceeds in a kibitka, a little Russian chariot, without springs or stuffed seat. This vehicle, driven by an old bearded coachman, rapidly conveys the courier, whose rank would prevent his using a more commodious equipage had he one at his disposal. Next are seen foot soldiers returning from exercise to their quarters, in order to *receive orders* from their captain. This automaton population resembles one side of a chess-board, where a single individual causes the movements of all the pieces, but where the adversary is invisible. One neither moves nor respires here except by an imperial order; consequently everything is dull, formal, and spiritless. Silence presides over and paralyses life. Officers, coachmen, Cossacks, serfs, courtiers, all servants under the same master, blindly obey the orders which they do not understand; it is certainly the perfection of discipline; but the sight of such perfection does not gratify me; so much regularity can only be obtained by the entire absence of independence. Among this people bereft of time and of will, we see only bodies without souls; and tremble to think that, for so vast a multitude of arms and legs, there is only one head. . .

When Peter the Great established what is here called the *tchin*, that is to say, when he applied the military system to the general administration of the empire, he changed his nation into a regiment of mutes, of which he declared himself and his successors the hereditary colonels.

Let the reader imagine the ambition, the rivalry, and all the other passions of war in operation during a state of peace; let his mind conceive an absence of all that constitutes social and domestic happiness; and, in place of these, let him picture to himself the universal agitation of an ever-restless though secret intrigue,—secret, because the mask is essential to success; finally, let him realize the idea of the almost complete apparent triumph of the will of one man over the will of God, and he will understand Russia.

As the morning advances, the city becomes more noisy, without, however, appearing more gay; one sees only carriages, little distinguished for elegance, carrying, at the full speed of their two, four, or six horses, people always in haste, because their life is passed in thus *making their way*. Pleasure without any ulterior aim —pleasure for its own sake, is here a thing unknown.

Thus, almost all the great *artistes* who visit Russia to reap the fruit of the fame they have acquired elsewhere, never remain beyond a very brief period; if ever they prolong their stay, they wrong their talents. The air of this country is unfavourable to the finer arts. Productions that spring spontaneously elsewhere, will only here grow in the hot-house. Russian art will never be a hardy plant.

At the Hôtel de Coulon, I found a degenerated French innkeeper. His house is at present nearly full, on account of the marriage of the Grand Duchess Marie; and he appeared almost annoyed at being obliged to receive another guest, and consequently gave himself little trouble to accommodate me. After several parleys, I was at length established on the second floor, in suffocating apartments, consisting of an *entrée*, a *salon*, and a bed-chamber, the whole without curtains or window-blinds, though there is a sun for twenty-two hours daily above the horizon, the oblique rays of which penetrate more fully into the houses than the sun of Africa, which falls direct upon the roofs. The air of this lodging resembles that of a limekiln choked with dust, and charged with exhalations of insects mingled with musk, forming altogether an atmosphere that is insupportable.

Scarcely was I installed in this abode than (the fatigue of the night having got the better of my curiosity, which usually impels me to sally forth and lose myself in a large unknown city) I lay down, wrapped in a cloak, on an immense leather sofa, and slept profoundly during—three minutes.

At the end of this time I woke in a fever; and on casting my eyes upon the cloak, what a sight awaited them!—A brown but living mass: things must be called by their proper name—I was covered, I was devoured with bugs. Russia is, in this respect, not a whit inferior to Spain: but in the south we can both console and secure ourselves in the open air; here we remain imprisoned with the enemy, and the war is consequently more sanguine. I began throwing off my clothes and calling for help. What a prospect for the night! This thought made me cry out more lustily. A Russian waiter appeared. I made him understand that I wished to see his master. The master kept me waiting a long time; and when he at length did come, and was informed of the nature of my trouble, he began to laugh, and soon left the room, telling me that I should become accustomed to it, for that it was the same everywhere in Petersburg. He first advised me, however, never to seat myself on a Russian sofa, because the domestics, who always carry about with them legions of insects, sleep on these articles of furniture. To tranquillize me he further stated, that the vermin would not follow me if I kept at a proper distance from the furniture in which they had fixed their abode. The inns of Petersburg resemble caravanserais, where the traveller is simply housed, but not waited upon, unless by his own servants.

This was bad enough; and the private houses and palaces are equally infested with vermin. Measuring Russian civilisation by the virtue of cleanliness, it must be confessed that it is very low in the European scale.

The various objects seen in Petersburg, and the recollections they inspired, did not increase the traveller's admiration; but he looked forward with hope. The marriage of the Grand Duchess Marie with the Duke de Leuchtenberg was about to take place; and the Marquis, through the French Ambassador, obtained liberty to be present at this imposing ceremony, and saw something of the court if not of the people. This marriage took place on the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastile, (that first tremendous physical blow to despotic power

in France,) and exactly fifty years after that memorable event. It was in the Imperial chapel that the traveller first saw the man whose fiat forms the destiny of sixty millions of his fellow-creatures.

After the endless descriptions that have been given of this Potentate, penetration and delicacy, as well as some originality, are found in the portraiture of De Custine :—

The predominant expression of his countenance is that of a restless severity, which strikes a beholder at the first glance ; and, in spite of the regularity of his features, conveys by no means a pleasant impression. Physiognomists pretend, with much reason, that the hardness of the heart injures the beauty of the countenance. Nevertheless, this expression in the Emperor Nicholas appears to be the result of experience rather than the work of nature. By what long and cruel sufferings must not a man have been tortured, when his countenance excites fear, notwithstanding the voluntary confidence that noble features inspire.

A man charged with the management and direction, in its most minute details, of some immense machine, incessantly fears the derangement of one or other of its various parts. He who obeys suffers only according to the precise measure of the evil inflicted : he who commands, suffers first as other men suffer, and afterwards that common measure of evil is multiplied a hundredfold for him by the workings of imagination and self-love. Responsibility is the punishment of absolute power.

If he be the *primum mobile* of all minds, he becomes the centre also of all griefs : the more he is dreaded the more he is to be pitied.

He to whom is accorded unlimited rule sees, even in the common occurrences of life, the spectre of revolt. Persuaded that his rights are sacred, he recognises no bounds to them but those of his own intelligence and will; and he is, therefore, subject to constant annoyance. An unlucky fly, buzzing in the Imperial palace during a ceremony, mortifies the Emperor : the independence of nature] appears to him a bad example : everything which he cannot subject to his arbitrary laws becomes in his eyes as a soldier, who in the heat of battle revolts against his officer. The Emperor of Russia is a military chief, and every day with him is a day of battle.

Nevertheless, at times, some gleams of softness temper the imperious looks of this monarch, and then the expression of affability reveals all the native beauty of his classic features. In the heart of the husband and the father humanity triumphs for a moment over the policy of the prince. When the sovereign rests from his task of imposing the yoke upon his subjects, he appears happy. This combat between the primitive dignity of the man and the affected gravity of the sovereign appears to me worthy the attention of an observer : it occupied mine the greater part of the time I passed in the chapel.

The Emperor is above the usual height by half a head ; his figure is noble, although a little stiff : he has practised from his youth the Russian custom of girding the body above the loins to such a degree as to push up the stomach into the chest, which produces an unnatural swelling or extension about the ribs, that is as injurious to the health as it is ungraceful in appearance.

This voluntary deformity destroys all freedom of movement, impairs the elegance of the shape, and imparts an air of constraint to the whole person. They say that when the Emperor loosens his dress, the viscera, suddenly giving way, are disturbed for a moment in their equilibrium, which produces an extraordinary prostration of strength. The bowels may be displaced —they cannot be got rid of.

The Emperor has a Grecian profile—the forehead high, but receding ; the nose straight, and perfectly formed ; the mouth very finely cut ; the face, which in shape is rather a long oval, is noble ; the whole air military, and rather German than Slavonic. His carriage and his attitudes are naturally imposing. He expects always to be gazed at, and never for a moment forgets that he is so. It may even be said that he likes this homage of the eyes. He passes the greater part o. his existence in the open air, at reviews, or in rapid journeys. . . . . .

In examining attentively the fine person of this individual on whose will hangs the fate of so many others, I have remarked with involuntary pity that he cannot smile at the same time with the eyes and the mouth, a want of harmony which denotes perpetual constraint; and which makes one remember with regret that easy natural grace, so conspicuous in the less regular but more agreeable countenance of his brother, the Emperor Alexander. The latter, always pleasing, had yet, at times, an assumed manner. The Emperor Nicholas is more sincere; but he has an habitual expression of severity, which sometimes gives the idea of harshness and inflexibility. If, however, he is less fascinating, he is more firm than his late brother ; but then it must be added, that he has also a proportionately greater need of firmness. Graceful courtesy ensures authority, by removing the desire of resistance. This judicious economy in the exercise of power is a secret of which the Emperor Nicholas is ignorant ; he is one who desires to be obeyed, where others desire to be loved.

The figure of the Empress is very elegant; and though she is extremely thin, I find an indefinable grace about her whole person. Her mien, far from being haughty, as I had been informed, is expressive of an habitual resignation. On entering the chapel she was much affected, and I thought she was going to faint. A nervous convulsion agitated every feature of her face, and caused her head slightly to shake. Her soft blue, but rather sunken eyes, told of deep sufferings supported with angelic calmness.

There is far more said about the Empress than her passive and insignificant character warrants; but she took pains to be gracious to the Marquis; and he is a loyal and gallant Frenchman of the old *régime*. The Empress would seem, at best, but the first slave in the Empire of the Czar; and the least among them all to be envied.

It seems emphatically true in Russia, that language is given to men to enable them to conceal their thoughts. This is, indeed, the main use of language wherever thought is fettered.

It is a general rule never to utter a word which can excite much interest : neither he who speaks, nor he who listens, must allow it to be seen that the subject of conversation merits continued attention, or awakens any warm feelings. All the resources of language are exhausted, in order to banish from discourse idea and sentiment, without, however, appearing to repress them, which would be *gauche*. The excessive constraint which results from this prodigious labour,—prodigious especially through the art with which it is concealed,—embitters the life of the Russians. Such a torment serves as an expiation for the men who voluntarily deprive themselves of the two greatest gifts of God—mind, and its organ, speech ; in other words, thought and liberty.

The more I see of Russia, the more I approve the conduct of the Emperor in forbidding his subjects to travel, and in rendering access to his own country difficult to foreigners. The political system of Russia could not survive twenty years' free communication with the west of Europe. Listen not to the fictions of the Russians : they mistake pomp for elegance, luxury for politeness, a powerful police, and a dread of government, for the fundamental principles of society. According to their notions discipline is civilisation. Notwithstanding all their pretensions to good manners, their superficial education, their precocious corruption, and their facility of comprehending and appropriating the materialism of life, the Russians are not yet civilized. They are enrolled and drilled Tartars, and nothing more.

I wish it not to be inferred that they are therefore to be despised : the more their mental rudeness is concealed under the softer forms of social intercourse, the

more formidable I consider them. As regards civilisation, they have been hitherto contented with exhibiting its appearance; but if ever they should find an opportunity of revenging their real inferiority upon us, we shall have to make a tremendous explation for our advantages.

The functionary upon whom all devolved, the chief Director and master of the ceremonies, who chose to act, and to be felt, and to show absolute power in the most minute circumstance, was conspicuous in the Emperor, even in the midst of the marriage solemnities:—

He was continually leaving his prayers, and slipping from one side to the other, in order to remedy the omissions of etiquette among his children, or the clergy. This proves, that in Russia, even the court has not yet finished its education. His son-in-law was not placed quite conveniently, whereupon he made him shift his position by about two feet. The Grand Duchess, the priests themselves, and all the great functionaries of the court seemed to be governed by his minute but supreme directions. I felt that it would have been more dignified to leave things as they were, and I could have wished that when once in the chapel, God only had been thought of, and each man had been left to acquit himself of his functions, without his master so scrupulously rectifying each little fault of religious discipline, or of court ceremonial: but in this singular country the absence of liberty is seen everywhere: it is found even at the foot of the altar. Here the spirit of Peter the Great governs the minds of all. . . . . .

The young bride is extremely graceful; her eyes are blue, and her fair complexion has all the delicate freshness of early youth: openness and intelligence united form the predominant expression of her face. This princess and her sister, the Grand Duchess Olga, appear to me the two most beautiful persons at the Russian court...

The Duke de Leuchtenberg is a tall, well-made young man, but there is nothing *distingué* in his features. His eyes are handsome, but his mouth projects and is not well formed. His figure is good without being noble: a uniform becomes him, and supplies that want of grace that may be observed in his person. He looks more like a smart sub-lieutenant than a prince. Not one relation on his side had come to St. Petersburg to assist at the ceremony.

One thing was found worthy of unqualified admiration in Petersburg: the singing in the Churches, which is the more carefully cultivated, that all musical instruments are forbidden in the service of the Greek Church. From the subjoined passage, the Church music of Petersburg may be imagined the purest and finest in Europe, that of Rome not excepted:—

About the middle of the last century, when the Italian school shone in its brightest lustre, the old Greek chants were re-arranged, without being spoilt, by composers who were brought to Petersburg from Rome. The works of these strangers are *chefs-d'œuvre*, which is mainly owing to all their talent and science having been applied in subservience to the works of antiquity. Their classic compositions are executed with a power worthy of the conception. The soprano, or children's parts—for no woman sings in the imperial chapel—are perfectly correct; the basses have a strength, depth, and purity, that exceed anything I recollect having heard elsewhere.

To an amateur of the art, the music of the imperial chapel is alone worth a journey to Petersburg. . . . During the Te Deum, at the moment when the two choirs were responding to each other, the tabernacle opened, and the priests were seen, their heads adorned with sparkling tiaras of jewels, and their bodies clothed in robes of gold, over which their silver beards fell majestically; some of these beards reach as far as the waist. The assistants make as dazzling an appearance as the priests. This court is certainly magnificent, and the military costume shines also in all its splendour. . .

Yesterday at seven o'clock I returned to the palace with several other foreigners, in order to be presented to the Emperor and Empress. It is easy to perceive that the former cannot for a single instant forget what he is, nor the constant attention which he excites; he studies attitude incessantly,—from whence it results that he is never natural, not even when he is sincere. He has three expressions, not one of which is that of simple benevolence. The most habitual appears to be that of severity. Another, though rarer expression, suits perhaps better his fine face—it is that of solemnity; a third is that of politeness, in which are mixed some shades of gentleness and grace, that serve to temper the chill produced by the two former. But notwithstanding this grace, there is still something which injures the moral influence of the man; it is, that each expression is assumed or cast off at will, without the least trace of one remaining to modify the one next adopted. . . . . I do not say that the physiognomy of this prince lacks candour, but it lacks natural expression. Thus, the chief evil under which Russia suffers, the absence of liberty, is depicted even on the countenance of its sovereign: he has many masks, but no face. Seek for the man, and you still always find the Emperor.

When Custine was presented at Court, both the Emperor and Empress seem, by his own account, to have taken particular pains to make a favourable impression on the correspondent of the literary aristocratic circles of Paris, and on one who was likely to tell all Europe what he thought of Russia and its Court. The presentation was preliminary to a magnificent fête, given in honour of the marriage, and at the opening of the new palace created as if by magic, by the supreme will of the Emperor, to replace the one recently burnt down.

The admiration and astonishment with which each saloon of this palace, (rebuilt in a year,) inspired the whole court, imparted a dramatic interest to the formal pomp of the usual ceremonies. Every hall and every painting was a subject of surprise to the Russians themselves, who now for the first time saw the marvellous abode which the word of their Deity had caused to spring from its ashes. . . . . .

In Russia it is the air of the court which is breathed from one end of the empire to the other. Even the serfs, through their relations with their lords, feel the influence of that sovereign will which alone animates the country: the courtier who is their master, is for them the image of the Emperor, and the court is present to the Russians wherever there is a man to command, and men to obey. . . . There is between the sentiments of the Russian nobles and those of men of family in ancient Europe, the same difference that there is between the courtier and the aristocrat, or between emotions of vanity and of pride;—true pride, which is almost as rare as virtue—is virtue. Instead of abusing courtiers as Beaumarchais and so many others have done, these men, who, whatever may be said, are like other men, deserve pity. Poor unfortunate courtiers! they are not the monsters that our modern plays and romances, or our revolutionary journals describe; they are merely weak creatures, corrupted and corrupting, as much as, but not more than, others who are less exposed to temptation. . . . . I saw them dancing in the very place where they had themselves nearly perished under blazing ruins, and where others had since actually died, in order that they might be amused on the day appointed by the Emperor. This thought made me reflect in spite of myself, and shed (for me) a gloom over the entire fête. . . . . .

Among these thousands, all more or less blazing with gold and diamonds, was the Khan of the Kirguises, whom I had seen at the chapel in the morning. I remarked also an old Queen of Georgia, who had been dethroned thirty years previously. This poor woman languished, unhonoured, at the court of her conqueror. Her face was tanned like that of a man's used to the fatigues of the camp, and her attire was ridiculous. We

are too ready to laugh at misfortune when it appears under a form that does not please us. We should wish to see a Queen of Georgia rendered more beautiful by her distress; but we here see just the contrary: and when the eyes are displeased, the heart soom becomes unjust. This is not generous; but I confess I could not help smiling to see a royal head crowned with a kind of shako, from whence hung a very singular veil. All the other ladies wore trains; but the Queen of the East had on a short embroidered petticoat. There was much of the worn-out and wearied courtier in her expression, and her features were ugly. The national dress of the Russian ladies at court is antique and striking. They wear on the head a kind of tower, formed of rich stuff, and something resembling in shape the crown of a man's hat, lowered in height, and open at the top. This species of diadem is generally embroidered with jewels: it is very ancient, and gives an air of nobleness and originality to handsome persons, while it singularly enhances the ugliness of plain ones. Unfortunately, these last are very numerous at the Russian court, from whence people seldom retire, except to die, so attached are the aged people to the posts they there occupy. . . . With us the balls are disfigured by the sombre attire of the men; whereas the varied and brilliant uniforms of the Russian officers give an extreme brilliancy to the saloons of Petersburg.

The Marquis becomes critical on female beauty, and on the manners of the Court. Neither suited the Parisian standard. Free as his censures are, the martyr of *mauvaise honte*—to an extreme constitutional timidity, (to which no one would suppose him liable, if he did not so often plead guilty,)—supported the character of his rank and nation for refined politeness, by turning compliments with great neatness in his different conversations with the royal personages. Instead of quoting these dialogues, which are worthy of the age and court of *Le Grand Monarque*, we copy out this description of a novel and very striking natural scene for which one must go to the north of Europe.

I had scarcely expected to find at this ball a pleasure altogether foreign to the persons and objects around. I allude to the impressions which the great phenomena of nature have always produced in me. The temperature of the day had risen to 50 degrees, and notwithstanding the freshness of the evening, the atmosphere of the palace during the fête was suffocating. On rising from table I took refuge in the embrasure of an open window. There, completely abstracted from all that passed around, I was suddenly struck with admiration at beholding one of those effects of light which we see only in the north, during the magic brightness of a polar night. It was half-past twelve o'clock, and the nights having yet scarcely begun to lengthen, the dawn of day appeared already in the direction of Archangel. The wind had fallen: numerous belts of black and motionless clouds divided the firmament into zones, each of which was irradiated with a light so brilliant, that it appeared like a polished plate of silver; its lustre was reflected on the Neva, to whose vast and unrippled surface it gave the appearance of a lake of milk or of mother-of-pearl. The greater part of Petersburg, with its quays and its spires, was, under this light, revealed before my eyes; it was a perfect composition of Breughel's. The tints of the picture cannot be described by words. The domes of the church of Saint Nicholas stood in the relief of lapis lazuli against a sky of silver; the illuminated portico of the Exchange, whose lamps were partially quenched by the dawning day, still gleamed on the water of the river, and was reflected—a peristyle of gold: the rest of the city was of that blue which we see in the distances of the landscapes of the old painters. This fantastic picture, painted on a ground of ultra-marine, and framed by a gilded window, contrasted, in a manner that was altogether supernatural, with the light and splendour of the interior of the palace. It might have been said that the city, the sky, the sea, and the whole face of nature had joined in contributing to the magnificence of the fête given to his daughter by the sovereign of these immense regions.

I was absorbed in the contemplation of the scene, when a sweet and penetrating female voice suddenly aroused me with the question—"What are you doing here!"

"Madame, I am indulging in admiration. I can do nothing else to-day."

It was the Empress. She stood alone with me in the embrasure of the window, which was like a pavilion opening on the Neva.

"As for me, I am suffocating," replied her majesty. "It is less poetical, I admit; but you are right in admiring this picture; it is magnificent!" Continuing to contemplate it, she added—"I am certain that you and I are the only persons here who have remarked this effect of light."

"Everything that I see is new to me, Madame; and I can never cease to regret that I did not come to Russia in my youth."

"The heart and the imagination are always young."

I ventured no answer; for the Empress, as well as myself, had no longer any other youth but that of which she spake—of which fact I did not wish to remind her; she would not have given me the time, nor, indeed, should I have had the boldness to tell her how many indemnifications may be found to console us for the flight of years. . . . . .

On leaving the supper saloon, to pass into the ball-room, I again approached a window. It opened into the interior court of the palace. A spectacle was there presented to me very different, but quite as unexpected as the former. The grand court of the winter palace is square, like that of the Louvre. During the ball, this enclosure had been gradually filling with people. The light of the dawning day had become more distinct; and in looking on the multitude, mute with admiration, motionless, fascinated as it were by the splendours of its master's palace, and drinking in, with a sort of timid animal delight, the emanations of the royal festival, I experienced an impression of pleasure. At last, then, I had found a crowd in Russia: I saw nothing below me but men; and so close was the press that not an inch of earth could be discovered. Nevertheless, in despotic lands, the diversions of the people, when they approach those of the prince, always appear to me suspicious. The fear and flattery of the low, and the pride and hypocritical generosity of the great, are the only sentiments which I can believe to be genuine among men who live under the *régime* of the Russian autocracy.

These involuntary spectators of pleasures, which they must not presume to share or emulate, are the objects of deep compassion to the Marquis. Like a true Frenchman, he cannot imagine any enjoyment of pleasures that are not actually and actively participated. The Russians there were only amusing themselves, as the French were wont to do, with gazing on the pleasures of their masters; and as, under every monarchy, every people do more or less; though—

As Froissart says, *very sorrily*. The head-dress of the women, and the Russian, that is to say, the Persian, costume of the men, in their long robes and brightly-coloured girdles, the variety of colours and the immoveableness of each individual, created the illusion of an immense Turkey carpet, spread entirely over the court by the magician who presides here over every miracle:—a parterre of heads,—such was the most striking ornament of the palace of the Emperor during the night of his daughter's nuptials. This prince thought as I did, for he pointed out to the foreigners, with much complacency, the silent crowd, whose presence alone testified its participation in the happiness of its master. It was the vision of a people on their knees before the invisible gods.

At a fête, given by the Grand Duchess Helena on

the occasion of the marriage of her niece, the daughter of the Emperor, the people were again seen :—

The light that proceeded from the groups of lamps was reflected in a picturesque manner upon the pillars of the palace, and among the trees of the garden. The latter was full of people. In the fêtes at Petersburg the people serve as an ornament, just as a collection of rare plants adorns a hot-house. Delightful sounds were heard in the distance, where several orchestras were executing military symphonies, and responding to each other with a harmony that was admirable. The light reflected on the trees had a charming effect. Nothing is more fantastically beautiful than the golden verdure of foliage illuminated during a fine night.

The interior of the grand gallery in which they danced was arranged with a marvellous luxury. Fifteen hundred boxes of the rarest plants in flower formed a grove of fragrant verdure. At one of the extremities of the hall, amid thickets of exotic plants, a fountain threw up a column of fresh and sparkling water : its spray, illumined by the innumerable wax lights, shone like the dust of diamonds, and refreshed the air, always kept in agitation by the movement of the dance. It might have been supposed that these strange plants, including large palms and bananas, all of whose boxes were concealed under a carpet of mossy verdure, grew in their native earth, and that the groups of northern dancers had been transported by enchantment to the forests of the tropics. It was like a dream ; there was not merely luxury in the scene, there was poetry. The brilliancy of the magic gallery was multiplied a hundred-fold by a greater profusion of enormous and richly-gilded pier and other glasses than I had ever elsewhere seen. The windows ranged under the colonnade were left open on account of the excessive heat of the summer night. The hall was lofty, and extended the length of half the palace. The effect of all this magnificence may be better imagined than described. It seemed like the palace of the fairies : all ideas of limits disappeared, and nothing met the eye but space, light, gold, flowers, reflection, illusion, and the giddy movement of the crowd, which crowd itself seemed multiplied to infinity. Every actor in the scene was equal to ten, so greatly did the mirrors aid the effect.

At this splendid and tasteful fête the traveller had a long conversation with the Emperor, and paid him the most flattering homage. Democratic as the Marquis sometimes imagines himself, it is amusing to find him recording so frankly the success of his own courtiership. There is a good reason for this too ; partly national, and partly individual. At one of these conversations the Emperor recommended the Marquis to see, at least, Moscow and Nijni before he pronounced any opinion upon Russia ; for "Petersburg was Russian, but not Russia." This conversation inspired him with a sentiment which the autocrat could little have suspected any one should feel for him ; though it was a just one—namely that of pity—"indescribable pity." But we need not be told,—

I took care to conceal the emotion, and continued :

"I can truly say, Sire, that one of the chief motives of my curiosity in visiting Russia was the desire of approaching a prince who exercises such power over men."

"The Russians are amiable ; but he should render himself worthy who would govern such a people."

"Your majesty has better appreciated the wants and the position of this country than any of your predecessors."

"Despotism still exists in Russia : it is the essence of my government, but it accords with the genius of the nation."

"Sire, by stopping Russia on the road of imitation, you are restoring her to herself."

"I love my country, and I believe I understand it. I assure you, that when I feel heartily weary of all the miseries of the times, I endeavour to forget the rest of Europe by retiring towards the interior of Russia."

"In order to refresh yourself at your fountain-head !"

"Precisely so. No one is more from his heart a Russian than I am. I am going to say to you what I would not say to another; but I feel that you will comprehend me."

Here the Emperor interrupted himself, and looked at me attentively. I continued to listen without replying, and he proceeded :—

"I can understand republicanism : it is a plain and straightforward form of government, or, at least, it might be so ; I can understand absolute monarchy, for I am myself the head of such an order of things ; but I cannot understand a representative monarchy : it is the government of lies, fraud, and corruption ; and I would rather fall back even upon China than ever adopt it."

"Sire, I have always regarded representative government as a compact inevitable in certain communities at certain epochs ; but like all other compacts, it does not solve questions—it only adjourns difficulties."

The Emperor seemed to say, Go on. I continued :

"It is a truce signed between democracy and monarchy, under the auspices of two very mean tyrants, fear and interest ; and it is prolonged by that pride of intellect which takes pleasure in talking, and that popular vanity which satisfies itself on words. In short, it is the aristocracy of oratory substituted for the aristocracy of birth : it is the government of the lawyers."

"Sir, you speak the truth," said the Emperor, pressing my hand : "I have been a representative sovereign, and the world knows what it has cost me not to have been willing to submit to the exigencies of *this infamous* government (I quote literally.) To buy votes, to corrupt consciences, to seduce some in order to deceive others ; all those means I disdained, as degrading those who obey as much as those who command, and I have dearly paid the penalty of my straightforwardness ; but, God be praised, I have done for ever with this detestable political machine. I shall never more be a constitutional king. I have too much need of saying all that I think ever to consent to reign over any people by means of stratagem and intrigue."

The name of Poland, which presented itself incessantly to our thoughts, was not once uttered in this singular conversation.

The effect it produced on me was great. I felt myself subdued. The nobleness of sentiment which the Emperor displayed, and the frankness of his language, seemed to me greatly to temper his omnipotence.

I confess I was dazzled !

The reader, by this time, begins to understand the traveller quite as well, if not better, than did the Emperor, who, on this night, by the united beauty of his features, the nobility and grandeur of his character, and the graciousness of his manners, fairly conquered De Custine. Yet the Marquis soon relapsed into his dislike of the Russian despotism, though he is by no means the enemy of all despotisms ; those of Germany, of the paternal government of Austria, where despotism, mitigated by the mildness of customs and usages, is found very tolerable, and even commendable.

Petersburg is allowed to have one superb street, the Perspective Newski ; though even here the interior of the houses is cheerless and gloomy :—

Notwithstanding the magnificence of certain apartments destined to receive company, and furnished in the English style, there may be seen in the back-ground various signs of a want of cleanliness and order which at once reminds the observer of Asia.

The articles of furniture least used in a Russian house are beds. The women servants sleep in recesses similar to those in the old-fashioned porters' lodges in France ; whilst the men roll themselves up on the stairs, in the vestibule, and even, it is said, in the saloons upon the cushions, which they place on the floor for the night.

This morning I paid a visit to Prince ——. He is a great nobleman, but decayed in estate, infirm and drop-

sical. He suffers so greatly that he cannot get up, and yet he has no bed on which to lie,—I mean to say, nothing which would be called a bed in lands where civilisation is of older date. He lives in the house of his sister, who is absent. Alone in this naked palace, he passes the night on a wooden board covered with a carpet and some pillows. In Russia existence is painful to everybody. The Emperor is scarcely less inured to fatigue than the lowest of his serfs. I have been shown his bed, the hardness of which would astonish our common labourers. In all the Russian houses that I have entered, I have observed that the screen is as necessary to the bed of the Slavonians as musk is to their persons:—intense dirtiness does not always exclude external elegance. Sometimes, however, they have a bed for show, an object of luxury, which is maintained through respect for European fashions, but of which no use is ever made. The residences of several Russians of taste are distinguished by a peculiar ornament—a little artificial garden in the corner of the drawing-room. Three long stands of flowers are ranged round a window so as to form a little verdant saloon or kind of chiosc, which reminds one of those in gardens. The stands are surmounted by an ornamented balustrade, which rises to about the height of a man, and is overgrown with ivy or other climbing plants that twist around the trellis-work, and produce a cool agreeable effect in the midst of a vast apartment blazing with gilt work, and crowded with furniture. In this little verdant boudoir are placed a table and a few chairs: the lady of the house is generally seated there, and there is room for two or three others, for whom it forms a retreat, which, if not very secret, is secluded enough to please the imagination. . . . . .

I should not be surprised to see the artificial gardens of the Russian saloons introduced some day into the houses of Paris. They would not disfigure the abode of the most fashionable female politician in France. I should rejoice to see the innovation, were it only to cope with the Anglo-manes who have inflicted an injury on good taste and the real genius of the French, which I shall never pardon. The Slavonians, when they are handsome, are lightly and elegantly formed, though their appearance still conveys the idea of strength. Their eyes are all oval in shape, and have the deceitful, furtive glance of the Asiatics. Whether dark or blue, they are invariably clear and lively, constantly in motion, and when they laugh their expression is very graceful.

This people, grave by necessity rather than by nature, scarcely dare to laugh except with their eyes; but, words being thus repressed, these eyes, animated by silence, supply the place of eloquence, so strongly is passion depicted in their expression. . . . . .

The Slavonians, born to guide a chariot, show good blood, like the horses which they drive. Their strange appearance, and the activity of their steeds, render it amusing to traverse the streets of Petersburg. Thanks to its inhabitants, and, in despite of its architects, this city resembles no other in Europe.

The Russian coachmen sit upright on their seats; they always drive at great speed, but with safety. . . . No impediment stops them in their course; men and horses, both half wild, scour the city at full speed: but nature has rendered them quick and adroit; consequently, notwithstanding the reckless daring of these coachmen, accidents are of rare occurrence in the streets of Petersburg. They have often no whip, or when they have one, it is so short that they can make no use of it. Neither do they have recourse to the voice: the reins and the bit are their only instruments. One may traverse Petersburg for hours without hearing a single shout.

The silence which everywhere prevails is often complained of by the lively native of a gay country. The numerous spectators of the court fêtes resembled, he thought, so many mutes.

The unsavoury odour of the whole nation is also often complained of:—

In general the Russians carry about their persons a disagreeable odour, which is perceptible at a considerable distance. The higher classes smell of musk, the common people of cabbage, mixed with exhalations of onions and old greasy perfumed leather. These scents never vary.

It may be supposed from this, that the thirty thousand subjects of the Emperor who enter his palace on the 1st of January, to offer him their felicitations, and the six or seven thousand that we shall see to-morrow pressing into the interior of the palace of Peterhoff in honour of their Empress, must leave on their passage a formidable perfume.

This is worse than the odour of the smoking great-coats in the Irish Squire's hall on a rainy morning, when he receives his numerous clients, all clamorous for "Justice"—which means injustice to somebody else.

The Marquis uniformly asserts that the Russians are more Asiatic than European, not only in genius and costume, but in their modes of being and living down to the present hour. The phrase semi-barbarous might as accurately depict the present condition of a great part of the nation. Nor can that condition be physically so low, if the peasantry are found such fine specimens of humanity as both the young and old men are here represented. Custine never tires of expatiating upon the beauty of form and feature of the peasantry in the provinces. About St. Petersburg the race has been deteriorated by the admixture of the Finns, an ugly flat-featured people. The women everywhere are inferior in good looks and figure to the men. This unnatural inferiority is not accounted for by saying that "they are the slaves of slaves," if those slaves are so handsome. Their habits of seclusion are, to suit the writer's theory, imputed to their Asiatic origin. There is more truth in the assertion, that the seclusion of the women greatly contributes to the dulness and monotony of the streets.

The annual popular fête of Peterhoff is a great event to the inhabitants of Petersburg, and what environs it possesses. From a very animated description of this fête, we shall copy out one or two significant remarks, which give a key to the whole.

When the emperor opens his palace to the privileged peasants and the chosen burghers, whom he admits twice a-year to the honour of paying their court, he does not say to the labourer or the tradesman, "You are a man like myself;" but he says to the great lord, "You are a slave like them, and I, your God, soar equally above you all." Such is (all political fiction aside) the moral meaning of the fête: it is this which, in my opinion, spoils it. As a spectator, I remarked that it pleased the sovereign and the serfs much more than the professed courtiers.

To seek to become a popular idol by reducing all others to a level, is a cruel game, an amusement of despotism, which might dazzle the men of an earlier century, but which cannot deceive any people arrived at the age of experience and reflection. . . .

I believe that in no part of the world do the men enjoy less real happiness than in Russia. We are not happy among ourselves; but we feel that happiness is in our power: among the Russians it is unattainable. Imagine Republican passions (for, once again, fictitious equality reigns under a Russian emperor) boiling under the silence of despotism! This is a terrible combination, especially as viewed with regard to its future influence upon the world. Russia is a caldron of boiling water, well closed, but placed over a fire which is ever becoming more fiercely heated. I dread the explosion; and the emperor has several times experienced the same dread during the course of his laborious reign; laborious

in peace as in war; for, in our days, empires, like machines, are ruined by remaining inactive.

It is, then, this head without a body, this sovereign without a nation, who gives popular fêtes! It appears to me that, before creating popularity, he should create a people.

In sooth, this country lends itself marvellously to every species of fraud. There are slaves elsewhere; but to find a nation of courtly slaves, it is necessary to visit Russia. . . . . .

After all, what is this crowd, whose respectful familiarity in presence of its sovereign has been so much extolled in Europe? Do not deceive yourselves: these are the slaves of slaves. The great lords send to the fête of the empress chosen peasants, who, it is pretended, arrive by chance. This *élite* of the serfs is joined by the most respectable and best known tradespeople; for it is necessary to have a few men with beards to satisfy the old-fashioned Russians.

And then we are told that there is and can be no middle class, save that dangerous germ beginning to be developed, which it is prophesied will one day revenge pure Catholicism upon Russian schismatic innovators. This germ is found in,—

The sons of the priests, who almost all become subaltern *employés*—the commissioners and deputies, who are the plagues of Russia. They form a species of obscure noblesse, very hostile to the great nobles; a noblesse whose spirit is anti-aristocratic, in the true political signification of the word, and who, at the same time, are very burdensome to the serfs. These are the men (inconvenient to the state, and fruits of the schism which permits the priests to marry) who will commence the approaching revolution of Russia.

The Emperor Nicholas reads daily one newspaper—the *Journal des Debats;* and looks to none other, unless something is pointed out by some of the courtiers as worthy of his Imperial notice.

At Peterhoff, during the fête, which continues for some days, the traveller dined daily with the diplomatic corps, and other eight hundred of the Emperor's guests; and lodged, for want of a better place, in a couple of boxes of the theatre. Small dirty rooms in the village were then let at from 200 to 500 rubles a-night. This year many lives were lost by a sudden squall in the gulf, which upset a great number of the small vessels bringing guests and spectators from Petersburg to Peterhoff. The loss was guessed at from two to fifteen hundred persons; but the whole affair, like everything of the kind, was involved in silence and mystery, and quickly hushed up. It would hurt the nerves of the Empress to have such things talked of, or connected with her fête; and she has certainly enough to do to sustain her own part who "must live and die dancing."

A silence more frightful than the evil itself, everywhere reigns. Two lines in the Gazette, without details, is all the information publicly given; and at court, in the city, in the saloons of fashion, not a word is spoken. There are no coffee-houses in Petersburg where people comment upon the journals; there are, indeed, no journals upon which to comment. The petty employés are more timid than the great lords; what is not dared to be spoken of among the principals, is yet more carefully avoided by subordinates; and as to the merchants and shopkeepers, that wily caution necessary to all who would live and thrive in the land, is, by them, especially observed.

With the Empress the traveller had the felicity of enjoying another conversation, when he was permitted the rare indulgence of inspecting the rural retirement of their majesties, "The English Cottage" of Peterhoff. It is in the style of the prettiest of the villas on the Thames about Twickenham. The Empress, who unexpectedly appeared and took the Marquis by surprise, was attired like a private English lady, in white; with a white calash, veil, and transparent scarf. The conversation is somewhat maudlin, and there was phrasing and acting on all sides.

It was no rare sight to see an underling of the government,—a courier, or some such person,—brutally and unmercifully strike any one who offended him on the public streets; the individuals attacked not daring to offer any resistance when struck with whip, fist, or feet, but submitting like lambs. Of one characteristic scene of this sort we are told.

The passers-by were in no degree moved or excited by the cruelty; and one of the comrades of the sufferer, who was watering his horses a few steps off, obedient to a sign of the enraged feld-jäger, approached to hold his horse's bridle during the time that he was pleased to prolong the punishment. In what other country could a man of the lower orders be found who would assist in the infliction of an arbitrary punishment upon one of his companions?

The scene in question took place in the finest part of the city, and at the busiest hour. When the unfortunate man was released, he wiped away the blood which streamed down his cheeks, remounted his seat, and recommenced his bows and salutations as usual. It should be recollected that this abomination was enacted in the midst of a silent crowd. . . .

I hear every day some encomium on the gentleness, politeness, and pacific humour of the people of St. Petersburg. Elsewhere I should admire this calm; here I can only view it as the worst symptom of the evil of which I complain.

On another occasion, a man who was brutally maltreated bellowed so like the brutes to the condition of which he had been degraded, that the disgusted stranger could not feel the pity for him that a human being deserved.

Pity is a sentiment of association; and who would mentally associate with that which he despises? They at length carried him off, although he continued to offer a desperate and protracted resistance. A small boat was brought alongside by other police agents; the prisoner was bound with cords, his hands were fastened behind his back, and he was thrown on his face into the boat. This second rude shock was followed by a shower of blows; nor did the torture here finish. The sergeant who had seized the victim no sooner saw him thus prostrate, than he jumped upon his body, and began to stamp upon him with all his force, trampling him under his feet as the grapes are trod in the wine-press. I had then approached the spot, and am therefore witness of all that I relate. During this horrible torture, the frightful yells of the victim were at first redoubled; but when they began to grow fainter and fainter, I felt that I could no longer command myself, and, having no power to interfere, I hastened away.

What most disgusts me is the refined elegance which is exhibited in the same picture with such revolting barbarity. If there were less luxury and delicacy among the higher orders, the condition of the lower would inspire me with less indignation. Such occurrences, with all that they involve, would make me hate the most delightful country in the world. How much more, then, a heath of plaster—a painted marsh!

"What exaggeration!" the Russians would say: "what strong expressions for so trifling a matter!!" I know you call it trifling, and it is that for which I reproach you. . . . . .

In broad daylight, in the open street, to beat a man to death before he is tried, appears a very simple matter in the eyes of the public and of the constables of

Petersburg. Citizens, lords, and soldiers, the poor and the rich, the great and small, the polite and the vulgar, the clowns and the fops, the Russians of every class, consent to let such things quietly go on in their presence, without troubling themselves about their legality. Elsewhere, the citizen is protected by the whole community against the agent of unjust power; here, the public agent is protected against the just accusations of the injured individual. The serf never accuses.

The Emperor Nicholas has made a code! If the facts I have related are in accordance with the laws of this code, so much the worse for the legislator; if they are illegal, so much the worse for the administrator of the law. The Emperor is, in both cases, responsible. What a misfortune to be no more than a man in accepting the office of a god, and yet to be forced to accept it! Absolute government should be confided only to angels.

It is not often we can so cordially approve the sentiments of the traveller as in this instance. "*Vive la Revolution;*" it has borne blessed fruits even in the sterile Faubourg St. Germain.

Among the thousand-and-one small reforms of the Emperor Nicholas, is compelling the court ladies, as well as all the other Russians, to learn their native language, of which they are universally ignorant. They amusingly deceive, and laugh at him and his edict.

They learn a few Russian phrases, which they utter through obedience to the emperor, when he passes into the saloons of the palace where their duties may retain them. One of them acts always as a sentinel, to announce to the others, by some conventional sign, the arrival of the monarch, on whose appearance French conversation immediately ceases, and Russian phrases, destined to flatter the imperial ear, are heard on every side. The prince observes, with self-complacency, the extent of his power as a reformer; and the fair rebels begin to laugh as soon as he has passed. However, like every reformer, the emperor is endowed with an obstinacy which must ultimately produce success.

While Custine was in Petersburg, there were rumours of insurrection among the serfs on the Wolga, in consequence of the Emperor's rash attempts at social reform. He had emancipated the serfs on some domains which he had purchased, and the peasants on the Wolga had sent deputies, praying their FATHER to purchase the lands to which they were enthralled, and free them likewise. The Emperor received their deputies graciously; but as he did not buy the estates, he could not emancipate them, though he wished, he said, that they all were free. The consequences, as related to M. de Custine, were horrible.

"*Our Father* desires our deliverance," cried the returned deputies on the borders of the Wolga. "He wishes for nothing but our happiness; he said so to us himself: it is, then, only the nobles and their agents who are our enemies, and who oppose the good designs of *Our Father!* Let us avenge the emperor!" After this, the peasants believed they were performing a pious work in rising upon their masters; and thus all the nobles of a canton, and all their agents, were massacred together with their families. They spitted one and roasted him alive; they boiled another in a caldron; they disembowelled and killed in various other ways the stewards and agents of the estates; they murdered all they met, burnt whole towns, and, in short, devastated a province; not in the name of liberty; for they do not know what liberty means, but in the name of deliverance and of the emperor.

So the Emperor Nicholas is a more dangerous emancipator than ever was predicated of the Baptist and Methodist ministers in our West India islands. The traveller here indulges in a fearful strain of prophecy.

As everything is in sympathetic accord, the immense extent of the territory does not prevent things being executed from one end of Russia to the other, with a punctuality, and a simultaneous correspondence, which is magical. If ever they should succeed in creating a REAL revolution among the Russian people, massacre would be performed with the regularity that marks the evolutions of a regiment. Villages would change into barracks, and organized murder would stalk forth armed from the cottages, form in line, and advance in order; in short, the Russians would prepare for pillage from Smolensk to Irkutsk, as they march to the parade in Petersburg. From so much uniformity, there results, between the natural dispositions and the social habits of the people, a harmony, the effects of which might become prodigious in good as in evil.

Everything is obscure in the future prospects of the world; but, assuredly, it will see strange scenes enacted before the nations by this predestined people.

It is almost always under the influence of a blind respect for power, that the Russians disturb public order. Thus, if we are to believe what is repeated in secret, had it not been for the emperor's speech to the deputies of the peasants, the latter would not have taken up arms.

I trust that this fact, and those that I have elsewhere cited, will show the danger of inculcating liberal opinions among a population so ill-prepared to receive them.

There seems very little danger of this at present.

Bloody scenes are yet being daily renewed in various parts of the same country, where public order has been disturbed, and reëstablished in so terrific a manner. The Russians have no right to reproach France for her political disorders, and to draw from them consequences favourable to despotism. Let but the liberty of the press be accorded to Russia for twenty-four hours, and we should learn things that would make us recoil with horror. Silence is indispensable to oppression. Under an absolute government, every indiscretion of speech is equivalent to a crime of high treason.

How, then, is the improvement so longed for to come? How is the absolutism of Russia to be overthrown? By Catholicity, we may presume, in our traveller's opinion; for he cannot expect it from any autocrat. When will a Czar, though he should abolish slavery among the peasants, also abolish the *Tchinn?*

The mystical Marquis discovers an awful, though happily distant, use in the overgrown empire of the north, and its anomalous government, which is not yet, we presume, generally seriously contemplated. Russia is, he thinks, intended by Providence to be the scourge of the corrupt civilisation of western Europe, by means of a new invasion.

The eternal tyranny of the East menaces us incessantly; and we shall have to stoop to it if our extravagancies and iniquities render us worthy of the punishment.

The Marquis was at one time haunted by the idea, that part of this pre-ordained chastisement might fall upon himself. After he had obtained leave, with some difficulty, to see the fortress of Schlusselburg, he was seized with violent apprehension lest the person sent to show him the fortress might become his conductor to Siberia. He was so greatly distressed that he could not sleep. All the kidnapping of foreigners and natives of which he had ever heard, crowded to and haunted his fancy; the fate of Kotzebue was to be his. In the face of these fears, which could not have been very serious, he however set out; and on the way to examine the fortress, first saw something of Russia beyond the streets of Petersburg.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PUFFS AND POETRY.

BY BON GAULTIER.

Some people are fond of excursions into the realms of old romance, with their Launcelots and Guenevers, their enchanted castles, their bearded wizards, "and such odd branches of learning." There needs a winged griffin, at the very least, to carry them out of the every-day six-and-eightpenny world, or the whizz of an Excalibur to startle their drowsy imaginations into life. The beauties and the wonders of the universe died for them some centuries ago: they went out with Friar Bacon and the invention of gunpowder. Praised be Apollo! this is not our case. There is a smatch of poetry, to our apprehension, in almost everything. We have detected it pushing its petals forth from the curls of a barrister's wig, and scented its fragrance even in the columns of *The London Gazette*.

"The deep poetic voice
That hourly speaks within us,"

is never silent. Like Signior Benedick, it "will still be talking." We can hardly let our eyes dwell upon an object,—nay, not even upon a gridiron or a toothpick,—but it seems to be transmuted, as by the touch of Midas, into gold. Our facts, accordingly, adopt upon occasions a very singular shape. We are not nice to a shade. A trifle here or there never stands in our way. We regard a free play of fancy as the privilege of every genuine Briton, and exclaim with Pistol, "A fico for all yea and nay rogues!"

We have often thought of entering the lists against Robins. It may be vanity, but we think we could trump him. Robins amplifies well, but he wants ease. There is an obvious effort in his best works. The result is a want of unity of effect. Hesiod and Tennyson, the Caverns of Ellora and the Magic Caves of the Colosseum, are jumbled confusedly one upon another. He never achieves the triumph of art—repose. Besides, he wants variety. A country box, consisting of some twenty feet square of tottering brickwork, a *plateau* of dirt, with a few diseased shrubs and an open drain, is as elaborately bemetaphored as an island of the Hebrides, with a wilderness of red deer, Celts, ptarmigan, and other wild animals upon it. Now this is out of all rule. An elephant's trunk can raise a pin as well as uproot an oak, but it would be ridiculous to employ the same effort for the one as for the other. Robins—with reverence to so great a name be it spoken—does not attend to this. He has yet to acquire the light and graceful touch of the finished artist.

To return from this digression to the point from which we started,—the abundance of poetical topics in the world around us: For example, the paper, damp from the press, that lies beside our coffee-cup every morning we come down to breakfast, is as good to us as a whole trunkmaker's stock of poetical waste-paper,—nay, we do it wrong, it is as good as a volume of *The British Poets*. In its advertising columns a whole world of life, with its loves, ambitions, passions, and rascalities, jostles before us. We are not going to do a bit of the descriptive, or pseudo-philosophical; so the reader need not be alarmed. No; we prefer one illustration to a thousand disquisitions,—as Corporal Trim opined, that one home-thrust of a bayonet was worth all the wonderful evolutions of Rabelais' redoubtable Captain Tripet,—so we shall to the proof at once. See here the advertisement which headed that interesting second column of *The Times* on the 15th day of the pleasant month of June:—

"A. Z. The thing is irrevocable, and will take place in a week, unless you see the party personally instantly. Surely you will not omit doing so!"

Has not this a Lucy Ashton sort of tale under it? Or again, here is another announcement which appeared in the same column not long ago,—

"Alfred's Letter has been received. A thousand, thousand thanks!"

What a story is in this! Advertising is expensive, especially in *The Times*, otherwise the happy authoress of these simple words would have expressed herself in some such lyrical strain as this. What she did write must have satisfied her admirer of the fervour of her love;—this would have convinced him of the graceful accomplishment of her mind.

TO ALFRED.

Oh, Alfred! was it kind to leave
Your gentle, faithful Mary,
For three long weeks alone to grieve
With sorrows visionary!
A thousand fancies dark I weaved,
By Chelsea's weedy banks!
But, oh! thy letter is received—
A thousand, thousand thanks!

I gave my grand-mamma the slip,
Each night, at half-past seven,
And to the willow bower did slip,
That oft to us was heaven.
And there long hours I sat and grieved,
And cursed thy heartless pranks,
But, oh! thy letter is received—
A thousand, thousand thanks!

Whene'er the postman pass'd the street,
I watched him from my casement,
And as he pass'd, with footsteps fleet,
Oh, what my heart's abasement!
I raved, like one of sense bereaved,
That still his fetters clanks;
But, now thy letter is received—
A thousand, thousand thanks!

We travel down the columns a little way, and come to another announcement, which instantaneously crystallizes into verse, thus:—

LOST—A LADY'S LOCKET.

Lost, on Tuesday last, a locket,
Guarded by a golden chain,
Dropped from out a lady's pocket—
He who brings it back again
Shall receive—oh, bliss of blisses!
(If the stones are safe, and guard)—
Either half-a-hundred kisses,
Or a Sovereign's Reward.

This is full of the most delightful suggestions, which we leave the lively reader to work out. The more pensive, especially if they be of an astronomical turn—and all young ladies are Uranias now-a-

days—will enter fully into the beauties of the following couplets, which have been suggested by an advertisement of

"THE UPPER PART OF A VERY LARGE HOUSE,
No. 33, LUDGATE HILL, TO BE LET."

Who would not gaze upon the stars—
Those gems of living light!
How sweetly, through their prison bars,
Their radiance streams by night!

But, would you watch them in their course,
As nowhere else you can,
And feel, with unexampled force,
The nothingness of man:

To LUDGATE HILL in haste repair,
Nor ever slack the knee,
Till you have ta'en the UPPER PART
Of number THIRTY-THREE!

See how philosophy combines with poetry to set off a wretched attic! Their powers in that way, it is true, are often put to the test—"if fabling bards may be in ought believed." But still does not the proprietor of this Upper Flat, who, we have no doubt, is a most respectable oilman in the Poultry, see, that if he had employed our skilful hand upon his advertisement, a second insertion would have been superfluous? Half the town would have offered for the airy retreat at once.

What will the advertising world give to secure our services? Warren's bard is dust—

Warren's Japan and Day and Martin's jet
Can trouble him no longer—

Bish's Shelley is, like his lotteries, but a memory. The world is all before us, and we are before the world. We are ready to idealize British Brandy, or Grocer's Port to any extent—so we be not asked to drink them. Dust-pans, Balsamic Pills, Jupes, Detector Locks, Sicilian Cream, Mosley's Pens, Aerothermic Stoves, Patent Starch—nothing can come amiss to a goose-quill like ours, which is ready at a minute's notice to clothe

The palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn,

for a due consideration of course. "You would not have us endanger our souls gratis,"—and if we are to outdo the lies that already court the gullibility of our pensive public,—to become the Münchausen to the Mendez Pintos of the counter,—we must have an adequate recognition of our services.

You think we are joking—not a bit of us. Assuredly the thing is to be done. "'Tis as easy as lying." A pleasant exercise of the fancy over our morning's coffee will turn you off a panegyric that will get your shelves cleared of your wares, though they were ten times the rubbish they are. You are a provision dealer, we shall say, and have speculated in a large lot of American pork. It is growing rancid on your hands, when we step in to your aid thus.—

VIRGINIA HAMS.

Died the Jew? "The Hebrew died.
On the pavement cold he lay;
Around him closed the living tide,
The butcher's boy set down his tray:
The potboy from The Dragon Green
No longer for his pewter calls,
The Nereid rushes in between,
Nor more her 'Fine live Mackerel!' bawls."

Died the Jew? "The Hebrew died.
They raised him gently from the stone,
They flung his coat and neckcloth wide,
But linen had that Hebrew none.
They raised the pile of hats that pressed
His noble head, his locks of snow,
But, oh, that head upon his breast
Sank down with an expiring 'Clo!'"

Died the Jew? "The Hebrew died,—
Struck with overwhelming qualms
From the flavour spreading wide
Of some fine Virginia Hams.
Would you know the fatal spot,
Fatal to that child of sin?
These fine-flavoured hams are bought
At 50, BISHOPSGATE WITHIN."

Treat her Majesty's lieges to gammon like this, and in a week not a gammon of "rale genuine independent Columbian" pork will be left on hand. Or suppose that you wish to push the sale of a heavy stock of foreign beef. This demands a more ponderous vein. *Paulo majora canamus!* The Petrarchian sonnet is the thing.—

PRIME TARIFF BEEF.

Not all the ducats that Bassanio brought
Could tempt old Shylock to forego his right,
For blood than gold was dearer to his sight,
And Christian flesh with keenest zest he sought.
Yet blame him not:—perhaps kind nature wrought
That appetite for flesh which thrilled him through,
And nerved the liquorish palate of the Jew
With hope of ghastly banquet—horrid thought!
These were dark times—but had he lived to-day
Beneath our modern Doge, Sir Robert Peel,
Bassanio might have found a better way
To thaw the Hebrew's heart, though hard as steel,
And so have spared Antonio all his grief,
By offering in exchange a stone of TARIFF BEEF.

The reader sees at once the magical effect of this style of advertising. Every person of taste must fly to the shop where even the beef and pork are garnished with Apollo's bays.

We have just stumbled upon an advertisement stitched up in a late number of Martin Chuzzlewit, which is pervaded by such a fine moral air,—such a spirit of gentle rebuke to certain rascally coffee-dealers,—that we could not resist giving to it "the accomplishment of verse." The rhythm of Spenser was that which at once suggested itself. The couplet of Pope or Churchill would have been too pungent and pointed for sarcasm so blunt as that of Mr. J. H. Tibbs, 294, Oxford street.

GENUINE BELGIAN CHICOREE, 9d per lb.

Albeit those of high or gentle line,
Who, blest with means to make the foreign tour,
Have learnt abroad their palates to refine,
Prefer not to imbibe their coffee pure,
But, mixing it with Chicoree, ensure
A daintier beverage—albeit the draught
Wholesome alike for noble or for boor
The faculty have stamped, to scorn they're laughed
By some who say, a drink more baleful ne'er was quaffed.

But who are these malign the noble root?
Methinks that they be coffee-dealers all,
Disinterested knaves, who forward put
A stuff which they Berbice and Mocha call,
And tell the public not to keep these small
Machines to grind the fragrant berry down,
For into disrepair they ever fall,
And coffee *ground*, forsooth, they say, is known
More than the berry's self to keep its fragrance all its own.

But did we know their trade's improper tricks,
  Into their premises if we could glide,
There should we see them in their coffee mix,
  With liberal hand, the root which thus they chide.
  No wonder, then, their rogueries to hide,
They rail at Chicoree as something vile,
  As thieves first spread the cry of "Stop, thief!" wide,
And, as they cheat the public, blandly smile,
And brand it for a deleterious drug the while.

POSTSCRIPT.

To those who own the French mode is the best,
  Of mixing this delightful beverage, we
Would recommend, its qualities to test,
  A quarter of a pound of chicoree
  To one of coffee, as the right degree
And true proportion—not a drachma more;
  And, if you'd have the article quite free
From all adulteration, pray step o'er
To J. H. TIBBS's, OXFORD STREET, TWO-NINETY-FOUR.

Tibbs is a genius. That withering touch about the stores of chicoree in the back premises, kept for adulterating Mocha's fragrant berry so liberally, that both the Mocha and the chicoree are ruined; and that other hint about the family coffee-mills, are finely hit off. We see how delicately he keeps down his *sæva indignatio* to the insipid level of the potation in question. Anything fiery or ferocious would have been out of place. A fine harmony is preserved between the subject and its treatment. This is a rule which should never be lost sight of. Take a further illustration:

JUPITER AND THE INDIAN ALE.

"Take away this clammy nectar!"
  Said the king of Gods and men;
"Never, at Olympus' table,
  Let that trash be served again!
Ho, Lyæus, thou, the beery!
  Quick—invent some other drink,
Or, in a brace of shakes, thou standest
  On Cocytus' sulphury brink!"

Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
  Paly grew his pimpled nose,
And already in his rearward
  Felt he Jove's tremendous toes;
When a bright idea struck him—
  "Dash my thyrsus! I'll be bail—
For you never were in India—
  That you know not HODGSON'S ALE!"

"Bring it!" quoth the cloud-compeller;
  And the wine-god brought the beer—
"Port and Claret are like water
  To the noble stuff that 's here!"
And Saturnius drank and nodded,
  Winking with his lightning eyes,
And amidst the constellations
  Did the star of HODGSON rise!

Is not this in the true Homeric vein? Let us try another in the classical tone—*der antiker Form sich nähernd*, as Goethe says.

MANILLA CHEROOTS.

"FUMAT!" It smokes. Who would not, if they tried
  THOMSON'S MANILLAS old, and picked, and sound?
Full-flavoured, Youth! you'll find them in Cheapside,
  In boxes, thirty shillings for the pound.

We flatter ourselves this is as good as many a Greek epigram in the Anthology. Christopher North shall be our judge.

We feel tempted to make another trial of the classical style. It always tells well in advertisements. People like to be flattered by appeals to their classical knowledge—or ignorance, we shall not say which. Let us see! We have it—and here goes in the divine stanza of Goethe's *Bride of Corinth!*

TARQUIN AND THE AUGUR.

Gingerly is good king Tarquin shaving,
  Gently glides the razor o'er his chin,
Near him stands a grim Haruspex raving,
  And with frantic mien he pitches in
    Church-Extension hints,
    Till the monarch squints,
Snicks his cheek, and swears—a deadly sin!

"Jove confound thee, thou bare-legged impostor!
  From my dressing-table get thee gone!
Dost thou think my flesh is double Glo'ster?
  There again! That cut was to the bone!
    Get ye from my sight,
    I'll believe you're right,
When my razor cuts that sharping hone!"

Thus spoke Tarquin with a deal of dryness;
  But the Augur, eager for his fees,
Answered,—"Try it, your Imperial Highness,
  Press a little harder, if you please;
    There! The deed is done!"
    Through the solid stone
Went the steel as glibly as through cheese.

So the Augur touched the tin of Tarquin,
  Who suspected some celestial aid;
But he wrong'd the blameless Gods; for hearken!
  Ere the monarch's bet was rashly laid,
    With his searching eye
    Did the priest espy
RODGERS' name engraved upon the blade.

This explanation of the old Roman legend must be equally satisfactory to the public and to Mr. Rodgers. We are naturally bashful—modest to a fault. We, therefore, merely mention as a fact—as a fact, be it observed, Mr. Rodgers,—that our razors are in wretched order. Our morning mirror shows us "with fifty mortal gashes on our chin, the least a death to comfort." Mr. Rodgers is a man of too much sagacity not to anticipate our meaning.

We are above partialities. The many-sided Goethe was a good many sides short of us. We, accordingly, can appreciate the merits of different competitors for public pence in the same walk—at least we are quite ready to praise them all with equal cordiality. While we revere Rodgers, we can esteem Mechi—Mechi of the Magic Razor Strop. We never pass his brilliant shop-front in Leadenhall Street without a thrill of involuntary awe for the Wizard of the Hone! To us this *magni nominis umbra* is invested with a shadowy mystery that gives all our thoughts of him the solemn tinge of the old Gothic romance. Let us indulge it for a space.

LA MORT D'ARTHUR.

A FRAGMENT—NOT BY TENNYSON.

Slowly, as one who bears a mortal hurt,
Through which the fountain of his blood runs dry,
Crept good King Arthur downward to the lake.
A roughening wind was bringing in the waves
With cold dull plash and plunging to the shore,
And a great bank of clouds came sailing up
Athwart the aspect of the gibbous moon,
Leaving no glimpse, save starlight, as he sank,
With a short stagger, senseless on the stones.

No man yet knows how long he lay in swoun;
But long enough it was to let the rust
Lick half the surface of his polished shield;
For it was made by far inferior hands

Than forged his helm, his breastplate, and his greaves,
Whereon no canker lighted, for they bore
The magic stamp of MECHI'S SILVER STEEL!

. . . . . .

The field which the toilette opens up for poetical advertisement is boundless. There are the Doudneys, for example—mighty names—dear to the whole economical public. We should say cheap; but, in fact, they are both; for, by being cheap, they are dear. Some would say, it might be difficult to become the Pindar of Codringtons and shooting-jackets, and that Mr. Doudney is not exactly the person *laureâ donandus Apollinari*. Quite a mistake. There has long been an affinity between a tailor and The Nine;—the judicious reader apprehends us. These coy ladies need no pressing invocation to clear their throats; but, at the flourish of our baton, raise, in Mainzerian chorus,

THE LAY OF THE DOUDNEY BROTHERS.

Coats at five-and-forty shillings! trousers ten-and-six a-pair!
Summer waistcoats, three a sovereign, light and comfortable wear;
Taglionis, black or coloured, Chesterfield and velveteen,
The old English shooting-jacket, doeskins, such as ne'er were seen!
Army cloaks and riding habits, Alberts at a trifling cost.
Do you want an annual contract? Write to DOUDNEYS' by the post.
DOUDNEY BROTHERS! DOUDNEY BROTHERS! Not the men that drive the van,
Plastered o'er with advertisements, heralding some paltry plan,
How, by base mechanic measure, and by pinching of their backs,
Slim attorneys' clerks may manage to retrieve their Income Tax;
But the old established business—where the best of clothes are given
At the very lowest prices—Fleet Street, Number Ninety-seven!
Would'st thou know the works of DOUDNEY? Hie thee to the thronged Arcade,
To the Park upon a Sunday, to the terrible Parade.
There, amid the bayonets bristling, and the flashing of the steel,
When the Household troops in squadrons round the bold field-marshals wheel,
Shouldst thou see an aged warrior in a plain blue morning frock,
Peering at the proud battalion o'er the margin of his stock,—
Should thy throbbing heart then tell thee, that the veteran worn and grey
Curb'd the course of Buonaparte, roll'd the thunders of Assaye—
Let it tell thee, stranger, likewise, that the goodly garb he wears,
Started into shape and being from the DOUDNEY BROTHERS' shears!
Seek thou next the rooms of Willis—mark, where D'Orsay's Count is bending,
See the trousers' undulation from his graceful hip descending;
Hath the earth another trouser so compact and love-compelling?
Thou canst find it, stranger, only, if thou seekst the DOUDNEYS' dwelling!
Hark, from Windsor's royal palace, what sweet voice enchants the ear?
"Goodness, what a lovely waistcoat? Oh, who made it, Albert, dear?
'Tis the very prettiest pattern! You must get a dozen others!"
And the Prince, in rapture, answers—"'Tis the work of DOUDNEY BROTHERS!"

The reader has doubtless often admired the beautiful designs upon the covers of the periodicals in which the Doudneys' advertisements are inlaid. The review, the drawing-room, the hunting-field, the admiral's cabin, all are sketched with a masterly pencil, gently leading on the eye to such notices as "Gentlemanly waistcoats for all seasons, 7s.;" "Duck trousers—all linen, 3 for 30s.," &c., &c., &c. How much would the efficacy of these advertisements be heightened by an appeal like the above! Poetry should certainly be called in by the Doudney Brothers to the aid of the sister art. If they don't, we shall offer ourselves to the other Doudney House,—we think of the Doudneys and their houses, as we do of the Medici—"the men that drive the van," and who have superseded, with the lively portraitures of two members of the swell-mob, the everlasting man in the Mackintosh, who walked through a perpetual storm of sleet on their placards for several years. In fact, whether they do or do not, we shall not refuse to consider tenders from No. 49, Lombard Street.

The appropriateness of the stirring and graphic ballad style, in speaking of so important and varied an article as dress, must have been felt. But it would be wholly unfit to celebrate the works of the great horologer of the day. These appeal to us with grave and solemn thoughts, and in their steady "Tick, tick!" a finely-touched ear will hear

A WARNING.

LOSE THOU NO TIME! A grave and solemn warning,
Yet seldom ta'en, to man's eternal cost.
Night wanes, day lessens, evening, noon, and morning
Flit by unseen, and yet much time is lost.

And why? Are moments useless as the vapour
That rises from the lamp's extinguished flame?
Why do we, like the moth around the taper,
Sport with the fire that must consume our frame!

Be wise in time! Arouse thee, oh, thou sleeper,
Account thy moments dearer than thy gold.
While time thou hast, provide a good time-keeper,
To treasure up thine hours, till thou art old.

Lose this one chance, and thou art lost for ever,—
Seek him who keeps A WATCH for shrinking souls,—
Ask for COX SAVORY'S horizontal lever,
With double case, and jewelled in four holes.

Herbert might have written this; and we should doubt the virtue of the man who, after reading it, would not long to possess himself of a repeater from an establishment hallowed by such lofty strains.

Turn we to a class of advertisements that is ever delightful,—those suggestions to persons about to commit matrimony, of the possibility and propriety of furnishing their domiciles in a fashionable, and, at the same time, economical style. These emanate from a class of pure philanthropists, who are hourly sacrificing their own and their creditors' interests in the effort to make happy the homes of "the young of both sexes." Now could we paint most interesting scenes of the first visit of a pair of human turtle-doves to an upholsterer's. The exclamations on carpets, tables, *fauteuils*, and other indispensables,—the blushing hesitations over the marriage-bed—but that is no joking matter in our eyes; for, like Milton,

—— Higher of the nuptial couch by far
And with mysterious reverence we deem.

But, instead of following out this vein of speculation, we prefer giving our idea of the lyrical form which such suggestions should assume.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.

Gentle pair! Ere Hymen binds you
In his fetters soft but sure,
Pray bethink you, have you any
Good substantial furniture?

Love 's a fickle god, they tell us,
Giddy-pated, lightly led;
Therefore it were well you found him
In a comfortable bed.

Olive branches soon will blossom
Round your table, two or three,
And that table should be made of
Good and strong mahogany.

If the cares of life should gather—
And we all must look for cares—
Sorrow falls extremely lightly
In the midst of rosewood chairs.

Few that walk can 'scape a stumble,
Thus hath said the Prophet-King;
But your fall will be a light one
On a Brussels carpeting.

We can keep your little children
From collision with the grate—
We have wardrobes, we have presses,
At a reasonable rate;

Mirrors for the queen of beauty,
Basins of the purest stone,
Ottomans which Cleopatra
Might have envied on her throne.

Seek us ere you taste with rapture
Love's first draught of filter'd honey,
And you'll find the safest plan is
No DISCOUNT, AND READY MONEY!

There is an affectionate, almost paternal, tone of advice here, embalmed in a playfully poetical medium, that must go to the pockets of any susceptible pair.

We are almost afraid to trust ourselves among the advertisements of pills and lotions, so infinite be they in their numbers and fascinations. For our own parts, we cannot conceive why anybody dies in such a world of specifics as that we live in. Our pen hovers over "Mrs. Johnson's American Soothing Syrup." Something after the manner of Barry Cornwall would be appropriate. But there are "Kearsley's Original Widow Welch's Female Pills," irresistibly forcing themselves upon us. Widow Welch! The Original Widow Welch! The subject is too inviting. We should cover a page with it in the style of Sterne; but, as we cannot afford this space, let us see what can be said of

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

'Twas in the town of Lubeck
A hundred years ago,
An old man walked into the church
With beard as white as snow;
Yet were his cheeks not wrinkled,
Nor dim his eagle eye:
There's many a knight that steps the street
Might wonder, should he chance to meet
That mien erect and high!

When silenced was the organ,
And hushed the vespers loud,
The Sacristan approached the sire,
And drew him from the crowd—
"There's something in thy visage
On which I dare not look,
And when I rang the passing-bell,
A tremor that I dare not tell
My very vitals shook.

"Who art thou, awful stranger?
Our ancient annals say,
That twice two hundred years ago,
Another passed this way,
Like thee in face and feature,
And, if the tale be true,
'Tis writ that in this very year
Again the stranger shall appear,—
Art thou The Wandering Jew?"

"The Wandering Jew! thou dotard!"
The wondrous phantom cried—
"'Tis several centuries ago
Since that poor stripling died.
He would not use my nostrums—
See, shaveling, here they are!
These put to flight all human ills,
These conquer death—unfailing pills!
And I'm the inventor, PARR!"

This,—enclosed in a letter from the sacristan of the ballad, with a statement, that he felt himself growing so much younger every day by the use of the pills, that he expected he would soon have to look out for a nurse to suckle him,—would tell amazingly before the usual "Price 1s. 1½, 2s. 9d., and family boxes, 11s. each." Family boxes! A fireside of Methuselahs.

There is no difficulty in finding a poetic vehicle for the most apparently intractable topic. The Life Pills hardly rouse one with the feeling of difficulty. Others are not quite so manageable; but, to show how far our theory may be carried, let us see what can be made of

POOLOO'S CHINESE CEMENT.

"My leg—my leg!—'tis snapt in twain—
Ye surgeons, gently use me!
Nor for your life, with trenchant knife,
Or rasping saw abuse me!"
Sir Astley knit his brows so grim,
And out then answered Brodie—
"In my opinion that 'ere limb
Can't tarry with the body!"

In wrath I left the Hospital—
They bore me on a litter—
Till passing HOLBORN, MIDDLE ROW,
I saw a window glitter.
I read. POOLOO'S CHINESE CEMENT,
'Twas painted on a rafter—
I bought a box, I rubb'd my leg,
And danced a fortnight after.

We have not yet spoken of the perfumers' advertisements. What could we not say of "Rowland's Unique Preparations," which, in his own exquisite language, "shine preëminent in their power, while the white and swan-like neck, no less than the rich luxuriant tress, form admirable trophies of their inestimable qualities!" The Macassar, productive of locks like the young Apollo's; the Kalydor, an "odoriferous creamy liquid;" the Odonto, "which imparts to the teeth a pearl-like whiteness, and to the breath a delightful fragrance!" We move in the atmosphere of poetry as we read of them. Nay, when we read in the announcements of meaner men of the "Original Grecian Compound," and "Hubert's Roseate Powder," we feel "the bloom of youth, and purple light of love" to be about us. In such a mood, we dash a shower of Attar of Roses upon our paper, and, before we know, there appears upon it, in indelible ink, some ballad such as this, of

PARIS AND HELEN.

As the youthful Paris presses
  Helen to his ivory breast,
Sporting with her golden tresses,
  Close and ever closer pressed,

He said; "So let me quaff the nectar,
  Which thy lips of ruby yield,
Glory I can leave to Hector,
  Gathered in the tented field.

"Let me ever gaze upon thee,
  Look into thine eyes so deep!
With a daring hand I won thee,
  With a faithful heart I'll keep.

"Oh my Helen, thou bright wonder,
  Who was ever like to thee?
Jove would lay aside his thunder,
  So he might be blest like me.

"How mine eyes so fondly linger
  On thy soft and pearly skin,
Scan each round and rosy finger,
  Drinking draughts of beauty in!

"Tell me, whence thy beauty, fairest?
  Whence thy cheek's enchanting bloom?
Whence the rosy hue thou wearest,
  Breathing round thee rich perfume?"

Thus he spoke, with heart that panted,
  Clasped her fondly to his side,
Gazed on her with look enchanted,
  While his Helen thus replied:

"Be no discord, love, between us,
  If I not the secret tell!
'Twas a gift I had of Venus,
  Venus, who hath loved me well.

"And she told me as she gave it
  Let not e'er the charm be known,
O'er thy person freely lave it
  Only when thou art alone.

"'Tis enclosed in yonder casket—
  Here behold its golden key,
But its name—love, do not ask it,
  Tell't I may not, even to thee!"

Long with vow and kiss he plied her,
  Still the secret did she keep,
Till at length he sank beside her,
  Seemed as he had dropped to sleep.

Soon was Helen laid in slumber,
  When her Paris, rising slow,
Did his fair neck disencumber
  From her rounded arms of snow;

Then her heedless fingers oping,
  Takes the key and steals away,
To the ebon table groping,
  Where the wondrous casket lay;

Eagerly the lid uncloses,
  Sees within it, laid asiope,
Pears's Liquid Bloom of Roses,
  Cakes of his Transparent Soap!

We have hitherto dealt chiefly in the discursive and lyrical style; but the epigrammatic might be turned to equal account. This would suit particularly for advertisements by plain cooks, and housemaids, with a two-years' character from their last place. Take as a specimen.

A SERIOUS FOOTMAN.

Wants a place, a lad, who's seen
  Pious life at brother Teazle's,
Used to cleaning boots, and been
  Touched with grace and had the measles.

This for the advertisement sheet of the *Congregational Magazine*. In odd corners of the *Morning Post* we occasionally see hints like the following, put in more circuitous language.

Wants a place, as housemaid, or
Companion to a bachelor
Up in years, and who'd prefer
A person with *no* character,
A female, who in this respect
Would leave him nothing to object.

Or such an appeal as this:—

Take me. I am young and bonnie;
  Maids like me are worth the winning.
Comfort 's more my wish than money,
  And I'll do up your small linen.

But we must conclude. There are many inventions of equal celebrity with those we have referred to, and we dare say, of equal merit, although as to that we have not made up our minds. We are, however, quite open to conviction, and Mr. Tait knows our bankers. As to those, whose merits we have sung, we shall be most happy to be the medium of conveying to *their* bankers any request they may think proper to make to these moneyed gentlemen, to pay to Bon Gaultier, or bearer, any amount of pounds sterling—the more the better.

EXCURSIONS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

BALLINASLOE—ATHENRY—ORANMORE—GALWAY.

In the Temple of Diana at Chios, we read that the statue of the goddess seemed to regard those who viewed her from the door of entrance with a shy and repulsive expression; but as they advanced, her aspect melted gradually into one of kindness and affability, until, upon a very near approach, it changed to a gracious smile. The sculptor was a sly fellow, and well knew what was in Prudes.

The county of Galway is rather the reverse of all this. At the first introduction, it receives you with a deceitful smile, and grows stern and rugged upon a closer acquaintance.

You are presented to this *Great Western* at Ballinasloe, a pretty and cheerful town, standing in the midst of a well-cultivated and planted country, and having many visible signs of increasing prosperity. I must dissent from the *Hibernia* observation of the facetious Titmarsh, that there is "nothing to remark *in* Ballinasloe, except a church, and a handsome lunatic asylum which is *outside* the town." The church (by the way) which attracted that tourist's attention is no longer an object of ocular remark to any one, for it has been pulled down to the ground; because though a tolerable roomy one, it could not accommodate a fourth-part of the Protestant inhabitants; and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are now erecting a more spacious building on its ruins. It is a rare occurrence for churches in Connaught to be demolished for so good a cause.

But Ballinasloe contains other things worth seeing than a church, which is no more in it, and a lunatic asylum which it keeps appropriately *beside itself*. There is a Union Work-house, with an extensive frontage to the far-famed fair-green, which, for its light and elegant proportions, deserves more than a passing glance. The situation is, however, badly chosen—close to a marsh produced by the overflowing of the river Suck, from which a dank and offensive exhalation frequently envelops that part of the town. This circumstance ought to have been taken into consideration, as well as the architectural adornment of The Green, when the site was fixed; for prisons, work-houses, hospitals, and all such places within which the inmates are compelled to remain for any length of time, should be placed in a peculiarly airy and wholesome situation. The miasma which is noxious enough to the free, will be little short of death to *them*. I don't much mind, therefore, that row of respectable houses which are *en suite*, and on a level with this work-house. There are far better situations about and in the town where this voluntary prison might have been placed. What was to hinder its being set on the opposite ridge, for instance, occupied by the neat little fane which has been lately raised to the memory of Archdeacon Trench?

That monumental building is also a handsome object; but it looks bare and incomplete without a figure of the archdeacon, whose person was as fine a model for a sculptor as Flaxman himself would have chosen. The entrance to the demesne of Lord Clancarty opens upon this same classic green; and, contrary to the general custom of this hospitable quarter of the land, the grounds are free to the people, to ramble about the broad avenues and shady walks, up to the very dwelling-house of the noble proprietor. This is a most acceptable privilege to the inhabitants of Ballinasloe, who may account themselves fortunate, when they meet, in all other parts of the country, broad, staring sign-boards, mounted upon high poles, and denouncing the "utmost rigours of the law" against any one who presumes to peer within the ugly stone walls surrounding the seats of the Connaught gentry.

It is alleged in excuse for this forbidding practice, that no gentlemen in the world have better reasons for not wishing their privacy to be broken in upon; but it does appear most churlish, when a man has a few stunted trees, and a hawthorn hedge or two, that he should interdict the sight of them to eyes pained and wearied with contemplating the bleak fields and stony enclosures which constitute the general face of nature in these parts. To so ridiculous a height do they carry this form of exclusiveness, that places which were once enclosed and planted, but no longer bear a trace of gentility, are still held sacred, and protected by one of those aristocratic badges. In the neighbourhood of Oranmore is a great big potato-field, surrounded by a broken wall, close by the entrance to which a newly-painted board, set on high upon the only piece of timber that is visible above ground, announces proudly, that "All persons found trespassing within this *demesne* will be prosecuted as the law directs."

But more than the picturesque and accessible beauties of Garbally, or the attractions of the busy and thriving town adjoining it, the philanthropist will find the cleanly and comfortable dwellings and well-tilled farms of the numerous tenantry on Lord Clancarty's estate deserving of admiration. This is a resident landlord much devoted to the agricultural improvement of his estate, which he finds to be consistent not only with his own interest, but with that of a crowded population. Your systematic improvers too often begin their course of amelioration by "clearing" the land; that is, by turning a considerable proportion of the people adrift, and making large farms. But Lord Clancarty found a number of people on his land; and he seems to consider it his duty to mend their condition as well as that of the ground they cultivate. He has, accordingly, engaged an experienced agriculturist, to instruct them in the proper mode of treating their small allotments, and in the right course of husbandry to make them profitable; and by means of a local Farming Society, of which he is the patron and chief contributor, a supply of the best seeds is brought to their doors from Scotland, on cheaper terms than they have heretofore been able to procure the sweepings and refuse of the Dublin market. Hence their crops are more abundant, and of a far superior quality to what they were wont to be; and their means and comfort are proportionately increased. The landlord himself, and his agents, see that the tenants keep their houses neat, and properly secured against the rain and cold. The thatch is not suffered to fall into ruin; nor are the windows stuffed with straw, or blocked up, after the fashion of the province, with shutters never to be opened. They are well glazed; and the outer as well as the inner walls being regularly white-washed, a cheerful and happy air is imparted to these humble roofs, which it does one's heart good to contemplate.

The sight of such localities gives but little pleasure to those who grow fat upon popular discontent. The thrifty and industrious are not the tools with which agitators find it most convenient to work. A dirty, cheerless, benighted, beggarly hamlet, in an obscure corner of Lord Westmeath's estate, turns out a greater number of "ardent repealers," and of self-taught orators, upon a Sunday afternoon, than the whole of this estate could furnish; ay, and gives twice as largely to *the Rent*. It is, in fact, the negligent landlords, be they Whig or Tory, who make Mr. O'Connell's fortune, and send their countless myriads to magnify the power and terror of his name.

Mr. O'Connell is aware of this, and has set his face very emphatically against agricultural improvement. One of his most favourite standing jokes is against "Peter Purcell and the Pigs;" Mr. Purcell having exerted himself, with great success, in forming a General Agricultural Society, which has already done much good, and promises to do much more, to all ranks of persons engaged or interested in the culture of the soil. It answers the ends, both public and private, of agitation, to

represent this Association, as designed to fatten pigs and oxen, to the detriment of the labouring people; as if a general extension of green crop husbandry were not the very best thing that could be devised, to ensure permanent and full employment to that class. But wherever the operations of the Society have been introduced, the absurdity of such an allegation has already manifested itself. It is the old Irish lazy-bed system, which causes labour to be so little prized, and so wretchedly remunerated; and in proportion as the people shall acquire information, they will see the benefit of these improvements, which *(please the Pigs and Peter Purcell)* must ultimately prevail against ignorance and dirt.

All this, however, must be received, with an express reservation against the *clearing system*, as some landlords practise it; for the first thing to be attended to, and the most sacred right to be preserved, is the right of man to eat bread by the sweat of his brow, upon the land where it pleased God to give him the breath of life. This must be held a right sacred and indefeasible; and it is cheering to know that it can be maintained and preserved in perfect consistency with the most profitable and enlarged systems of agricultural improvement that modern discoveries have brought to light. Mr. Blacker in Ulster, and Lord Clancarty and others in this province, have given it the proof. The soil of Ireland is capable of producing food in abundance for three times its present number of inhabitants; and of so producing it as to yield an increasing profit to the owners, in proportion to the numbers which it sustains.

There are two routes to Galway from Ballinasloe. The one through Aughrim and Loughrea, being more level, is taken by the mail-coach, and other public conveyances; the other, more picturesque, lies through Kilconnel and Athenry. The distance is about the same both ways; and the traveller who takes an interest in tracing the vestiges of *Old* Ireland and her past glories, will be well repaid for a few ups and downs *de plus*, by striking into the latter path for once in a way. The ivy-mantled ruins of an abbey at Kilconnel are extremely beautiful; and Athenry, once the capital of this province, contains many remnants of the olden time. Seen from a distance it has an imposing effect, from the extent of the old city wall, which, with its flanking towers and moat, is wonderfully perfect. The high road to Tuam passes under an archway, surmounted by a tower, which is called the Northgate; but of a real gate, there is no more remaining than there was of Sandalwood left at Cabool. Near this is an ancient fortress, which bears the name of *King John's Castle*; because, as the local antiquaries insist, it was built by the Lackland lord of Ireland himself, when he came into Connaught; an event, good reader, which, betwixt you and me, is rather apocryphal.

There is, besides, a venerable abbey, of which the pictorial effect has been greatly marred by the barbarous piety of some of the Burkes or Brownes, whose family vaults are within the chancel, and who, to protect the gilded frippery inlaid upon their tombs, have blocked up all the fine pointed arches of the windows with solid masonry. Still it is a fine massive building; and, viewed in combination with the castle and the parish church, the latter a handsome modern structure which springs most artistically out of the gray ruins of its Catholic predecessor, contributes materially to the solemn effect of the distant view. For distant your view of Athenry must be, to impress your imagination with those deep and reverential feelings which its historical recollections call up. Within the walls all is misery and meanness, squalor and penury. This *Place of a King*—for such is its etymological designation—is a heap of wretched cabins, where Supreme Dirt holds its court, and the King of the Beggars might most appropriately keep his royal state amongst those numerous princes and princesses of The Blood who paddle in the streets.

The ownership of this place is divided among so many proprietors, that it is nobody's interest to concern himself about its prosperity or take measures for its improvement.

> The child whom many fathers share,
> But seldom knows a father's care.

And so it fares with this *Place of a King*, the lordly *Athunree*, where the Berminghams used to hold their feasts of fat things, and draw together all the spoil of the surrounding country. A leg of a poor old ewe, nailed up to a dirty door-post, after serving her generation through many a year, represented the whole outward and visible sign of carnal comforts available for a population of thirteen hundred persons; *souls* I might say, for this seems but a lenten provision for so many bodies.

The employment of the inhabitants seems to be on a par with their victualling department. There was a carpenter at work, in the middle of the street, making a coffin, a sort of manufacture which must always go on, even in the dead time of the year; and although there was nothing novel either in the shape or in the *materiel* of his work, a round dozen of full-grown spectators were gathered about, some with pipes in their mouths, and all with hands in their pockets, to observe and scan its progress.

Hard by the town is a holy well, sacred to the Virgin Mary, the water of which, according to the most true legends, no fire can warm, and which is consequently endued with powers and virtues of an extraordinary kind. On the 15th of August, being the day of *The Assumption*, pilgrims resort to this *Bethesda* from various parts of the country, to perform penances and other religious exercises around it, and to fasten votive rags upon a bush that overhangs it. The cures performed at these holy wells have been well described by a wag of a French tourist—"L'aveugle s'en retourne en marchant, le boiteux en parlant et le sourd en voyant. Si vous avez quelques infirmités, faites seulement sept fois le tour, et vous verrez ce qui en arrivera." As for the anticaloric properties of the water, they have been tested, *meo periculo;* and a bowl of punch, screeching hot, was the result.

The Petty Sessions Court was sitting, and besides the usual average amount of trespass cases, arising from the tumble-down fences of the coun-

try, and of pigs straying upon the highway, the public interest was excited by an investigation of an assault at a neighbouring fair, which had led to a fatal encounter between the police and the country people. Two or three attorneys were employed, one of whom introduced himself as the advocate of no individual, but of *the people at large*, in whose name he exerted himself to cut short all inquiry, and prevent the magistrates and the public from obtaining the slightest information as to the real facts of the case. The affair had begun in an unprovoked attack upon a young man, who appeared in the court, a forced and reluctant witness against his assailants, because, as he alleged, the whole parish had threatened him with its displeasure, should he turn *traitor to the people*. The said "people" being, from the days of Sir John Davies, a most justice-loving nation, had a vehement desire to see justice administered against certain policemen who stood charged, by the verdict of a coroner's inquest, with the crime of murder; and the *treason* would be to weaken the chances of such a consummation, by damaging the credit of a fellow who was the cause of all the mischief—*fons et origo malorum*, and from whose assumed *innocence* the guilt of the police would derive a deeper and deadlier hue. This was the business of the learned gentleman who officiated as *Attorney-General for the people*.

It is not a pleasant sign of the times, that such a feeling should spring up anew, and display itself against a force organized and employed to guard the peace of society, and who have now, for some years, stood on a friendly footing with all ranks and conditions of men. The Irish police were at one time extremely unpopular; but under the excellent regulations of Lord Normanby, the dislike with which the common people looked upon them had worn away. Of late, however, under new masters, the old jealousy seems to be reviving; nor is it very strange that it should be so, if many such things happen as came out upon this inquiry.

One of the persons charged with rioting stated to the court—and his assertion was not denied—that he had been arrested on a Wednesday, conveyed to a distant station, and confined there until Friday, when he was brought up for examination before a bench of magistrates; *and that his wrists were confined by double handcuffs all the time*. Such torture is enough to bring odium upon any institution. If it were used in Russia, our political optimists would make a fine talk about it, and thank God that WE are not as other men are. But being in Ireland, it did not provoke a single inquiry or observation. It seemed as if it were the usual course to secure accused persons, and keep them in attendance upon the convenience of magistrates, under this *gentle coercion*.

There is a snug little hostelrie in Athenry, where better things than tough ewe-mutton are served up; and the traveller is pretty sure of a pair of tolerable horses to take him out of the place; which—after a *sejour* of a day or so—is about the most agreeable accommodation that heart of man can desire. A musical student, who lives over the way, and seems to have no other earthly occupation from morn to night than to extract broken sounds out of an asthmatic fife, does not diminish the love of locomotion in the tourist; albeit, John the waiter protests that the artist is one of the most admired performers of the "*Timperance Band*."

Temperance in Ireland, at this present writing, means an abstinence from whisky, rum, brandy, and gin; and, by way of compensation for the sacrifice, an unlimited indulgence in *party-spirit*—the most noxious and maddening devil of all. Old Sir John Harrington said of "the Irishry" in his day, that they were "drunk before wine, and mad after." They seem to be now both mad and drunk (lymphatic, at least) upon the thinnest of all potations.

Upon some estates in this county, a sort of feudal system is kept up, of which the people loudly complain; although, for their own sake, they submit to it. It is a very common condition annexed to the tenure of small farms, that the tenant shall leave his own business, at any time that he may be called upon, to plough, cart, cut turf, reap, mow, or dig, for the landlord; and the hire which he receives for these services is considerably below the ordinary rate of wages. Thus, a shilling is the payment allowed by such contracts for a horse with a man to lead it; and they must both "find themselves." That is to say, the horse must be fed, and the man too, and their labour repaid, out of that one *splendid shilling*. Refusal, or neglect to comply with such requisitions, is punished by a heavy fine, which is rigidly exacted. The labour of a man without a horse is supposed to be sufficiently requited with *sixpence*; and I saw a number of men saving the harvest of a noble lord, who were to receive that mighty sum, without the addition (as they expressed it) of "bite or sup."

Besides these stipulated "duties," as they are called, the same generous peer annexes penalties to certain acts, which the inhabitants of a free country generally hold themselves at liberty to do or not to do, at their own discretion. Being an anti-Malthusian, he discountenances matrimony within his dominions, and visits the perpetration of it, if the offender be a male tenant, with a fine of five pounds, payable to the landlord's exchequer. The introduction of a foreign son-in-law to any farmstead, is followed by expulsion of the bride, unless the intruder bring a specified sum to be added to the floating capital of the estate. That naturalizes him, and gives the lady a plenary license to "be fruitful and multiply."

Oranmore, within five miles of Galway, is a dirty, straggling village, at the head of a shallow estuary, with a most rough and ragged bottom of black stones and shingle. There is an old square castle, as black and dingy as the shore itself; and the whole place has a desolate and poverty-stricken appearance. Close to it, in the direction of the Clare hills, is a bathing village, called Renville, where, if the accommodation is not of the choicest kind, it is, at least, tolerably cheap. A cottage, sufficient for a large family, (who have no objection to lie three in a bed,) can be had for four pounds a-month; and the lodgers are supplied,

without additional charge, with milk, potatoes, fuel, and what are not inappropriately denominated, some "sticks of furniture." Salthill, a suburb of Galway, on the shore of its beautiful bay, has *the call* over this and all other western dipping-places; for there do the fashion and the *haute noblesse* congregate, with their equipages and flaunting liveries; and there the band doth play all manner of new music, from Somnambula and Semiramide; while the ancient *tribes* of Galway, intermixed with inquiline visiters,

> The Joyces and Lynches,
> The Martins and Ffrinches,
> The Kirwans and Burkes,
> As grand as grand Turks;
> With the Bodkins and Blakes,
> All wonderful shakes,

walk up and down upon the beach, "from noon to dewy eve." Nevertheless, Renville boasts its own *élite*, with no lack of boating, car-driving, picnicking, and every other kind of long-shore enjoyment. The frequenters of this place also possess the advantage of access to an extensive and very well-planted demesne, to whose trim walks and noble sea-views they have free admission, through the singular liberality of the proprietor, Mr. Athy.

The immediate approach to Galway is a *re*proach to it; as it would be, indeed, to Timbuctoo. It winds over a bleak and ugly hill, flanked by a dirty pool, which is all mud, unless when the tide is full; and it passes through a long defile of the most wretched and filthy hovels. The inhabitants of this outlet are chiefly fishermen, whose wives and children seem to have no occupation but to squat about the doors in a state of loathsome laziness. Their dens consist, for the most part, of a single room of very small dimensions for each family. Light and air are permitted to come in, when the door happens to be open; but, at all other times, are hermetically excluded. Of furniture they have none; rarely a table, more rarely still, a chair. The floor, on which they sit, and in a corner of which they "strew down their [not] lonely pillow," is mud—dry enough in fair weather, but through the winter months of about the same consistency with the street outside; for, although the light and breath of heaven are skilfully kept out, the rain is not. It comes dripping through the sooty thatch, or flowing in tiny rivulets, enriched by liquid exudations from the dung-heaps. Moreover, those same heaps are, in all weathers, more prodigal of *ammonia* than an agricultural economist could at all approve of, or a mere unchemical fellow, who loves to poke his nose into queer odd places, take any pleasure in.

The annual rent extorted for one of these *styes* is forty shillings; an amount sufficient, with a week's labour of the family, to complete the whole building from the foundation. The persons who traffic in this sort of house property are not the lords of the soil. They belong rather to the *pavé*, being generally low men, who, in defiance of *the subletting act* and its clauses, parcel out their leasehold tenements thus for the reception of the poor.

But although the landlords do not condescend to deal in such dismal holes, they have provided too many candidates for them; the demand having greatly increased with the land-clearing system, which has been carried on for some years in Ireland. The outcast population of the fields have been driven into the towns, where starvation and

> "Fretting grief, the enemy of life,"

make them ready marks for infectious disease; and thousands upon thousands have perished, unpitied and unrelieved, in those hovels. To many a noble lord and proud commoner could be traced the fetid nastiness and foul contagion which hang about the outskirts of our larger towns. But this is not a fit subject of fashionable condolence. The taste of Ireland is said to incline to wallowing in the mire; and therefore, perhaps, our imperial Parliament, which busies itself about the badly-aired and crowded habitations of the poor in London and in Birmingham, has bestowed no care on the lodgings of this people. It would not be easy, indeed, to point out how the direct interference of Parliament could much mend the matter. The Poor Law, which was relied on for checking the evil, has proved a signal failure; and unless a more healthy and benevolent feeling can be diffused among the upper classes, prompting them to repair the ills produced by their own cupidity and ambition, mere legislation can go but a short way towards amelioration. Mr. O'Connell's popular plan of "fixity of tenure" could never reach this misery.

The famous fishing settlement of the Claddagh, at the western side of Galway, has been so often described, and by such expert hands, that I will not attempt to add new perfumes to so sweet a violet. It is not the romantic place which Inglis delighted to represent it; yet there is an air of stout ruffianism about the brawny, loose-limbed loungers upon its quay, which is, no doubt, extremely interesting. They are a very independent set of fellows; and long claimed and exercised the right, not only to do what they pleased themselves, but to make every one else do what they pleased too. Thus, they frequently took it into their heads not to go out fishing, because it might be unlucky, or disagreeable, or contrary to the canon of some saint, of whom, perhaps, the rest of Catholic Christendom had never heard the name: for this Claddagh republic possesses an extensive private property in saints. And when they took those whims, it was their good pleasure, which they signified in a way quite unmistakeable, that all other maritime communities should take them likewise. The fishers on the opposite coast of Clare must not dare to cast a net while the Claddagh boys held it unlucky to do so. If they attempted it, a squadron immediately put forth, well manned and equipped, to cut their nets, or, in case of resistance, sink their boats in the ocean. This kind of sway continued to be exercised, without dispute, until last year; the good people of Galway having frequently to fast o' Fridays for months together, on pulse and *soupe maigre;* while the waters that washed their walls teemed with turbots, soles, haddocks, John Dorys, and codfish innumerable. All the while, too, the orators at the Corn Exchange were bemoaning the decline of the

Irish coast fisheries through Saxon influence and the accursed Union.

But about a year ago, Mr. Dudley Persse, a gentleman of fortune, thought he would take some fish outside the bay with a trawl-net; and for that purpose he embarked in a stout boat with a party of his friends, whom he had armed to the teeth. Scarcely had he let down his net, however, when the capacious bay was blackened with the craft of the Claddagh, every boat of them crowded with men, who, in leaving Galway, proclaimed their determination to sink the whole party. Although this truculent design was made public, and from the reckless character of the persons who avowed it there could be no doubt of their carrying it into execution if they could, it was thought strange that neither the boats of the coast-guard, nor the revenue cutter, then lying in the bay, stirred from their moorings to defeat it. It was no business of theirs—not exactly within their department—to prevent a murder not purely contraband; and so those punctilious public servants pointed their glasses to the scene of action, and, with the anxious citizens, awaited the result. Mr Persse, in the meantime, hauled in his net, and made for the Clare coast, steering through the midst of the hostile fleet, and, by good piloting, evaded the attempts of some of the fishermen to run him down; whilst his companions, with their guns pointed, and ready for action, kept several of the less daring at a respectful distance. In this way they effected a landing in safety, and intrenched themselves within the walls of a ruined house, where, without firing a shot, they were enabled to maintain their position against some hundreds of baying assailants, until the police came to their rescue. The coolness and intrepidity of this little party reflects much credit upon the bravery of the Galway gentlemen. Had they been trained campaigners under the command of the most experienced officer, they could not have brought themselves off more gallantly; and if they could but inoculate the police with some of their steadiness in the hour of danger, it would conduce much to the peace and safety of society.

That day's exploit was productive of much good to the people of Galway and to the Claddagh fishermen themselves: for the government, which had previously given no heed to the representations of the inhabitants, now sent a sloop of war to this port for the protection of all her Majesty's subjects upon the waters; and not only the town, but the whole country for many miles inland, has been well supplied with fish ever since. The *Claddagh Corporation*, finding its monopoly thus broken up, has betaken itself to more industrious courses; and the saints have relaxed their rigour exceedingly, under the influence of competition, to the great profit of their votaries, and to the "behoof of all good subjects."

Here is a noble dock worthy of the emporium of the west; but it is sad to see how empty it is. Two or three little barks from Glasgow, taking in oats for that market—a trader between this port and London—and a vessel which had taken out emigrants to Quebec, and was unloading its return cargo of white deal, formed the sum total of its shipping. The wondering inhabitants had scarcely ceased to wonder at a war steamer, *The Cyclops*, which had been sent round a short time ago from the Shannon, to watch Mr. O'Connell and the Repealers. It was the first steamer that had been seen in these waters; just think of that. The people of *Hong Kong* know more about steam navigation than the people of Galway!

Near the dock is that old fish-market, which, if I had the pencil of a Wouvermans, or whosoever he was that painted Dutch fish-markets the best, I would gladly transfer upon canvass. With its steep broad stairs leading down to that dashing river, in which so many of the pink-legged daughters of Erin, clad in the bluest of azure, and brightest of red, beetle their Sunday finery; and with its tall ancient foreign-looking houses, once the dwellings of rich merchants who traded to Spain and the Indies; and with that old castle at one corner of the little square, and that venerable Saxon arch—(there is is no mistake about it, *it is* "Saxon," and the only remaining gate of the town)—this would make a fine subject for a fine painter. Titmarsh offered at it; but flesh and blood is not transparent; and, as a crowd of lounging connoisseurs gathered around him where he sate, he could scarcely be expected to have set down all things exactly as they stood. The most that can be said for his sketch is, that it is a spirited unlikeness. The next time he visits Galway, let him try it from the other side of the water.

Apropos of that very pleasant wayfaring man, I must tell him that Mr. Kilroy of the hôtel pleads *not guilty* to the impeachment of having served up two turkeys upon one dish. It is a peptic tautology with which neither his conscience nor his *carte* can reproach him. He acquits his humorous guest however of all malice prepense in this matter, attributing the misstatement to national ignorance, which is to be pardoned, if not pitied. "Mr. Titmarsh," thus argues Mr. Kilroy, "confesses that he is a *Cockney*; and that is a race not very conversant in the language or the anatomy of birds. It is most likely, therefore, that he mistook a pair of boiled rabbits smothered in onions, for the *bubbly-jocks* he talks of; in which case I cannot but think the gentleman who came in for *three wings*, was a most ill-used individual."

In that concluding observation of Mr. Kilroy's I entirely concur, and shall conclude with it for the present.

NEW NOVELS.

THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS.*

TWELVE volumes of new novels are surely enough for discussion in any one sea-side autumnal month; especially when the full half of them may be presumed, from the character of their authors, to be the *élite* of the season. The first of these Tales on our list is another spirited translation by Mrs. Howitt from the Swedish Romances. The Tales of Frederika Bremer are quite as well entitled to this national appellation as are Scott's to the name of the Scottish Novels.—We take it for granted that all our readers are by this time acquainted with *The Neighbours* and *The Home*, and therefore eager to welcome another fiction from the same source; which if, on the whole, found less attractive, yet possesses, among its other excellencies, a strong family resemblance. The former novels appeared in two volumes: this one is in three; but it would, we think, have suffered no great deterioration to the English reader had the Translator cut it down to similar dimensions, by the judicious pruning of redundancies and excrescences. We have already borne warm testimony to the general power and originality of this feminine reader of the human heart; this charming painter of life and manners, as they are moulded and modified by the social usages and institutions of her native country. In *The Home*, and among *The Neighbours*, she is ever true, fresh, healthful, and charming; and even more remarkable for subtle and delicate perception of the depths and endless shades of character, than for the exquisite instinct by which she discriminates those evanescent and yet distinctive traits which manifest feminine individualities and idiosyncrasies. So is she in *The President's Daughters;* though she has there been more frequently bewildered or led astray by the mists of German transcendentalism, and tempted by the ultra-romance and exaggerated *intensity* of the modern French novelists, than in her earlier works. These, if they were not more natural, were more national, and also more fresh, as well as true to ordinary life. In *The Neighbours* there was a good deal of story and romantic incident; and if there was less in *The Home*, the want was not felt; while, in the new work, there is no attempt at a connected story of any kind, and the few striking episodes are generally forced and extravagant. The merits of the work must, therefore, rest chiefly on detached scenes and pictures, and on its prevailing strain of thought and sentiment; on its beautiful womanly philosophy and masculine range of observation.——One might fancy that the author despised, in her delineations, the usual resources of fable and costume, so summarily and remorselessly does she kill off her personages; getting rid of them even by the ignoble and wholesale process of cholera. Her humble-born girl of genius, her exalted *artiste*, Angelica, she kills off as unceremoniously by consumption; finding her, in all probability, getting unmanageable.

The work consists of two Tales, referring to the daughters of the President; though the sisters, as we are allowed to see them, have in their lives little more connexion than if they had belonged to different families. The President is a widower, and the governess whom he gives to his daughters becomes the enthusiastic friend and biographer of her pupil Adelaide, the fascinating heroine of the first story. The Tale opens with the father indoctrinating the new governess with his notions of "Woman's sphere," with his conventional principles and precepts of female education:—

"And my dearest Mamselle Rönnquist," added the President, persuasively and impressively, laying his hand on my arm, "remember particularly, for Heaven's sake, no miracles of my girls—no miracles! I will not have them brilliant or vain ladies, nor learned, proud, and pedantic women; but simple, reasonable creatures, good wives and mothers—that is what I will have them to be! Accomplishments they may have, but only for their own amusement and that of others; to hear virtuosos I would much rather go to the concert and pay my dollar. As to reading, above all things let them read no more than is just necessary for them to be able freely and easily to converse on the subjects most current in society. All reading beyond that, and all connoisseurship, are disadvantageous to a woman, and snatch her from the sphere in which alone she can gain esteem, or benefit society. The late Frederika," continued he, whilst a tear rose in his eye, "my late wife, held as a principle in her daughters' education to concede something, certainly, to the capricious taste of the times in female education; but, on the other side, never to efface aught of the original form which she considered as appointed by the Creator for the existence and very being of woman; and that consists"—and the President laid a strong emphasis on every word—"in quiet domesticity, mildness, order, consideration for others, severity towards herself, industry, skilfulness, and the power of being agreeable in society as well as in the every-day life of home. Every kind of pomp and ostentation; all kinds of display before any species of public (now, Heaven knows, so common among our women!) were rejected by her; and she considered that a woman could, in her family circle alone, be happy as a good daughter and tender wife and mother, pleasing to her Maker, and useful to her fellow-creatures. . . . . .

"The education of my two elder daughters," continued the President, "is nearly completed. Edla is twenty; Adelaide seventeen. They require now, more than ever, at their entrance into the world, a guiding friend. My two little darlings, on the other hand, Nina and Mina, require to be taught everything from the A B C. They are all to-day gone to dine at my sister-in-law's; but I expect them home every moment. I long to introduce them to you."

The governess and her pupils went to a party. It was a brilliant and fashionable one, at which many distinguished persons had assembled; and there the President, so averse in theory to his daughters being exhibited, and engaging in the pomps and vanities of life, thus betrays the true man:—

The lady of the house came forward, with a note in her hand and a disturbed countenance.

"What shall we do?" said she, "we shall get no Galatea. Little Eva has fallen ill and cannot come. Good heavens! where, where shall we find a Galatea!" and

* By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. In three volumes. London: Longman & Co.

so saying, her eyes went questioning round the room, and rested on Angelica; and then both she and Baroness Palmin began to entreat her to take upon herself little Eva's part.

The President, however, at this moment came suddenly up to me and whispered earnestly, "Cannot Adelaide—cannot Adelaide be Galatea?"

I fell as if from the clouds at a proposition apparently so in opposition to his and "the late Frederika's principles;" but seeing that he was really in earnest, I merely answered, "I daresay she can;" and at the same moment the Baroness turned from the obstinately refusing Angelica to the President, to ask his daughter for the Galatea.

The thing was soon arranged. "It will be wonderful to be dead, and then again to be living," said Adelaide; "Heaven grant that I may only keep my gravity!"

The scene—or pantomime, was acted to admiration; and before the lovely representative of Galatea had been warmed into life, Count Alarik was ages gone in love for the heavenly statue, vivified by the power of human love. The governess, who had already conceived a warm and devoted affection for Adelaide, had the good fortune to have for her neighbour a gentleman who knew all about the remarkable Count; and while he ate and chattered, she learned a good deal of the predestined hero and lover:—

"Count Alarik W.," said he, "is one of the most excellent and extraordinary men that I know. He served with distinguished bravery in the German war. When peace was made for Sweden, he retired from the army and withdrew altogether from the world, devoting himself to science and philosophy, on an old family estate, which had come to his hands in a ruinous condition and loaded with debt——don't burn yourself with the *bouillon!* Ah! I see you have cold milk——to satisfy the demands of needy creditors, he sold whatever valuables he had inherited from his forefathers, and lived for many years in extremely narrow circumstances; nay, he was even, I believe, poor. Now, however, he has improved his lands; which, after all, are not large, and make no Cœsus of him——O! oysters, oysters! thank Heaven! and the most delicious grouse! this *à la daube* is the hostess's crown!——they say now that he is come out into the world again to look about for a rich wife; but I don't believe it."

"And why not?" asked I.

"Madeira or port wine, my most gracious?——He is not the man," continued my neighbour, as he filled his glass. "Not that I think there is anything wrong in a man looking for money and a wife at the same time—I am just doing the same myself—but Alarik has his own notions. He is an uncommon and an excellent man—a true lion-nature, and I have only one thing against him; that he is too peculiar, too obstinate, and even severe to harshness against the weaknesses of others——poached eggs and mushrooms—a little weak. . . . .

"They say now, that he is to marry the President's step-daughter, Countess Augusta U. Well, she is handsome, and extremely rich, and does not seem very much to hate him; but, after all, I know a wife that would suit him better——cold pike with shrimp sauce——almost too salt——aj! aj!"

"And who then is it?" asked I.

"Just that good, beautiful angel to whom he is now talking."

I looked and saw Count Alarik leaning over Adelaide's chair; they were both laughing.

"Faith, a handsome couple," continued my neighbour. "No, but this is pleasant! I have not seen him laugh so heartily since his brother's death. Now, let us look a little at the rest of the good people here. What luxury in toilette and eating! our finances must suffer; we must be ruined, all and every one of us!——what is this again? Fowls with oyster sauce! for the second, third, fourth times, welcome, ye oysters! One cannot live without oysters!——Do you see that pale, fine countenance, expressive both of talent and goodness, and who contemplates that lovely Miss Adelaide with such sincere admiration? Can you believe that fortune and the world have done all they could to spoil her, and have not succeeded? She never ceases to forget herself for others. That young man standing behind her chair there, seems to have very kind intentions towards her. . . . . And there is Aunt Gunilla in a turban, than which Mahomet could not have a finer! Twenty years ago, a little girl who was fed on morning dew and parsley, and now a great lady—is it not quite wonderful that we mean quite a different thing when we say, 'a great lady,' to what we mean when we say, 'a great man?'—she eats with a keen, connoisseur's tongue from every dish, and thinks meanwhile on her supper next week; I hope she will invite me!——pudding! That was a pity! No, I thank you!——Baroness B. is charmingly beautiful this evening—and her husband, as usual, jealous of that little fair gentleman, who certainly never thought of anything wrong, but who has become the man's *bête noire*. Look at that betrothed pair who have flitted through the honeymoon before the bridal——hem! aj! aj! there, two servants came in contact! Preserve the roast!——I am sorry for that young woman; she tries to be gay, but is pale, and scarcely can eat; and that because her husband sits at the card-table, and takes the food from the mouths of his children, or others, which is no better. Look at the Mamselles T., who are eating turkey, and giggling! and their father, who swallows them with his eyes, and thinks nothing on the whole earth so charming as his daughters. 'They are wonderful, wonderful!' he says. A happy family!——you will drink, I hope, a glass of negus? See, here we have an Etna!—admire in this ice-cake the power of art to unite cold and heat, and, by means of the agreeable, to destroy the appetite, which is such an especial means of health——look, now, how anxiously mamma yonder winks to her young daughter not to eat, and how dutifully she lays down the spoon which was just at her lips—such a daughter would just suit me. We have really a very fine collection of people——listen, what a noise and hum, just like a bee-hive when it is about to swarm. It is really wonderful how people are capable of talking so incessantly.——The women really dress themselves well in our days; elegance without extravagance, an agreeable medium, with the exception of what regards arms, and that strikes both my eyes and my shoulders. But see the heads of the young ladies, how beautiful they are with their uncovered hair."

The above is a bit of genuine life in Sweden, or, for that matter, anywhere else in civilized Europe.

The President, we have seen, besides his own fair daughters, had a step-daughter, a young, rich, and beautiful widow, whom the world gave to Count Alarik, and who had no secret dislike to this destination. She, besides, knew her sister to be engaged to another, a fair young man, to whom the governess, to her great perplexity, had heard Adelaide familiarly call out at the evening party, "Be quiet, *dear* Otto; get away, dear Otto." Her first question, on coming home, was who this dear Otto might be.

"Otto!" exclaimed Adelaide; "young Otto, my cousin and my betrothed."

"Betrothed!" repeated I, with astonishment.

"Yes, for long. We have grown up together, and we played as children at being lovers."

"Joke may become earnest," said the President, significantly.

Adelaide did not reply, but bit her under lip, which afterwards swelled like a cherry, as wilful as pretty.

At another party we are introduced to most of the leading personages of the Tale. Here, too, was Angelica, the girl of exalted genius, the young inspired painter, and her noble patroness. Angelica's eloquent discourse on Genius and high Art conveys an

apt idea of one phase of Frederika Bremer's novels, which, though indicative of a beautiful power, is not in her most original or felicitous manner, and certainly not in that which has either created, or will increase her popularity at the quiet firesides of England.

"But in truth," asked the Countess, "if Art be so little, what then is Genius?"

"A brilliant meteor," said a bright head.

"Why does the earth pay homage to it as to a god?" asked some one.

"Man loves the light that dazzles him," said the Countess; "and I think that, after a calm examination, it would be difficult to say whether Genius actually has been of any benefit to the world. The industrious citizen; the tranquil thinker; the good man, work more for the wellbeing of society at large than the most brilliant genius."

"We will look at this a little nearer," said Countess Natalie; "let us inquire now what Genius has done for the world and for mankind." With these words she looked at Angelica, and all eyes were at once turned on the young girl, who seemed to be influenced by an extraordinary emotion. She had risen from her seat, and went with gentle steps forward into the circle of people who had gathered round an altar of variegated marble, which occupied the centre of the rotunda, and upon which was placed the lute-player of Thorwaldsen. Her countenance became paler and paler; her eye gleamed darkly, a light shudder passed through her delicate frame, and she was obliged to support herself against the altar, where she stood for a moment, and appeared as if listening to words which were inaudible to other ears. All looked at her with astonishment, except Miss Greta, who turned away with an expression of displeasure, saying to herself, as she withdrew, "What purpose can this answer? I cannot endure such things—and yet I like the girl, notwithstanding."

Count Alarik advanced to the young enthusiast, and repeated, with a voice which demanded an answer, Countess Natalie's question—"Tell us, Angelica, what does Genius do for the world?"

Angelica looked at him; her eyes appeared larger than common, they glanced quickly round, her breast heaved, and her eyes filled with tears. Her soul was too full; she suffered, and was overcome by the mighty spirit within her. At length she spoke, but it was not calmly; her thoughts came lightning-like, and in broken, disordered phrases.

"It gives joy, joy to the world! joy to every human soul! Light in the past; strength in the present, and hope for the future!

"Have you seen the graves and the ruins of the earth? Have you seen races of men and thrones disappear? seen how they who have performed heroic deeds and works of love have sunk into the silent grave; how ashes cover the magnificent temple; how mists lie dreamingly on the tombs of heroes; how all, all pass away from existence?

"But who is he that, with a flaming glance, dissipates the mist, and makes the dead rise again in renewed forms? The immortal bard, who preserves the memory of nations; who sings their combats; their victories; their wounds; their acquired treasures, and makes one period the inheritor of another! who makes us weep over the sorrows and rejoice at the glory of a thousand years ago? Clear dawn over a world else sunk in darkness—Genius, that art thou!

"When Genius speaks, the breast of the people expands; it breathes higher and freer; actions of goodness and of bravery are through a thousand years the reëcho of his words. When Genius speaks, the hearts of the people throb, and immortal words which lay there slumbering, awake. Mankind looks upward, recognises his nobler self, and becomes better, kinder, and happier.

"And when a people bleed; when a deep wound has been given to its heart; when it seems as if its strength, its freedom, its noblest life must perish under the hand of the executioner, who is it that yet speaks of better days, that raises again the fallen eagle, and lets his eye turn towards that of the eternal sun? Comforter of the fallen, seer and prophet of the secrets of God, Genius, hail to thee!

"Deep mists gather over the earth. There are autumn nights in which every star is hidden in heaven, in which the heart of man sickens at life, at himself, at all around him. No animated feeling dwells in his inmost soul; no tear is in his eye; wherever he turns is night—and the night is peopled with dark and hideous shadows—the very air which he breathes suffocates! But see! who lightens from the cloud and makes the night clear; and reveals the fair genii who had hidden behind the cloud, and now beckon to him and smile! It is Genius—it is the great artist! His lightning-beam has touched the heart of the unhappy; he has wept and is comforted; yet one more beam, one more celestial vision, and he looks upward with strength and hope!

"Who is it that glorifies nature? Who is it that understands her language, reads the quiet hymns of the flowers, and seizes upon thought in the bird's song? Who is it that hears the spirits of the mountains and the floods; that hears the voice of the Almighty in the rolling thunder; in the murmuring forest, and interprets for man God's word in nature?

"Thou marvel, thou life in life, thou mighty hand that linkest time with eternity; ever renewing, ever producing power; thou who seest the path of the sun and the working of the heart of man; thou who searchest out the essence of the Divinity, and the life of the little flower—we comprehend thee not, but we know well whom thou art! . . . . . .

"Blessed are they whom God's lightnings transpierce!" continued Angelica, with increasing yet ever calmer inspiration. "Blessed they who give forth this lightning to the world, and then die! Who is the happy, the great, the enviable, on earth? Is it not he who gives to human nature that enlightened beauty which he drew from its breast; who, borne upwards by his genius, ascends to heaven to fetch thence fire with which he will kindle the nations?

"A human life—a little human life—a life of a few years—and to live in this for an immortality—to breathe fire into the hearts of millions of human beings—a human life—so little and yet so vast! How wonderful! how glorious! How sweet the lot to live for a world, and to die for the immortally beautiful on earth! O that it might be mine!"

Tears of ardent longing streamed down the now glowing cheeks of Angelica.

"Is it for renown?" asked Count Alarik, with a searching glance.

"And would this renown make you happier, Angelica?" inquired the elderly lady with the gentle countenance; "would it here make you more beloved by your friends? would you actually, with all this striving for millions, make one human being happier? O Angelica! is there, indeed, a nobler lot on earth, a lot which is more worthy to be striven after by a woman's heart, than that of being the whole and entire happiness of one being?"

Angelica looked first at one and then at the other of the speakers; a cloud dimmed her brow, but it quickly passed, and she said to Count Alarik, "No, not for the sake of renown. If I should ever succeed in producing a masterpiece, and time, or the hand of an enemy should efface my name from the picture, I would not complain if the work of my hand and of my spirit lived only for mankind."

To the elderly lady she said, with a low voice and a look of humility, "I do not know whether I should be happy; I only know one thing, that I must obey the voice which requires from me that I should strive after the immortal in art. God must dispose my fate as He sees best!"

"And have you weighed," asked Count Alarik, advancing towards her, "all the difficulties of your path? General opinion, poverty, your sex, which prevents the acquisition of a grounded knowledge—all, all will retard your steps. Listen to wiser counsel, Angelica. Direct yourself according to the taste and the circumstances of

the times. Do not strive to attain to the ideal; paint portraits, little scenes out of every-day life, and you will become rich, will live tranquil, loved, and esteemed."

"I can endure hunger," said Angelica, looking at him calmly and fixedly; and the censure of the world I do not hear; it would be overpowered by a mightier voice within my own breast. Striving after the highest only will I live!"

"And if you should fail! if you should be deceived in your own powers?"

"Then may God be merciful to me, and let me die!"

"And wherefore this ambition? A less degree of perfection also gives joy, and the good and the beautiful live also in the humbler spheres of life, and there are they more accessible."

"The highest! the highest!" exclaimed Angelica; "I will live and die striving after the highest!"

"You have the true artist-soul," said Count Alarik, delighted; and clasping her slender waist, he lifted her standing upon the altar. The lute-player sate with a heavenly smile at her feet, as if ready to sing her praises. A murmur of approbation and pleasure was heard from the bystanders.

The Miss Greta spoken of is a laughing philosopher, and one of the cleverest delineations in the Tale. She is shrewd, sensible, natural, and with a merry and pleasant satiric humour; which only sports with vanities, hypocrisies, and affectations; and she is possessed of a generous mind, and a warm and true heart. Among so many high-flown personages, Miss Greta admirably sustains her cheerful and useful character, the patroness of no one, yet the friend of every friendless being; "a creature not too wise or good for human nature's daily food;" a merry laugher at the sentimental pretenders, and a foil to those pure etherial natures, which yet require some balance of mother earth as a counterpoise to their exaltation. She is well brought out in the following scene:—

Miss Greta lay on a sofa and trimmed her nails with a little pair of tongs, and, exactly as the clock struck twelve, put on her five little gold watches, which her waiting-woman handed to her silently and respectfully, when some one came to propose a walk to her with a part of the company.

"What is the use of it?" demanded Miss Greta, who was no great friend of walks and fine scenery. The weather was too warm, too cold; she had no wish for it, &c., &c. . . . . .

Miss Greta was not in the best humour in the world, and it did not particularly please her to find that her walking companion was Miss Pelan—called by her acquaintance Pellan—who was continually getting into ecstasies with everything that she saw. On her part, however, she had a great fancy for Miss Greta, who was by no means flattered by it.

"Gracious! how beautiful it is here!" exclaimed Miss Pelan; "what masses of trees! what a variety of green! what a serene sky! Ah, dearest Miss Greta, is it not here like Eden?"

"I do not know; I never was there," answered Miss Greta, drily.

Some of the company, but I know not who, turned the conversation on self-sacrifices. The greater number declared that nothing was easier than the performance of these so-much-extolled actions; that it was perfectly natural to give one's life, one's comfort, for one's friend—nay, even for one's enemy. No one was more zealous about self-sacrifice than Miss Pelan. She declared that she should quite despise herself if she could hesitate even for a moment in risking her life to save that of a fellow-creature. "What is the body!" said she, "but a garment which sooner or later one must cast off!" and at this she shook herself. "Should one hesitate a moment in exposing it to danger if a higher duty demanded it? Impossible—for me, at least, impossible!"

Miss Greta was the only one who said not a word.

We now came to a little opening. At the foot of a rock we saw a slender white figure lying under the trees among the flowers of the grass. We instantly recognised Angelica by her lovely hair; she slept with her head resting on her arm, and a book beside her. Every one exclaimed at the beautiful sight, and at the romance of it. They could fancy themselves in the fairest days of poesy, when the nymphs of the wood revealed themselves to mortals.

"I wish her joy of the many insects that will be crawling on her," said Miss Greta.

At this moment we heard a horrible roaring; and an infuriated bull, with fiery eyes and bloody muzzle, dashed through the brushwood towards the company, on the very side where Angelica lay. Everybody fled in haste and terror, without thinking on Angelica; and nobody fled so hastily, and sprang so desperately over stocks and stones, as Miss Pelan; nay, indeed, she pushed aside her friend Miss Greta, and made a leap over Angelica, whom she must have mistaken for a block of wood. Miss Greta alone ran to Angelica, and called upon her to save herself. Angelica sprang up, light as a young roe; but at the same moment sprained her ancle, and could not advance another step. Pale as death, she reseated herself on the grass.

"Run; for Heaven's sake, fly!" exclaimed Miss Greta. "Are you bewitched! Quick, quick!—make haste."

"I cannot; I have sprained my foot," said Angelica, in a trembling voice.

"Indeed!—in the name of Heaven!" said Miss Greta.

The bull came now upon them with full fury; and at that moment Miss Greta becoming at once perfectly calm, placed herself between Angelica and the maddened animal, and took off her shawl, as she said to herself, "I cannot say that I should find it at all pleasant to be tossed."

The next instant the bull, with stooping head, dashed towards them, and with admirable presence of mind she threw her red shawl over his horns, so that he took a leap on the other side of Angelica, and, blinded and raging, hurried onwards.

Fearless and calm, Miss Greta turned now to Angelica, who had nearly fainted from pain, and, taking her like a child in her arms, carried her hastily into the wood. When she had gone some distance, and the roaring of the bull was no longer to be heard, she seated herself to rest with her burden upon a stone, and with moist eyes pressed the rescued girl to her breast, and kissed the soft silky curls which shaded her brow. When she again set forward on her way, she met Miss Pelan, who was running about the wood like a stray sheep. She had lost her way, and was distracted with terror, and hurriedly inquired from Miss Greta which was the way back to the house. Miss Greta, however, instead of answering her, ordered her to assist in carrying Angelica; and Miss Pelan obeyed, complaining and trembling the while.

"We shall all three be killed," said she, mournfully.

"In Heaven's name!" said Miss Greta, "we do our duty, and our Lord will take care of the rest."

"But I don't want to be gored!" exclaimed Miss Pelan, ready to run away.

"Stay where you are and follow me," said Miss Greta, commandingly. "Ah! what are our bodies that we should hesitate to sacrifice them when our duty demands it? What is the body, Miss Pelan? A garment sooner or later to be cast off!" With this she laughed heartily, and could not deny herself, every now and then during the way, the pleasure of entertaining Pelan with her own fine phrases.

The contrast between the sisters, and the development of their respective characters is even more skilful, though Edla is a sort of double or modification of Leonora, the plain and discontented gloomy girl in the tale of "The Home." The governess says,—

With all her virtues and her faults, Adelaide was extremely loveable; and ere long she so completely won my heart that I loved her as if she had been my own child. She made my life happy through hers; it did my

heart good when Adelaide came in, when I looked on her beauty and listened to her sweet voice, when the expression of her own innermost life tuned, so to say, the whole world to music; but then she was so good—so sincerely good! Beings like this operate upon us like the sun and spring: is it a wonder that we love them? If she loved me I know not, and I did not seek to inquire. I have seen so much uneasiness, so much pain, nay, even so much bitterness and injustice to those who cherish the feeling, "am I to get nothing in return for what I give?" And what wouldst thou have?—love? Thou fool; does not love give itself capriciously, not for service, not for gold, not for love and fidelity does it give itself,—why, I leave for cleverer heads than mine to determine. But it will always be the counsel given both by wisdom and goodness in this world where we wander in darkness, and so often blindly bestow our love; it will always be the best, I say, to give without demanding anything in return. Thus I did in Adelaide's case. . . .

How amiable and gentle her nature was I had every day an opportunity of seeing in her behaviour to Edla. This unhappy young creature seemed to have a bitter root in her heart, which shed gall over every object that surrounded her. She was for the most part silent and reserved; but what she did say was caustic, and what she did was unpleasing and unfriendly. Adelaide could not approach her with her beneficent warmth and affection, because Edla repelled all friendly advances; but Adelaide never replied to her sister's bitterness; she bore her ill-humour quietly, and if she knew anything that was agreeable to her she did it. Nevertheless she seemed almost to fear her, and rather to avoid any interference with her. This connexion between the sisters would have been quite inexplicable to me had they grown up together; but at the age of eight Edla had been sent from her father's house and placed in a school, whence she had only been recalled a year before the death of her mother, about two years before my entrance into the family.

I contemplated Edla narrowly, and discovered in her a deep and wounded sensibility. What she said often betrayed a conviction of injustice in the distribution of human lots, and great bitterness of mind in consequence. She seemed to feel deeply the human inability to avoid suffering and unfortunate fate; she considered this fate to be hers, and yet would not submit to it. She seized upon the discordances of life with a keen glance; and pondering on the niggardliness of nature towards herself, her eye had become sick, and her heart wounded. These wounds she regarded as incurable, and she became reserved to the whole world. Her lips never complained, and no one ever saw her eye shed a tear. It might be said that her whole life and temperament was a silent, bitter, and proud repining. She was irritable and sensitive; but shyness and pride prevented her exibiting her wounded feelings, except by a contemptuous and bitter demeanour. Beneath all this, however, there existed real power, deep feeling, love of truth, and extraordinary, though very much neglected, powers of mind. I felt a deep interest in her; and waiting till time and circumstances should show me how best a ray of light might be thrown into that darkened soul, I determined to follow her quietly, and endeavour to win her confidence by love. I was convinced that unreasonable severity and improper management had laid the foundation of her unfortunate temper.

Between Edla and her father there existed that coldness and distance which often arise between parents and children when they make mutual exactions, and when no reconciling love steps as intercessor between.

"I gave thee life," says the father to the child; "I paid attention to thy childhood; thou eatest of my bread; thou art sheltered by my roof. I give thee freedom, and such pleasures as are suitable to thy years. Be grateful; obey my will; anticipate my wishes; live in order to make me happy."

"Make *me* happy," replies the child; "give to me that blessedness which my soul requires, and without which I cannot gladden thy life. I demanded not life from thee; but the life which thou hast given demands happiness. If thou will not give it, I despise thy first gift—it is to me a burden!"

And thus stands these unfortunates, exacting and complaining one of the other, and becoming bitterer and bitterer every day.

On the delightful domestic evenings of the family, and the chosen few admitted to their private circle, Edla was the only shadow; though even her sullen spirit momentarily brightened in the fireside sunshine. On one of these pleasant evenings when all was cheerful happiness, each from the President to his little daughters contributing to the general enjoyment, Edla alone was cold and uncompliant. She refused to play, she was silent and sulky.——The cloud on her spirit was finally dispelled; and thus, through Edla, we receive from Miss Bremer wise and useful instruction on the relative duties of parents and children.

With enchanting life and expression Adelaide sung a song on "Home."

"A home!" said Count W. softly, as he crossed his arms on his breast and bowed his head; "a home, with a beloved wife—it is in truth a heaven!"

"Yes," said the President, "and with an amiable daughter, who in everything seeks to please her father, and provides so tenderly for his comfort and enjoyment."

The tone in which this was said, and the sharp glance he cast upon Edla, caused all eyes to turn upon her. She coloured violently. I am certain that the President immediately repented his hasty and unfriendly words; but what was said, was said, and Edla's embittered feelings rose hastily to a degree which I should have thought with her to be impossible. She turned to Count Alarik, and said—

"You have compared home to a heaven, do you know what else it may resemble?"

He looked questioningly upon her, and she continued—"A house of correction."

I shuddered at these bitter words. The President started so that the tea was shaken out of his cup. Count Alarik regarded Edla seriously and reproachfully.

Edla continued with violent excitement: "There is an overseer, and there are prisoners. The former assigns work to the latter; and when they neglect it, he punishes them. He exacts the fulfilment of duties, but gives neither the tenderness nor the joy which makes duty light. But why complain of it?" she added, casting up a glance full of anger and despair: "the lesser life is but a counterpart of the higher, and home is an image of the world's order."

"Miss Edla!" said Count Alarik warningly.

The President was violently affected, but restrained himself, and turning to Count Alarik, said, with a specious calmness—"Is it not wonderful, my dear Count, that man so often embitters his own days, and then complains impatiently at the suffering he has himself caused? My late wife——" (the President became moved, as he almost always did when he named her:) "poor Frederica made me the happiest of husbands: if she had lived, she would likewise have made me a happy father, for she would have taught her daughters that mildness and concession which alone can gain love: she would have taught them to deserve a father's tenderness, who desired nothing better than to see all his children happy around him, and to clasp them to his bosom."

The President was moved, and evidently ready for reconciliation. Not so Edla; the long pent-up poison of bitterness was boiling up in her.

"Love alone," she said, "wins return of love. That father who gave his child life, and did not give it tenderness, and does not give it joy, has no right to make any claims."

"No right!" said the President with warmth, and too excited to be able to weigh his words. "No right! But you! you can never be wrong, you must always be right. But if I have no right to claim from you some compliance and obedience, I have at least a right to free

myself and my house from discomfort and disquiet. For the last three years you have not given me one single joyful day; you have yourself evidently shown that you despise your father's counsel, and dislike his house; if in future this does not become other than it has been heretofore, then it is best that—that we part."

"It will then be my affair," said Edla coldly and growing pale, "to give place. I shall soon no longer give discomfort and disquiet to any one."

She arose, laid aside her work, and was about to go. Count Alarik seized her arm. "Child!" said he, softly, "no precipitance! Miss Edla, you are wrong; bethink yourself!"

She stopped and looked wildly at him. "What shall I do?" she asked.

"You have been wrong. Confess it. Beg your father's forgiveness."

"No!" said she violently, as she sought to disengage her arm; but Count Alarik held it fast, and conducting her aside, spoke earnestly to her in a low voice.

The President, perfectly beside himself, began to sing; Adelaide went to him with tears in her eyes; Countess Augusta sat deadly pale, and I knowing not what to do. In this moment we heard a cry of distress from the children's place of banishment, and a strong light blazed in through the half-open door. We rushed altogether into the room; the curtains of both the windows were in a flame, and even the wall-hangings were on fire. The children stood blowing upwards with all their might, frightened and crying. Count Alarik seized determinedly and pulled down the curtains and hangings of one window, but in so doing his own clothes caught fire. When Adelaide saw this, she threw herself unconsciously into the fire, seeking to extinguish the flames around him. In a moment her light dress burst up in a blaze, and thus suddenly came to pass, that Adelaide and Alarik stood with their arms round each other, enveloped in flames. God of Love! if it was thou who hadst arranged this, then forgive that I by the means of a bucket of cold water, which I in my despair dashed over Adelaide, put an end to both the embrace and the flame.

To return to the lesson on parental and filial duties:—Edla, by her presence of mind and devotedness, extinguished the fire, but was dreadfully scorched herself. The governess kindly attended her, and they were scarcely alone,—

Before a couple of lines written with a pencil upon a scrap of paper were given to me: it was the request from Count Alarik that he might come and visit Edla. Regarding him as her future brother-in-law, I thought he might come up. Edla also consented. "He may come," said she, "he may hear all I have to say, he is reasonable and good, and will not blame me; not in everything at least."

Edla's excitement of mind had now risen to a height which altogether overcame her usual shyness and reserve; it seemed that she must now pour herself out or die; all the consuming gall which had long collected in her heart, now burst forth with a violence which alarmed me. Count Alarik heard her long, without saying a word; an expression of sincere compassion was seen on his manly countenance.

"If you knew," said Edla, "how I have been used, you would not wonder at the unfortunate creature I am. I was not a wicked child; I affectionately loved my parents, particularly my father—I would have willingly given my life for him; and then,—with such good-will, with so tender a heart,—never to receive a friendly word; continual animadversions, continual reproaches and scoldings! and why? because I was ugly, because Nature had denied me all agreeable gifts, because I was unfortunate! I was seven years old, when my father one day caressed me,—I remember it yet as if it had been yesterday,—a sign that it was an uncommon event. And afterwards, at such a tender age, to be sent from my father's home—to return there as a stranger, and always to be treated as such! Father's and mother's love, caresses, and encouragements, joy, all—all were for Adelaide."

"Are you envious of Adelaide?" asked I, sorrowfully.

Edla was silent a moment, and then said, "If it were possible to hate Adelaide, I had done it; but who could hate Adelaide? nay, how difficult to avoid loving her! I had hated every other than Adelaide in her place. Oh! do you see it is not so easy, not so pleasant, to ardently thirst for love and friendship—for something good, some joy; and to see all, all snatched away, by one more fortunate: even my dog, my little bird, forsook me for her. And what advantages possessed she over me?—Beauty, the power of pleasing, rich gifts of nature, they were not her merits—she had not given them to herself! Why was I so destitute of all,—so poor,—and then punished for my poverty?"

The embittered spirit of the neglected, unloved daughter, thus gave vent to feelings long brooded over; and the Count, while he allowed the justice of a part of her complaints, showed her that her own disposition, pride, and bitterness, were the chief sources of her sufferings. Neither his admonitions nor sympathy were thrown away. Edla was stricken and shaken; she first wept, and then found strength and consolation in the high views of duty opened up by her monitor.

Count Alarik promised in future to explain himself more fully, and now only exacted from Edla, that she should make peace with her father, and herself take the first step towards reconciliation. She wished to resist; but Count Alarik, partly through joke, partly through earnest persuasion, made her blush for this despicable, this false pride. . . . . When we had left Edla's room to go into mine, the Count said to me: "We must now before everything seek to quiet Edla, and give her a milder mood of mind, by letting her catch a glimpse of such an harmonious order of things which remains the same spite of all apparent contradictions—an eternal goodness, eternally active, spite of suffering upon earth. She must discover that there is a power in man to bear all the world's darknesses as mere shadows. . . .

. . . She has a powerful soul, an acute power of thought . . . . I will not rest till I see her happy." .

. . . . . Edla had fever on the following morning, but notwithstanding accompanied Adelaide down to the President, to fulfil the promise she had made to Count Alarik.

The President had been touched with her behaviour during the fire; and to her entreaty only answered mildly: "Let us forgive each other's faults, Edla."

Thereupon he began with much interest to inquire after her burns. They were not trifling. They—but yet more her excited state of mind—were the cause that she was confined to bed several days after with strong fever. The President visited her twice a-day while it lasted, but both father and daughter were embarrassed and constrained with each other. After what had taken place, the relationship between them became rather worse than better. The President took care not to wound Edla with recollections and reproaches, but he became evidently more cold and distant with her; and she avoided him as much as she could. Too much had been said, and too little. The scene on that unlucky day had broken up a secret wound, but without providing means of cure.

When misunderstanding and constrained intercourse arise between friends, or between members of a family, they seldom pass without a crisis, and an explanation—but these are dangerous moments of revolution, and for once that they wrench out the wounding thorn it happens thrice that they press it in the deeper. Ah, why do we find it so difficult freely to forgive, freely to forget? We nourish our wrong, we meditate upon it, we desire to have some right, some recompense, and thus warm the serpent's egg in our bosoms. "Blessed are the peace-makers!" Blessed are the good, who forget, who forgive, even without thinking, "I forgive!"

Adelaide was zealous in the nursing of her sister; but Edla showed so little pleasure in it that gradually all the care of her fell on me, whom she preferred to see by

her. It seemed as if Edla's diseased sense was at this moment wounded by the sight of youth and beauty.

The emancipation of Edla's mind, and her restoration to content and happiness, were at length accomplished through the best influences of the Christian faith and the Gospel precepts. Reconciliation with her Father in Heaven prepared her for reconciliation with her earthly parent.

A remarkable change took place in Edla. She sought solitude in her room, where she occupied herself with reading. When she was in company, her manners were gentler and calmer; but a shade of melancholy, an expression of deep discouragement, appeared in her whole person. I saw Count Alarik follow her with attention; and, as it were, watch over the development of her soul.

The Count selected books for her: authors which nourish, enlarge, soften and harmonize the soul. Her father was not satisfied. He questioned the governess.

"What shall Edla do with Plato?" asked the President, impatiently.

"Through his help develop her eminent gifts of understanding," answered I, "and find in her thoughts a full compensation for what fortune has denied her of the tenderer enjoyments of feelings and sympathy. Edla is plain, uncommonly plain, and of a silent and reserved nature: she will not easily become loved. Fate denied her the soft dove-like enjoyments of earth—well, then! like the bird of paradise she shall raise herself above it."

The President looked out of the window. I saw that he was touched. After a pause he said—

"Are there not other, and more usual methods of compensation to be found, than philosophic studies? Are not accomplishments, womanly industry, society, and, above all, the enjoyments which religion and active beneficence give; are not these more efficient means?"

"For many people, yes!—not for Edla. Were she lovely and charming, I would nevertheless counsel her to that path which her determined disposition shows to be the only right one for her. Edla has a strong and penetrating, a truly manly mind!"

"Yes, yes!" said the President, sighing, "that she has from her father!"

(The President did not dislike this so much.)

"Edla," I continued, "has no turn for accomplishments, and no taste for them. She makes no progress either in music or drawing. Besides, for accomplishments really to suffice for a person's life, it is requisite that from being an amateur he should rise to be an artist. For woman's work Edla has neither disposition nor inclination——"

"And because she has no inclination to do anything," interrupted the President, "she should perhaps be left at peace to be idle! Mamselle Rönnquist, I cannot agree with these ideas! Quite differently thought the late Frederica."

And now there is a long discussion on the true boundaries of "woman's sphere," in which the governess takes the rational, the President the conventional or every-day side of the question, as the issue demonstrates. Adelaide, now a happy bride, was at this time busy in active preparation for her wedding. Her needle flew; while her joyous spirit was poured forth in song.

The President contemplated her industry with cordial pleasure, and heard her happy voice.

"Adelaide," he often said, "will be a real good wife and housewife; but Edla—poor Edla!" and he shrugged his shoulders, with a hard grimace. Poor Edla, in the meantime, passed her hours undisturbed, between her books and solitary walks in the neighbourhood, and had unrestrained permission to occupy herself according to her own taste. . . . . .

The President, since he had left Edla liberty to pursue her own course, had showed himself even colder towards her than before. In her, on the contrary, might be remarked, that her father's yieldingness had inclined her heart towards him. She was attentive to his least desires; the dishes he liked came often on the table during her housekeeping month, and were remarkably well-dressed; his tea was strong and warm; the President found his home yet more comfortable than before; in the beginning he did not himself well know how, nay, he began to put everything to my account, and now and then fancied that he found a certain resemblance between me and the late Frederica,—one time in my voice, another in my taste in dress, sometimes in my profile seen from the left side. Had I not been so earnest in making Edla's merits to be felt, and thereby diminished the sum of my own, then—who knows to what a height my resemblance to the late Presidentska might have arisen! —who knows, indeed!—Hum! hum!——

The President was at this time in great trouble about a journey he was forced to make to his mines on the borders of Lapland, and from which he could not return until Adelaide's marriage. The summer was rainy and cold, and the President had strong symptoms of rheumatism; and, between you and me, my reader, the President was something helpless in attending to himself when he was well, and very apt to complain when he was sick. He required more than any one else to be surrounded with care and comforts.

One evening we were collected round the fire, for the weather was so cold that we were obliged to heat almost all the rooms. I sat quite near the stove, warming my frozen feet; Edla was making the tea a little further off in the room; and from the drawing-room we heard Adelaide, who was teaching her little sisters to sing the "Little Collier Boy." The President sat in an arm-chair right before the fire, and lamented over his journey, which was to be commenced on the following day.

"Were not Adelaide engaged," said he, "and had such a deal to do with her bridal paraphernalia, I would have taken her with me: then, at all events, I know that I should have been well attended to. But now, this is not to be thought of. The household requires also to be looked after up there,—who is to do this! If the late Frederica lived——"

I sat just turned towards the President with that side of my profile which was like the late Presidentska, and I wondered if now, in the moment of embarrassment, this likeness would not appear more striking. But the President was silent, looked straight into the fire, and bit his seal ring.

"If I might—if I could—" Edla now said, with a voice so weak and so trembling that it was scarcely heard.

My genius now whispered to me to seek my knitting in the next room, whence I heard the following conversation.

"What do you say?" was the President's answer to Edla's stammering offer.

"If I could be useful to papa," she said more firmly, as she came nearer, "it would make me happy."

"You!" said the President, not without bitterness, "you have more important things to attend to;—remain you with your studies, your books, your Plato."

Edla was hurt, and made a movement as if to draw herself back; but conquering herself, she went near, and begged with tearful eyes:

"Let me go with you,—let me take care of papa! I will willingly leave everything for that."

"I do not exact," said the President coldly, "such great sacrifices from my children; I do not ask that they should leave their pleasures for my comfort. I did so before, perhaps; but I have seen I was wrong. Remain you with your books, Edla."

This moment was decisive. I trembled for fear that Edla's wounded feelings might prevent her from making a new trial on the President's heart; I feared that this moment would for ever divide father and daughter from each other. But Edla drew herself a little farther off, and said mildly,—

"And if my books admonish me of my duty? And if

that goodness papa has shown me, has made this duty dearer to me than everything else!" She stopped: the President said nothing. "I shall not ask more," she continued; I shall not be obtrusive. Papa does not love me, and I know that I have not been in the right,—I have not deserved to be loved; but—but I would, if I could, make up——" She stopped again.

"The fault has been mutual, Edla," said the President with cold friendliness. "I have no right to expect love from you, when I have not made you happy; and it would be egotism of me were I now to avail myself of what your sentiment of duty offers."

"Oh, this is hard,—very hard!" said Edla with deep pain, but without bitterness. She drew herself back, and was about to leave the room.

"Edla!" called the President hastily, as he turned and stretched his arms towards her; "Edla, my child! come here!" Large tears stood in his eyes. Edla threw herself weeping on his bosom.

A silent, long, and heartfelt embrace succeeded, on which the angels smiled.

"Forgive—forgive,—my child!" said the President with a broken voice; "I wanted to try you. Your mildness enchants me. We shall go together. God bless thee, my child! This was wanting to my happiness."

Edla let her head rest upon her father's shoulder, and her tears flowed unrepressed.

Softly and melodiously Adelaide's silver voice rose from the next room. She sung to the guitar,—

> Blest, oh blest are they who weep
> On the reconciled breast;
> Who forgive, forget, and reap
> Rapture from the voice loved best.

It was the first time that Edla had wept on the bosom of a friend, and that friend was her father; it was the first time she had felt the tender relations between parent and child.

The intrigues of the widowed step-daughter, the rich and brilliant Countess Augusta, who was in secret passionately devoted to Count Alarik, were happily defeated; and the young bride and her noble lover had been for many years away in their distant paradise ere we have the following scene, in which we recognise at once the regenerated Edla, and an amorous elderly gentleman in a very delicate dilemma for a father and daughter.

We enter an apartment in which the beautiful carpets, the soft sofas, the brilliant mirrors, the richly-draped curtains, and the like, present that pleasant picture of comforts which luxury, the busy artist of modern times, is continually labouring to perfect. With his gaze fixed on the chess-board, sits on a sofa the well-preserved President, or more properly Excellence von H. Before him we see his daughter Edla, as she is in the very act of quietly allowing herself to be checkmated by her father; and this, partly because she has already won one game from him, partly because his Excellence did not take it in the best humour. Now, however, suddenly the play, and with it the humour of the President, take a favourable turn.

"The queen, dear Edla," observed he, "is a costly figure; without her there is no life in the play. You must not be angry if I deprive you of yours, and say *check*, and—*mate!*"

"Mate! Yes; actually without salvation," cried Edla. "That was a splendid manœuvre. How fast hemmed in stand now my knights."

His Excellence rubbed his nose, blew it, and could not, with the very best will, prevent himself laughing heartily at his fast-imprisoned daughter; upon which he said, with great friendliness—"If you be not altogether too completely checkmated, my good child, give me a cup of tea."

"Directly," replied Edla with alacrity.

The President leaned himself back comfortably on the sofa.

At some distance from these, we see at a window another group. A young lady of extraordinary beauty is busy arranging fresh flowers in a vase which stands before her. Another lady, not young, and still less handsome, but in the most exact and finished toilette, sits opposite to her, and works a shepherdess in an embroidery frame. Before her stands a handsome, high-bred-looking young man, whose large, proud, and penetrating eyes are incessantly fixed on the Madonna countenance of the younger lady.

The President—I cannot yet break myself of the habit of calling him by his old title—had, after chess and tea, brightened into a more cheerful mood; he glanced with a degree of emotion at the group at the window, and said to Edla—"It is really not to be denied that there is scarcely to be found a handsomer couple than Nina and Count Ludwig. It does one's soul absolutely good to look at them both. But when I think that Nina will certainly soon leave us, and that you also, my best Edla, will then soon probably make happy a husband, I feel——"

"As far as I am concerned, my good father, nothing of the sort can be said. I desire nothing less than to give up my present pleasant condition. I feel myself happy, and will never leave my dear father."

"But that I cannot agree to," replied the President. "I cannot desire that you should wholly sacrifice yourself for me. No, my child; happy as your tender care makes me, happy as I should continually feel through it, regard for me must not be allowed to place itself as an impediment in the way of your natural vocation. And I—I—I shall also——"

"My kind, best father," interrupted Edla with tender emotion, "speak not of it. I declare, with the fullest truth, that I only follow the call of my heart, when I desire to change nothing in my present happy existence. I can nowhere find a more agreeable lot than in the house of my kind father, where I can follow all my inclinations."

"You are the best of daughters; but in your father's house also a change may take place—hem! hem! Nina will certainly soon marry, and I—I—yes, my good child, such a match as that with the Professor A., so rich, so learned, and agreeable a man does not offer itself every day. In fact, I should think it very wrong if you rejected his hand."

"I honour A. with my whole heart," replied Edla, "he is my friend, my very best friend; but a nearer connexion with him would not make me happy. . ."

"Well, then, if it is not to be A., there is yet left us the State Counsellor P., who will assuredly declare himself next. He has already spoken to me of you, and truly in the highest terms of praise. He has just lately bought a large house in Queen Street, and really esteems you uncommonly."

"I am sincerely obliged to him for his good opinion, but I doubt whether he thinks of marrying me; and did he, I should also be compelled to refuse him equally with Professor A."

"Hear, my good Edla, my best child: I see how it stands. You reject all, because you think only of me. But I assure you that I have strength to bear it, that I have already thought upon it,—yes, dear daughter, for your sake, in order to afford you perfect freedom, I have myself——I am truly no longer young, and the grave ——"

"O my dear father, my kind, best father, speak no more of it!" implored Edla with warmth, while she laid her hand tenderly within his; "my father is still in his best years, and will yet live long for the happiness of his children. As to what concerns me, I can only repeat, that I feel myself thoroughly happy in my present circumstances, and would exchange them for none other in the world. At my age one does not so readily give up old and dear habits. You, dear father, and the quiet, pleasant occupations which I can follow undisturbed, fill the whole measure of my soul's desires. Let me hope, best father,—tell me that it is no displeasure, no dissatisfaction with me which occasions you to-day continually to speak of my marriage?"

"No! good heavens! no, certainly not! How you

talk! How can you only think, Edla, that I could possibly be dissatisfied with you! Now—" he continued with an expression in which a certain self-contentment mingled itself with a degree of ill-humour; "be it then as you will; I think only that it is a pity for the worthy men and for yourself; for people may say what they like—man is still born for wedlock. Besides, I fear still, that hereafter, when Nina is married, you will find your solitude irksome. I have often pondered how, by some means or other, I might choose you an agreeable female companion, and only on your account——would I myself even——"

The president paused. Edla glanced attentively across at him; but all further communication was interrupted by the announcement of the State Counsellor P.

It was by letter that the President finally told his daughter of his betrothal with the Countess Natalie M. This was a new trial for Edla; but she bore it nobly.

She trembled for the peace of her father; for Nina's good. By degrees, however, her accustomed resignation triumphed, and she opposed to the inevitable that quiet power which always brings repose. With this she hastened to meet her father when he returned home in the evening, embraced him, and tenderly wished him happiness.

He felt a tear on his cheek, and this token of a warm feeling, which Edla so seldom allowed herself, touched him deeply. Confused, and at the same time moved, he assumed a half-glad, half-feeling tone, joked and sighed alternately, and really did not rightly know how he should carry himself. He repeated again nearly that which Edla had already read in his letter, only representing more at large how his higher rank brought with it also higher claims—how he was obliged to see and to represent more people, and the like. For all this his present property was not fully adequate; and, moreover, he was averse to burdening Edla with a mode of life so totally opposed to her inclinations, so utterly antagonist to her favourite pursuits; and therefore—and therefore—he had held it for the best, had regarded it as a duty, to unite himself to the Countess M., whose character and talents were in all these respects admirable.

Edla said nothing, held herself still and thoughtful; but when the President at last remained sticking fast in a confused cough, she felt the necessity of reconciling him to himself.

"May she make my father happy!" said Edla, "and then she will be dear and precious to us all; and much that is pleasant will certainly come with her into our house. Nina will now acquire a better teacher in Italian and the harp than we could procure for any money. Countess M. will certainly instruct her admirably."

"Splendidly! divinely!" exclaimed the President, who now began to breathe, and saw the most unheard-of advantages for his daughter in this match.

Edla's apprehensions were not groundless; but there was deep peace in her own spirit. It had risen beyond the troubled sphere of daily life. Suffering could not disturb its serenity. She was the tender but ever-watchful mother of her young sister Nina, the ministering angel of her father. Her awakened high sense of duty had completely changed her nature.

Since Edla had given up her earlier speculative life, she had laid upon herself the duty of making the old age of her father joyful; for his sake she found it easy completely to change her serious, taciturn nature. With him she was lively and talkative, and she performed this task so beautifully, that the old gentleman found himself almost more comfortable in his house, than in the time of his late Frederica. By degrees he acquired an actual tenderness for his loving daughter, and a confidence so entire in her, that he gave her not only perfect freedom in the arrangement of household affairs, but also seconded her in the education of the little Nina. The President hoped through this to obtain in the younger daughter, a child as observant and tender as the elder one was; and so everything went on admirably till the President had the affair with little Cupid, and began to talk of the grave, in order to step over to a wedding.

The position of a lover and bridegroom in his grand climacteric is not, we fear, wholly one of unalloyed bliss, any more than that of a dethroned daughter. If during, and even after the honeymoon, any one had asked the President how he felt,

"Excellently!" would his Excellence have answered; but Truth whispers us behind his back, "Not particularly so."

It stood indeed as follows. The President was in love with his wife, but found himself to such a degree disturbed in his old habits, in his comfort, in the mode of life which he had hitherto led, that it operated obviously both on his health and temper. His beautiful Countess was a charming hostess, an amiable lady of the house; but an attentive managing wife she was not. He must wait on, care for, ask, do, amuse, fondle, and follow. The poor President got quite out of breath. He was, however, in love; and when she called him "My sweet one! my angel!" and stroked his chin with her white hand, he was enraptured and even happy. Ah Cupido! Cupido!

But this amorousness, the secret discontent, and a certain feeling that he had acted foolishly—all this made the President not only out of humour, and dissatisfied with himself, but awoke in him also a sort of fear before Edla. He was ashamed of his feelings before the clear-sighted daughter; he began to avoid her glance and her society, and this the more anxiously as he felt the injustice he did to her, who least deserved it, by this coldness and reserve. Edla soon observed how he sought to avoid her; yet keenly as it pained her, she conformed herself in this respect immediately to the will of her father. She also had much to conceal from him: she too felt herself not happy through the change in the house, and knew not how to say a cheerful word to her father.

The Countess occupied herself chiefly and almost exclusively with Nina. As a fine connoisseur of art, she knew how to estimate Nina's perfect and entrancing beauty. She was thoroughly absorbed by it; and the sight of her was as necessary to her as to an artist that of his ideal. She exerted all that was captivating in her own mind and manner to win Nina to herself. She gave her instruction on the harp, in singing, in Italian, and caressed her without intermission. The lovely Nina was idolised by her, while the ungifted Edla only received from her cold looks and commands. . . .

. . . . . That she might not lose the child of her cares and of her heart completely out of her sight, there now remained nothing for Edla but to make part of the everlasting company. This was as little agreeable to the Countess as it was painful and wearisome to Edla. She exchanged her beloved quiet solitude, for a society in which she felt herself out of place, and assumed near Nina the involuntary part of a gloomy Argus. The Countess soon let Edla feel how superfluous was her presence, and did what she could by petty humiliations and slights to drive her from her brilliant saloon. Edla was of too lofty a character, and had made her soul too free, to suffer herself to be wounded by pin-pricks; but for Nina also was her presence useless, and by her also, as it seemed, was she overlooked. This pained her deeply. Besides, the stepmother invaded most disturbingly Edla's whole life. By imperceptible but certain modes, all power in the house, all interest in the management, was withdrawn from her. The old domestics were dismissed, the new ones could only obey the commands of the Countess; and thus Edla saw daily more and more how unnecessary she was in her father's house and to the company. She withdrew in silence to her solitary room, and appeared only at the dinner-table, but always friendly and quiet. My sweet female reader! thou who wilt probably ex-

derstand how gnawing such domestic position must be, how easily it can embitter heart and mind—oh, say must it not have been a beautiful, a noble doctrine which enabled Edla to conduct herself with so much repose, gentleness, and good sense! In her solitude she found a freer, better company than in the circle she abandoned; and she could have been truly contented and happy in it, had she not missed so painfully her beloved pupil, her former daily companion. As she saw that this dissipated life agreed with Nina's health extremely, she was careful to conceal her feelings. When she once asked her beautiful sister whether the present course gave her pleasure, she replied, with her accustomed love of truth,—"Yes; it is so pleasant to please and to be beloved."

Edla laid up this word in her bosom; it gave her pain. Do I not love her too?" thought she; "though I do not flatter her, nor misguide her. I who would lay down my life for her!" She regarded herself now as misunderstood also by Nina; she became even stiller and more retiring. Nina found Edla cold and unsympathizing. There lay a cloud between the two sisters. Each felt a secret tear well from her soul on this account. Why do we not let them flow? Why may they not betray what the tongue hesitates to acknowledge? What is it which so often, at least for a time, thrusts itself between the best friends, like a sorcery cooked by bad spirits? Each sees it, but it is not to be overcome; an insurmountable, invisible obstacle stands in the way; we suffer, we avoid one another, we doubt whether it can possibly be the same person as formerly. Then requires it only an insignificant cause, a trifling word, to produce a division, whence is no return, and which no kindness can heal. The wounds which distrust gives bleed so long!

And yet, let me, my reader, here make a reservation, for my heart is full of this matter, and would fain open itself out before thee. I must, then, solemnly protest against that which I have just asserted. No; I believe it not. The *real*, the *genuine* friends do not separate.

Much of the virtue of all Frederika Bremer's writings lies in reflective passages of this kind, and in such deep-rooted thoughts for the guidance of the affections, and the confidence and happiness of domestic life exhibited in action. Edla felt that she was, at this time, out of place in her father's house: no one needed her—she was a burthen to her step-mother—a restraint upon all—a silent reproof. She resolved to visit some distant relatives who had been ruined by foolish extravagance, and who needed a helpful friend to show them how to redeem the past, and make the best of the present. Again, before her departure, her admirer Professor A. came forward as a suitor, and was answered as a friend. Edla was formed to be the friend of every one, but no one's wife. She felt that her nature and her tastes made her one of those "*who had better remain solitary.*" Happy are the men and women—though we trust that their number is not great—who, in due time, make this discovery. Byron should have been of the number, and, if we believe Moore, so should Shakspere; but we will not believe him.

Before her departure, Edla had consigned her beloved Nina to Count Ludwig, the man of all on earth whom she the most trusted and honoured; stern, proud, and misanthropic as he was, and repulsive to the gentle and visionary Nina. Edla had sometimes misgivings if this was the husband who could make Nina perfectly happy; but her doubts were yet stronger if Nina was fully worthy of the distinguished lot of being his wife.——Let us turn to Edla in her solitude. Her condition reflects that of many a refined, and quietly-suffering, dependent single woman, whether daughter or sister.

The last ember was extinguished, and Edla returned to her bed-chamber. Here she found all prepared for the journey, and an indescribable weight fell upon her heart. She felt like a stranger in her father's house. It was only by the compulsion of circumstances that she abandoned these rooms, in which she had been the quiet, ruling spirit, in which formerly she had been beloved and cherished. Now she was solitary, forsaken, and shunned,—and all without fault of hers! The atmosphere of the room, the aspect of the furniture, especially that belonging to her sister, a little shawl which she had carelessly flung over an easy chair,—all awoke in Edla's heart the feeling of unspeakable sadness. An angry bitterness rose in her soul against her who had occasioned all these painful changes; but a feeling of hatred in her own soul was to her intolerable, and she resisted and combated with it earnestly. With what weapons! He who had seen Edla pale, sorrowful, and speechless, seated on her travelling trunk, would not probably have believed that she at that moment fought out a fight more severe, and achieved a victory more glorious, than ever did Napoleon. With what weapons? Call them heavenly, my dear reader,—thou knowest them as well as I.

Edla had parted with unusual coldness from her stepmother. She resolved to write some lines to her, in order to leave behind her a more friendly impression, and to press more earnestly on her mind care for Nina's health. As she approached her writing-desk her eyes fell on a casket of red morocco, which appeared to be placed with such a degree of care that it should not be overlooked. She opened it, and found a costly necklace of genuine pearls, and with it these words in the hand of her father—"To the best of daughters, from her loving father. Very early in the morning I shall be with thee."

Now first flowed tears down Edla's cheeks; but they were sweet salutary tears. She felt that her father understood her, secretly thanked her, and all became light and bright about her. The parting had lost its bitterness; and how willingly now did she obey the divine command—"Thou shalt ever bless thy enemies."

The President was seized with paralysis, and died in a distant land, to which he was attended by his magnanimous daughter,—his vigilant nurse, and his last best friend,—while his brilliant Countess was either playing the *Corinne* and woman of fashion in Stockholm, or at her country-seat flirting to such a length with a gallant Colonel, that her cousin, Miss Greta, was compelled to remonstrate. Nina remained with her stepmother; and though promised, if not betrothed, to Count Ludwig, had fallen deeply in love with another,—her soul's true counterpart, the pastor of a peasant-flock,—a young and more accomplished Oberlin, whom a series of romantic adventures had driven to the remote corner which his presence blessed. There is much, perhaps too much, of romance and untoward chance in the story of these lovers; and its close is tragic and unsatisfactory. The reader cannot sympathize in the inevitable stroke of destiny, nor yet submit to it. He demands—"Why did Edla, the devoted and strong-minded Edla, commit so fatal a mistake, as despotically to give her cherished, gentle sister to one so uncongenial in nature, and so ill adapted to make her happy?—Why was she torn from her Heaven-destined lover, and both made victims for no apparent good object? Edla, in attempting to save her sister's life, when an inundation burst over the country, had forfeited her own. When

on her deathbed, and labouring under the idea that the Pastor Hervey, the most amiable and excellent of men, was a fiend in human shape, she made Nina solemnly swear to renounce him, and become the wife of Count Ludwig. Even this common artifice of novels might have been redeemed, had the Count exercised that heroic generosity which was not incompatible with his stern and cold nature. The lovers might have been restored to each other, and all have ended well; but a tragic close was wanted; and here is one which "purges the mind neither by pity nor terror." The subordinate story of Miss Greta, her friend Clara, and her Baron, who woos and weds her after a quaint or Benedict-and-Beatrice-fashion, is of a more natural, cheerful, and instructive character. As closing specimens of what, with all these drawbacks, is a rare and admirable novel, we select two more scenes: the Pastor Edward Hervey—one of Jean Paul's pastors—in his humble rural parsonage; and the last of Nina's days:—

It is a lovely Saturday afternoon, light breathes the wind, joyously sing the birds, sweetly the flowers exhale their odours; who can remain in the house? The Countess certainly not. She chooses this day for her first visit to the parsonage in Tärna, to Hervey's aged mother. The whole family, as well as the Colonel, shall accompany her. They will go thither on foot, and return in the carriage. All are in excellent spirits. The Colonel heats himself with gathering flowers for the Countess, who shows him grateful glances. The Baroness [late Miss Greta] throws sharp glances at her, yet has herself her attention agreeably diverted by her husband, who overwhelms her with attentions, smokes his pipe, and looks in the highest degree gay and happy. . . .

Nina and Clara are gay and happy as children, and feel themselves continually more like sisters. The Countess makes trial whether the philosophical plantations in the heart of the Colonel have yet taken root. She talks of Pascal,—she talks of Cousin. The Colonel acquiesces in all her thoughts and ideas—finds "deep" and "sublime" what she finds "deep" and "sublime;" and makes giant strides in the favour of his teacher.

Yonder rise the green hills of Tärna. Lovely and well lies the parsonage on one of them. A garden with trees and shrubs stretches greenly down its southern side. The whole country round is changed; everywhere have the plough, the spade, and the axe, begun their labours. Hervey is in the garden with his young friend Captain Philip S.; they are busy trimming, amid friendly discourse, the trees beneath whose shade Hervey hopes ever to see his mother and sisters enjoy the summer evenings. So long as this little garden was encompassed with marshes, no newly-planted trees would make progress; but now these are, for the most part, drained, and converted into fruitful tillage land. In consequence of this the cold is diminished, and everywhere shoot forth leafy branches.

As Hervey descried the approaching party, he flung down his pruning-knife, and hastened,—beautiful in the zeal of labour,—beautiful in his neglected dress,—especially beautiful in his joy and benevolence, which painted themselves in his face,—to meet his friends. To Nina, the words, I believe, of Sterne occurred—"His countenance is like a blessing."

Gentle and quiet as ever, Hervey conducted his guests to his mother. In the house it looked like a tranquil festival-day—all was so clean, so white, so tasteful, yet simple. A friendly directing spirit had set its seal on the whole economy of the house. In the entrance-hall, strewed leaves of the fir annoyed somewhat the Countess, but charmed the young ladies extremely. They passed from the hall into the sitting-room, and the Countess noticed, with wonder, the elegance of the furniture. Baron H. stood enraptured before book-shelves which covered the whole walls of a spacious and light apartment. Here stood also a pianoforte and a harp, the favourite instruments of Edward Hervey. Numerous and well-tended flowers breathed their aroma from the windows. Soon also a flower of the heliotrope, plucked by Hervey, shed its fragrance in Nina's hand. Some pigeons with lustrous feathers came flying into the house, and took food now from Hervey's, and now from Nina's hand. Nina's soul was seized with an inward delight; never had she felt herself so much at home, so happy. It seemed as if a smiling angel of peace glanced at her out of every corner, and whispered to her,—"It is good to be here!" Ah, she felt that it was so. Hervey's look, Hervey's spirit, had here sanctified and blessed everything.

Would you see a living festival? See there the aged lady, Hervey's mother. In the lovely, pure features dwell together seriousness and gentleness; and about the mouth shows itself yet frequently a smile, which reminds you of that of the sun. In her white dress, simple in costume and character, she is yet not wanting in a natural dignity, which so well becomes the handsome old lady. Her silver hair divides itself on her open brow, in order to cover her temples, and then to disappear under her cap. At the entrance of the distinguished guests she laid aside her book of devotion and her spectacles, and welcomed them with unaffected cordiality. The Countess had proposed to herself to be condescending; but it would not succeed. Virtue and misfortune, a strong and pious soul, had conferred on the mother of Hervey the nobility, the genuine good-breeding, to which worldly accomplishment can add little, and from which a lowly roof and the accompaniments of poverty can take nothing away. Perhaps somewhat of this quiet character was derived from the pride which she felt in her son. . . . . .

By the side of this lady, and somewhat surprised that the representations which she had made to herself of Hervey's domestic economy did not altogether tally, the beautiful, rich, and world-experienced Countess, was conscious of a wholly peculiar sensation. She felt herself thrown out of her own element; in a word, somewhat embarrassed, and, to her great annoyment, knew not how to carry on the conversation. The Baroness, on the contrary, was at once at home, so soon as, with her fine tact, she had felt out the presence of nature and human worth; and she was therefore speedily carried away in a fluent conversation with Hervey's mother.

The rest of the company had, in the meantime, entered the music-room. At the request of the Countess, Hervey placed himself at the harp, and his fingers touched the chords with spirit and life. From a mild, melancholy, but infinitely-agreeable phantasy, he passed, with the skill of a master, to the simple, profound accords, which form the introduction to the splendid romance, "The Sea Hero;" and in a fine tenor he then sung the Northern song, in a strong but melancholy tone, with an entrancing, varying expression, such as the words of the poem dictated. The life of the olden time rose in its youthful, wonderful strength.

. . . . . .

"Where is Maria?"

I am at this moment a little ashamed of Maria, since no one can look less festively arrayed than she. She will only prepare a banquet for those who have forgotten themselves. She stands still and hot at the oven, and bakes fine bread. The greatest consternation shows itself in her countenance, while, in the deepest anxiety, she gazes round her, with the words—"Our maid-servants are gone out! The house full of guests!—The Countess!—Supper!—I here! white bread must be baked, and both girls are out!"

I will venture to assert that none of my fair readers will peruse this without the greatest sympathy for Maria, and even a little sympathetic distress. If they wish, however, to get rid of this distress, it is only necessary to accompany me a little farther. Maria, between her oven and her anxiety, would have lost her wits, if her brother, like a consoling angel, had not suddenly made his appearance, and, with friendly words, active help, and pleasant jokes, put to flight her trouble. She took

courage,—all will go well; and from this it came to pass, that the baking turned out so admirably,—for, in fact, when the cakes in the oven rise well, the heart of the housewife rises with them. Maria felicitated herself on being able to treat her guests with her beautiful white bread, particularly the lovely Nina, whom, with a maiden's enthusiasm, she admired. For her was an especial cake baked.

Maria speedily spread the cloth in the eating-room, and her brother spoke courage to her. He himself helped to cut bread, and to set on the table the dishes of curd; so that his sister became quite easy and cheerful. Will you see Maria? She is like a thousand others,—fair, kind, blue-eyed, of features by no means remarkable, but with an expression of good-nature. Her dress was something worn, but far from being worn out; a warm heart, a good understanding, in whose joys house-keeping and heaven occupy the whole space, without much fascination; diligent, conscientious, affectionate, indefatigable—the first up, the last to bed; you see, in a word, before you one of the many who live for others—of those who will probably think for the first time of themselves, when the Lord of the world says to them—"Thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." But for such an one what joy can there probably be, except that of being able yet more freely to live and work for those that she loves?

But we loiter—Maria does not. She has set the cold roast meat, the steaming potatoes, and the fresh butter, on the table; she has conducted the guests into the eating-room, and has invited them kindly and somewhat embarrassed to partake, and wishes that they may enjoy the repast.

Here, also, the Countess found herself quite out in her expectations, and saw not the smallest thing at which she could have smiled. For here all was too pretensionless and too good. The meal resembled rather an idyllean banquet, than a supper "at the Countess's visit." And in truth the milk, with the excellent cream, she found, as well as the rest, so delicious after the long walk, that she bestowed a particular attention upon the dish. It did not escape her, however, that Hervey was more gay and social than usual. He looked around him as if he would bless everybody. But while all are eating, chatting, and laughing, I will make a little digression, and say a word with the

FATHERS OF FAMILIES.

Thou who sittest at thy table like a thunder-cloud charged with lightning, and scoldest the wife and the cook about the dinner, so that the morsel sticks in the throat of the mother and children,—thou who makest unhappy wife, and child, and servants,—thou who preparest for every dish a bitter sauce out of thy gall,—shame and indigestion to thee!

But—

Honour and long life to a good stomach, and especially all good to thee who sittest at thy table like bright sunshine; thou who lookest round thee to bless the enjoyment of thy family,—by thy friendly glance, thy kind speech callest forth sportiveness and appetite, and thereby lendest to the gifts of God a better strength, a finer flavour than the profoundest art of the cook is able to confer upon them,—honour to thee, and joys in abundance. May goodwill ever spread the table for thee; may friendly faces ever sit round thy dishes. Honour and joy to thee!

And now back again to the parsonage.——

There Nina and Hervey sang together,—his fine voice supporting her tremulous tones; and there was delicious accordance in heart as well as voice. At parting, the whole company, by an involuntary movement, sang in chorus a Swedish social good-night hymn; not quite so touching as the old Scottish one, which, in days of yore wont to be chanted by social parties on breaking-up, but in the same spirit. But all this is long past; Nina has solemnly sworn to her dying sister to be the wife of Count Ludwig; and she is now alone with her grief, while other sorrowing friends have attended Edla to the last resting-place:—

A day of suffering was past: for the first time had Nina truly experienced what a storm of the soul is. She reclined on a couch; the door of the saloon was open, and she looked with fixed eyes into the large dark chamber in which so lately had lain the corpse of Edla. The moon shone through the window. Deep stillness reigned around her; the dull rushing of the sea was only heard. Nina opened the window; but the coming air cooled not the burning pain of her bosom. The thought of Hervey afflicted her with unspeakable anguish—she felt herself so guilty towards him: she accused herself of having made his life desolate and for ever darkened.

"Can he forgive me?" questioned she of herself again and again.

When she thought how his beloved glance must rest upon her with pain and quiet reproach, O, how she then longed that she might throw herself at his feet! but then she saw the bleeding figure of Edla warding off death from her, and she would do all for her who was dead for her sake—but Hervey, why should he suffer for her? Thus was her soul tossed hither and thither between contending feelings,—between doubts and painful questionings; she no longer knew what to do, nor what was right nor wrong. She accused herself as being the occasion of all misfortune,—she detested her own life. And then—oh, dear reader, hast thou ever lost a friend who was dear to thee as life, and has thy injustice darkened your separation? Hast thou felt burning remorse, and hast known that *never* on earth canst thou confess this to the lost one? Hast thou had hours in which thy heart yearned after him or her so——so that thy soul was rent asunder, and it felt as a martyr—that thou wouldst give thy life, thy everlasting salvation, only to see him again for one moment, to press his beloved hand, to cling to the beloved breast, and to weep——and weep——?

Hast thou ever felt thus?—Oh, then wilt thou understand Nina; thou wilt understand her sufferings, and comprehend how that involuntarily, with wildly beating heart, she extended her arms, and, full of anguish, exclaimed, "Edward! Edward!"

The door of the saloon softly opened. A man habited in deep mourning stood there. At sight of him a shudder of terror and joy passed through Nina, and with a low exclamation she sprang up.

The dark-clad man approached the door of the room in which she was, and there he remained standing: he leaned against the door-post, and looked upon her with an indescribable glance. Suffering and death-like pallor lay upon his countenance. Ah! it was the look which Nina had seen in her dream; they were the beloved features; his hand lay upon his heart,—was it to hide the bleeding wound? Nina heard his short, excited respiration.

Her first feeling was to throw herself in his arms, and hide her face on his breast,—then she thought that she must flee away from him.

"Edward! Edward!" cried she, "why are you come? Know you not that we are separated,—that I have renounced you?"

"I know all," replied Hervey.

"Forgive me," cried Nina despairingly, and fell on her knees.

"I come with no reproaches,—I come to bless you," said Hervey, with heavenly goodness in voice and look. He advanced to her, raised her, led her to the sofa, and seated himself by her. He held her hands firmly in his, and looked at her with a serious penetrating glance.

"You did not doubt me?" asked he.

"No! no!" was all that she was able to answer.

"Neither did I doubt you," continued he; and his countenance was lit by an angelic smile. "Well, then, beloved," said he, "we are not separated—not for ever separated. For a short time here on earth are we severed from each other; then shall we meet again in heavenly love, in firm faith—our souls remain united!—Eternally,

inwardly beloved," continued he, "thou most lovely of God's gifts to my life! Have peace, peace—with thyself; peace with the Eternal Power which disposed our fate! Thou hast—done right! Thou couldst not have done otherwise! A higher power has spoken,—we must obey!"

"We must obey!" repeated Nina faintly. She bowed her head in the deepest grief, and leaned her forehead upon her closely clasped hands.

"Be calm,—be happy,—even on earth; then shall I be——not unhappy," said he.

"Not unhappy!" repeated Nina.

"Trust in the Eternal Goodness! It is with thee!"

"With thee!" repeated Nina, weeping vehemently.

Hervey arose. His voice trembled, "I would see thee once again," said he; "I felt that I must hear thee once more—must thank thee! Thy love has made me inexpressibly happy; the remembrance of it will brighten my whole life; it will be my joy in my last hour,—my hope in that other land where we shall meet again. Peace,—blessing upon thee, thou angel! thou beloved! Fulfil thy duties; live—for God's sake!"

Nina rose up. She knew not how it happened, but he blessed her with such powerful, such heavenly words and tones, that a wondrous joy thrilled through her breast. She listened to his words as to the voice of God; and as he clasped her close to his heart,—as he, for the first and the last time, pressed his lips to hers, then certainly stood invisible angels near them, and bowed their immortal heads in admiration of two loving and suffering mortals.

Nina woke as out of a dream. He was gone! She laid her hand on her forehead, and felt his tears on her hair. She kissed them from her fingers with fervent love.

"He has blessed me!" said she, and her soul was still. And, as she stood there, praying in pain and rapture, adoring and full of foreboding, she saw, as once before had been the case, that the figure of the cross fell upon her breast, whilst the glory of heaven streamed around her. Now were the dark passages of her life made clear to her. Courage and determination returned again into her breast, and awoke there a higher and a higher heaven.

But he!

On the day of Nina's marriage, the ever-cheerful and happy Baroness, the late Miss Greta—

Pressed her husband's hand. "Nina may become a mother," said she to herself consolingly; and in that she found the only comfort for the quiet, pale bride.

Nina lay cold and almost unconscious in her arms on the evening of the marriage-day.

"I will myself care for my daughter," said Countess Natalie, "leave her to me!"

"I will not part with her out of my arms, let whoever may come!" replied the Baroness with decision, as even at that moment the bridegroom entered. The Countess went forward to meet him.

Probably a year after this day I saw Nina again, and never shall I forget the sight. Pale from sufferings she had gone through, lay she upon a snow-white pillow. A white bandage was closely bound round her forehead, concealing her hair. The white, delicate lace of her cap bent itself as if caressingly around her delicate countenance. All that surrounded her was dazzlingly white; she herself was like a snow-drift upon which the last rays of the sun falls. At her side lay, in its first morning sleep, her little daughter. I saw that Nina felt the joy of a mother. It was a charming sight to see those beautiful eyes beaming, to hear those graceful lips say,

"Oh! no one knows what it is till they themselves have experienced it, at once freed from all pain, to see that a child is born—to stretch forth the hand, and really to clasp it—to feel it near one!"

And her white, feeble hand was extended caressingly over the little one, which seemed to perceive it with pleasure. "She shall be called Edla!" continued she tenderly; "I will give to her a guardian angel. May she resemble her——"

I left Nina with the consolatory feeling that henceforth her life would not be joyless. But the image of the young, pale mother stood sorrowfully before my soul. Never had I seen a human being so pale.

When I saw her another twelvemonths later she was still paler; but now it was natural, for she lay in her coffin, and was beautiful even there. Her little daughter was gone before her—she followed her. I saw the stern Count Ludwig stand by the coffin. He wept like a child.

When Nina felt her death approaching, she wrote the following words to Hervey:—

"I have lived—because thou wishedst it. Because thou blessedst me have I had strength to live at a distance from thee,—and I have not been unhappy. I have known the joys of a mother, but the pains of a mother also. I die, and thank God. If I loved thee above all things on earth, the righteous God will not condemn me. It was my strength—my virtue. In this moment, in which all becomes already dark, and in which my eye will be extinguished,—in this moment art thou still the light and the hope of my soul. O, how like a beam of light didst thou break through the twilight of my life, and give to me warmth and colour! Ah! and I darkened thine."

The recollection of the dying Julia's letter to St. Preux interferes with this pathetic farewell; and so we leave it. Hervey survived for many years. When he serenely breathed his last at the close of a useful and honoured life, his maiden sister stood by his side; and his last word, breathed with superhuman joy—with the rapture of the dying saint to whom heaven is already opened—was Nina! Her hovering spirit waited to conduct him home.

The *President's Daughters*, if not calculated to be so generally popular as the former tales of this series, will make an important addition, not merely to the stock of a circulating library, but to those volumes which enlarge the understanding and ameliorate the affections. It is a true woman's book.

THE STAGE-COACH; OR, THE ROAD OF LIFE.*

The *Old English Gentleman* was so racy and choice that it was with no ordinary degree of interest we received a younger brother of the family. Have we been disappointed? Very far from it, in any expectation that we were warranted to form. And yet there can be but one "Old English Gentleman." To expect another would be as idle as to look for the resuscitation of Sir Roger de Coverley. So be it; and let us accept with thankfulness the good the gods provide us.

In the vicinity of Aldgate there stands an old Inn at the end of a long, dark, narrow passage, which, if now deserted, once held up its head as a London hostelrie of no mean reputation.

The building forms a contracted oblong, running to a great height, with large gable-ends jutting out in all directions. A wide balcony, rudely carved, and blackened with smoke and age, is thrown across from about midway of the steep walls, and upon it swings

* By John Mills, Esq., author of "The Old English Gentleman." In three volumes. London: Henry Colburn.

a time-worn sign, which for a century has creaked upon its rusty hinges. Corridors sweeping through the edifice, flanked with numbered doors, tell of its vast resources for wearied wayfarers; but the rooms are deserted, and the distant sounds of the world without echo through them, like the sad tones of a funeral knell. In the yard are large stables; but every stall is empty, and scarcely a flattened straw remains upon the sunken bricks. A battered horn-lantern still hangs in one of the abandoned places, and blue mould stifles up the inch of candle that remains unconsumed in the socket.

Under an expansive shed are several coaches, closely packed together; spattered dirt and black streaks from the drifting shower begrime their formerly speckless panels, and the axles of the wheels are rusted from want of use.

It was on a Saturday evening, early in December, that a man slowly descended a ladder, from a hayloft over one of the stalls just described, and, with a lazy yawn, lifted his hands above his head, and stretched his legs upon the pavement. He was short and sturdy built, with shins that inclined to form a curve. His head seemed placed upon his shoulders as if Nature had economized, and dispensed with the superfluity of a neck. Crisp hair stood upon his head, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." One full black eye alone performed the office of vision, the other having been cut out with the thong of a four-in-hand whip, intended by a novice to lift a stinging fly from the tip of a leaders' ear. His arms were so long that when standing upright he could polish the knees of his drab breeches—a habit very constantly practised by him. A round, greasy, cloth cap, stuck on one side of his head, gave him a careless, swaggering appearance; while a bright scarlet neckerchief, twisted once round where his throat ought to have been, added to the knowing, ostlerish costume.

"Dream!" he exclaimed in a grumbling tone; "who can help dreaming on 'em? Night an' day—weeks, month, an' years—all my blessed life and arterwards, I shall dream o' the smoking, steaming, roaring, busting, hells in harness: d—n all locomotives, I say!"

This old and disposted ostler, John Hogg by name, next folded his long arms, and apostrophized the closed "Tap."

"Many's the time and often I've blown a cloud of happiness inside o' that red blinder; many's the gallon of heavy wet and goes o' mountain dew I've put under my waistcoat inside them bricks. Then to think o' the nights I've come out reeling, blind drunk as a Lord! Ain't it enough to make a feller hang his mother, or turn teetotaller!"

The ostler on this night expected his old friends to assemble in this deserted caravansary, good "fellers" all, driven off the road by steam. In waiting their arrival, he employed himself in lighting a fire in what had once been called the "Commercial Room:" and this with the good old flint and steel, for he detested *lucifers* as part and parcel of the movement—of the railroads and locomotives,—which had annihilated coaches and "osses." This was to be the meeting-place of a Club, consisting of guards, post-boys, ostlers, and others connected with the road and horseflesh, who were to condole in the common distress of themselves and their fraternity, tell stories, crack jokes, sing songs, and imbibe all sorts of consolatory potations at THE CHALKED-OFF COACHMAN'S FREE AND EASY. Jack the ostler was first joined by Mr. Wirkem, a portly and highly-respectable gentleman, who had driven the *Regulator* for forty years and nine months. The name of the Club was his bright idea; and

"Hooray!" shouted John Hogg, springing off the pail, and with a kick from his ponderous foot sending it to the furthest end of the room. "It's an out-an-out, slap-up, send-me-rolling, clipper of a name," said he, flushed with excitement.

Mr. Wirkem looked both astonished and pleased at Jack's conduct; but continued his speech without making any comment upon it. "We'll have no proposing or balloting for members," said he; "but every dragsman in the kingdom that's run off the road by the rail"—(here an ill-suppressed malediction escaped the lips of John Hogg)—"shall be entitled to rest his legs under this mahogany," continued Mr. Wirkem; "no matter whether he has been the driver of a four-oss or a pair-oss coach. If he can pay his whack for the creature-comforts without pinching the old woman, or the spokes of the old wheel at home, well and good; if not, why those who can make up the deficiency without feeling the screw, must stand the handsome, and I'll always head the list."

Mr. Wirkem was the founder of the Club. He had consulted a few more chalked-off dragamen; a good stock of comfortables was laid in, and the institution was opened under "the most favourable auspices," and the easy duty laid on every member either to tell a good story or sing a good song. And many a good story was told, and good song sung, which is not a whit the worse that it may probably have been sung before and forgotten. With these the volumes are filled; the members of the Club being all either story-tellers, or playing the part of the Chorus in a Greek drama. From the character and profession of the narrators, it may be concluded that the tales were generally either personal histories, or adventures in hunting and driving, the turf, and indeed all manner of field-sports and rural pastimes; and each is more or less characteristic of the individual speakers, in a body where all are characters, from Joseph Wyper or "Melancholy Joey," who had a passion for funerals and driving hearses, to the jovial and genial president, the ex-commander of the Regulator, and Jacob Plywel the superseded driver of the defunct *Bath Era*, and the well-tipped favourite of all the old ladies whom he drove, from his good looks and great civility.

Jacob was a wag, and after borrowing an extra half-crown from the purse of one of his patronesses, it was no uncommon occurrence for him to laugh in his sleeve at the "old piece of muslin," as he would call her, and, winking his eye, ask "whether she was passed *ironing out*?" Jacob's person was tall and thin, and was generally decked in a bright green cut-away coat, with large gilt basket buttons, very narrow and tight black trousers, with a long buff waistcoat, reaching nearly to his hips. His hat was rather low in the crown, with a well turned-up brim, which, bending down behind and before, shaded features of the order denominated "sharp." His nose was narrow and aquiline, and barely served to separate a pair of small black eyes, bright and glowing as a snake's.

"I tell you this, Dick Wirkem," said he, "you've waked up the wrong passenger. I can't—"

"Ya-hip! what's that I hear!" interrupted the President.

"I beg your pardon," replied Jacob, calling to memory that regulation of *can't* and *won't*. "But, upon my word, I'm no songster," continued he.

"Do your best, and we shall be satisfied," rejoined Mr. Wirkem.

"All right, then," added Jacob; and, in a tone which at once belied his assertion, he commenced in a manly voice. . . . . .

"Jacob Plywel," said Mr. Wirkem, after the applause had subsided which followed the song, "saying *I can't* to the first time of asking, in a woman is well enough. They like to jib a little, in order to make a start that 'll send fire from flints. Pretty creeturs!" continued the

old coachman, with a smile of admiration illuminating his features; "it's their natur, just as it is for a ram to butt, and a mule to kick. But for a *man* to come that Tom-Tit-and-Jenny-Wren go, it's—upon my word its—worse than brandy-and-water—"

"Brandy-and-water!" exclaimed John Hogg, interrupting the President, while his one eye became as expanded as a full-blown sunflower: "*worse* than brandy-and-water, Mr. Wirkem, Sir!"

"*Without* brandy, I was going to add, John," rejoined the old coachman, "only you've got a vicious trick of taking folks up before they've said their say."

"Beg pardon—but—Oh, Mr. Wirkem, Sir," roared Jack, "you'll never become a everlastin' President of a Teetotalism-coffee-muffin-and-be-d—d Society, I know."

"Hush, John, hush!" returned Mr. Wirkem, reprovingly; "swear not in joy or in sorrow, in mirth or in pain."

Some of the members had been in the service of noblemen and gentlemen; and the history of their former masters and mistresses formed part of the general entertainment, which, by this means, afforded the greatest variety of grave and gay. Some of the stories are indeed largely dashed with the romantic and sentimental, as *The Betrothed;* while others, as *The Mudlark*, and *The Dog-stealers*, luxuriate in the broadest comic humour. As a specimen we take the opening of Toddy's tale—Toddy, the old post-boy.

It follows in the nater of things that I *had* a father, (said he,) but I don't remember a male parent from the hour of being a little pup to this, and never so much as ever heard him mentioned. P'raps mother was doubtful as to my exact pedigree in this respect; for when I asked her once who was my sire, she said, "it was a wise child as knowed its own father, and as I was a little fool, *in course* I couldn't know." After this cream-o'-tartar answer I never troubled my head about the matter.

Mother was a very fine woman, gents,—that is to say, she was about the tallest and fattest I ever clapped eyes on. Her eyes were buried in her cheeks, and as for her chin it wagged as she walked. She had no, what may be called, middle. From her top to her foundation she was all one size, like an old po'chaise; and a more jolly-looking dame a chap couldn't hope to be nuss'd by or papp'd. We lived in a court running out of Whitechapel, not far from the church, called Saucepan Alley, where all sorts of people got their living in all sorts of ways. There was a shop without a front, with a female black doll, scragged by the neck, for a sign, and swaddled up in wery dingy linen. It was called a rag-shop; but all the neighbours knew it was a crib to melt the swag, and share the reg'lars in.

"And pray, what may that be?" inquired Mr. Wirkem.

"A receiving-place for stolen goods, Dick," replied the Vice-President.

Then there was a broker's, (resumed Toddy,) full of poor folks' furniture, grabbed for rent, rates, and taxes. A fishmonger, so called, who dealt only in oysters, red herrings, and oranges. A laundress, sweep, and dustman. A Welch milkman, who made his own milk, for nobody ever heard of his cow. Two apple-stalls at one end of the court, and one tater-stand at the other, with a tripe-shop just opposite. Underneath the cow-heel and trotters, in a sort of box called a stall, a cobbler hammered to live; and next door to him was a dealer in cat's-meat and sausages. There was a cook's-shop, and very savoury prog they used to turn up, although it might be of the doubtful gender; also a dealer in old clothes, a bird-catcher's, and an undertaker's, in a small way. Mother kept a mangle (continued Toddy,) but the mangle didn't keep her. Ha, ha, ha! it was a blind, gents, the mangle was. The sly old creetur used to make me sometimes give it a grind, just for appearance-sake, that the neighbours might hear it rumble; but there never was so much as a rag under the roller. Whenever a basket of linen was offered, she used to say she was full of work, and couldn't take another bit at any price; but she was too much of a lady to work. Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!—her real trade, gents, was living on people's *lap-dogs!*

"Living on people's lap-dogs!" repeated the President, in a tone of much surprise.

Yes, (replied Toddy;) and a very good living it was, and no mistake. When she was out of the article, this was her plan.

But we must show by what precise process poor women gain an honest living, while kidnapping the pet and pampered lap-dogs of wealthy ladies. It was little Toddy's business to feed the captured favourites, and to take the reward advertised for their recovery.

On these occasions I was polished off like mother's copper coffee-pot on Saturdays. Face soaped and lathered till it shone like wax; hair greased and smoothed; clean dicky, if there wasn't a shirt in the drawer; and all things in keeping, to look very genteel. I always told one story of the way I was followed home by the lap-dogs; for, as mother said, "repeating the same lie wasn't telling a fresh un, and couldn't be booked as such," and, therefore, in a religious point of view, I stuck to the same crammer, which was this:—"Mother had sent me home—just about where the animal was missed—with some linen, and had given me a penny for the errand. Taking a fancy to a savoury meat-pie, I laid out the money in the purchase of it, and supposed the morsel that tempted me had sharpened the dog's taste for meat-pies, as, do what I would, nothing would drive him from my heels, and home with me he was determined to go. However," I used to say, "he was very happy with me, and shared my meals with brotherly love and affection." In nine cases out of ten, this innocent tale acted remarkably well; and not only did I hook the reward for mother, but something to boot for myself, being generally dismissed with a shilling or sixpence, and a caution "not to spend it all at once."

Things had gone on very prosperous for some years, there being no bad debts or drawback in the trade, except a little hush-money to a wide-awake Charley now and then; and I looked upon grabbing lap-dogs as one of the best ready-money businesses going.

So it proved in the end.

At one sitting of the Club, we find the origin of many of the current flash, slang, or bang-up phrases, traced and recorded; a subject this of exceeding interest to some future Grose or Halliwell. One tradition, and a capital story, narrates the origin of the popular war-cry, "*Bravo, Rous!*" English thieves are as remarkable for invention and ingenuity as are English mechanists; and this story proves the fact.

From, we have no doubt, his own personal adventures and experiences, the author relates many rich anecdotes, illustrative of the broad road of Life in this England of ours, and also of its odd humours in odd corners. Some of the sketches, however, are, as we have intimated, serious, and even tragic and horrible; but as they are of all kinds, something must be found to please every one save those who will have a story, a long-continued story, and who care for nothing else:—a narrow and unhappy taste this. As a pendant to this cursory and inadequate notice, of a very clever and entertaining book, we give this genuine medallion portrait of a hitherto mute member of the Club; a dapper-looking man who had done nothing at the sittings save taking his full share of the bowls and bottles, and adding his hearty laugh to the general roar.

Peter Bivin was one of the *has-beens*,—a qualification without which no one could be a successful candidate for admission to "the Chalked-off Coachman's Free and Easy." But, although he was of the past, still, as "From

leaves that are scattered an odour is flung,—More sweet when the flower is withered and dead," so there was something in Peter's remains which enhanced, perhaps, the attractions of his decline.

Although of the short order, his body was unusually long, Nature having curtailed the fairest of his proportions in a pair of legs yclept "bandy," and devoid, or as nearly so as possible, of their usual attendants, the thighs. His countenance was round and chubby, without a trace of anger, thought, or care in it; and although the effects of more than fifty winters were visible in the thin and straggling hairs, frosted here and there upon his brow, he had, in other respects, the appearance of a much younger man. In two straight lines down the centre of his cheeks, carved with the nicest precision, a pair of crisp whiskers grew, short and thick as a box-hedge border. A blue cravat, spotted with white, twisted round his throat with curious turns and a fantastic tie, exposed the bleached front and nicely crimped frill of a well-starched shirt,—that is to say, the *proxy* of a shirt; for Peter Bivin's was a *curtailed dicky*. Not a button of his long-waisted bright claret cutaway, not a thread of which it was composed, but looked the property of one who studied fashion to adorn his person. True it is, that more than one of those buttons peeped from the edge of its covering, and looked ready to start from its socket. True it is, that countless threads were bared of their once soft glossy nap, and looked in that intermediate state between going to rags and gone. Yet there was an air about the ruin, which told of the care and taste displayed in its pristine days of youth and beauty, and even the visible darns in the well-rubbed collar proclaimed how dearly-prized the old coat still was.

Few men, perhaps, had had more numerous admirers than Peter Bivin,—the gay, the young, the smart, the handsome dragsman of the Leicester Blue. There was not a town or even a village that he rattled his merry team through, but smiles and wafted kisses were given to him with profusion. Dimpled chins, rosy cheeks, and eyes brighter than the polished buckles of the harness sparkling in the sun, were visible at all points, when the well-known rattle of his wheels was heard. Young and old welcomed the approach of "Mr. Bivin," as he was generally called; and even the little children ran and "whooped" at his side, and clapped their hands and laughed as he flanked his cracking thong at them.

Time and the railroad, however, had effected a sad alteration in Peter's sublunary position. His occupation, admirers, money, credit, and almost his wardrobe, were gone. What remained of the latter was upon his back; except, indeed, the shades of the remainder within the ample pockets of his only waistcoat, in substance, form, and shape of a few pawnbrokers' tickets.

Pride still lingered in the faded Peter, nevertheless. Not one in the club took more care to set off his poor habiliments to the best advantage than he did; and as it was an unalterable rule with him never to be seen in public until the drowsy beetle had sought the twilight, the wear and tear escaped malicious observation, and still enabled him to bear his head aloft among his boon companions.

Peter was pitched upon to tell the tale of the night, and he chose his own comic love adventures, commencing thus, but how ending we leave the reader to find out. It is our object to whet, not to satisfy curiosity.

When I was about twenty-one years old, (said he,) I think, if my memory serves me right, I had no less than nine regular courting-matches going on all at the same time in the same town—that of Leicester. I can't tell how or why it was, (continued Peter, slightly glancing at the bosom of his dicky,) but if I wouldn't fall on my own hook in love with a girl, she'd drag me on to it, willy-nilly, and *insist* upon my being in love with her. There was no escape for me; into the pickle I was forced to souse; and, therefore, whenever proceedings of this sort were commenced against me, I usen't even to struggle for escape, but threw myself on my back, as it were, and submitted to circumstances.

"Heaven and earth!" exclaimed Mr. Wirkem, "what a position for a Christian!"

Bad enough, (returned Peter,) but such was mine at the time I'm now referring to. As to any quiet—I had none. It was pull, Sally; pull, Polly; and such a rumpus continually going on, that there was no peace from morning till night.

At last, in order to settle the disturbance, I determined to marry; and so, by adopting one evil, to get rid of half-a-score.

Among the candidates for my hand and heart was a little milliner, whose name was Nancy Spicer, and a very pretty girl she was. She had a nice, full, plump mould, carried her head well, and had such a pair of soft, blue eyes, that always put you in mind of your prayers, even when they were laughing. Indeed, I've thought that they put me more in mind of heaven, then, than at any other time. And then her lips! (continued Peter,) no man who had ever kissed them would forget *that* sensation.

"Come, come," interrupted Mr. Wirkem, in a tone of expostulation, and rearranging himself in his chair. "Don't, Peter; pray, don't put such coltish notions into one's head!"

I only stick to facts, (replied Peter.)

We hope that we have accomplished our purpose of giving our readers some idea of the entertainment they may look for in the Stage-Coach. If they are not satisfied, let us once for all assure them that the work is not unworthy of the author of the *Old English Gentleman*,—and that is praise enough.

OAKLEIGH; OR, THE MINOR OF GREAT EXPECTATIONS.*

This is an Irish tale, by the author of "Life in the West." It possesses a fair share of merit; but we fear that the times are not propitious,—at least, on this side of the channel,—to more stories of heroic, expatriated rebels, and villanous Orange squires; or the hundredth new romance of the insurrection of '98, and the invasion of Ireland by the French. The field has been so fairly exhausted, that little is left to the most diligent gleaner. But in lieu of cold-blooded Saxon approbation, the author may still reckon upon sympathy and popularity in Ireland for a work so flattering to the national prejudices, and, besides, of fair average merit as a novel.

* By W. H. M. Holmes. 3 volumes. Newby.

FRIEND OR FOE.†

Miss Ellen Pickering holds the place in the modern circulating library-shelves that was once filled by the authoresses of the Rose of Raby, the Children of the Abbey, the Beggar Girl and her Benefactors, and such like works, in the flouriahing days of the Minerva Press. This we consider no stinted praise. The modern authors of this class of novels display more taste and skill in embellishing their narrations, and show a rather wider range of observation of actual life than their prototypes; but they do not tickle, tantalize, and surprise more than did our older favourites, who far excelled them

† By Miss Ellen Pickering. 3 volumes. Newby.

in mysteries, horrors, and clever games at cross-purposes. And this last power, we suspect, still tells wonderfully with the great herd of novel-readers, refined and improved as their taste must have been within the last twenty or thirty years. Miss Pickering possesses more of the power which stimulates flagging interest, by keeping the reader in suspense, than some modern story-tellers of her school. True, we have often a dim perception, nay, contrive to make a tolerably shrewd guess at what awaits us; but we wink hard, and keep her secret, from mere love of the gentle excitement, and a kind of reluctance to lose the dear delight of marvelling and guessing how all is to end; unwilling to find the whole—as a thousand times before—evaporate in smoke! Miss Pickering, also, prepares her surprises with some skill and melodramatic effect; and her incidents and situations, if not remarkable for novelty, pass smoothly or briskly on. She, in brief, pleasingly fills her own sphere, though that may not be the highest in the regions of imaginative or *light* literature.

LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

[This poem is founded on a fact, witnessed by a friend of the author. A boy, when at the point of death, requested of his mother that she would give him something to keep for her sake.]

THE brother of two sisters
Drew painfully his breath:
A strange fear had come o'er him,
For love was strong in death.
The fire of fatal fever
Burn'd darkly on his cheek;
And often to his mother
He spoke, or tried to speak.

He said, "The quiet moonlight,
Beneath the shadow'd hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
While all the woods were still:
I felt, as if from slumber
I never could awake:
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

"A cold, dead weight is on me,
A heavy weight, like lead;
My hands and feet seem sinking
Quite through my little bed:
I am so tired, so weary—
With weariness I ache:
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

"Some little token give me,
Which I may kiss in sleep,
To make me feel I'm near you,
And bless you, though I weep.
My sisters say I'm better—
But, then, their heads they shake:
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

"Why can't I see the poplars?
Why can't I see the hill,
Where, dreaming of good angels,
The moonbeams lay so still?
Why can't I see *you*, mother?
I surely am awake:
Oh, haste! and give me something
To cherish for your sake!"

The little bosom heaves not;
The fire hath left his cheek;
The fine chord—is it broken?
The strong chord—*could* it break?
Ah, yes! the loving spirit
Hath wing'd its flight away:
A mother and two sisters
Look down on lifeless clay.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Cowper's English Version of Homer's Odyssey, carefully revised and corrected; with a Commentary, in explanation of the Practical Purpose of the Text. By OTTER, F.R.S., &c. In 2 volumes. Harvey & Darton.

THIS edition of Cowper's Translation of the Odyssey has an object, which the dedication oracularly intimates. It sets forth "TO THE PEOPLE, FOR WHOSE USE IT IS DESIGNED, THE AUTHOR DEDICATES THIS ATTEMPT TO IMPROVE THEIR CIVIL AND MORAL CONDUCT." It was the opinion of Callimachus, that Homer was very imperfectly understood; that his poems *were, in fact, an allegory*; and that a mystic sense lay concealed in his stories, sometimes philosophical, sometimes moral, sometimes religious, which was not generally discerned. The editor of this reprint of Cowper's translation inclines to this belief, and professes to expound the imagined mysteries in a running commentary at the bottom of the page; and to make way for his own notes, he has freely expunged those of Cowper. Call you this fairly editing a work? The running commentary is in subservience to a theory thus enunciated:—"I have now for many years been of opinion that, at least, the history of the wanderings of the hero of the Odyssey, and of the forcible resumption at last of his home and rights, far from being limited in its interest to the Patriarch-King of Ithaca and his family, does actually embrace, as in prophecy, a view of the ages which (in European society) have been passing ever since Homer wrote; and some part of which view is future,—the anticipations of the muse remaining to be fulfilled." This idea is as original and singular as it is bold; and the expounding it a very pleasant and innocent kind of hobby—for any learned, leisured, and facciful gentleman. "Penelope's web," he says, "admits of an application to modern politics;" and so it surely does to the Director-general of politics during the late sessions of Parliament.

Three years by such contrivance she deceived
The Grecians; but when (three whole years elapsed)
The fourth arrived, then, conscious of the fraud,
A damsel of her train told all the truth,
And we surprised her marring all her works, &c., &c.

But Sir Robert has not yet got to the end of his third year, though he has been surprised marring his work.

To these lines in Book Third,—

Thus stood the brothers, altercation hot
Maintaining, till at length up rose the Greeks, &c.,

we find the following commentary appended—"Which may remind us moderns (on occasion) of the two sides in a House of Commons, or other representative body.

They are brothers belonging to the same family, and who *should* have but one interest; but they differ; and wasting the whole session in debate, break up without a well-matured plan of proceeding, and the public has to bear the consequences." This is a novel and not a bad way of illustrating the classics, insinuating something of practical and of present interest into the study.

Change for the American Notes: in Letters from London to New York. By an American Lady. London: Wiley & Putnam.

It is not necessary that this book should have been written either by an American or a lady: it might have been accomplished without the aid of either. The subject was a promising one for a light, ephemeral volume; and America is fairly entitled to issue letters of marque, and make reprisal on British tourists under any name or flag she pleases. If the volume be the genuine production of an American lady, we must say that, considering the long and great provocation received, it is not wonderfully ill-natured. The severest thing in it is the short preface, which, as prefaces are, in all cases, the last part of a book written, may be called the sting in the tail. So much that is flippant, saucy, sneering, ignorant, and ill-considered, has been said by tourists galloping over the United States, and atoned by a few vague parting compliments, which heighten the insult, that we could easily forgive any amount of retaliation, though we may esteem "the lady" the more where she has shown forbearance. The lady came, or was brought, to England in consequence of a law-suit; and as she never leaves London, save for a short excursion or two, her *Change* is given in epistles "to Julia," and solely told out in London. She finds, on landing, the arrangements of the Custom-house very inferior to those of her own country, and the ladies less tastefully, or less fashionably dressed, —France being assumed as the creator and arbiter of Fashion. They are also less beautiful or pretty than the *fair* of America. But English ladies wear better—and better understand the arts of supplying *red* and *white* roses, and the flowing locks which time has blanched or thinned. The representations and *tableaux vivans* of Mr. Catlin must do very great injustice to the Red Indians, if the following piece of criticism be correct:—

I must make one remark here; that my first beholding a ballet convinced me how extremes meet. The dances of our red Indians, the delight of savage man, saving that their dances are *always* modest, are not far removed from the wild graces, the flexibility of limb and gesture of the Ellslers and the Ceritos—and gentlemen and old gentlemen, quoted as among the most civilized, nay polished, of Europe's sons, regard these agile *danseuses* as creatures of rare merit. It may be that grace is in all their *steps*; but commend me to the untaught motion of the child of the forest.

Nothing can reconcile the American lady to the ballet. It possesses, in her eyes, no grace to redeem its indelicacy and grossness.

The most marked feature of the English character, after long observation, is said to be *selfishness*, and the national characteristic of Englishmen, *sulking*. Where Americans spit, they sulk, and cut their words short, by leaving out as many syllables as possible. The American lady cannot understand how young, modest ladies allow their portraits to be hung in the Exhibition. To a Turk, or an oriental of any nation, it would be much more surprising that they can exhibit the fair and decorated living originals, barefaced, in Broadway, or at church, in a ball-room, or a theatre.

Young men officiating in drapers' shops, is a practice condemned, and not unjustly, while females need employment, as the business is one well adapted for women; but there is something indelicate, too, in the occupation hinted at. "If I could detail to you *all* the articles they sell and recommend to ladies." Flannel, no doubt of it, for petticoats, is one article, and warm fleecy hosiery; and we only wish the American ladies listened more attentively to such judicious recommendations, whoever makes them. A much worse custom is the undeniable impudent staring at unprotected females on the streets; though the "glance after glance *poked* under my bonnet," is either a stretch of fancy, or else the lady must have something peculiarly attractive or novel in her appearance. Her excessive delicacy makes it painful to her to pronounce in full "the name of Trollope."

What follows, is genuine Yankee refinement:—

It is recorded, that when many quiet Parisian citizens, during Robespierre's dictatorship, assumed a filthy and ferocious exterior, in order to appear imbued with the spirit of the times, they insensibly, and by slow degrees, acquired the feelings they at first simulated, and became the characters they meant only to play. And so, if Mrs. Trollope would assume a *refined* name, who knows what benefits might accrue? It might purify and unvulgarise her style of composition; her friends should see to it. I cannot conceive her writing as she does were she Frances T. Montmorency.

Many of the foul, revolting crimes by which our common humanity, rather than England as a nation, has been disgraced within the last twenty years, are here diligently raked up; and the hundred vulgarities and slang terms of a rude population set forth as national customs. A great many blunders of under-educated persons wearing good clothes, are brought forward to prove the prevailing and excessive ignorance of the middle classes in England. Nor may this charge be wholly unjust; for, though English men and women in general understand their own duties and business admirably well, they possess much less "General Knowledge" than cheap schooling crams into the Americans and the Scotch. They are surprisingly ignorant respecting the United States, and in general, it seems, very deficient in geography and natural history.

A Mr. Walter Guy, a rank Western importation from New Orleans, is introduced, and, indeed, obviously created for the express purpose of showing off American humours and oddities, in contrast with those of London. He is but a tiresome fellow, after all. We must, we fear, retract what we said of the lady's good-nature: candour we did not allow her to possess. Candour is a positive, and a rare virtue. She has discovered that we are a cruel and a "cold-blooded" people. She would not herself, for any consideration, visit the chamber of murderers at Madame Tussaud's wax-work Exhibition:—

A cold-blooded people like the English love what is shocking, that they may experience something akin to excitement; but we had not this taste, and so visited not this Chamber, but went home to sup, not full of horrors.

It is affirmed, by the American lady, that the English Quakers, who have degenerated sadly from the primitive Friends of William Penn and George Fox, gained some privileges before other sects, such as that of having their simple affirmation received instead of an oath; because "they were always a wealthy class;" and alleged that the English do not profit by the strictures and satires either of foreigners or native writers, because their

excessive self-conceit makes them attribute the whole to envy :—

The way in which children spell the first personal pronoun is the very motto of a southern Briton, "I, by itself, *I*."

Among the English, next to self-conceit and selfishness, is the worship of Mammon, whose greatest temple on earth is found in London. Nor do we question the fact. But we have many more faults, individual as well as national. No young woman, unfitted for domestic service, and unqualified to be a governess, can support herself among us, "or earn bread and water;" and it is found *impossible*—the favourite English adjective—to amend this state of things. But then—

An Englishman would pronounce it "impossible" to relieve his starving foster-mother, as he was on his way to purchase a pipe of port of some curious vintage to be bottled for the revelry of after years—"impossible!"

The English are said to be more rude in their theatres than Mrs. Trollope pronounces the Americans; and they uniformly miss the finest points in the play they pretend to admire. "Injudicious applause must always have been characteristic of an English audience." Yet America takes its plays and players on our recommendation. That the fair American goes wide and pretty far back to spy at our faults, may be gathered from what follows :—

I have heard that opium-eating is becoming more common in England, and wine-bibing less so. Of course I have no means of judging: it is lamentable to find a man, like Lord Clive, die at forty-five, an opium-eater and a suicide. It is sad, too, to find a man like Coleridge having recourse to this magic drug to escape from the annoyances of the hard, dull world of England. I have heard great names mentioned here as opium-eaters; but I do not think the habit likely to become general; it is unsuited, not to the genius, but to the want of genius in the people; they are too matter-of-fact and common-place to be fond of the reveries and imaginings opium inspires; they love their own dear selves too much to leave the sober contemplation of their many excellencies for the fanciful world of opium—a few may indulge in it, but the many will not; that is, Miss Julia, my sage, disinterested judgment. It is clear, very many of them could not be duller than they are, were they dosed with laudanum most periodically. . . . . That scandal-monger, man, accuses English ladies of being inveterate husband-hunters; but the same is commonly said of the ladies of other countries, though the unique gallantry of the French forms an honourable exception. But no one, even the most proficient in the scandal school, could say so of you. In my opinion, any young lady here, no matter how plain, may readily win an English husband, if she can and will, adroitly and continuously, flatter his self-love. He cannot resist such evidence of sound judgment, acute observation, and power of discourse; he lends his pleased ear, and then offers his most precious self. I can hardly conceive a true wealthy Englishman in love—that is, honestly, disinterestedly, and passionately. An Englishman in love! Was a monumental statue ever in a fever?

As we have a little—a *taste*, as the Irish say—of everything, and a great deal of very fair penny-a-line descriptive matter regarding the shows and sights, and passing occurrences of London in the last year,—Puseyism is not forgotten,—

On one occasion I heard a leading Tractarian, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Perceval, one of the Queen's chaplains, preach a sermon, in which he declared that one of the crying sins of the age was, that people imagined they had a right in matters of religion to think for themselves! This, he said, was the same sin as worshipping the golden calf in the wilderness! The inference to be drawn is obvious; if people may not think for themselves THE CHURCH must think for them, and her dictature is not to be criticised, but obeyed. Had this doctrine been acted upon by Henry the Eighth, the *then* Established Church, and a non-judging, non-thinking people, it is clear that the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Perceval would never have been a Protestant chaplain (if I may call him so) to a Protestant Queen.

I have noticed that when a minister of the church is also the son of a peer, and has the privilege of attaching "Honourable" to his name, that designation precedes the one to which he is entitled by right of his sacerdotal character—"Hon." has the priority of "Rev." . . .

Authority, church authority, seems all in all with the Puseyites, who are the Highest High-Church; they may not expressly inculcate passive obedience in temporal matters, but it seems to follow as the night the day. If obedience must be unhesitatingly yielded to the spiritual authority of the true church, on what plea is it to be at any time refused to temporal authority, lawfully constituted? Or, if resistance to it be sometimes lawful (as I suppose they might admit it was to James Stuart,) who is to judge of the lawfulness?—THE CHURCH! These doctrines *legitimately* carried out might make the English exclaim, "What have the Reformation or the Revolution availed us!" Many of the Puseyites, which is hardly fair, profess great horror of Popery, and call it unhandsome names, and idolatrous.

When authority is so much talked about, what, you may ask, what of Scripture the while, what of reason! Alas! they are little regarded in England. Dr. Pusey or Mr. Newman seems as absolute as St. Paul. By the by, I believe it was the Rev. Sydney Smith who called the Puseyites *Newmasiacs*, from the name of one of the chief writers in the Tracts for the Times, which first introduced this protestant Popery, this papistical Protestantism, to the English. One remarkable circumstance in this controversy is, that the Bishops seem to take no decisive part. Do they consider Puseyism right—Why, not uphold the right? Wrong,—Why not repress the wrong? If partly right and partly wrong, why not sever the noxious tares from the healthful corn! Are they non-essential things, these Tractarian innovations or restorations,—Why is it not so set down in episcopal print? The Puseyites fully acknowledge the authority of the Bishops; but how if the Right Reverend Bench be not of one mind? To whom, then, are the members of the Anglican Church to look for guidance and instruction? What *is* THE CHURCH? *Who represents* it?

This is among the best passages in the book. The writer also makes fight, if not the best possible defence, for the democracy of her country,—that alleged source of all the sins and vulgarities of America. She animadverts severely upon the ill-founded statements and erroneous deductions of Mr. Alison, the greatest, she conceives, of all the blunderers and theorists who have written about America without *malice prepense*. An American lady must, of course, give her correspondent Julia in New York an elaborate description of the British Queen and her court, and of the dinner arrangements of the palace. She wonders that her majesty seldom or never invites Mr. Hallam, Mr. Rogers, Sir Edward Bulwer, &c., to her table; but denies herself "such fine intellectual gratification" as their society. Perhaps, etiquette apart, her Majesty may have some consideration for the tastes of her guests, as well as her own gratification, and not be altogether certain that the pleasure of the intercourse might be reciprocal. It is hard to tell whether princes might not, in the long run, be as tiresome to philosophers and men of letters as the latter must always be found boring to princes.

Upon the whole, we are certainly obliged to the American lady for telling us so frankly of our numerous faults and vices, and unceremoniously stripping us of our assumed virtues. Intense selfishness is the grand

secret of our successes in everything; for "there can be no doubt of the superior intelligence of the mass in America." It is another great mistake to imagine the English a charitable people.—There is but too much truth in some of the American lady's vituperative strictures. Let us listen with patience and humility, and amend our errors. Notwithstanding the impression given by the title, the book is highly laudatory of Mr. Dickens, save in respect of his American transgressions.

Eight Sermons; being Reflective Discourses on some Important Texts. By the Rev. Robert Montgomery, Author of "Luther," "The Messiah," &c., &c. London: Baisler.

A Practical Exposition of the Epistle to the Philippians, in Twelve Discourses; and several Sermons on various subjects. By the late Robert Hall. From short-hand Notes. By John Greene. London: Hamilton.

The literary, as well as the religious world, will look with some interest to this publication. Its Editor enjoyed the high privilege of a long intimacy with Hall, who was his pastor. He makes an apology for the defects of his reports of the sermons, but hopes that their resemblance to Hall's published Discourses will be recognised. Robert Hall was extremely averse to the publication of his own Sermons, and, had he lived, might not have approved of this collection; but even the dry bones, the skeleton Discourses of such a man have value; and their Editor has performed a useful and acceptable service.

Das Kalte Herz. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

This tale of *The Cold Heart* is printed in the original German, for the use of students of the German language; and a literal, or word-for-word translation of a portion of it has been given for their especial benefit, and some plain rules of construction added, so as to make *The Cold Heart*, which is a very pretty story, a kind of first book for young German scholars.

Mesmerism; its History, Phenomena, and Practice, with Reports of Cases Developed in Scotland. Edinburgh: Fraser & Co. London: W. S. Orr.

The author of this History of Mesmerism is the Editor of *The Glasgow Argus* newspaper; in the columns of which first appeared some of the reports of the extraordinary cures effected by Animal Magnetism, and instances of *clairvoyance*, which were copied into and widely diffused by *Chambers's Journal*. The compiler is a believer in animal magnetism, but he is not dogmatical; confining himself to facts, and never in his own person entering into discussion. He states that his book has not been written with the view of supporting any theory, new or old, explanatory of mesmerism; but principally for the purpose of contributing to the stock of facts which have from time to time been laid before the public. A popular compilation on a subject which has been so much canvassed of late, should be acceptable to many who began their mesmeric studies at the wrong end.

Steill's Pictorial Spelling and Reading Assistant. London: Steill.

Practical Hints on Cricket, for the Direction and Guidance of Beginners. By a Wykhamite. To which is added the Laws of Cricket. London: W. S. Orr.

SERIAL WORKS.

Chambers's Cyclopedia of English Literature. Part IX.

Brewster's Seven Chartist and Military Discourses. Part XV.

Thornton's History of the British Empire in India. Volume V., Part V.

The Old Sailor's Jolly Boat. Part V.

Harry Mowbray. Part IX.

The Phreno-Magnet. Part VIII.

Horse-shoe Nails; or New Ideas on Old Subjects. By Minor Hugo. Part I. and II.

The Miller of Deanhaugh. Part VI.

Cumming's Foxe's Book of Martyrs. Part XXVII. With a portrait of John Bradford.

Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland. Part XXVI.—The letter-press of this Part still refers to Dublin, and its picturesque environs; but gets into the celebrated scenery of Wicklow.

Popular Flowers. The Hyacinth.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

The Constitutional Charter of the Kingdom of Saxony.—This is an English translation of the Constitution of 1831; to which is prefixed a tolerably comprehensive Statistical Account of the kingdom of Saxony. The Saxon Constitution of 1831, is, in some respects, in advance of the British Constitution, as it exists in 1843; and, in the management of the schools and churches, the superiority over our superannuated system is yet more apparent,—though the choice of the clergy is not wholly in the power of the people. The Lutheran form of Protestantism is the religion of Saxony; but all religions, Papist, Greek, Calvinist, and Jew, are tolerated; and all sects may have schools of their own; and if so, are exempted from contributing to the district schools. The Roman Catholic clergy are entitled to receive assistance from the government if they require it.

Irish Landlords, Rents, and Tenures; with some Observations on the Moral and Social Condition of the Roman Catholic Population. By an Irish Roman Catholic Landowner.—This pamphlet is mainly an argument for the State paying the Roman Catholic priests, and thus relieving the peasantry from one of their heaviest burthens, and Ireland from those described as an organized band of mischievous agitators. The pamphlet also contains a vindication of Lord Lorton from the heavy accusations brought against him, both for his Protestant favouritism and summary *clearings* of his estates. The author seems extremely apprehensive of the threatened inquiry into *land tenures*. He asserts, and with some truth, that the Duke of Sutherland and other Scottish proprietors, have ejected more people in one year, than has Lord Lorton within the last twenty; yet we hear of no call for "a new arrangement between Scottish landlord and tenant." Quite true; and we have no answer to give, save that there are no Monster-meetings for Repeal in Sutherland and Inverness shires, bringing down the funds, and frightening the island from its propriety. There is much good sense, of the Tory kind, in the pamphlet; but, unfortunately, it comes half a century too late. The evil has fairly got a-head of the remedy proposed.

A Plea for Liberty of Education: a Second Letter to Sir James Graham, Bart. By John Howard Hinton.—The principle contended for in this pamphlet is what we have always considered and upheld as the just one,—namely, that the people, to be properly educated, must educate themselves—not be the pupils of the state; a system fraught with dangers of many kinds.*

* See *Tait's Magazine* for November 1837.

EQUITY WITHOUT COMPROMISE; or Hints for the construction of a just System of National Education. By Edward Swaine.

MESMERISM THE GIFT OF GOD, in reply to "Satanic Agency and Mesmerism," a Sermon by the Rev. Hugh M'Neile; IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND BY A BENEFICED CLERGYMAN.—Mr. M'Neile has surely long before this come to see that, as regards the wonders or miracles recorded in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, which he appears to have received for a Devil's gospel, he has scarcely given the much-calumniated *Gentleman in Black* his due; and that the marvellous displays there recorded are no more of the Devil than are the vaticinations of the swarthy Sybil at a country fair, whose hand must be crossed with silver ere the spirit of divination or the power of *clairvoyance* comes upon her.

While there are so many weak-minded and wonder-loving people, and Mr. Hugh M'Neiles, in this world, the Messrs. Chambers, and all other Journalists, would do well to be a little more cautious as to the effects of the astonishing facts they publish, either on their own knowledge or at second-hand. These miracles should at all events be accompanied either by the caveat "We do not ourselves believe a word of this nonsense which we give to the world," or the proper responsibility should be incurred by the admission that they do believe it.

INAUGURAL LECTURE written for the opening of the British and Foreign Institute, and delivered before the *Members and Friends of that Institute* at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 2d August 1843.—The author of this address, and, we should presume, the main instrument in originating the Institute, is the indefatigable Mr. J. S. Buckingham. The objects of the Institute are chiefly literary; but it has wider purposes than ordinary literary associations. Science, Antiquities, and the Fine Arts, are comprehended in the plan unfolded by Mr. Buckingham for the operations of the Lecture-room; while at the *soirées* all the learned and talented notorieties of the world are occasionally to be assembled, to communicate knowledge and pleasure, and exchange friendly greetings. The Institute looks, if somewhat aristocratic, really imposing upon paper; and what is more substantial, the names of 250 respectable members have already been enrolled, many of them eminent either in station or for acquirements. There is a sprinkling of those noblemen who love science and literature, many M.P.s, and a few bankers. Ladies are, of course, admissible as members, and must form the charm of the *soirées;* but few seem yet to have come forward. The Association might be productive of some good; and it is, at all events, a harmless and elegant kind of amusement for people possessed of wealth, leisure, and literary taste.

THE GOVERNMENT CURRENCY PAMPHLETS. No. 2.

EMANCIPATION OF INDUSTRY.—A small pamphlet this, expounding certain opinions of the currency doctors.

A SERMON PREACHED BY RALPH WARDLAW, D.D., ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN MOREL MACKENZIE.—This sermon does equal honour to the intellect and feelings of the preacher, and to the memory of the deceased; one of the most deeply-lamented of the victims lately lost in the cast-away *Pegasus*. The sermon will be perused with melancholy interest by every one acquainted with the circumstances of that catastrophe, or with the character of the excellent and accomplished clergyman whose premature loss has excited so many painful regrets.

A TRIBUTE TO HYDROPATHY. By J. E. Eardley Wilmot, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.—This gentleman was cured by the system of Priessnitz, but at an English establishment; and he pays this tribute to the cold-water cure on the same principle that an Irish pilgrim hangs a votive rag upon some twig near the holy well which he imagines he has found a Bethesda. Mr. Eardley Wilmot was completely cured of all his maladies in a few weeks. We may give, for the benefit of all mankind, the prescription which he was directed to follow out at home, "Every morning to be washed with cold water, head and all parts. To take exercise in the open air; to drink two or three glasses of cold spring water, and in all seven glasses (wine glasses we presume, or perhaps half-pint tumblers) every day. At twelve o'clock a tepid *sitz* bath for fifteen minutes; at night a wet bandage round the body." But the bandage need not be very wet, nor yet very large.

PHRENO-MAGNETISM UNMASKED. By John Charles Hall, M.D., of East Retford.—Are any more pamphlets needed on this subject? The one before us is acute and brief; but as much of it is devoted to the demolition of Phrenology as of what is called Phreno-Mesmerism. We are diverted by a new principle of inter-community that, it is said, may exist between the person Mesmerized and the operator, which is announced here. A Mr. Riley, a lecturer on Mesmerism at Retford, told Dr. Hall that he could place the girl (whom he exhibited) Mesmerized in the Town-Hall; go into the council-room, drink brandy and water, and make her drunk, without her swallowing a drop herself! But if the patient can taste the salt, sugar, ginger, &c., &c., held in the operator's mouth, why not get fat upon the roast beef he eats, and tipsy with the brandy and water he imbibes? This, by the way, might be found a most economical way of clubs indulging in brandy and water, as the Mesmeriser may surely get drunk for twenty Mesmerised topers as easily as for one,—that they should all get drunk from his tumbler, he has but to will it. Dr. Hall seems to believe that the condition of artificial somnambulism may be produced. He gives some extracts from the Report of the French Commission of 1775, and from the Medical Gazette of Paris, which must be rather perplexing to the believers in the newer phenomena of Animal Magnetism; and he concludes with this pertinent remark:—"It appears not a little singular, that although the heads of thousands had been magnetized during the last century, no manifestation confirmatory of phrenology, should have been produced till now." Phrenology ought to have been the discovery of Mesmer, who, with such an agent in his hands, should have anticipated the discovery of Gall. In the meanwhile, by the agency of Mesmerism in bringing out "manifestations," Mr. Spencer Hall and others are adding, by wholesale, to the number of organs. Mr. Spencer Hall has already increased them from thirty-seven to more than double that number; while Mr. Braid of Manchester, by touching the nose, the lips, and other parts, has also drawn forth remarkable "manifestations." But the latest discovery is the communicative powers of brandy and water. Let Father Mathew look to this.

Printed by WILLIAM TAIT, 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

LORD BROUGHAM AND HIS DETRACTORS.

THE appearance of a small pamphlet* has been the signal for the accredited organs of the Whig party to open in full cry against the statesman who, for eight years, has been honoured by their especial hatred, and to reiterate once more the longest-lived and most audacious party-lies that we can remember. Among one or two ill-conditioned and deep-mouthed hounds of the pack this cry is rarely unheard for two weeks in succession; while, on occasions like the present, when Lord Brougham presumes to indicate a desire to serve the people, while their lordly masters cross their hands and do nothing, the chorus swells to the most obstreperous pitch, joined too by a set of senseless lesser yelpers, who fancy it exalts them to reëcho the howl of the London header of the pack. We charitably believe, however, that not one in ten of those ingenious and candid persons who catch up and repeat these revilings and slanders think of what they are about. They repeat the party lies and calumnies furnished to them, from the vague feeling that there must be some truth in the statement, that Lord Brougham has forsaken his principles and, what is worse, his party, and that it is agreeable to the Whigs, whose tools so industriously and pertinaciously put forth these falsehoods and calumnies, to have this go forth. Do these inconsiderate, if not dishonest persons, with a pen in their hand and a column at their command, ever give themselves the trouble to reflect upon the character, conduct, and position of the eminent man whom they assail so clamorously, merely, as we imagine, because the leading party organs and other persons from personal grudges and spite set them the example? Do they ever once look forward to what judgment Time —Posterity, will pronounce between Lord Brougham and his virulent maligners? though it is doubtful if Posterity will hear of one of their names in connexion with his, unless he shall to his other works add a new Dunciad;—a *Knaviad* might be the apter title. The Whig scribes of the day who now traduce him will be forgotten as are the Tory ones of a past day—the venomous *Examiner* share the oblivion of the ferocious *John Bull*. But do those persons who, at second-hand and on trust, take up this foul railing at Lord Brougham, ever reflect upon what a debt of gratitude Britain and humanity owe to that one man?—or what of tenderness and reverence is due to so eminent a benefactor of his species, even admitting that all with which he is charged were as true as it is either false, or perverted and exaggerated. Is there at this moment one living statesman who has accomplished so much substantial good for mankind, for the cause of freedom, for the promotion of civilisation, for the widest interests of the whole race, as this same calumniated Lord Brougham? It has been his singular fortune to be the benefactor of his species to an extent that it is not easy to calculate, and also to draw forth among his contemporaries more of the baser and more hateful qualities of human nature than any other great statesman. We can recollect of no party, and scarcely of one man connected with the public press, who has not been led, either by his base party interests or honest prejudices, at one time or another to attack Lord Brougham; and this mainly because, with a powerful intellect, and that warm devotion to the cause of the people which has so often led him rather to consult their good than their temporary applause, he has also a strong will of his own, aspires to be an independent man, disdains being a partisan, and resolves to move untrammelled in the path which his own mind approves. We are not, ourselves, clear exceptions to the general rule of Lord Brougham having been at one time or other the object of universal attack. Before he left that Cabinet which never was his true place, we fancied Lord Brougham too closely knit by the necessities of office to the Whig party,—too much trammelled by their imbecile and tricking policy, —too much, in short, what his greatest crime now in Whiggish eyes is his *not* being—namely, an out-and-out supporter of that party which all true Liberals have long since disclaimed.

But of all the assailants of Lord Brougham the Whigs have been the most malignant, abusive, and pertinacious. The Tories were violent and ferocious enough in their day, and they may be so again; but the malice and falsehood of the Whig organs have been by far the most systematic and envenomed. Many causes have contributed to this result, some of which are thus hinted at in the pamphlet before us.

You and they will ask what could give rise to all this outpouring of rancour; all these contortions of fury, apparently without a motive—certainly without even the

* Letters on Law Reform, to the Right Hon. Sir J. R. G. Graham, Bart., M.P., Secretary of State for the Home Department, from Lord Brougham. London: Ridgway. Pp. 88.

shadow of a pretext? How can I answer the question?—How can I tell whom I may have offended by stopping, as I frequently did, a scandalous job?—How should I know the names of all the suitors in my Court, and before the House of Lords, against whom I may have conscientiously, but to them most ruinously, have pronounced judgment—sometimes affecting the character of parties, sometimes their estate? That some things were prevented, which certain men not unconcerned with the press exceedingly desired, I am aware; and I am also aware that what passed in the secrecy of the Cabinet became known to those concerned, in a manner, I believe, without precedent. I am further aware of excessive annoyance having been given by some judgments of mine to parties not without influence; of these parties having made attempts to assail their judge through the press, ("write him down," was their phrase); and of their afterwards having exerted some activity among other judges, as well as with myself, who indignantly spurned such interference away from me. But I repeat it—never had I cause to complain of my late colleagues breathing a whisper against me in public. Perhaps I ought to wish that they had. They never would have done it twice, and the foul current of slander might have been stemmed. . . . .

That my whole conduct, ever since I ceased to be a member of the party, has been framed most exactly and scrupulously, without one single exception, upon these self-same principles which had always guided it before, and, I may say, ever since I entered into Parliament, now, alas! well nigh four-and-thirty years ago, I most positively affirm; fearlessly defying any one to disprove my assertion. But what care the party-advocates for this? The only care *they* have is the promotion to office of their employers, the men who patronise them, and are by them patronised in their turn; the men whose wealthy adherents are ready with their contributions as often as the call upon them goes round;—and that promotion I certainly have not helped, but hindered. This is the real charge, and not that I have changed any of my opinions, or altered, by a single hair's-breadth, the line of my conduct; which they know is wholly untrue, and which, were it ever so true, they would not care one rush about, so I only supported the party and served their masters.

If this is not sufficient to explain why Lord Brougham, of all public men, has been the object of continual attack and misrepresentation in the newspapers, what follows will more completely explain the mystery. There has no better Essay been composed upon the immoral and pernicious tendencies of the spirit of political party than we find embodied in this pamphlet. Lord Brougham regards this base and lying spirit as the master-evil of the age. We cannot see that our age is in this respect much worse than those that have gone before it; though it ought, as civilisation advanced, to have become milder, if not more honest. O'Connell is not more coarse and foul-mouthed than was Wilkes; nor *The Examiner* much more bitter and uncandid than its greater party namefather of the reign of Queen Anne; yet it is not surprising that a man like Lord Brougham, of warm and keen sensibilities, possessed of the ennobling consciousness of having honestly and ably laboured for the people during a long life, should feel that in no preceding time has party spite, and the malignant rancour of disappointed suitors, reached the same height. The fiat of Time, the pen of the impartial historian, will do him and all men the justice which he is now benefiting the world by dispensing to other great men; some of whom were, in their own evil day, traduced by the selfish, and disappointed, and the bitterly malignant much as he has been.* Nor can the true award be distant; but meanwhile, who can blame Lord Brougham? Does it not, indeed, rather commend him to our sympathies, that, serving his country as no other man of his age has had the power to serve it, he should also covet the good opinion which he has so fairly and honourably won; or even that he should momentarily disquiet himself at the malevolence and the low party-spite which, in injuring the advocate, injures the cause?

With all his imputed failings of egotism, and craving for approbation—often the weakness of the finest minds, and of the most genial hearts—with all, and more than these blemishes, if such they be,—and taking them at the largest estimate which any regard to truth and candour warrant, where—we ask it again and again—is there any one man of his era to be compared with this chosen mark of Whig slander, whether we measure him by his intellectual power, his rich and varied talents, or his actual performances? We would ask any honest and dispassionate man, who is not a mere Whig retainer, if Lord Brougham is now reaping the fit reward of his four-and-thirty years' public services, in a plenteous harvest of calumny and abuse? Before some of the senseless babblers, who now take up the outcry, were born, Brougham had earned, not merely a brilliant reputation, but an honoured place in the annals of his country, not more for the power and versatility of his mind and the splendour of his oratorical talents, than for the actual good which he had achieved for the country. It is not possible to rail or lie away the remembrance of very many things, each of which would have made the fortune of any ordinary statesman; nor is our age so prolific of great men that we can afford to heap opprobrium upon one of its foremost ornaments and benefactors; upon one who will be acknowledged as such, when the scurrility of his Whig detractors shall be as completely forgotten as already are the kindred effusions of Tory hatred and spleen when Brougham first thundered against the Orders in Council, the Durham Clergy, the cruel and unmanly persecutors of Queen Caroline, the Slave-holders, the persecutors of the Baptist Ministers in the West Indies, or the corrupt profiters by the abuse of educational charities, and of ill-administered laws. One section of Lord Brougham's detractors is, we believe, only such from imitation; while another like the Athenian citizen, with one of the greatest men of the Republic, is weary of hearing him called the *Just*.

There are reasons for all things. It was not for nothing that the Whigs enjoyed, if not power, then patronage for ten years. If they did not in that period glut every follower with the fat of place, they yet dispensed many good things, and gave all their adherents a keen appetite for a farther taste. They did nothing for their country—they said

* We understand that a new volume of Lord Brougham's Contemporary Characters is about to issue from the press; so the Whig critics may be preparing their gall. In his estimate of eminent contemporary statesmen, we do not anticipate any dereliction of Liberal principles, whatever he may have said of recent Whig policy.

they had no power—but they did a great deal to strengthen themselves as a faction. Now, from the highest to the lowest, from the courtly Sybarite, who basked in the smiles of virgin majesty, to the lowest well-paid or expectant whipper-in and jobber in the remotest Whig garrison of the empire—from the highest to the lowest of the confraternity, there was, and is, and must be, dislike, jealousy, or furious hatred of Lord Brougham. And for this good reason—that he powerfully helped to turn out the *Finality*, useless administration,—thanks to him!—and helps to keep it out, too, until it shall show what claim, from will and power to serve the country, it has upon public confidence. And what allegiance did Lord Brougham, more than any other consistent Liberal, owe to Lord John Russell's government? Had it used him so well individually as to have established claims upon his devotion? Has it carried or attempted any one great measure for the country from the hour when he left it, to bind him to gratitude, and make his support of it a public duty? Whatever good measure it did attempt, he supported; and that some of them were carried in the House of Peers—as the Municipal Bill, several Anti-Slavery measures and many important improvements in legal proceedings—was solely owing to Lord Brougham. But what signified all he had done, or might do, if he did not lend himself, right or wrong, like a thorough-going partisan, to keep his old friends in office, or to help them back, while every independent Liberal was crying out against them? What signified his unequalled and life-long efforts for the diffusion of education among the people; for Infant and Lancastrian Schools and Mechanics' Institutions; for an untaxed Newspaper press; for the promotion of science and the diffusion of cheap sound literature; for the emancipation of the Irish Catholics, the freedom of the Africans; for the devotion of a whole life of unparalleled energy and activity to worthy objects, if, in some late Sessions, he opposed the Whigs, and discredited the policy which had plunged the country into Syrian and Chinese wars, and threatened to embroil Britain with France and America? We can easily, we have said, understand why mere Whig retainers should choose to forget these things; but that one rational man, pretending to liberal and independent principles, should be deluded by the slanders of the Whig press, is utterly incomprehensible. It has, throughout life, been imputed as blame to Lord Brougham, that he never could be depended upon—that is, that he never would move tractably in party harness—that he was in danger of bolting, rearing, swerving from the course, and rushing into one more free; and dereliction of party,—dereliction of the Whigs,—was, of course, held to be dereliction of principle. And can consistent and independent men seriously blame him for this?—or for opposing, and exposing, what was already condemned by every Liberal in the country? If Lord Brougham has abjured his principles by opposing bad Whig measures, so have all of us. Who, to take a familiar example, opposed the Whig policy, or vilified the party more bitterly than Lord Brougham's most malignant assailant, *The Examiner*, until the accession of a government certainly not more liberal than that of Earl Grey or Lord Althorpe, wrought, in one week, a marvellous change in that print; which now aspires to lead the van among the hebdomadal party-defenders of the Whigs, and the slanderers of Lord Brougham. And is it from such suspicious sources that the public is to form its opinion of any public man? It is not very creditable to the perspicacity of some Liberals—for of the Whig and Tory partisans, where Lord Brougham is concerned, we make small account—that those isolated acts which are at present fastened upon to prove Lord Brougham a renegade from his principles, are precisely those which posterity will affirm do him personally the highest honour. It might be before the age; and it certainly far outstripped party usages, that a well-pensioned Whig Chancellor should not be contented to enjoy his emoluments quietly in idleness, like his predecessors, but he must, forsooth! desire to work for them; and, disliking to be a burthen on the country which he was still able and willing to serve, propose to accept an inferior Judgeship—and from the Tories too;—for that awfully heightened, or rather constituted the gist of the offence. What will the impartial and enlightened historian say of this one action, for which Lord Brougham is, down to the present hour, vilified by persons whose paltry party-feelings cannot leave untouched the administration of justice in the Courts of law; as if Whig and Tory should be carried to the bench, and no Judge be esteemed pure unless he is created by his own political party.——The betrayed colleague of Lords Melbourne, Palmerston, and John Russell, is a renegade, because he disliked eating the bread of idleness, and was content to serve the country in a lower sphere, although the Tories were in power! And an action so natural to a great mind, and so noble in its motive, is made a handle of, as if it were treachery to the cause of the People, and the desertion of a leader. Another subject of studied Whig calumny has been Lord Brougham's repudiation of the paltry Bed-chamber intrigue. To this the dispassionate historian will yet do justice, and solemnly adjudge whether the Whigs acted like men understanding and valuing the principles of the Constitution, or like disappointed placemen, who availed themselves of the inexperience of the Sovereign, and a pitiful piece of chicanery, to retain their places a little while longer. But the most unpardonable of all Lord Brougham's sins, in Whig eyes, is that unfortunate—"The Queen has done it all!" which, if it was ever said or written by him, was certainly indiscreetly, if not treacherously published. Is the crime never to be forgiven—the monster iniquity, that, perhaps, cost the party their places? Nay, we cannot tell but that Lord Brougham himself may regret this untoward affair, and whatever share he may have had in it. So do not we. Having an elementary, straight-forward, "impracticable" kind of way of viewing State transactions, we cannot, in this awful indiscretion, this unpardonable sin against the divine and time-hallowed mysteries of closed Cabinets and labyrinthine back-stairs, perceive much to condemn; yet only last week *The Examiner* is again at this act of

turpitude, in which it says *The Times* and *Morning Chronicle* participated. If the Queen had not "done it all," then was she blamed unjustly and under a mistake; but if she had "done it all" where was the harm of imputing the fault to the proper quarter? But the bad quality of the action was found in its consequences; for it was used as a pretext by a willing sovereign to turn out his tenacious Whig servants. Whatever may be the result, often may we have such "indiscreet" revelations! But the candid and liberal *Examiner*, who was not won't to be very courtly in his whisperings and tellings, describes the announcement as "false and wicked," "an act in every way unpardonable." Besides, "the outrage, so bad in itself, was also a grievous wrong to his [Lord Brougham's] colleagues"—and "had most disastrous consequences,"—most disastrous! for it brought in the Tories, because King William, and his Queen also perhaps, wanted them. Again Lord Brougham had "no right to make the announcement, not even if all he stated was true." Now, whatever Lord Brougham may think, on looking back to this period, and admitting that he acted exactly as is alleged, we trust that future statesmen may in similar circumstances follow his example; and wherever illegitimate influence is suspected to be employed against the People, fearlessly expose it. If there were less intrigue, reserve, and concealment in Courts and Cabinets, there would be more honesty among public men. In a few years it will be quite justifiable, we presume, for the annalist and historian to unmask these matters; but only when most of the good that publicity could ensure is lost, because it is so heinous a crime and outrage, to expose them at the moment that such frank exposure might be of some use.

We have reason to know, although the fact were not of itself natural, that the systematic and rancorous abuse and misrepresentation of Lord Brougham's public conduct, displayed by one or two newspaper editors, and copied by more of them from culpable thoughtlessness, outrages and disgusts thinking men of all parties. Is such the reward that ought to follow a life rendered illustrious by splendid talents, glorified by their yet nobler direction? Though these party and hireling railers rave till they split their cheeks, they cannot efface from the heart of the People the recollection of what Lord Brougham has done for his country. We have had great orators,—and he is one of the greatest,—consummate debaters, shrewd diplomatists, skilful lawyers, eminent writers,—and he is in no ordinary degree all of these; but we have had but one Brougham; the fearless champion of right crushed by authority, the courageous exposer of corruption and time-sanctioned abuse, the educator, the dispenser of the Knowledge which is Power, the lover of freedom in the widest sense, the philanthropist whose efforts of charity have been boundless as universal humanity: and this is the man whom it is considered justifiable and laudable to slander and "write down," because it pleased Lord Melbourne, and Lord Palmerston, and Lord John Russell to juggle him out of the Cabinet; because they feared him there, and felt that with Henry Brougham in the midst of them, there was no safety for Whigs about to become courtiers and fixtures in office—doing nothing.

We have been led away from the subject of Lord Brougham's pamphlet—as he is accused of having been—by the more engrossing subject of its author. And it is quite true that at the end of the Letters on Law Reform, Lord Brougham has illustrated the evils of party spirit by his own most flagrant case. Nor is this the least valuable part of the production. The hateful and meanly-malignant spirit which he describes, he considers among the greatest obstacles not only to Law Reform, but to every other reform. Now Lord Brougham would accept or seek auxiliaries in promoting reforms even from among the Tories, and has done so often before now, and thanked them too for their aid. When Lord Brougham, fifteen years back, brought forward the whole question of Law Reform, Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington were in power; and then, as now, he "courted the Tories"—but for what? The following extract from his speech in February 1828, will explain the reason.

"In pursuing the course which I now invite you to enter upon, I avow that I look for the coöperation of the King's Government. And on what are my hopes founded? Men gather not grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. But that the vine should no longer yield its wonted fruit—that the fig-tree should refuse its natural increase, required a miracle to strike it with barrenness. There are those in the present Ministry," &c.

. . . . . The motion for an address, with some alterations to which I willingly assented, was carried: and Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst immediately issued two Commissions, one for inquiring into the state of the Law of Real Property, another for inquiring into the Law respecting Actions, Process, and Pleadings.

The Whig party did not in 1828 complain that Lord Brougham paid homage to the Tories, or chose to act on his own responsibility in conducting his own questions exactly as he does still. Sir Robert Peel deserves he thinks to be distinguished as the first practical Law Reformer, and Mr. Brougham praised him formerly though in office, as Lord Brougham does now. Who would seek to narrow or tame down this man's mighty mind to the wretched trammels of party?

He is abused, by those who, in his every act find matter for misrepresentation, for addressing his letters on Law Reform to Sir James Graham. But how stands the fact, and to whom else could the letters, with so much propriety, have been addressed as to this same "recreant Whig!" While Lord Brougham held the Great Seal he issued a Commission to inquire into the state of the Criminal Law, which was composed of individuals of great learning in their profession, and who thoroughly, he says, investigated the whole subject. Their labours are known by the preparation of seven elaborate reports; but before their work was brought to a complete conclusion, the Whig Government, in a fit of misjudging economy, closed the Commission before the last head of inquiry had been finished; thus rendering the whole comparatively useless: and on this Lord Brougham tells Sir James Graham,

As the author of the Inquiry, therefore, I felt exceedingly alarmed at the ill-considered step which your predecessors had taken. They ought to have considered the work in question as one of the greatest measures of

their Administration; for it was begun in Lord Grey's time, and they are fond of representing themselves as the remains of his Cabinet. The resolution had, however, been taken; and I was greatly relieved when I found the Chancellor and yourself disposed to reconsider it. You mercifully stept in to save this work, which was none of yours, unless in so far as you individually belonged with me to Lord Grey's Government; you saved it from the less kind hands of our former colleagues, and rendered a most important service to the jurisprudence of the country.

Now we would ask, Was not Sir James Graham, in these circumstances, entitled to the distinction of having these Letters addressed to him? But this solitary case is but one poor specimen of that perversion or distortion of facts, uniformly practised against Lord Brougham, which forms the characteristic disgrace of one portion of the public press.* We shall probably return to this pamphlet.

THE SPANISH CAMP-FOLLOWER.

The moon is high, the march is by,
The fields with floods are white,
The wearied bands come trooping nigh,
And here we camp to-night.

Worn and exhausted, to the woods
For fuel we must go;
Tedious and sad will be my task,
Ere these damp sticks will glow.

I light the British soldier's fire,
The soldier's food prepare,
Like menial low who toils for hire,
His morsel but to share.

Yet memory tells of other times,
Ere came our Gallic foes,
When fair beside the golden limes
My father's castle rose.

The ribbon of the light guitar
Around my neck was flung,
And gentle Pedro's star-lit eyes
Look'd rapturous as I sung.

The vesper time can I forget,
By love and music sway'd,
Or dance, with sprightly castanet,
Beneath the walnut shade?

It seems as if those hours had flown
In Eden's primal bliss,
Those hours ere evil I had known,
Or evil such as this.

Wealthy and fair, of nought was I
Save of my lover proud;
Pedro I loved, and Pedro's suit
His sire and mine allow'd.

When o'er our dwelling swept the curse
Of Gallia's fiery breath,
My eyes grew stone when I beheld
My Pedro stretch'd in Death.

Oh! what a form was there laid low,
Stroke of irremediable woe;
The dying pang could not efface
That delicate and manly grace.
And, Oh! to what a different mate
My youth was given by War and Fate!

Ah me! a soil'd and bearded wretch,
By hardships loathsome made,
One of the demons of the war,
Rush'd where my terror stray'd.

Horror, and infamy, and woe!—
Even yet this famish'd cheek can glow;
O! cast the maddening thought away,
I will be calm: stay, Reason, stay!

Yet though abandon'd by the skies,
Vainly I did not all implore:
Blest Mary praise, my loathing eyes
Saw that first ravisher no more.

And often has my grief confest
Rough pity in the soldier's breast;
Oft has he look'd with mournful eye,
And shared his coarse and scant supply.

In 'wildered flight my sire I found;
But whither could we go?
A wasted land was all around,
On every track the foe.

Following the British troops we fled,
And joined the wretched train
Of those who left, with only life,
The ruin'd homes of Spain.

My father fell, with travel worn,
But young and strong was I;
Hunger, fatigue, and grief were mine,
And yet I could not die.

And oft I ask, in musing strain,
Can life have been prolong'd in vain?
Ev'n yet a ruling hand may guide
The course of wasting war aside;
Ev'n yet the peaceful convent shades
May hide Iberia's injured maids.

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*In one very small instance, we may show the *animus* of *The Examiner* wherever Lord Brougham is concerned—and probably the dislike must be of old date: for *The Examiner*, which, all through the Grey and Althorpe Administrations, had reviled the Whigs, and earned their hatred, as "unprincipled" and "venomous," the moment that Lord Brougham was out of the Government, became their most devoted advocate, and is now their oracle. Probably, the Radical editor was conciliated by the new Whig Government, being much more energetic and liberal in its principles and measures than the previous Administrations. That we may not misquote, we shall give entire the detached paragraph, the codicil to one week's abuse of Lord Brougham:—

"Lord Brougham's Letter to Sir James Graham," says *The Examiner*, "is, in many parts, *utterly unintelligible*, sometimes from the badness of the composition, sometimes from the disregard to facts, and often from both together. Here is an instance—

"'In 1836 I was detained in the country by ill health, though not, as the Whig Chancellor of the day declared, by over-exertions *while a Minister*, and *at the head of the party itself*.'

"As Lord Brougham was not a Minister in 1836, and not at the head of the party, how could this possibly have been said? There was no Whig Chancellor in '36. How is it that this man cannot be accurate about anything?"

Now, does Lord Brougham here say that he was a Minister in 1836, while he simply refers to what Lord Cottenham had said of him while he had been a Minister? And what must the candid reader think of all this, when he takes the trouble to satisfy himself that Lord Cottenham was appointed the Whig Lord Chancellor in January 1836, and, as such, used the words cited, in the House of Peers, in the month of June of that year?—"How is it that this man cannot be accurate about anything?" And this is *The Examiner's* instance, selected to prove the "badness of the composition, and the disregard to facts, and both together shown in this pamphlet."

YOUNG SCOTLAND; OR, AN EVENING AT TREPORT.

BY BON GAULTIER.

"YES," I continued, "the wrongs of Scotland cry aloud for vengeance. Her palaces are desolate. No monarch has she now for her nobles to bully, for her people to assail. Not a beef-eater's place is left for her pauper gentry. An alien in blood and in religion sits upon her throne; and the last scions of her royal race may be seen in the melancholy majesty of dethronement and moustachios, stalking through the desolate streets of her metropolis."

"*Capèdibious!*" shouted Paul de Kock; "*c'est grand dommage!*" And as he spoke he squeezed the waist of the pretty grisette beside him with an enthusiasm that made her start.

"*Ach Gott!*" spluttered Young Germany, in the person of a Heidelberg bürsch, through the cloud of execrable tobacco smoke which he had been compelling for the last hour.

"Ya-as, suttingly;" (*Anglicè*, yes, certainly,) at the same instant drawled a young man with a yellow face, and a very white neckcloth, who obviously conceived himself the Avatar of Young England.

"Uv a brigade of true Irish lads 'ud be of any sarvice, spake!" cried, with true Milesian fervour, a gentleman who had left "the first gem of the sea" in consequence of the troublesome importunities of his tradesmen.

"Oh, hell!" snivelled Young America, incarnate in the Editor of "*The New York Screamer.*"

Let me explain how, where, and when the dialogue, of which the above is a fragment, took place.

When I reached Trèport, the day before her Majesty's arrival, I found among the thousand and one idlers who had been attracted thither, a very considerable sprinkling of the Regenerators of the various countries of Europe, of whom a large assortment were quartered in the hôtel at which I put up. Young France and Young Germany in all the abomination of dirty hair, unclean nails, and tobacco smoke, were numerously represented. A staff of sickly gentlemen, with black coats and white neckcloths, with long limp oily hair and ebony walking-canes, proclaimed that the saintly eyes of Young England were upon the coming pageantries; while certain inexplicable gigglings, and the rumpled caps of the chambermaids, as they issued from the rooms of the aforesaid gentlemen in black, intimated that Young England's attachment to celibacy and the adoration of saints was blended with the laxity of morals and devotion to human beauty which has consistently accompanied the advocacy of similar principles from the days of Thomas Aquinas downwards. Young Ireland, too, was conspicuous in the rakish dilapidation of its raiment; and, with coat buttoned up to the chin, might be seen swaggering jauntily along, with one eye upon its ragged buttons, and the other hunting through the crowds of strangers for some unsuspecting novice to joke a dinner out of. Nor was Young America without its representatives, who went about, spitting voluminously, and asking impertinent questions, wherever they could contrive to "fix their team." It was plain how matters were to go, and that I was to be jabbered to death by these apostles of the various apocalypses of cosmopolitan reformation. Therefore, most necessary it was that I should, in self-defence, set up some peculiar stalking-horse of my own; and I made up my mind at once to stand forward, in the eyes of Europe and Trèport, as Young Scotland, and give it them—*hot*.

Young Scotland! It was a virgin thought; and I proceeded to put it into tangible shape with all the enthusiasm of discovery. First, as to dress. I was fortunately provided with a pair of trousers of the M'Tavish tartan, a check of tremendous stripes of red and yellow, in which I looked like a gigantic flamingo; a pair of iron-shod brogues; an old shooting-jacket; the original wig of "The Dougal creatur," which I had sometime before procured, as a curiosity, from my friend Murray of the Edinburgh Theatre. A Glengarry bonnet, and a snuff-mull of ramshorn, completed my equipment, combining, pleasantly, some of the leading horrors of the highland and lowland costume. As to my creed, I was a little at a loss for that. But taking a hint from the young Puseyite lawyers, who sanctify the otherwise profane precincts of the Edinburgh Parliament House,—amiable patriots, who chant pæans in praise of Claverhouse, and cross themselves at the name of the martyr Montrose;—and also borrowing a leaf out of O'Connell's book, I found I could manage to muster a long roll of grievances that looked, when put oratorically, excessively intolerable. The thing told admirably. La Jeune France *sacrè*d itself into violent declarations of my being "*un esprit bien fort;*" to which Young England lent its corroborative assurance in a languid "Ya-as; suttingly. Veway much so!"—"*Hol' mich der Teufel!*" vociferated *Junge Deutschland*, "*'t'ist ein gar verständlicher und sehr rumfustianischer Mann!*" while Young and Repealing Erin, in the most discordant of musical sounds, persisted in declaring that I was "just the man for Galway." All this was very well, and highly flattering; but the charm of my plan was, that it enabled me effectually to silence any one of the Regenerators, whenever I saw a flood of his nonsense coming. For instance, when Young Ireland started away into a fierce denunciation of the perfidious Sassenach, and tried to cram us with some incomprehensible stories about Irish kings, Malachi with his collar of gold, and all that humbug, I was down upon him in an instant with Fingal and the Halls of Balclutha, and pitched into the *Sassenach Pockpuddinach*,—I found the Celtic terminations gave great additional strength to such virulence,—till Erin's tongue grew as cold as Cadwallo's, and he slunk away abashed at the imbecility of his own ire. Again, if Young Ger-

many—a poor, harmless creature at the worst—threatened us with a philosophical scheme for modelling a nation out of the countless petty principalities and Krähwinkels of his native realms of saur kraut and sentiment, a few vivid allusions to claymores and rifle bullets, enforced by a plunge or two of the carving-knife into the table, sent him rapidly back into the serenity of his tobacco-pipe. As for Young America, the sweep and magnificence of my views as to the absurdity of paying any debt whatsoever, national or personal, awed him into reverential silence. Even he could feel that the chattering of the American 'coon was pitiful in contrast with the roar of the Scottish lion. In fact, I soon let them know that Scotland had a deal of the old blood in her, and could "cock up her beaver" as bravely as the best of the *illuminati* of either hemisphere, whenever "the ancient kingdom" so pleased.

"*Vive la Jeune Ecosse!*" shouted Frederick Soulié, as I entered the public room of the hôtel on my return from the Chateau d'Eu, where I had been on business that only concerns Lord Liverpool and myself, on the evening of her Majesty's arrival. The sentiment was echoed on every side; and, as I took my seat at the centre of the table, I found myself "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes." Even the editors of the *Presse* and *National*, who, at a side-table, were stimulating, with maddening draughts of sugar and water, their jealous wrath at the meeting of royalty which we had witnessed some hours before, ceased to execrate the deeply-laid conspiracy between Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot against the liberties of "*La Belle France*," and to canvass the contents of the hateful commercial treaty which Victoria did—not—carry in her royal side-pocket, and drew in their chairs towards our social circle. I had not time to swallow half a glass of brandy, before I was assailed on all sides with inquiries as to what I had seen at the chateau.

"Gentlemen!" I exclaimed, "is this fair?—is it honourable? If his Majesty of France—"

"*Qu'est que ça, que vous dites? Majesté de la France! Sacre! Ce n'est que le roi des Français,*" screamed the editor of the *Presse*, in a state of high excitement.

"Very well—if France has no majesty, so be it; but if, as I was saying, the king of the French honours me with his confidence, I shall prove myself worthy of it, by declining to withdraw the veil from the sacred privacy of his domestic circle."

"*Mais cette maudite Traité la! Est elle souscrite?*" demanded the editor of the *National*, gnashing the ruins of his teeth.

"Very probably;—in fact I should rather say it was. But you'd better ask M. Guizot the next time you meet him."

"*A bas Guisot! A bas les Anglais! A bas tous traiteurs infâmes!*"

"Ah, bah! anybody you like. I have no doubt it is quite the same to them. But we burn daylight. Gentlemen, although you must excuse me from revealing the details of what passed at the chateau to-day, I have no objections to repeat a charming lyrical impromptu to which her Majesty, in the redundant hilarity of her heart, gave vent after dinner."

Every soul present, republicans and other sinners, held his breath in expectation, as I continued.

"After dinner, her Majesty visited the apartments of the Duchess of Orleans, where, by a liberal distribution of sugar-plums, she was soon in high favour, as may be supposed, with the young hope of France, and the other juveniles. The aforesaid hope was at first disposed to suck its thumb a little, and to look sullen; but her Majesty, with the true royal instinct, saw the way to his affections at once, and pulling a paper of *bonbons* from her reticule, wheedled him to her knee with this charming impromptu, which she sung to the fine national air of 'The Hieland Laddie:'—

"Asseyez vous ici, mon cher,
Pretty, petit Comte de Paris,
Je suis la reine de l'Angleterre,
Comte de Paris, Comte de Paris.
J'aime beaucoup de beaux garçons
Comte de Paris, Comte de Paris,
V'là ces delicieux bonbons,
Comte de Paris, Comte de Paris!

"The appeal was irresistible; and the future monarch clutched the sugar-plums, and thrust them into his mouth with an undisguised unction worthy of 'Jack Horner.' Her Majesty got him upon her knee, and continued, stroking his little chin as she sang—

"J'ai un petit garçon chez moi,
Pretty, petit Comte de Paris,
Tel un autre chèr que toi,
Comte de Paris, Comte de Paris.
J'ai une fille si jolie, too,
Comte de Paris, Comte de Paris,
Quand une barbe vous avez, vous
Serez son mari, Comte de Paris!"

"*Jamais, jamais!*" cried Young France in a body as I concluded, casting up their eyes to the ceiling, in a prophetic vision, not of the alliance-conjugal pointed at in the lyric, but of future wars, where the stains of Waterloo should be washed by English blood from the lilies of France.

"I don't see that at all!" said Mr. Octavius O'Mullins, from county Wicklow. "I have no wish to spake disrespectfully of the Quane of England, the darlint! nor of Louis Philippe, either, for that matter; but it's my opinion, that the son of a bloody ould chate and tyrant like him is good enough—"

"I differ from you entirely, O'Mullins," said I, without waiting, or, indeed, caring to hear the conclusion of his sentence, which, of course, was meant to wind up with some drivel about Sassenachs and treachery. "But I can't be bothered arguing the point with you just now; for I intend that our friend, the Honourable Member for Guttleton here, shall read to us a charming copy of verses which he has got in his pocket."

"Verses?—I!" exclaimed the parliamentary Young Englander, with well-feigned astonishment.

"To be sure,—I saw you sweating away at them this morning on the beach. Confess,—was it not something in Aubrey Vere's style?"

"Oh, ya-as; suttingly! Veway much so! But, weally—" and Young England modestly drew from

its pocket a note-book, from which he read, with a voice as silky as a popular preacher's, the following lines, after informing us that they were entitled,

YOUNG ENGLAND'S PROPHECY.

I.

"When Angel-like, with stars and seraphim,
The new-fledged moon in silver waves is lying,
And the sphered orbit of the planet's hymn
Floats through the caves of night; and each replying
To each, the lucid watchword sends along,—
Oh then, my soul, ope thou the fount of passion,
And with the gush of sweet, delirious song,
Pour out thy waters, not in common fashion,
The water-craving meads and thirsty dells among."

"Oh, bother! what the divil is the maning of all this blarney about moons, and stars, and seraphim, and wather?" cried O'Mullins.

"Hush'd be thy murmurs—"

continued Young England.

"My what?" exclaimed O'Mullins. "You don't mane anything personal by that, do you?"

"Come, come, O'Mullins," said I, interposing; "it's all right. It's only a poetical way of bidding you hold your tongue."

II.

"Hush'd be thy murmurs, oh, thou unquiet sea!
Nor longer in convulsive thraldom wrestle;
Good Angels pour their calming oil on thee
Around the shadow of our Monarch's vessel.
Soft be her path from England unto France,
Dear Island Queen! what heretic dare chide thee,
For that thou com'st not now with sword and lance!
Bright Una! Britain's lion wakes beside thee—
YOUNG ENGLAND is thy guard—Advance, fair Queen, advance!

III.

"Lo! the Cathedral gates are open'd wide,
And hark! within the solemn mass is pealing,
And golden censers, waved on every side,
Fill the rich air with incense, blandly stealing
Upon the soul! and there the window-pane,
Rich with the glow and vermeil tints of Venice,
Displays, in azure and in crimson stain,
The blessed martyrdom of good St. Denys,
Who died—I don't know how—but surely not in vain."

Here Paul de Kock and his grisette crossed themselves devoutly; and Young England, regardless for a time of its brandy and water, looked meekly upwards, with hands folded "palm to palm, and pointing from the breast." Young America whittled freely, as the poet continued—

IV.

"New light, new faith, new element, new joy!
Oh, balmy thought! oh, holy inspiration!
Dwell we no more on tales of heathen Troy,
Nor on the foul and rancid Reformation!
Oh, if we know not what we would be at,
Let no reality dim such delusion,
But, like the Ark on lonely Ararat,
Rest calmly in the midst of wild confusion,
Not deeming what is which, but dreaming which is what.

V.

"Ah, yes! great doings are in store for thee,
YOUNG ENGLAND! Child regenerate and holy!
Strange blossom, grafted on an ancient tree,
Born of mute thought and mystic melancholy!
Destined, perchance, to plant the wondrous chart
Betwixt rude being and untrodden vision;
To be the herald to the realms apart
Of other Edens and of fields Elysian,
Where beauty hath no blight, and even death no dart.

VI.

"For round thy neck, in token of thy creed,
A virgin scarf of snowy white thou bearest,
And the pure moral of thy thought and deed
Is mirror'd by the sable robe thou wearest.
Be ever thus! Be vigilant and true,
Though fools disown thee, and though worldlings chide thee;
And, undismay'd by phantoms old or new,
In the abyssmal folds of wisdom hide thee,
A miracle alike to Gentile and to Jew!"

"Well, if that a'int the darndest streak of everlasting nonsense as ever I heard, may I be stewed!" exclaimed the editor of "*The New York Screamer.*"

"You may say that; I believe you!" struck in O'Mullins. "Now, upon your sowl, as you hope to slape in glory, did you mane anything by it at all?"

"Oh, ya-as, suttingly," was all the answer which the honourable emulator of Aubrey Vere vouchsafed to this very natural inquiry.

"I feel it my duty," here interrupted Frederic Souliè, "to enter my protest against the sentiments of the poem we have just heard. Frenchmen, join me in the chorus of the *Chanson de la Jeune France!*"

Although the sentiments so objectionable to the author of the *Mèmoires du Diable* had been so completely wrapped in the "abyssmal folds" of their own obscurity as to be totally undiscernible by ordinary minds, and a protest was therefore somewhat superfluous, anything to dispel the lethargy induced by the misty languor of "Young England's Prophecy" was desirable. We therefore permitted Souliè to proceed in full chorus with his

CHANSON DE LA JEUNE FRANCE!

"The kings and queens are met—ah, bah!
The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
They do not shrink—they cannot hear
The voice that whispers in their ear
The knell of doom, the words of fear,
Which make the hearts of prince and peer
Most commonly feel rather queer,—
Young France is near! Young France is near!

CHORUS.

Fraternitè! Egalitè! } *Bis.*
Indivisibilitè! }

"The kings and queens are met—ah, bah!
The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
What though the brave Fieschi's cold,
And Girardin beneath the mould,
And young Napoleon bought and sold,
Our knives are sharp, our hearts are bold,
And still we'll thunder, as of old,
Despite their foreign arms and gold,

Fraternitè! Egalitè! } *Bis.*
Indivisibilitè! }

"The kings and queens are met—ah, bah!
The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
Let tyrants toil and plot in vain,
They shall not forge for us again
The fetters and the clanking chain,
While France hath sons to raise the strain,
With accents hoarse and loud refrain,
A bas Philippe! à bas la Reine!

Fraternitè! Egalitè! } *Bis.*
Indivisibilitè! }

"The kings and queens are met—ah, bah!
The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
They walk through Trèport undismay'd;
And yet, ere now, in Freedom's aid,

Machines infernal have been made!
The powder's dry—the train is laid—
And up they go, midst fire and shade,
Like corks from bottled lemonade!
Fraternitè! Egalitè! } *Bis.*
Indivisibilitè!"

"St. Schism defend us!" said the honourable Member for Guttleton, crossing himself; and in a transport of loyal horror he caught up his hat, and would have rushed from the room, followed by Young England in a body, but that their glasses had been newly replenished. Young France chorussed louder and louder:—

"The kings and queens are met—ah, bah!
The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
Poor idle despots, go your ways!
Ye cannot meet Young France's gaze;
Yet shall you hear, with sore amaze,
The war-chant of the Marseillaise,
On one of these delicious days;
And thousand throats the cry shall raise,
Fraternitè! Egalitè! } *Bis.*
Indivisibilitè!

"The kings and queens are met—ah, bah!
The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
Soon on the streets the bold Poissarde
Shall o'er them mount resistless guard;
And in the crowded Boulevard
The voice of *Soulè*, (peerless bard!)
In tuneful accents shall be heard,
Proclaiming their deserved reward,
Fraternitè! Egalitè! } *Bis.*
Indivisibilitè!

"The kings and queens are met—ah, bah!
The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
Still o'er our heads the lantern swings;
The guillotine still gaily rings;
With several other playful things,
Somewhat disliked by queens and kings!
The Gallic cock still flaps its wings;
And still the bird of Freedom sings
Fraternitè! Egalitè! } *Bis.*
Indivisibilitè!

"The kings and queens are met—ah, bah!
The kings and queens—ah, ça ira!
A bas Philippe! à bas Guizot!
A bas with Angleterre also,
And every other foreign foe;
And every man and King we know,
That would resist their overthrow!
The throne, the altar, down must go
To the infernal shades below.
Then let Young France her trumpet blow!
Avancez, Messieurs, chantez haut!
Fraternitè! Egalitè! } *Bis.*
Indivisibilitè!"

The uproar that followed this fine burst of republican enthusiasm is inconceivable. At length the scions of Young France fell back exhausted into their seats, and called passionately for *eau sucrè*! Yes! these ferocious gentlemen, to whom carnage and desolation seemed to be meat and drink, as the sight of Sackerson loose was to Master Slender, actually condescended to solace themselves with this "so potent" beverage.

"*A bas tous les gens de l'Europe—premièrement les Anglais!*"

"Yes, down with the Sassenach!" shouted O'Mullins, looking with ominous ferocity towards the honourable member for Gutletton and his friends, "the treacherous and blood-thirsty Sassenach! Not that I agree entirely with Mister Soulie about upsetting thrones and altars like whisky bottles at a wake. Barring O'Connell, there's not a more loyal man or a better Catholic, or a gentleman of a more quiet and paceful nature, than myself. But I say, Down with the Sassenach! Hew them down, root and branch! Think of Mullaghmast, and baste the tyrants with their own sauce! Lave not a man of them in the land!

"They came across the wave,
Said the Shan Van Voght,
They came across the wave,
Said the Shan Van Voght,
They came across the wave,
But to plunder and enslave,
And should find a robber's grave,
Said the Shan Van Voght."

"Really," I exclaimed, seeing that O'Mullins was becoming a bore, "I cannot allow any man to take the treatment of the Sassenach out of my own hands. The subject is sacred to me. In me the wrongs of Scotland, at the hands of the *Sassenach Pockpuddinach*, are struggling for a voice. Long, too long, have they been mute. But it was the silence not of contentment, but of despair—

The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

"*Hoch lebe das Junge Schottland!*" cried a Heidelberger, who had by this time put himself considerably in beer.

"My respected friend O'Mullins has talked to you of Mullaghmast! I have no doubt that deeds were done there as frightful as the name, which I thank my kind stars I never heard of to this hour. But what is Mullaghmast to Glencoe? Oh, Saxon cruelty! how it cheers my heart in all its misery to think that you dare not attempt such a deed again! Mullaghmast indeed! Who ever dreams of Mullaghmast? But the shriek that rung along the black precipices of Glencoe still comes wafted to our ears on the whisky-flavoured breezes of those lonely mountains. Is not the memory of Flodden still green in our hearts—the heather of Culloden still red with the best blood of Scotland? Our ancient castles, are they not riven with the scars seamed in their battered walls by the artillery of Cromwell and his butchers?"

"Oh, to be sure and they are!" howled O'Mullins; "sure he 'druv' a brache in their battlements.'"

"And shall we not then have vengeance? What though the Sassenach women shroud their shrinking shoulders in our shawls, and their men clothe their extremities in our plaidings? We want not their gold, while our honour is unavenged. No, let Galashiels mingle her lamentations with the murmurs of the Tweed, and Dundee pour her sorrows to the Tay;—yea, though Paisley mourn and the Gorbals refuse to be comforted, Scotland must have vengeance! Nor shall we want our bards to fire our hearts to slaughter. Listen, and you shall know that Young Scotland has a voice for slaughter as powerful as the Shan Van Voght, or any other Irish Sennachie!"

With this I broke away into the following rhapsody, of which any party of gentlemen who have a taste for rebellion may avail themselves, as they see fitting—

WAR-CHANT OF YOUNG SCOTLAND.

"We come, we come,
With trumpet and drum,
With musket and sword and spear;
And the Highland host,
And the Lowland's boast,
And the Lothians' pride are here.

When the stars are slack,
And the night is black,
And the moon is on the wane,
And the heavy shroud
Of the threatening cloud
Is charged with the mist and rain;

We'll marshal our men
In the rocky glen,
Where the stream is hoarsely brawling,
And the raven's croak,
From the blasted oak
To its sullen mate is calling.

Our banner we'll raise,
As in former days,
In the days of auld langsyne,
When the northern spear
Brought wail and fear
To the banks of the sluggish Tyne!

We'll pay them the debt,
That we owe them yet
For the bloody field of FLODDEN,
And the hearts that died
On the barren side
Of thy hated heath, CULLODEN!

For we loathe the view
Of the SAXON crew,
And their proffered love we spurn,
And they'll find us quite
As strong in the fight,
As they did at BANNOCKBURN!

We'll sing them the song
Of WALLACE strong,
And we'll join in the lusty chorus,
When the LION RED
Is over our head,
And the English foe before us!

We hate the cant
Of their Covenant,
And the Union Jack we spit on.
Who'd rather not
Die a rebel Scot,
Than live as a mongrel Briton!

No longer we'll wait,
But at Carlisle gate
Our flag once more displaying,
We'll let them hear
YOUNG SCOTLAND'S cheer,
With the bagpipes wildly playing!

Then over our head,
Let the LION RED,
Float out, with winds to fan her,
And shame and disgrace
To the Saxon race,
And down with the British banner!"

The sentiments of this song were precisely of the kind to enrapture my audience. Young England alone grew pale in the face, and seemed to have some doubts whether I was mad, or joking. I followed up my war-chant with a long detail of injuries which Scotland had sustained in consequence of the Union,—the removal of the seat of Royalty, and of a separate legislature, with the scandalous diminution of places and pensions consequent thereon, and other such like wrongs of which Scotland does *not* complain, because she knows well that, like Ireland, she made the best of the bargain. I had reached the passage with which this paper started, and our party were in the full blaze of sedition and anarchy, when M. Auber, the composer, entered the room in considerable agitation.

"What shall I do for a poet?" he exclaimed, after the first salutations were over. "The King insists that I shall have a *cantate* upon the visit of her Britannic Majesty ready by to-morrow. I say to the King, 'Sire, I have no poetry to compose to.' —'Get some, then; for I must have the *cantate*,' was his answer. Oh, where shall I find a poet?"

Twenty voices at least proffered instant service. High-minded zealots! They hated monarchies and despots,—there could be no doubt of that,—and yet they were like to tear each other to pieces for the honour of writing the panegyric wanted.

At first my friend Auber did not recognise me in my Young Scotland costume; but when I introduced myself to him, and offered to relieve him from his difficulty, he was only too glad to escape out of the hands of the rival bards by accepting my offer. Soulié was frantic, and vowed that Auber's next opera should be hissed into annihilation.

"Gentlemen, one and all!" I said, as I rose to leave the room for the Chateau d'Eu, "a fair good night! And ere next we meet, may Young France have shaved and cleaned its teeth; may Young Germany have forsworn beer and tobacco-pipes: Young America learnt manners; Young Ireland taken to habits of honesty and sober living; Young England renounced mysticism, 'furmety, and sour faces;' and may you all be married, and minding your own affairs, in place of cobbling Constitutions! As for Young Scotland, it has too much work on hand to have time to talk, and is too thankful for peace to rake up the embers of old feuds, or to seek to unrivet the links which ages of civilisation have been required to form."

The Regenerators looked extremely foolish, as I left the room arm-in-arm with Auber, to whom I handed, in less than an hour from that time, an ode which Dryden would not have blushed to own. I put its merits thus modestly, because, from its being royal property, I am not at liberty to publish it; and the public will, therefore, have no opportunity of giving it the same character. The loss is great; but I am able to compensate it in some measure by a ballad on the subject of the Royal Visit to France, which has received the sanction of royal favour.

It was a beautiful evening. The moon was paving the ocean with a glancing frost-work of silver; and we stood on the quarter-deck of the Royal Yacht—Lord Aberdeen and I—discoursing of matters various. The subject of poetry was broached, particularly with reference to the difficulty of treating, poetically, events occurring under our own eye. "For instance," said his lordship, "this meeting of the two greatest Powers in Europe, marking a new era, as it does, in European civilisation; how difficult would it be to produce a poem which should combine accuracy of details, and points of character, with that sort of shadowy

lustre, without which poetry, no matter how ingenious the rhythm, becomes actual prose."

"Difficult, I grant you, my Lord," was my reply; "but not impossible. Take our old ballads. The events they record were mostly stories, in which, perhaps, the nameless ballad-maker was an actor. They are moulded out of 'the commonest things that round us lie;' and yet they are the quintessence of poetry. My hand has some cunning in verse; and if your lordship will listen, I shall read you a rude outline of a ballad which I have been scratching in my note-book."

"My dear Bon! I shall be delighted."

We sat down, and, by the light of the harvest-moon, I read

THE QUEEN IN FRANCE.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH BALLAD.

PART I.

It fell upon the August month,
When landsmen bide at hame,
That our gude Queen went out to sail
Upon the saut-sea faem.

And she has taen the silk and gowd,
The like was never seen;
And she has taen the Prince Albert,
And the bauld Lord Aberdeen.

"Yese bide at hame, Lord Wellington:
Ye daurna gang wi' me;
For ye hae been ance in the land o' France,
And that 's eneuch for ye.

"Yese bide at hame, Sir Robert Peel,
To gather the red and the white monie;
And see that my men dinna eat me up
At Windsor wi' their gluttonie."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,—
A league, but barely twa,
When the lift grew dark, and the waves grew wan,
And the wind began to blaw.

"O weel, weel may the waters rise,
In welcome o' their Queen:
What gars ye look sae white, Albert,
What makes your e'e sae green!"

"My heart is sick, my heid is sair,
Gie me a glass o' the gude brandie:
To set my foot on the braid green sward,
I'd gie the half o' my yearly fee.

"It's sweet to hunt the sprightly hare
On the bonny slopes o' Windsor lea,
But O, it's ill to bear the thud
And pitching o' the saut, saut sea!"

And aye they sailed, and aye they sailed,
Till England sank behind,
And over to the coast of France
They drave before the wind.

Then up and spak the King o' France,
Was birling at the wine;
"O wha may be the gay ladye,
That owns that ship sae fine?

"And wha may be that bonny lad
That looks sae pale and wan?
I'll wad my lands o' Picardie,
That he 's nae Englishman!"

Then up and spak an auld French lord,
Was sitting beneath his knee,
"It is the Queen o' braid England
That's come across the sea."

"And O an' it be England's Queen,
She 's welcome here the day;
I'd rather hae her for a friend
Than for a deadly fae.

"Gae, kill the cerock in the yard,
The auld sow in the stye,
And bake for her the brockit calf,
But and the puddock-pie!"

And he has gane until the ship,
As sune as it drew near,
And he has ta'en her by the hand—
"Ye're kindly welcome here!"

And syne he kissed her on ae cheek,
And syne upon the ither;
And he ca'ed her his sister dear,
And she ca'ed him her brither.

"Light doun, light doun now, ladye mine,
Light doun upon the shore;
Nae English king has trodden here
This thousand years and more."

"And gin I lighted on your land,
As light fu' weel I may,
O am I free to feast wi' you,
And free to come and gae!"

And he has sworn by the Haly Rood,
And the black stane o' Dumblane,
That she is free to come and gae
Till twenty days are gane.

"I've lippen'd to a Frenchman's aith,"
Said gude Lord Aberdeen;
"But I'll never lippen to it again,
Sae lang 's the grass is green.

"Yet gae your ways, my sovereign liege,
Since better may na be;
The wee bit bairns are safe at hame,
By the blessing o' Marie!"

Then doun she lighted frae the ship,
She lighted safe and sound;
And glad was our good Prince Albert
To step upon the ground.

"Is that your Queen, my Lord," she said,
"That auld and buirdly dame?
I see the crown upon her heid;
But I dinna ken her name."

And she has kiss'd the Frenchman's Queen,
And eke her daughters three,
And gi'en her hand to the young Princes
That louted upon the knee.

And she has gane to the proud castle,
That's biggit beside the sea:
But aye when she thought o' the bairns at hame,
The tear was in her e'e.

She gied the King the Cheshire cheese
But and the porter fine;
And he gi'ed her the puddock-pies
But and the blude-red wine.

Then up and spake the dourest Prince,
An Admiral was he;
"Let 's keep the Queen o' England here,
Sin' better may na be!

"O mony is the dainty king
That we hae trappit here;
And mony is the English yerl
That's in our dungeons drear!"

"You lee, you lee, ye graceless loon,
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!
There never yet was Englishman
That came to skaith by me.

"Gae out, gae out, ye fause traitor!
Gae out until the street;
It's shame that Kings and Queens should sit
Wi' sic a knave at meat!"

Then up and raise the young French Lord,
In wrath and hie disdain—
"O ye may sit, and ye may eat
Your puddock-pies alane!

"But were I in my ain gude ship,
And sailing wi' the wind,
And did I meet wi' auld Napier,
I'd tell him o' my mind."

O then the Queen leuch loud and lang,
And her colour went and came;
"Gin ye met wi' Charlie on the sea,
Ye'd wish yersell at hame!"

And aye they birlit at the wine,
And drank right merrilie,
Till the auld cock craw'd in the castle-yard,
And the Abbey bell struck three.

The Queen she gaed until her bed,
And Prince Albert likewise;
And the last word that gay ladye said
Was—"O thae puddock-pies!"

PART II.

The sun was hie within the lift
Afore the French King raise;
And syne he louped until his sark,
And warslit on his claes.

"Gae up, gae up, my little foot-page,
Gae up until the toun;
And gin ye meet wi' the auld Harper,
Be sure ye bring him doun."

And he has met wi' the auld Harper;
O but his een were red;
And the bizzing o' a swarm o' bees
Was singing in his heid.

"Alack! alack!" the Harper said,
"That this should e'er hae been!
I daurna gang before my liege,
For I was fou yestreen."

"It's ye maun come, ye auld Harper:
Ye daurna tarry lang:
The King is just dementit-like
For wanting o' a sang."

And when he came to the King's chamber,
He loutit on his knee,
"O what may be your gracious will
Wi' an auld, frail man like me?"

"I want a sang, Harper," he said,
"I want a sang richt speedilie;
And gin ye dinna make a sang,
I'll hang ye up on the gallows tree."

"I canna do't, my liege," he said.
"Hae mercy on my auld gray hair!
But gin that I had got the words,
I think that I might mak the air."

"And wha's to mak the words, fause loon,
When minstrels we have barely twa;
And Lamartine is in Paris toun,
And Victor Hugo far awa!"

"The deil may gang for Lamartine,
And flie awa wi' auld Hugo,
For a better minstrel than them baith
Within this very toun I know.

"O kens my liege the gude Walter,—
At hame they ca' him Bon Gualtier!—
He'll rhyme ony day wi' True Thomas,
And he is in the castle here."

The French King first he lauchit loud,
And syne did he begin to sing:—
"My e'en are auld, and my heart is cauld,
Or I suld hae known the minstrel's King.

"Gae take to him this ring o' gowd,
And this mantle o' the silk sae fine,
And bid him mak a maister sang
For his sovereign ladye's sake and mine."

"I winna take the gowden ring,
Nor yet the mantle fine:
But I'll mak the sang for my ladye's sake,
And for a cup of wine."

The Queen was sitting at the cards,
The King ahint her back,
And aye she deal'd the red honours
And aye she deal'd the black;

And syne unto the dourest Prince
She spake richt courteouslie:—
"Now will ye play, Lord Admiral,
Now will ye play wi' me?"

The dourest Prince he bit his lip,
And his brow was black as glaur:
"The only game that ever I play
Is the bluidy game o' war!"

"And gin ye play at that, young man,
It weel may cost ye sair;
Ye'd better stick to the game at cards,
For you'll win nae honours there!"

The King he leuch, and the Queen she leuch
Till the tears ran blithely doun;
But the Admiral he raved and swore,
Till they kicked him frae the room.

The Harper came, and the Harper sang,
And O but they were fain;
For when he had sung the gude sang twice,
They called for it again.

It was the sang o' the Field o' Gowd
In the days of auld langsyne,
When bauld King Henry crossed the seas
Wi' his brither king to dine.

And aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Till up the Queen she sprang—
"I'll wad a County Palatine,
Gude Walter made that sang."

Three days had come, three days had gane,
The fourth began to fa',
When our gude Queen to the Frenchman said,
"It's time I was awa!

"O, bonny are the fields o' France,
And saftly draps the rain;
But my bairnies are in Windsor Tower,
And greeting a' their lane.

"Now ye maun come to me, Sir King,
As I have come to ye;
And a benison upon your heid
For a' your courtesie!"

Now he has ta'en her lily white hand
And put it to his lip,
And he has ta'en her to the strand
And left her in her ship.

"Will ye come back, sweet burd," he cried,
"Will ye come kindly here,
When the lift is blue, and the laverocks sing,
In the spring-time o' the year!"

"It's I would blithely come, my Lord,
To see ye in the spring;
It's I would blithely venture back,
But for ae little thing.

"It isna that the winds are rude,
Or that the waters rise,
But I lo'e the roasted beef at hame,
And no thae puddock-pies!"

Loud and hysterical laughter from behind the companion hailed the conclusion of this essay upon the ancient ballad. We had been overheard. Lord Aberdeen rushed forward.

"Good heavens!" I heard him exclaim. "It is her Majesty!"

* * * * *

THE MARQUIS DE CUSTINE'S EMPIRE OF THE CZAR.

(Concluded from page 648 of our October Number.)

It is now proper that we first see the Russian peasantry through the spectacles of M. de Custine.

About ten leagues from Petersburg, on his way to Schlusselburg, he entered, for the first time, a kind of inn, of which he tells,

It was the first time I had seen the peasants in their own houses. An immense wooden shed, plank walls on three sides, plank flooring and plank ceiling, formed the hall of entrance, and occupied the greater part of the rustic dwelling. Notwithstanding the free currents of air, I found it redolent of that odour of onions, cabbages, and old greasy leather, which Russian villages and Russian villagers invariably exhale.

A superb stallion, tied to a post, occupied the attention of several men who were engaged in the difficult task of shoeing him. The magnificent but untractable animal belonged, I was told, to the stud of a neighbouring lord. The eight persons who were endeavouring to manage him, all displayed a figure, a costume, and a countenance that was striking. The population of the provinces adjoining the capital is not, however, handsome: it is not even Russian, being much mixed with the race of the Finns, who resemble the Laplanders.

They tell me that in the interior of the empire I shall find perfect models of Grecian statues, several of which I have indeed already seen in Petersburg, where the nobles are often attended by the men born on their distant estates.

A low and confined room adjoined this immense shed. It reminded me of the cabin of some river boat; walls, ceiling, floor, seats, and tables, were all of wood, rudely hewn. The smell of cabbage and pitch was extremely powerful.

In this retreat, almost deprived of air and light—for the doors were low, and the windows extremely small—I found an old woman busy serving tea to four or five bearded peasants, clothed in pelisses of sheep-skin, the wool of which is turned inwards; for it has already, and for some days past, become rather cold.* These men were of short stature. Their leather pelisses were rather tasteful; but they were very ill scented: I know nothing except the perfumes of the nobles that could be more so. On the table stood a bright copper kettle and a teapot. The tea is always of good quality, well made, and, if it is not preferred pure, good milk is everywhere to be obtained. This elegant beverage served up in barns—I say barns, for politeness-sake—reminds me of the chocolate of the Spaniards. It forms one of the thousand contrasts with which the traveller is struck at every step he takes among these two people, equally singular, though in many of their ways as different as the climates they inhabit.

I have often said that the Russian people have a sentiment of the picturesque: among the groups of men and animals that surrounded me in this interior of a Russian farm-house, a painter would have found subjects for several charming pictures.

The red or blue shirt of the peasants is buttoned over the collar-bone, and drawn close round the loins by a girdle, above which it lies in antique folds, and below forms an open tunic that falls over the pantaloon. The long Persian robe, often left open, which, when the men do not work, partly covers this blouse; the hair worn long, and parted on the forehead, but shaved close behind rather higher than the nape, so as to discover all the strength of the neck—does not this form an original and graceful picture? The wild, yet, at the same time, gentle expression of the Russian peasants, also possesses grace: their elegant forms, their suppleness, their broad shoulders, the sweet smile of their mouth, the mixture of tenderness and ferocity which is discernible in their wild and melancholy look, render their general appearance as different from that of our labourers as the land they cultivate differs from the rest of Europe. Everything is new here for a stranger. The natives possess a certain charm, which can be felt, though not expressed: it is the oriental languor, combined with the romantic reverie of a northern people; and all this is exhibited in an uncultured yet noble form, which imparts to it the merit of a primitive endowment. These people inspire much more interest than confidence. The common orders in Russia are amusing knaves: they may be easily led if they are not deceived; but as soon as they see that their masters or their masters' agents lie more than themselves, they plunge into the lowest depths of falsehood and meanness. They who would civilize a people must themselves possess worth of character—the barbarism of the serf accuses the corruptness of the noble. . . . .

Dirtiness is very conspicuous in the country; but that of the houses and the clothes strikes me more than that of the individuals. The Russians take much care of their persons. Their vapour baths, it is true, appear to us disgusting; and I should for myself much prefer the contact of pure water; still these boiling fogs cleanse and strengthen the body, though they wrinkle the skin prematurely. By virtue of their use, the peasants may be often seen with clean beards and hair, when as much cannot be said for their garments. Warm clothing costs money, and has to be worn a long time. The rooms, also, in which they think only of protecting themselves from the cold, are necessarily less aired than those of southern people. Of the air that purifies, the Russians are deprived for nine months in the year; so that their dirtiness is rather the inevitable effect of their climate than of their negligence.

In some districts, the workpeople wear a cap of blue cloth, bulging out in the shape of a balloon. They have several other species of head-dress, all pleasing to the eye, and showing good taste as compared with the saucy affectation of negligence visible among the lower orders in the environs of Paris.

When they work bare-headed, they remedy the inconvenience of their long hair by binding it with a kind of diadem, or fillet made of a riband, a wreath of rushes, or of some other simple material, always placed with care, and which looks well on the young people; for the men of this race have in general finely-formed, oval heads, so that their working head-dress becomes an ornament. But what shall I say of the women? All whom I have hitherto seen have appeared to me repulsive. I had hoped in this excursion to have met some fair villagers; but here, as at Petersburg, they are broad and short in figure, and they gird their forms at the shoulders, a little above the bosom, which spreads freely under the petticoat. It is hideous! Add to this voluntary deformity large men's boots, and a species of riding coat, or jacket of sheep's-skin, similar to the pelisses of their husbands, but, doubtless through a laudable economy, much less gracefully cut, and far more worn; falling, indeed, literally in rags—such is their toilette. Assuredly there is no part of the world where the fair sex so completely dispenses with coquettish finery as in Russia, (I speak only of the female peasants and of the corner of the land that I have seen.) Nevertheless these women are the mothers of the soldiers of which the emperor is so proud, and of the handsome coachmen of the streets of Petersburg.

This may suffice as the expression of the Marquis's estimate of the *physique* of the Russians, which he repeats, with some other opinions on Catholicity and despotism, even unto "damnable iteration." Yet are his sentiments often generous and just, however paradoxical some of his mystical revelations may sound. The preservation of the unity of the Greek Church, of the common faith

* This is the 1st of August.

of the whole empire, is the care and boast of the Emperor; yet it is from sectarian feelings, from religious dissensions, that M. de Custine anticipates social revolution in Russia, as soon as its people are unmuzzled. Then the confusion of Babel will arise afresh upon the earth.

What passes under the eyes of the traveller is, however, more satisfactory than his divinations; and his sketches on his way to Moscow are in the best style of the work, as a book of travels in Russia, and not one of speculations and guesses about the probable destiny of this unwieldy empire. Here we have the Marquis not half-way on his journey, and with the axle of his strong English travelling-carriage broken by those execrable roads, which had been represented to him as the finest in the world. The accident was partly owing to that rapid driving which is practised over all Russia, every man imitating the Emperor when on the road, in eagerness to "go a-head." It is surprising that the English aristocracy have not yet begun to import Russian coachmen, as the higher nobility of France and Germany now do English jockeys, and as English ladies do French waiting-maids. But before the Russian of any rank can go upon his travels, the Emperor must be consulted, and that is not, at all times, so easily accomplished, either by Count or coachman.

A Russian coachman attired in his cafetan of coarse cloth, or, if the weather is warm, as it is to-day, in his coloured shirt or tunic, appears, at first sight, like an oriental. In simply observing the attitude he assumes when placing himself upon his seat, we may recognise the grace of the Asiatic. In travelling post, the Russians drive from the box, dispensing with postilions, unless a very heavy carriage requires a set of six or eight horses; and even in that case one of the men mounts the box. The coachman holds in his hands a whole bundle of cords: these are the eight reins of the team, two for each of the four horses harnessed abreast. The grace, ease, agility, and safety with which he directs this picturesque set-out; the quickness of his slightest movements; the lightness of his step when he reaches the ground; his erect stature; his manner of wearing his dress; in short, his whole person reminds me of the most naturally elegant people on the earth—the Gitanos of Spain. The Russians are fair-complexioned Gitanos.

I have already noticed some female peasants less ugly than those seen in the streets of Petersburg. Their form invariably wants elegance; but their complexion is fresh and bright. At this season, their head-dress consists of an Indian handkerchief, tied round the head, and the ends of which fall behind with a grace that is natural to the people. They often wear a little pelisse reaching to the knees, drawn round the waist by a girdle, slit on each side below the hips, and opening in front so as to show the petticoat underneath. The appearance of this dress is tasteful; but it is their boots which disfigure the persons of the women. . . . . .

The houses resemble those that I described in the excursion to Schlusselburg; but they are not so elegant. The appearance of the villages is monotonous. A village consists always of two lines, more or less extended, of wooden cottages, regularly ranged at a certain distance backwards from the road; for, in general, the street of the village is broader than the embankment of the highway. Each cabin, constructed of pieces of roughly-hewn wood, presents its gable to the street. All these habitations are of similar construction; but, notwithstanding their wearisome uniformity, an air of comfort, and even prosperity, appears to reign in the villages. They are rural without being picturesque. . . . . .

The country that I have hitherto traversed is a poor, marshy forest, covered, as far as the eye can reach, over a sterile plain, with miserable, stunted, and thinly-scattered birch and pine; there are neither cultivated lands nor thick-flourishing plantations of wood to be seen. The cattle are of a wretched breed. The climate oppresses the animals as much as despotism does the men. It might be said that nature and society vie with each other in their efforts to render life difficult. . . . .

The house in which I write exhibits a taste and neatness that contrast strangely with the nakedness of the surrounding country. It is both post-house and tavern; and I find it almost clean. It might be taken for the country-house of some retired, independent person. Stations of this kind, though not so well kept as that of Pomerania, are maintained at certain distances on the road, at the expense of government. The walls and ceilings of the one I am in are painted as in Italy; the ground-floor, composed of several spacious rooms, very much resembles a restaurateur in one of the French provinces. The furniture is covered with leather; large sofas are everywhere to be found, which might serve as a substitute for beds; but I have had too much experience to think of sleeping or even of sitting on them. In Russian inns, not excepting those of the best description, all wooden furniture with stuffed cushions are so many hives where vermin swarm and multiply. . . . .

A few villages, becoming less neat in proportion as the distance from Petersburg increases, sadden the landscape instead of enlivening it. The houses are only piles of the trunks of trees, badly put together, and supporting roofs of plank, to which in winter an extra cover of thatch is sometimes added. These dwellings must be warm, but their appearance is cheerless. The rooms are dark, and tainted for want of air. They have no beds. In summer the inmates sleep on benches which form a divan around the walls of the chamber, and, in winter, on the stove, or on the floor around it. In other words, a Russian peasant encamps all his life. The word *reside* implies a comfortable mode of life; domestic habits are unknown to this people. . . . . .

The peasants of this canton wear a cap, broad and flat at the top, but fitting very closely round the head; it resembles a mushroom. A peacock's feather is sometimes twisted round the band; and, when the men wear a hat, the same ornament is also adopted. Instead of boots, they most commonly have plats of reeds, woven by the peasants themselves, and worn as leggings fastened with packthread laces. They look better on sculpture than on the living man. Some ancient statues prove the antiquity of the attire.

The female peasants are rarely to be seen. We met ten men for one woman. Such as I have noticed wear a dress that indicates a total absence of female vanity. It consists of a species of dressing-gown, very wide and loose, which fastens round the neck and reaches to the ground. A large apron of the same length, fastened across the shoulders by two short straps, completes their rustic and ungainly costume. They nearly all go barefoot; the wealthier wear the clumsy boots I have already described. Indian handkerchiefs or other pieces of stuff are bound closely round the head. The real national female head-dress is only worn on holydays. It is the same as that of the ladies of the court. . . .

This morning, in a post-house where I stopped to breakfast, I encountered an entire family whom I had left in Petersburg, where they inhabit one of those elegant palaces which the Russians are so proud of showing to foreigners. There, these ladies were splendidly attired in the Paris fashions; but at the inn where, thanks to the new accident that had happened to my carriage, I was overtaken by them, they were altogether different persons. So whimsically were they metamorphosed, that I could scarcely recognise them: the fairies had become sorceresses. Imagine young ladies whom you had only seen in elegant society, suddenly reappearing before you in a costume worse than that of Cinderella; dressed in old nightcaps that might have once been white, extremely dirty gowns, neck-handkerchiefs that resembled ragged napkins, and old shoes in which they walked slip-shod. It was enough to make a man fancy himself bewitched.

The traveller halted at Torjeck, which is famous for its elegant manufacture of leather, and, latterly, for another species of manufacture, the popularity of which is quite characteristic of the country.

The emperor, stopping one day at a little inn of this town, was served with a hash of fattened chickens, which, to his great astonishment, he found excellent. Immediately the fricassees of Torjeck became celebrated throughout Russia. The following is their origin :—An unfortunate Frenchman had been well received and treated in this town by a female innkeeper. Before leaving, he said to her, "I cannot pay you, but I will make your fortune;" whereupon he showed her how to fricassee chickens. As good luck would have it, this precious recipe was, at least so it is said, first prepared for the emperor. The innkeeper of Torjeck is dead; but her children have inherited her renown, and they maintain it.

Torjeck, when that town first breaks upon the view of the traveller, conveys the idea of a camp in the midst of an immense corn field. Its white houses, its towers and pavilion-shaped domes, remind him of the mosques and minarets of the East. Gilded turrets, round and square steeples, some ornamented with little columns, and all painted green or blue, announce the vicinity of Moscow.

The following trait is not less Russian.

Between Petersburg and Novgorod, I remarked, for several successive stages, a second road that ran parallel to the principal highway, though at a considerable distance from it. It was furnished with bridges and everything else that could render it safe and passable, although it was much less handsome, and less smooth than the grand route. I asked the keeper of a post-house the meaning of this singularity, and was answered, through my feldjäger, that the smaller road was destined for wagons, cattle, and travellers, when the emperor, or other members of the imperial family, proceeded to Moscow. The dust and obstructions that might incommode or retard the august travellers, if the grand route remained open to the public, were thus avoided.

It was not to be expected that in Russia, as in Meg Merrilies' country, the highway should be as free to the gypsy's *cuddy* as the laird's gelding. The Marquis shows himself skilful in female costume; and even when he finds some pretensions to personal beauty among the peasant women, he denounces their abominable dress. Can they have received, and do they still retain an ugly and deforming fashion which must have been in vogue over Europe about the latter years of the reign of Catherine II., when old caricatures represent short-waisted ladies suckling their infants through the pocket-holes of their gowns? We can assure the Marquis that these no-waists were once a court fashion in France and England; so that the Russian peasants are not

The only females in the world who have taken it into their heads to make themselves a waist above instead of below the bosom. Their shapeless sacks rather than gowns, are drawn together close under the armpits. At the first sight, their entire person gives me the idea of a bale or large loose parcel, in which all the parts of the body are confounded together without care, and yet without liberty. But this costume has other inconveniences rather difficult to describe. One of the worst is, that a Russian female peasant could suckle her child over her shoulder, as do the Hottentots. Such is the inevitable deformity produced by a fashion which destroys the shape of the body. The Circassian females, who better understand the beauty of woman and the means of preserving it, wear, from their years of childhood, a belt round the waist, which they never cast off.

. . . . . The see-saw is the favourite amusement of the Russian peasants. This exercise develops their natural talent for adjusting the equilibrium of the body; in addition to which, it is a silent pleasure, and quiet diversions best accord with the feelings of a people rendered prudent by fear.

Silence presides over all the festivals of the Russian villagers. They drink plentifully, speak little, and shout less; they either remain silent, or sing in chorus, with a nasal voice, melancholy and prolonged notes. . .

. . . . . On Sunday, in passing through populous villages, I observed rows of from four to eight young girls balancing themselves, by a scarcely perceptible movement of their bodies, on boards suspended by ropes, while at a little distance beyond, an equal number of boys were fixed in the same manner, in face of the females. Their mute game lasted a long time; I have never had patience to wait its conclusion. Such gentle balancing is only a kind of interlude, which serves as a relaxation in the intervals of the animated diversion of their real swing or see-saw. This is a very lively game; it even renders the spectator nervous. . . . .

I have purposely stopped in several villages to observe the girls and young men thus amuse themselves together; and I have at last seen some female faces perfectly beautiful. Their complexion is of a delicate whiteness; their colour is, so to speak, under the skin, which is transparent and exquisitively smooth. Their teeth are brilliantly white; and—rarely seen beauty!—their mouths are perfectly formed copies of the antique; their eyes, generally blue, have nevertheless the oriental cast of expression, with also that unquiet and furtive glance natural to the Slavonians, who can in general look sideways, and even behind, without turning their heads. . . . . I sometimes see a regularly Grecian profile united with features of so extreme a delicacy that the expression of the countenance loses nothing by the perfect regularity of the lines. In such cases I am struck with unbounded admiration. The more common mould, however, of the features of both men and women is that of the Calmuc—high cheek-bones and flattened noses.

Sometimes the traveller entered the cottages after the peasants had retired to rest. The spectacle was not inviting; not, indeed, much superior to what might be found in an Irish cabin, or the cottages of the Highlands, compared with which, Mr. Brunner represents the Russian hovels as superior, both in comfort and the means of decency. The Marquis de Custine persists, throughout, that the Russians are in everything Asiatic.

As a protection against the short but fervent heats of a summer, a divan, under a species of verandah, runs round some cottages, and serves as a bed for the family, who even sometimes prefer sleeping on the naked earth. Recollections of the East pursue the traveller everywhere. At all the post-houses into which I have entered at night, I have invariably found, ranged in the street before the door, numerous bundles of black sheep-skins. These fleeces, which I at first took for sacks, were men sleeping under the bright canopy of heaven. We have, this year, heats such as have not been known in the memory of man in Russia.

The sheep-skins, cut out as little over-coats, serve not only for clothes, but likewise for beds, carpets, and tents to the Russian peasants. The workmen, when, during the heat of the day, they take their siesta in the fields, make a picturesque tent of these pelisses to protect themselves from the rays of the sun. With the ingenious address which distinguishes the Russian labourer from those of the west of Europe, they pass the sleeves of their coat over the two handles of their wheelbarrows, and then, turning this moveable roof towards the sun, they sleep tranquilly under the rustic drapery. The sheep-skin coats are graceful in shape, and would be pretty if they were not generally so old and greasy.

. . . . . I have never travelled a stage without my coachman making at least twenty signs of the cross to salute as many little chapels. Ready to fulfil with the same punctilio his obligations of politeness, he salutes also with his hat every wagoner that

he meets, and their number is great. These formalities accomplished, we arrive at the end of the stage, when it is invariably found that either in putting to or detaching the horses, the adroit, pious, polite rogue has abstracted something, perhaps a leather pouch, a strap, or a wrapper; perhaps only a nail, a screw, or a wax candle from the lamps: in short, he never leaves with altogether *clean hands*.

Want of probity, it is alleged, distinguishes all ranks. Once a great lady made the following ingenuous confession to the traveller:—

"It is impossible for us," she said, "to form any clear idea of a social state like that of yours. They tell me that in France, at present, the highest noble can be put in prison for a debt of two hundred francs; this is revolting: how different from our country! There is not in all Russia a tradesman who would dare to refuse us credit for an unlimited period. With your aristocratic notions," she added, "you must surely find yourself more at home with us. There is greater similarity between the French of the old *régime* and us, than between any other of the European nations."

The traveller could not allow this; the France of Louis XV. being something very different from that of Louis Philippe. She might have found a nearer, if not entire resemblance to Russia in the English privilege of peerage. The court ladies of Russia, according to Custine, are all political intriguers, and some of them able and adroit.

By virtue of the spirit of intrigue that distinguishes these Aspasias of the North, there is scarcely a capital in Europe without two or three Russian ambassadors: the one, public, accredited, recognised, and clothed with all the insignia of office; the others, secret, irresponsible, and playing, in bonnet and petticoat, the double part of independent ambassador, and spy upon the official envoy. . . . . Russia possesses a completely organized female diplomacy; and Europe is not, perhaps, sufficiently attentive to so singular a means of influence. With its concealed army of amphibious agents, its political Amazons with acute masculine minds and feminine language, the Russian court collects information, obtains reports, and even receives advice, which, if better known, would explain many mysteries, furnish a key to many inconsistencies, and reveal many littlenesses.

The political preoccupation of mind of the greater number of Russian women renders their conversation, interesting as it might be, insipid.

In short, they do not prattle gaily on the common topics of the day,—literature, fashions, the opera, the favourite preacher or player, like the fine ladies of Paris.——Low as the Russians may be sunk in the moral scale, the following anecdote, illustrative of the stupidity created by their degradation, sounds very like the old Joe Miller which tells, that when an English clown consulted a doctor on the phenomenon of his wife presenting him with a child five months after marriage, he was quite contented when assured that such things might happen in the case of the first child, but would never occur again.

I have been assured that the moral sentiment is scarcely developed among the Russian peasants, and my daily experience confirms the accounts that I have received.

A nobleman has related to me, that a man belonging to him, and skilful in some particular handicraft, had permission to remain in Petersburg, in order to exercise his talent there. After the expiration of two years, he was allowed to return for a few weeks to his native village to visit his wife. He came back to Petersburg on the day appointed.

"Are you satisfied with having seen your family?" asked his master. "Perfectly so," answered the workman, with great simplicity; "my wife has presented me with two more children in my absence, and the sight of them gave me great pleasure."

These poor people have nothing of their own; neither their cottages, their wives, their children, nor even their own hearts; they have, therefore, no jealousy. Of what could they be jealous?—Of an accident! Love among them is nothing better. Such, however, is the existence of the happiest men in Russia—the serfs! I have often heard the great express envy of their lot, and perhaps with good reason.

"They have no cares," they say; "we take all the charge of them and their families (God knows how this charge is acquitted when the peasants become old and useless.) Assured of the necessaries of life for themselves and their children, they are a hundred times less to be pitied than the free peasants are among you." I did not reply to this panegyric on servitude.

The traveller is as rapturous about Moscow and the Kremlin,—the true seat, the root of Russian empire,—as he is contemptuous or abusive of Petersburg. He found comfortable lodgings in Moscow in the English hôtel of Madame Howard, which is kept clean,—a miracle in Russia!—by absolutely prohibiting the entrance of Russian servants within the walls. Nay, the landlady will scarcely admit Russian guests. Her house must be a standing libel upon all other dwellings in the country. It was at the close of one of the endless holidays of Russia, that the traveller found himself in the midst of a crowd of promenaders under the walls of the ancient fortress of Moscow, and strongly excited by all that he saw and recalled.

The word *walls* gives an idea of quite too ordinary an object; it would deceive the reader: the walls of the Kremlin are a chain of mountains. This citadel, reared on the confines of Europe and Asia, is, as compared with ordinary ramparts, what the Alps are to our hills: the Kremlin is the Mont Blanc of fortresses. If the giant that is called the Russian Empire had a heart, I should say that the Kremlin was the heart of the monster; but, as it is, I would call it the head.

I wish I could give an idea of this mighty pile of stones, reared step by step into the heavens; this asylum of despotism, raised in the name of liberty: for the Kremlin was a barrier opposed to the Calmucs by the Russians: its walls have equally aided the independence of the state and the tyranny of the sovereign. They are boldly carried over the deep sinuosities of the soil. When the declivities of the hillocks become too precipitous, the rampart is lowered by steps: these steps, rising between heaven and earth, are enormous; they are the ladder for the giants who make war against the gods.

The line of this first girdle of structures is broken by fantastic towers, so elevated, strong, and grotesque in form, as to remind one of the peaks in Switzerland, with their many-shaped rocks, and their many-coloured glaciers. The obscurity no doubt contributed to increase the size of objects, and to give them unusual forms and tints,—I say tints; for night, like engraving, has its colouring. To behold gentlemen and ladies, dressed *à la Parisienne*, promenading at the feet of this fabulous palace, was to fancy myself in a dream. What would Ivan III., the restorer, or, it might be said, the founder of the Kremlin, have thought, could he have beheld at the foot of the sacred fortress, his old Muscovites, shaved, curled, in frock coats, white pantaloons, and yellow gloves, eating ices, seated before a brightly-lighted café? He would have said, as I do, it is impossible! and yet this is now seen every summer evening in Moscow.

I have, then, wandered in the public gardens planted on the glacis of the ancient citadel of the Czars; I have seen the towers, wall above wall, the platforms, terrace upon terrace, and my eyes have swept over an enchanted city. It would need the eloquence of youth, which everything astonishes and surprises, to find words ani-

ogous to these prodigious things. Above a long vault, which I crossed, I perceived a raised viaduct, by which carriages and foot passengers enter the holy city. The spectacle was bewildering; nothing but towers, gates, and terraces, raised one above the other, steep slopes, and piled arches, all serving to form the road by which the Moscow of the present day, the vulgar Moscow, is left for the Kremlin—the Moscow of miracle and of history. These aqueducts, without water, support other stories of more fantastic edifices. I observed, raised upon one of the hanging passages, a low round tower, all bristling with battlements of spear heads. The silver brightness of this ornament contrasted singularly with the blood-red of the walls. The tower seemed like a crowned giant standing before the fortress of which he was the guardian. What is there that one could not see, by the light of the moon, wandering at the foot of the Kremlin? There, everything is supernatural; the mind believes in spectres in spite of itself. Who could approach without a religious terror this sacred bulwark, a stone of which, disturbed by Buonaparte, rebounded even to Saint Helena, to crush the conqueror in the bosom of the ocean! Pardon, reader, I am born in the age of grandiloquence.

Daylight did not subdue the enthusiasm begotten of this wondrous fabric, first seen in twilight. From being grandiloquent, the Marquis becomes poetical, and absolutely extravagant, in painting the terrific architecture of this citadel and bulwark of Russian despotism.

Like the bones of certain gigantic animals, the Kremlin proves to us the history of a world of which we might doubt until after seeing the remains. In this prodigious creation strength takes the place of beauty, caprice of elegance: it is like the dream of a tyrant, fearful but full of power; it has something about it that disowns the age; means of defence which are adapted to a system of war that exists no longer; an architecture that has no connexion with the wants of modern civilisation: a heritage of the fabulous ages, a gaol, a palace, a sanctuary, a bulwark against the nation's foes, a bastile against the nation, a prop of tyrants, a prison of people,—such is the Kremlin. . . . . Such, then, was the chosen abode of the old Muscovite princes; and yet these formidable walls were not sufficient shelter for the terror of Ivan IV.

The fear of a man possessing absolute power is the most dreadful thing upon earth; and with all the imagery of this fear visible in the Kremlin, it is still impossible to approach the fabric without a shudder.

Towers of every form, round, square, and with pointed roofs, belfries, donjons, turrets, spires, sentry-boxes upon minarets, steeples of every height, style, and colour, palaces, domes, watch-towers, walls, embattlemented and pierced with loop-holes, ramparts, fortifications of every species, whimsical inventions, incomprehensible devices, chiosks by the side of cathedrals—everything announces violation and disorder, everything betrays the continual *surveillance* necessary to the security of the singular beings who were condemned to live in this supernatural world. Yet these innumerable monuments of pride, caprice, voluptuousness, glory, and piety, notwithstanding their apparent variety, express one single idea which reigns here everywhere—war maintained by fear. The Kremlin is the work of a superhuman being; but that being is malevolent. Glory in slavery—such is the allegory figured by this satanic monument, as extraordinary in architecture as the visions of St. John are in poetry. It is a habitation which would suit some of the personages of the Apocalypse. . . . . .

The giants of the antediluvian world, were they to return to earth to visit their degenerate successors, might still find a suitable habitation in the Kremlin. . . . . I could fancy I saw a procession of vices pouring forth from all the gates of the Kremlin to inundate Russia.

Other nations have supported oppression, the Russian nation has loved it; it loves it still. Is not such fanaticism of obedience characteristic? It may not, however, be denied that this popular mania has here sometimes become the principle of sublime actions. In this inhuman land, if society has depraved the individual, it has not enervated him: he is not good, but he is also not contemptible. The same may be said of the Kremlin: it is not pleasant to behold, but it inspires awe. It is not beautiful, but it is terrible—terrible as the reign of Ivan IV.

The Russian can, in short, burn his house to repel his enemy. To the monster Ivan—the purest creation of absolute power that ever afflicted outraged humanity—M. de Custine has seen fit to devote a whole chapter. Ivan's atrocities need not detain us; but we are amused by one passage which, to some, may mitigate the crimes with which Ivan is charged, under the mistaken idea that the Russian Tyrant may not be more candidly treated than the English Protestant Princess.

Ivan felt for Elizabeth of England a sympathy which had the nature of an instinct. These two wild beasts understood each other, even at a distance; the affinities of their dispositions operated, notwithstanding that difference in their situations which explains the difference in their acts. Ivan IV. was a tiger at liberty, Elizabeth was a tigress in confinement.

Ever a prey to imaginary terrors, the Muscovite tyrant wrote to the cruel daughter of Henry VIII., the triumphant rival of Mary Stuart, to beg of her an asylum in her realm in case of a reverse of fortune. She replied to him in a long affectionate letter.

The Marquis was delighted to see military men and fashionables making the sign of the cross, and remaining silent for some moments, before sitting down to the dinner-table at the English Club in Moscow. Religious hypocrisy he deems less injurious than sceptical sneering; and he sees, for the different states of Europe, the best guarantee against despotism in the universal submission of princes and people to the Pope, in his quality of spiritual head of the Church. "How is it," he inquires,

That people cannot see that a nation, when sincerely Catholic, must inevitably become the adversary of England, whose political power is based entirely upon heresy? Let France succour and defend with the energy of conviction the banner of the Catholic church, and by such act alone she will, from one end of the world to the other, be carrying on a powerful war against England.

The power of the priests is much less formidable to him than the power of the press. The one is held a purely good influence, the other only evil. But the pictures of Russian manners given by De Custine, will be more acceptable to English readers than his ravings about Unity and Catholicity, however much they may have been admired in some salons of Paris, where these things are as much the fashion at present, as was infidelity fifty years since. In Moscow he saw numbers of the Don Cossacks, whom he represents in as fair a light as Clarke and other travellers have done. He liked the society of Moscow for the very reason which makes the Czars dislike this capital, which they praise and visit, but never reside in,—namely, for the greater air of freedom which prevails there than in Petersburg.

The hospitable customs of ancient Asia and the elegant language of civilized Europe have met together at this point of the globe, to render life pleasant and easy. Moscow, fixed on the limits of two continents, marks, in the middle of the earth, a spot for rest between London and Pekin. . . . I was invited a few days

ago to dine at a country-house. It is a pavilion situated within the limits of the city; but to reach it, we had to traverse, for more than a league, fields that resemble steppes, to skirt solitary pools of waters; and, at last, on approaching the house, we perceived, beyond the garden, a dark and deep forest of firs, which borders the exterior bounds of Moscow. Who would not have been struck at the sight of these profound shades, these majestic solitudes, in a city where all the luxuries and refinements of modern civilisation are to be found! Such contrasts are characteristics; nothing similar is to be seen elsewhere.

I entered a wooden house—another singularity. In Moscow both rich and poor are sheltered by planks and boards, as in the primitive cottages. But the interior of these large cabins exhibits the luxury of the finest palaces of Europe. If I lived at Moscow, I would have a wooden house. It is the only kind of habitation the style of which is national; and, what is more important, it is the only kind that is adapted to the climate. Houses of wood are esteemed by the true Muscovites as warmer and healthier than those of stone.

We dined in the garden; and, that nothing should be wanting to the originality of the scene, I found the table laid under a tent. The conversation, although between men only, and very lively, was decent—a thing rarely known among the nations who believe themselves the first in civilisation. The guests were persons who had both seen and read much; and their views appeared to me very clear and just. The Russians are apes in the manners and customs of refined life; but those who think (it is true their number is limited) become themselves again, in familiar conversation—Greeks, namely, endowed with a quickness and sagacity which is hereditary. . . . . The Russians, when amiable, have a fascination in their manners whose spell we feel in spite of every prejudice; first, without observing it, and afterwards, without being able to throw it off. To define such an influence would be to explain the power of imagination. The charm forms an imperious, though secret attraction,—a sovereign power vested in the innate grace of the Slavonians; that gift of grace which, in society, can supply the want of all other gifts, and the want of which, nothing can supply.

Imagine the defunct French politeness again restored to life, and become really all that it appeared—imagine the most agreeable and unstudied complaisance—an involuntary, not an acquired, absence of egotism—an ingenuity in good taste—a pleasant carelessness of choice—an aristocratic elegance without hauteur—an easiness without impertinence—the instinct of superiority tempered by the security which accompanies rank:——but I am wrong in attempting to delineate with too finely-drawn strokes; these are delicacies in the shading which must be felt. We may divine them, but we must avoid attempting to fix by words their too elusive forms.

Yet with all this, the morals of this old capital are represented as fearfully corrupt and degraded; and this depravity is also attributed to the prevailing despotism.

Moscow is, of all the cities in Europe, the one in which the dissolute man of the fashionable world has the widest field for his career. The government is too well informed not to know, that under an absolute rule some kind of revolt must somewhere break out; but it prefers that this revolt should be in manners rather than in politics. Here lies the secret of the license of the one party and the tolerance of the other.

The following remarks, which are quite as applicable to the Thieves' Literature of London as to that of Paris, strike us as peculiarly just and well-timed. M. de Custine is commenting on the excessive profligacy of Moscow when he observes—

After the orgies which our modern literature takes pleasure in depicting, if we are to believe the authors, with a moral intention, we ought to be familiar with all the features of dissolute life. I pass over the question of the pretended utility of their aim; I can tolerate their long though useless sermons: but there is in literature something more dangerous even than the immoral; it is the ignoble. If, under the pretext of provoking salutary reforms in the lowest classes of society, the taste of the superior classes is corrupted, evil is done. To present to women the language of the pot-houses, to make men of rank in love with coarse vulgarities, is to injure the manners of a nation in a way for which no legal reform can compensate. Literature is lost among us, because our most intellectual writers, forgetting all poetical sentiment, all respect for the beautiful, write for the taste of the town; and, instead of elevating their new readers to the views of delicate and noble minds, they lower themselves to the point of ministering to their coarsest appetites. They have rendered literature an ardent liquor, because with sensibility, the faculty of tasting and feeling simple things is lost. . . . . The writings of our boldest painters of manners are but weak copies of the originals which have been daily presented to my eyes since I have been in Russia. Bad faith injures everything, but more especially the affairs of commerce: here it has yet another sphere of action; it incommodes the libertines in the execution of their most secret contracts. The continual alterations of money, favour, in Moscow, every species of subterfuge; nothing is clear and precise in the mouth of a Russian, nothing is well defined nor well guaranteed; and the purse always gains something by the slipperiness of the language. This extends even to amorous transactions: each party, knowing the duplicity of the other, requires payment in advance, whence much difficulty arises. . . . . The Mongolian avidity of this race, and its incurable suspicion and distrust, are revealed by the least as well as the most important circumstances of life. Should you owe twenty rubles to a workman, he would return twenty times a day to ask for them, unless, at least, you were a dreaded nobleman. In Latin lands a promise is a sacred thing—a pledge to the giver as well as the receiver. Among the Greeks, and their disciples the Russians, the word of a man is nothing better than the false key of a robber—it serves to break into the interests of others.

To make the sign of the cross in the streets before an image, and on sitting down to table, is all that the Greek religion teaches.

Intemperance is here carried to such excess, that one of the men, the most liked, and whose society is the most courted in Moscow, disappears every year for six weeks, neither more nor less. If it be asked what has become of him, the answer, "he is only gone to have a fuddling bout"! satisfies everybody. The Russians have too much levity to be vindictive; they are graceful debauchees.

But the traits related of the Don Juans of Moscow, besides the disgust they occasion, are probably exaggerations. The impudent humour of the anecdote cited below, partly bears off its mingled effrontery and profligacy. It is, moreover, asserted by the traveller,—whose passion for truth carries him too far sometimes,—that the libertines described make it their boast that they are as freely received by the young nuns in the ill-guarded convents of Moscow, as by the women of the town. At a debauch, at which the rakish and witty Prince above described was present, we are told—

Each had his scandalous anecdote to relate, and all excited loud peals of laughter. Gaiety, ever increasing, soon became drunken riot under the influence of the wine of Aï, which overflowed in goblets, whose size was more capable of satisfying Muscovite intemperance than our old-fashioned champagne-glasses. In the midst of the general disorder, the young Prince —— and myself alone preserved our reason,—he, because he can outdrink everybody, I because I cannot drink at all, and had therefore abstained from attempting.

In the midst of the uproar, the Lovelace of the Kremlin rose with a solemn air, and, with the authority which his fortune, his name, his handsome face, and yet more, his superior mental capacity give him, he commanded silence, and to my great surprise obtained it. I could have fancied I was reading the poetical description of a tempest appeased by the voice of some pagan god. The young god proposed to the friends whom the gravity of his aspect had thus suddenly calmed, to indite a petition, addressed to the proper authorities, humbly remonstrating, in the name of the courtesans of Moscow, that the ancient religious institutions of nunneries so completely interfered with and rivalled their *lay community*, in the exercise of their calling, as to render that calling no longer profitable; and therefore respectfully stating that, as the expenses of these poor cyprians were not diminished in the same proportion as their gains, they ventured to hope an equitable consideration of their case would induce the authorities to see fit to deduct from a part of the revenue of the said convents, a pecuniary aid, which had become absolutely necessary, unless it was wished that the religious orders should entirely take the place of the civil recluses. The motion was put and carried with loud acclamations; ink and paper were called for; and the young madman immediately drew up, in very good French, and with magisterial dignity, a document too scandalously burlesque for me to insert here, though I have a copy. It was thrice read by the author before the meeting, with a loud emphatical voice, and was received with the most flattering marks of approbation. Such was the scene, of which I have perhaps already recounted too much, that I witnessed yesterday in one of the best frequented taverns of Moscow.

Among the traits of shameless blackguardism related of these young patricians, Europe, we believe, could not parallel the following, nor, indeed, any other quarter of the globe.

One boasted of himself and his brothers being the sons of the footmen and the coachmen of their father; and he drank, and made the guests drink, to the health of all his unknown parents. Another claimed the honour of being brother (on the father's side) of all the waiting-maids of his mother.

Many of these vile boasts are no doubt made for the sake of talking: but to invent such infamies in order to glory in them, shows a corruption of mind that proves wickedness to the very core—wickedness worse even than that exhibited in the mad actions of these libertines.

According to them, the citizens' wives in Moscow are no better than the women of rank.

After painting the city dames as black as possible, it is said with two-edged satire,

I repeat that I am disposed to doubt many things of this kind that are told to me; but I cannot doubt that they are related pleasantly and complacently to the first newly-arrived foreigner; and the air of triumph of the narrator seems to say—we also, you see, are civilized!

Leaving his journals secreted in the apartments which he retained at Madame Howard's, our traveller set out for Nijni, and on the way endured all the discomforts of Russian travelling; cold, bad roads, filth, and vermin. Spain itself, he avers, is better supplied with the ordinary conveniences of civilized life than Russia. Clean linen is nowhere to be seen; and everything must be locked-up and watched, to prevent pilfering. The traveller in Russia is recommended to carry with him staples, rings, and padlocks. With all this the Marquis never wearies of expatiating upon the natural refinement, amiability, and ingenuity of the Slavonic race.

Nijni and its great annual Fair have been so often described, that little is left for the Marquis to say that is new, about the strange gathering of all nations and languages that assemble there, and of the vast quantities of furs, gems, tea, fine leather, silks, shawls, and other such commodities that are annually sold. The description of the place in which furs are kept and turquoises sold, is among the most striking.

Another is the city [or quarter] of furs. The skins of every animal may be seen there, from the sable, the blue fox, and certain bear skins—to obtain a pelisse of which costs twelve thousand francs—to the common foxes and wolves, which cost nothing. The keepers of the treasures make themselves tents for the night with their merchandise, savage lairs, the aspect of which is picturesque. These men, although they inhabit cold countries, live on little, clothe lightly, and sleep in the open air in fine weather. They are the true lazzaronis of the north, though less gay, witty, or buffoonish, and more dirty than those of Naples; because, to the uncleanliness of their persons is added that of their garments, which they never take off. . . . . .

In general, the fair of Nijni would disappoint the lover of the grotesque and the amusing. Everything is dull, stiff, and regular in Russia, except, at least, in moments when the long-repressed instinct of liberty bursts forth in an explosion: then the peasants roast their lord, or the lord marries his slave; but these rare outbreaks are little talked of: the distances and the measures taken by the police prevent isolated facts being circulated among the mass.

In my promenades through the central portion of the fair I saw the Bucharians. These people inhabit a corner of Thibet bordering upon China. They come to Nijni to sell precious stones. The turquoises that I bought from them are as dear as those sold in Paris; and all stones of any value are equally high in price. The dealers in these stones pass the year in their journey; for it takes them, they say, more than eight months to go and come only. Neither their persons nor dress struck me as very remarkable. I scarcely believe in the genuineness of the Chinese at Nijni; but the Tartars, Persians, Kirguises, and Calmucs suffice for curiosity. The two last-named barbarians bring, from the solitudes of their steppes, herds of small wild horses to sell at the fair.

Some importance was given to the Fair of this year, by the Emperor having turned currency doctor, and causing a new monetary system to be summarily promulgated, which was obeyed as all new edicts are in Russia—that is, to the eye and the ear merely. Half the tea of this tea-drinking empire is sold at this Fair, or about 40,000 chests,—from 75,000 to 80,000 being the yearly supply; an immense quantity, yet much less, relatively to England and her population, than we should have supposed in a country where the tea-kettle or vase is never off the table of the peasant. The superior quality and delicacy of flavour of the famous tea of the caravans, is generally imputed to its being carried overland, though, in fact, the greater part of this overland journey is made by the great rivers; so that if the tea sent to Moscow and Nijni, and to London, leaves China in the same condition, the salt water, the briny ocean fogs, should bear the blame, and not the mere water-carriage. The Fair of Nijni lasts for a month. The government bestows very great care in regulating everything concerning it, and in giving security and facilities for the complicated and vast, yet rude traffic, carried on.

At this Fair the Marquis once more witnessed the performances of his favourites, the gypsies; and he moralizes finely over the element of goodness in things evil—"The remains of virtue in those who

are no longer virtuous." At a time when so many marvellous cures are performed, by throwing people into a real, or as often an imaginary or pretended unnatural sleep, the following anecdote which occurs here may be salutary :—

In the domains of Prince ——, beyond Nijni, a female peasant obtained the character of being a witch, and her reputation spread far and wide. Prodigies were said to be performed by this woman: but her husband grumbled; the household was neglected, and the work abandoned. The steward confirmed in his report all that was said of the sorceress. The prince visited his domains. The first subject about which he made inquiry was the affair of the famous demoniac. The pope told him that the state of the woman grew worse daily, that she no longer spoke, and that he was determined to exorcise her. The ceremony took place in the presence of the lord, but without any effect; he, being determined to get to the bottom of so singular an affair, had recourse to the Russian remedy *par excellence*, and sentenced the possessed woman to be flogged. This treatment did not fail to produce its effect.

At the twenty-fifth stroke the sufferer asked for mercy, and swore to tell the truth; which truth was, that she had married a man whom she did not love; and that to avoid working for his benefit she had pretended to be possessed. The enactment of this comedy suited her indolence, and at the same time restored the health of a multitude of sick people, who repaired to her full of faith and hope, and returned cured.

Sorcerers are not scarce among the Russian peasants, with whom they supply the place of physicians: these rogues perform numerous and complete cures, as is corroborated even by the scientific practitioners! What a triumph for Molière! and what a vortex of doubt for all the world!... Imagination!... who can tell if imagination is not a lever in the hands of God to raise creatures of limited powers above themselves!

The Marquis de Custine's whole stay in Russia did not exceed five months. On his way back to civilisation, he devoted a few more days to the sights of St. Petersburg; and every new scene, every fresh impression, confirmed his dislike—amounting at last to mingled aversion and horror—of an absolute government; especially where there is no supreme Catholic Church to act as a check. Much of Custine's moderation, and some of his new political views, resemble the tacit recantation of a Legitimatist, who finds it prudent, at length, to acquiesce in the *juste milieu*, the government of the middle classes, and the peaceful sway of the younger branch of the Bourbons. He says, near the close of his work,

I left France, scared by the abuses of a false liberty; I return to my country persuaded that if, logically speaking, representative government is not the most moral, it is, practically, the most wise and moderate; preserving the people, on one side, from democratic licence, and, on the other, from the most glaring abuses of despotism. I therefore ask myself if we ought not to impose a silence upon our antipathies, and submit without murmur to a necessary policy, and one which, after all, brings to nations prepared for it more good than evil. It is true that, hitherto, this new and wise form of government has only been able to establish itself by usurpation. Perhaps these final usurpations have been rendered inevitable by preceding errors.

This is going a great way for one who glories in being an aristocrat, and who considers aristocracy the great bulwark of liberty,—always next, however, to an independent sacerdotal order, having its root in Rome, and ramifying over the whole world. But his idea of a pure aristocracy is neither that of ancient France nor modern England. It is not exactly "a privileged order," though it is to have hereditary rights, one of them being—to *govern*—to be the magistrates. How this is to be reconciled with representative government we are not informed.

The Marquis was very glad to find himself safely out of the Empire of the Czar. At Tilsit he began to breathe freely—and, indeed, he has spent much breath in a rather wordy *resumé* which yet exhibits both sagacity and subtlety, making due allowance for the prejudices and ultra-Catholic prepossessions of the thinker. Instead of any single passage of this recapitulation, we will better exhibit the spirit of M. de Custine's somewhat incoherent opinions and outpourings, by stringing together a few of those epigrammatic and antithetical sentences, scattered here and there at random, by which he tries to reveal and illustrate the genius of Russia, and its probable destinies.

In Russia, I was deprived of all the scenes of nature; for I cannot give the name of nature to solitudes without one picturesque object,—to seas, lakes, and rivers, whose banks are on a level with the water; to marshes without bounds, and steppes without vegetation, under a sky without light. Those plains are not, indeed, devoid of a kind of beauty; but grandeur without grace soon fatigues. What pleasure can the traveller have in traversing immense spaces, whose surface and whose horizon are always destitute of feature!

One is never allowed long to forget that the traveller—the cosmopolitan—is a native of "gay, sunny France."

In Russia, the government interferes with everything and vivifies nothing. In that immense empire, the people, if not tranquil, are mute; death hovers over all heads, and strikes capriciously whom it pleases. Man there has two coffins—the cradle and the tomb. The Russian mothers ought to weep the birth more than the death of their children.

I do not believe that suicide is common there: the people suffer too much to kill themselves. . . . .

But if the number of suicides in Russia were ever so great, no one would know it: the knowledge of numbers is a privilege of the Russian police. I am ignorant whether they arrive correct before the eyes of the Emperor; but I do know that no misfortune is published under his reign until he has consented to the humiliating confession of the superiority of Providence. The pride of despotism is so great that it seeks to rival the power of God. Monstrous jealousy! into what aberrations hast thou not plunged princes and subjects! Who will dare to love truth—who will defend it in a country where idolatry is the principle of the constitution! A man who can do everything is the crowned impersonification of a lie.

It will be understood that I am not now speaking of the Emperor Nicholas, but of the Emperor of Russia. We often hear mention made of customs which limit his power: I have been struck with its abuse, but have seen no remedy.

In the eyes of real statesmen, and of all practical minds, the laws are, I admit, less important than our precise logicians and political philosophers believe them; for it is the manner in which they are applied that decides the life of the people. True; but the life of the Russian people is more gloomy than that of any other of the European nations; and when I say the people, I speak not only of the peasants attached to the soil, but of the whole empire. . . . . .

The Emperor appears to me little disposed to lay down a part of his authority. Let him suffer, then, the responsibility of omnipotence: it is the first expiation of the political lie by which a single individual declares himself absolute master of a country, and all-powerful sovereign of the thoughts of a people. . . .

The Emperor makes or suffers to be made, or allow

to exist, laws (excuse the application of this sacred name to impious decrees) which, for example, permit the sovereign to declare that the legitimate children of a man, legally married, have no father, no name; in short, that they are ciphers, and not men. And am I to be forbidden to accuse at the bar of Europe a prince who, distinguished and superior as he is, consents to reign without abolishing such a law! . . . . .

There is no people in Russia: there is an Emperor, who has serfs, and there are courtiers, who have serfs also; but this does not constitute a people. . . .

Social life, in that country, is a permanent conspiracy against the truth. . . . . .

Russian civilisation is still so near its source that it resembles barbarism. The Russians are nothing more than a conquering community: their strength does not lie in mind, but in war—that is, in stratagem and ferocity. . . . . .

Without a middle age—without ancient associations—without Catholicism—without chivalry to look back upon—without respect for their word—always Greeks of the Lower Empire—polished, like the Chinese, by set forms—coarse, or at least indelicate, like the Calmucs—dirty, like the Laplanders—beautiful as the angels—ignorant as savages (I except the women, and a few diplomatists)—cunning as the Jews—intriguing as freedmen—gentle and grave in their manners as the Orientals—cruel in their sentiments as barbarians—mockers both by nature and by the feeling of their inferiority—light-minded in appearance only,—the Russians are essentially fit for serious affairs. All have the requisite disposition for acquiring an extraordinarily acute tact, but none are magnanimous enough to rise above finesse; and they have therefore disgusted me with that faculty, so indispensable to those who would live among them. With their continual *surveillance* of self, they seem to me the men the most to be pitied on earth. This police of the imagination is incessantly leading them to sacrifice their sentiments to those of others: it is a negative quality which excludes positive ones of a far superior character; it is the livelihood of ambitious courtiers, whose business is to obey the will, and to guess the impulses of another, but who would be scouted should they ever pretend to have an impulse of their own. To give an impulse requires genius; genius is the tact of energy; tact is only the genius of weakness. The Russians are all tact. Genius acts, tact observes. . . . . Under the influence of this talent of the seraglio, the Russians are impenetrable: it is true that we always see they are concealing something, but we cannot tell what they conceal, and this is sufficient for them. . . . .

An ambition inordinate and immense,—one of those ambitions which could only possibly spring in the bosoms of the oppressed, and could only find nourishment in the miseries of a whole nation, ferments in the heart of the Russian people. That nation,—essentially aggressive, greedy under the influence of privation,—expiates beforehand, by a debasing submission, the design of exercising a tyranny over other nations: the glory, the riches which it hopes for, console it for the disgrace to which it submits. To purify himself from the foul and impious sacrifice of all public and personal liberty, the slave, upon his knees, dreams of the conquest of the world.

It is not the man who is adored in the Emperor Nicholas—it is the ambitious master of a nation more ambitious than himself. . . . . .

Russia sees in Europe a prey which our dissensions will, sooner or later, yield to it: she foments anarchy among us, in the hope of profiting by a corruption which she favours because it is favourable to her views. It is the history of Poland recommencing on a larger scale. For many years past Paris has read revolutionary journals paid by Russia. "Europe," they say at Petersburg, "is following the road that Poland took: she is enervating herself by a vain liberalism, whilst we continue powerful precisely because we are not free. Let us be patient under the yoke; others shall some day pay for our shame."

The views that I reveal here may appear chimerical to minds engrossed with other matters; their truth will be recognised by every man initiated in the march of European affairs, and in the secrets of cabinets, during the last twenty years. . . . . .

The monstrous credit of Russia at Rome, is one of the effects of the influence against which I would have us prepared. Rome and Catholicism have no greater, no more dangerous enemy than the Emperor of Russia. Sooner or later, under the auspices of the Greek autocracy, schism will reign alone at Constantinople; and then the Christian world, divided into two camps, will recognise the wrong done to the Roman Church by the political blindness of its head.

In defending Poland, the people of Great Britain imagined that liberty and national independence were to be defended; but the Marquis de Custine and those who think with him, see chiefly the defence of the Catholic Faith and Unity from the attack, whether of Turk or Russ. The Holy See is severely blamed for having discouraged Catholic Poland in "her god-like resistance to the Greek policy;" or, in plainer terms, to the policy of the modern head of the Greek Church—the Czar. We have said that the Puseyites must hail this new ally, and, to a certain length, so must priests of every order. Having reprobated the worldly policy and want of faith shown by the head of the Catholic Church, the oracle thus proceeds:—

But patience! the times are ripening; soon every question will be clearly defined, and truth, defended by its legitimate champions, will regain its empire over the minds of nations. Perhaps the struggle which is preparing will serve to convince Protestants of an essential truth, which I have already more than once dwelt upon, but on which I insist, because it appears to me the only truth necessary to expedite the reunion of all Christian communities: it is that the only really free priest that exists is the Catholic priest. Everywhere else, except in the Catholic Church, the priest is subjected to other laws and other lights than those of his conscience and his doctrine. One trembles on seeing the inconsistencies of the Church of England, as well as the abjectness of the Greek Church at Petersburg: *when hypocrisy ceases to triumph in England, the greater part of the kingdom will again become Catholic.* The Church of Rome has alone saved the purity of faith by defending throughout the earth, with sublime generosity, with heroic patience, with inflexible conviction, the independence of sacerdotal power against the usurpations of temporal sovereignties. Where is the Church which has not allowed itself to be lowered by the different governments of the earth to the rank of a pious police? There is but one, one only—the Catholic Church; and that liberty which she has preserved at the cost of the blood of her martyrs, is an eternal principle of life and power. The future is her own, because she has kept herself pure from alloy. Let Protestantism agitate and divide,—to do so is the very principle of its nature; let sects quarrel and dispute,—this is their vocation: the Catholic Church waits! . . . .

The Greco-Russian clergy have never been, and never will be, anything more than a militia dressed in a uniform rather different from that of the secular troops of the empire. . . . . .

War is going to break out between philosophy and faith, between politics and religion, between Protestantism and Catholicism; and the banner raised by France in this gigantic struggle will decide the fate of the world, of the Church, and, above all, of France herself.

Enough of this prophesying, and of a work which, after all, rather tells us what a cultivated French gentleman, who represents one phase of the spirit of his country and of Europe, thinks of Russia, than what that colossal empire is, and whither the current of events is drifting it.

THE BANKER'S WIFE.*

In this novel Mrs. Gore has assumed a more direct and definite moral purpose than in some of her late productions. No one, though with a much narrower scope of observation than that which this brilliant and charming writer commands, can, for the last twenty years, have noted the social misery, the meanness, degradation, and actual soul-tainting crime which are attributable to the complicated causes which she lays bare in this story, without feeling that the follies and vices of the commercial aristocracy, though nearly unwhipt of literary justice, deserve exposure and censure quite as much as the follies and vices of the hereditary aristocracy. To effect her object, Mrs. Gore has stept out of the enchanted circles of the fashionable world, in which she is too often spell-bound; and, instead of the *haute noblesse* of the Court, sought her hero in a lower sphere—among the most distinguished of the Merchant Princes of London.

The inevitably downward course of the paltry and low ambition which, step by step, familiarizes the soul with the most corroding vices,—those of the spirit,—and which, having tainted the whole man, spreads, through his means, misery, ending in shame and ruin to all around him, is strikingly exemplified in the life of HAMLYN THE BANKER. His history, in its leading traits, must recall that of more than one fallen idol in the temple of the Money-Changers. One might, indeed, fancy that Mrs. Gore disliked the profession abstractly, and on moral considerations; as the most intellectual of her female characters, the energetic and generous-minded Ellen Somers, not contented with denouncing the tempers and habits which Mammon-worship, speculating with the means of others, and sordid rapacity ministering to reckless yet systematized extravagance engender, makes it a condition of her acceptance of the Banker's son, to whom she is warmly attached, that he shall not enter his father's establishment. In a "neat" dedication to Sir John Dean Paul, Mrs. Gore, however, disclaims the idea of attacking the powerful class, in which, personally, and of hereditary right, he ranks so high. Her portraiture is of an individual—of the *man* Hamlyn the Banker—in whom is conjoined all the failings especially incident to the vocation in the present state of English society, in a land of *castes*, from which individuals are for ever struggling to escape to the *casts* above their own. In what manner she has pointed her moral while adorning the tale, it is now our business to show, without interfering with the original work more than is unavoidable.

The house of HAMLYN & Co. was celebrated for its *respectability*, and the solidity of its commercial foundation. Mr. Hamlyn succeeded his father; but the bank was of much older date. He had, as a sleeping partner, his cousin, Mr. Bernard Hamlyn, a weak-minded, self-indulgent invalid, who lived in the country, and fancied it the most natural thing in the world to receive, in quarterly payments, the six thousand a-year for which he neither toiled nor spun. Hamlyn the Banker, the acting partner, therefore reigned supreme in Lombard Street, and was his own sole privy counsellor. He had long required to be so. The Hamlyns, though great and ancient moneyed men in the city, were comparatively small and modern country gentlemen in Warwickshire. And the first cause, the tap-root of the ruin and disgrace of Hamlyn the Banker, was the vulgar ambition of his father to be enrolled among the county families—to vie in splendour and luxury with the aristocratic houses, and especially with that of Lord Vernon of the Hyde. These tastes and aspirations he had, together with the estate of Dean Park, and the banking establishment in Lombard Street, bequeathed to the son, who was to build up the house which he had founded, and transmit the name of Hamlyn ennobled to posterity. If Hamlyn had any one strong human affection, it was filial love, even mingled with reverence, for the father who had accomplished so much in the sphere of their common ambition. In progress of time, something like affection for his own eldest son, as *the* Hamlyn who was to continue both the house in London and the family in the county, gained a place in a heart otherwise cold, hollow, and narrow—the distorted growth of a long course of systematic deception.

The story opens with a fine description of Ovington parish, a rich Warwickshire landscape, and its three domains: the Hyde, the noble and historical ancient residence of the Vernons; Burlington Manor, the seat of a deceased baronet, whose infant heir was now in Italy, driven with his widowed mother into exile by the arts of the trustee for the minor—the Banker; and Dean Park, on which the former Hamlyn had built a house in a style of magnificence which excited either the jealousy or the envy of all the old county families. By one of those startling speculations in the early half of the last century, which created or extinguished millions, the first Hamlyn had been suddenly enriched. He then bought the estate of Dean, and enclosed the Park, leaving his son, the father of the present proprietor, to build the family mansion, in proportion to the extent of the estate. But people never do build on this moderate plan: their pride will not let them, if their neighbours and their architects would. The Lord Vernon of that day was not a haughty aristocrat, like his pompous and shallow successor: he was a simple, sociable man, who thought less of the requirements of his position, than his own want of some one to gossip with, and so,—

United to Hamlyn of Dean by the bond of country neighbourship, viz., to preserve foxes, prosecute trespassers, and blunderbuss poachers, for the benefit of the community,—the moment the banker began to build, the peer began to beset him with evil counsel.

"There is nothing more mistaken than to stint yourself in the proportions of your rooms, the numbering your bed-rooms, or the accommodation of your offices, for the value of a trifle of brick and mortar!" said he. "A couple of thousand pounds, more or less, covers all the difference between an indifferent house and a good one."

* Three vols. post 8vo. London: Colburn.

Acting on this principle, old Hamlyn preferred building one that was excellent, and completing his establishment on the model of that of Lord Vernon; and the consequence was that, when the new family mansion of the Hamlyns came to be discussed at justice-meetings, turnpike-meetings, and quarter sessions, the smaller squires of the neighbourhood ventured to predict that, on the death of the old banker and division of his property, Dean Park would prove too much for his son. Old Gratwycke of Gratwycke House quoted from Bacon that a house with wings oftentimes flies away with an estate; while Mr. Barrow of Alderham jocosely christened the banker's folly, "the Lombard Street Ormeau."

The real magnificent Ormeau was the great ducal seat of the province. It held aloof from Dean Park, but not with the haughty insolence of the successor of the neighbourly old Lord Vernon. If the remarks of Gratwycke reached the ears of the banker, he did not early profit by them. While still a gay, young man, untainted by Mammon, he married for love—or what took its fair semblance—a girl who, having only ten thousand pounds of fortune, passed in the moneyed circles of London for penniless; and when his father died, the insulting surmises of his aristocratic neighbours having stung him to the soul,—

So far from abandoning Dean Park, or allowing the admirable charitable foundations created by his parents to decay, Richard Hamlyn, as has been already advanced, increased rather than diminished the liberality of his housekeeping; and by the admirable discipline kept up in his establishment,—kitchen, stables, farm,—nay, even in the family circle,—was enabled to maintain his position in the county, head and front with the Vernons of the Hyde, and the Burlingtons of Burlington Manor. Nobody had any further right to say that the old banker had over-built himself. The only change for the worse perceptible in the household, was in the spirits of its master.

When the hospitable old Lord Vernon died, after keeping his son out of the estate for a most unreasonable length of years, the Hyde was deserted; or when the great man, with his insolent dame and ultra-fashionable daughter did arrive, the ancient squirearchy felt the kind of notice bestowed on them an insult, and consulted their own dignity in forgetting the existence of the Hyde. But—

Such was not the case with Richard Hamlyn. *He* could not at once renounce the ambition in which he had been born and nurtured, of living on a friendly footing with the Vernons. He fancied that the intimacy had given him importance with his wife's family,—with his city connexions,—with the county,—with the world; and whenever Lord and Lady Vernon were in Warwickshire, smarted severely under the undisguised neglects of the Hyde.

But while the London banker continued to hunger and thirst after the notice of the great people who had withdrawn the light of their countenance, the rest of the country neighbours were satisfied to enlist *their* sympathies in the long illness and early death of Sir Roger Burlington, and the arrival of a successor at the Manor. A thousand wild surmises went forth, touching the new lessee,—the strange Nabob,—the rich widower,—who, if too old to marry again, was at least of an age to die and be succeeded in his fortune.

Hamlyn the banker had already decided that this heir should be his elder son, the representative of *his* family. The Nabob, (Colonel Hamilton,) the new tenant of Burlington Manor, had for many years, while vigorously shaking the pagoda-tree, been a valuable and honoured constituent of the house of Hamlyn the Banker, to which he had been attracted, in India, by seeing its name flourishing at the head of every public charity. To Mr. Hamlyn's care had his children been sent. The Colonel had survived them all; and now, wealthy, childless, and relationless, had come back, after a fifty years' exile, knowing no one in England, save those kind and friendly Hamlyns, of whose holiday hospitalities his sons had written so warmly to India. With Hamlyn and his gentle wife, the boys had found their home during their school vacations; and thither the elder had brought his bride, after Hamlyn had, from selfish motives, employed the most unfair means to prevent the union of the heir of the Nabob with a lovely but penniless girl, who possessed, he suspected, penetration sufficient to see through his schemes, and strength of character to counteract them. The young husband, originally of a fragile constitution, did not long survive the marriage in which he had been baffled. The germ of disease had been developed by the persecution which he had undergone from Hamlyn, who, while pretending to be the devoted friend of the family of Hamilton,—the guardian of its honour and interests,—had thus destroyed its last hope. Colonel Hamilton, a frank, warm-hearted, unsuspicious old soldier, who had gone to India a boy, and, in warmth, and guilelessness of heart, returned one, fondly believed Hamlyn his best friend, and his wisest adviser, as he was almost his only tie in England. For the widowed daughter-in-law, whose marriage he had been led to oppose, was still in Italy, whither she had attended her dying husband; and though clinging to all that now remained of "his dear Robert," the old man feared that Ellen's heart must be closed against one who had treated her ungenerously, though in ignorance. Hitherto, the only great object in life with Colonel Hamilton, in his solitary exile, had been to amass money; but not money for its own sake; nor money like the Banker's—ill-won. He had, in a remote station, no temptation to spend, and he longed to return to that native land which his dreams painted so fair, and so delusively; and to enrich his children. They were all gone before him; and after his pecuniary affairs,—the investment of his two hundred thousand pounds, had been arranged by Hamlyn, the Nabob was beginning to feel himself more lonely and isolated in the heart of London, than at his distant station in India; when Heaven sent him a resource in the Banker's wife, a gentle, placid, and quietly-enduring woman, formed for better things, and the silent victim of her cold, cautious, scheming, and heartless husband; and in the banker's young daughters, who were still under the care of a prim governess, but nevertheless delightful playmates for the kind-hearted old gentleman, whose warmth of nature nothing could chill, whose buoyant cheerfulness nothing long repress; who is, indeed, the relief and the ornament of the story. His shrewd simplicity, and elementary manner of seeing everything, is as available for the moral objects and philosophy of the tale, as is his *bonhomie* in enlivening it. But let him appear.

As if he could not make too much haste in securing himself a footing in his native country, he concluded a hasty bargain for a commodious house in Portland Place; and, for some weeks, amused himself and enriched the upholsterers by the effort of furnishing.

But no sooner was all arranged on what appeared to his friends the Hamlyns the most comfortable and liberal footing, than the Colonel, for want of further occupation, began to grumble. Day after day did he make his appearance at their house in Cavendish Square, with some complaint against the climate or customs of the metropolis!—

Luckily, he was far from a peevish grumbler. He was a laughing rather than a crying philosopher; and bantered his own fastidiousness so good-humouredly, that Mrs. Hamlyn, to whom, during the absence of her husband in the city, his complaints were usually confided, was far more amused than wearied by his Chapter of Lamentations.

"Betwixt ourselves, my good lady," said he, after ensconcing himself in an arm-chair by the fire-side, one gloomy morning in January, when the leafless trees in Cavendish Square looked as grim and ghastly through the fog as the spectral forms of Ossian's heroes,—"betwixt ourselves, I own myself plaguily disappointed in this Lon'on of yours! The few first days in any country are a sad take in,—more especially in one's native land, after fifty years' absence. The excitement of finding one's self among fellow-creatures of one's own creed and complexion, and hearing spoken around one the language of one's boyhood,—the language in which one's parents pronounced their blessing on one's head at parting,—is apt to bring tears into one's eyes that blind them to other matters. At first I thought I could never see enough of busy, prosperous Lon'on; and I vow to my Maker there were moments when I could have found it in my heart to kneel down and kiss the sooty earth under my feet, (old blockhead that I was!) because it was that of Old England. But, at a week's end, Ma'am, I began to see clearer. After I'd been knocked about a bit, and jeered by the Cockneys every time I ventured to ask a question, or put my nose out of doors in a coat or waistcoat differing in cut from those of the weekly fashion-mongers, I recognised the folly of giving way to such warm emotions among a race of folks who dare not yield to a single natural impulse, from fear of what their finer neighbours may be thinking of 'em."

"It is true the forms of social life are somewhat rigidly maintained among us," observed the banker's wife, stitching placidly on at her monotonous carpet-work.

"Rigidly, indeed,—for a country that calls itself the Land of Liberty!" retorted the old Colonel. "I'd as soon live in a wax-work show, as among such stuffed puppets as this sort of formality engenders,—men in buckram—men in armour—that is, men of straw! Your good husband, (who has my interests at heart as if they were his own,) finds me a mighty stubborn scholar, I fancy, in the grand art of modern politeness! . . . My friend Hamlyn thinks it a matter of kindness to be always setting me right about little, idle, empty, fussy ceremonies of society, concerning which, 'twixt you and I, my dear Ma'am, I care not a button! When I propose anything he thinks out of the common, by way of making those about me comfortable, or myself happy, he's sure to remind me that 'such is not the custom of this country,' or, that ''tis contrary to the usages of the world.' Bless your heart! I've lived too long where the usages of the world were of no account, to submit patiently to the thraldom of a network of copper-lace and spangles! God forbid I should behave myself like a Hottentot. But I can't fancy that Hamlyn's favourite 'world' would have gone on a jot the worse had you brought your girls to dine with me on Tuesday: or if I'd persisted in giving up my back-parlour for the use of my man Johnston and his wife, who in Indy were not used to mope away their days in cellars!"

Mrs. Hamlyn, without saying how much she herself lived under constraint, pleaded that the girls were still in the school-room. They did not even dine with their parents.

"So much the worse, Ma'am—so much the worse,—one of the very things I complain of! Little more than sixteen, indeed!—Why, in Indy she'd be a wife by this time—perhaps a mother. And not allowed to share the meals of her parents!—not permitted to dine with her father's old friend!—Always with the governess—always at her studies!—What's the use of such excess of edication for young ladies, pray, unless to teach 'em to play their parts prettily in society! And how the deuce is a girl ever to learn to become a woman, if excluded from the company of gentlemen and ladies till, without knowing her cue, the curtain suddenly draws up, and she finds herself alone upon the stage! . . . . . The long and the short of these wise regulations is, that such rule-and-compass work in the bosom of families is making away with everything like warmth of feeling, and shrivelling up social interest into a manual of etiquette. . . . . I'm sadly disappointed! I've no family left of my own, the more's the pity; and, being fond of young people, 'twas a comfort to me, in returning to this country, to think of surrounding myself with innocent, happy faces;—if not those of my own kith and kin, at least the kith and kin of my friends. And what's the end on't! I vow to my Maker I was not more lonesome in my bungalow at Ghazerapore, than in my fine, showy, comfortable, comfortless house in Portland Place! Most of my acquaintance in Lon'on are men of business, tied down to their occupations; and as to the ladies, my friend Hamlyn gave me a broad hint, t'other night over our claret, that 'tisn't the custom of what he calls the world, for gentlemen to indulge in *too* frequent morning calls. . . . . The consequence of this last piece of schooling of Hamlyn's will be to trouble you twice as often with my company. He well knows you are the only folks in Lon'on with whom I'm on anything like a friendly footing; and at the snail's-pace rate at which acquaintances are made in this confounded foggy metropolis, I shall have leisure to die and be catacombed in one or t'other of the new cemeteries, long afore I've brought myself to more than a distant bow with my next-door neighbours."

"The vast extension of society in London," observed Mrs. Hamlyn, her habitual serenity unruffled by the vehemence of her companion, "has necessitated a degree of caution in the formation of intimacy which, to persons habituated to the sociability of a colony, may appear coldness and reserve. But an intimacy once created, soon ripens into friendship; and the friendship, once really matured, ripens and brings forth fruit, an inheritance from generation to generation."

"So much the better for those who have patience to wait so long. But my heart's not like an aloe, my dear Ma'am, that wants a hundred years to bring it into bloom."

The Colonel's heart was in perennial bloom, or rather, like the orange-tree, it bore fruit, buds, and blossoms all at once. He was already sick of looking at his *charming* house, and his "eternal" damask curtains and rose-wood tables, and out of his windows at the outside of other people's houses, who would be affronted, he believed, if he chucked their children under the chin, if he met them on his morning walks.

"When evening draws on, and my house is shut in for the night," resumed the Colonel, "with nobody but poor Pincher and me to keep each other company, I sometimes ask myself what crime I've committed to be thus condemned to a solitary cell; and whether I'm really at home, and really in the Old England that calls itself so hospitable!"

"But why not spend your evenings with us?" demanded Mrs. Hamlyn, in all sincerity.

"Why, so I do, as often as my conscience will allow. I'm aware, of course, that poor Hamlyn would far rather enjoy his leisure undisturbed, with his wife and family, than be taken up at backgammon, night after night, by a tiresome old fellow, always pumping him for news, and with none to offer in return. Why, my dear Ma'am, even Quiddle, the spot'cary, shirks me, when I lay an embargo on him more than twice a-week! Though I make the most of my rheumatics, purely to secure his

an hour's chit-chat with him, of an afternoon,—when I try to coax him into stopping dinner, forsooth, he puts on a demure, family-man-ish sort of face, and tells me, 'Mrs. Q. is expecting him at home!'"

Mrs. Hamlyn inclined her face closer over her work, to conceal an involuntary smile at this desolate picture of the situation of a man of fifteen thousand a-year, thrown over by an uxorious apothecary. But scarcely had the smile arisen, when it subsided to sadness. Well did she remember the time when, on her translation from her own cheerful home to the cold formal household of the banker in Cavendish Square, she felt nearly as lonely as the old Indian. Habit had become second nature to her. She was now tamed down into apathy, by the long uneventful mornings, and taciturn *tête-à-têtes*, completing the day; and though few women would have more enjoyed unrestrained intercourse with her children, she had long resigned herself to the methodical order imposed by the banker, of seeing them at stated periods decreed by the wisdom of the head-nurse and governess, so as not to interfere with the clockwork arrangements of their meals, exercise, and education. . . . Profound sympathy arose, accordingly, in the bosom of Mrs. Hamlyn, as she reflected how thoroughly she had subdued *her* impulses of feeling, and silenced her own repinings; while the gray-headed man before her, though his threescore years were accomplished, had his lesson yet to learn.

"I cannot help fearing, my dear Sir," she observed, at the close of a few moments' silence, "that you have been precipitate in settling in town. In the country, the bond of good neighbourship still subsists. In the country, you would have found interests in your property to occupy your time. I sadly fear you will never be quite happy in town."

"By George, I'm beginning to think so too!—though to be sure, in Indy, the thing I used to dread most for my old age was the seclusion of a lonesome country-house. Betwixt ourselves, my dear Ma'am, I've had enough and to spare of my own company. Mine has been a curious life. I married for love. I'll tell you the whole story some day or another, when I'm in better spirits,—suffice it now that I married for love. Nothing very wonderful in *that*, you'll say; but you may perhaps account it worth mention that thirty years of wedded life didn't lessen the mutual affection which first instigated the imprudence. Mary and I had but one head and heart between us. We lived in a remote district, wholly out of reach of society, and so never fretted after it, or anything else. No little mortifications or heart-burnings, to create unkind feelings on either side; no meddlesome friends to make mischief; nobody to confide in, but each other; nobody to dress for, talk for, think for, feel for, pretend for, but each other. Life lay plain and straight afore us. All our object was to be frugal and grow rich as quick as we could, that we might return to our native country, and enjoy ourselves with our children.

"We had four—poor things!—who were packed off to Europe to be reared and edicated, which was our only trouble. But there was no remedy, and people soon reconcile themselves to what is irremediable. Mary and I loved each other only the more when thus left alone together." . . . . . .

"I laid her in the grave," resumed Colonel Hamilton, in a voice broken by sobs. "My companion for thirty years,—my companion, I may say, in the wilderness,—with whom I had never exchanged one angry word or resentful feeling!—Poor Mary!—My grief for *her* was very different from what I had felt for the boys. *That* she had been there to alleviate! But everything went with *her*—everything—everything!"

Mrs. Hamlyn respected in silence the grief of the good old man. . . . . "It seemed like losing sight of all my happier recollections, to turn my back on the place where we had abided together. The old house and gardens at Ghazerapore were full of *her*. *There* had our children been born to us—*there* had I wiped the last moisture from her face. My poor dear wife! The natives adored her; she was a second providence in the village. Here, no one ever heard her name. I spoke of her one day to Quiddle,—spoke of her as I am speaking now,—and the jackass told me I was *low*, and advised a dose of sal-volatile!

Such was the Nabob who, by the intervention, and for the purposes of his banker, was now established in Burlington Manor, until Hamlyn's infant ward came of age. What follows affords the briefest general outline which we find of the Colonel's *friend* Mr. Hamlyn.

Richard Hamlyn was what is called a most excellent man,—a man generally esteemed and respected,—a man eminently qualified to figure to advantage on a tombstone: had never been suspected of a vice, or accused of a failing. Not a servant in his establishment, most of whom had lived with him for years, could complain of having seen his countenance disturbed by anger, or heard his voice raised by excitement.

Such, however, was the force of his calm and immutable regularity, that the most fiery domestic tyrant could not have attained a more absolute sway in his own family. His wife knew him to be averse to all display of sensibility; his children were early taught that he detested noise; and the banker's house was, consequently, characterized by the silence, coldness, and dullness of the Great Pyramid.

Impossible to see a better regulated establishment! All went as if by clockwork, or steam. Whether the perfection of its household-management arose from perseverance in method, or readiness of means, the result was admirable. Had any friend of Hamlyn's, after an absence of many years in the far East or far West, thought proper to drop in to dinner in Cavendish Square, or volunteer a visit to Dean Park, he might have been as certain of the hour and the minute to arrive, the number of dishes on the table and servants in attendance, the disposition of the salvers on the sideboard and decanters on the board, as though he had only vacated his seat in the dining-room the preceding day. But, on the other hand, people of Richard Hamlyn's class seldom possess a friend *sufficiently* friendly to drop in to dinner, or volunteer a visit in the country.

His wife, when, at eighteen, in all her bloom of beauty and cheerfulness of spirit, she accepted the proposals of a handsome young man with whom she had danced through the London season, certainly expected a very different personage in the gay son of a wealthy banker, on whom her parents were so eager to bestow her hand. But scarcely a year after their marriage, the death of the elder Hamlyn, while it assigned independence to the young couple, threw the business of the family and the firm so completely into the hands of the bridegroom, as to sober him at once into a man of business.

From that moment Mrs. Hamlyn lost sight of her husband in the banker and executor. . . . .
It is surprising how readily the tact of a woman attached to her duties, suggests the surest mode of recommending herself to the affections of her husband. The merry, thoughtless Sophia soon saw that, to endear herself to the man of business, she must offer no obstruction to the methodical serenity of one who had not leisure for demonstrations of sensibility, or the frivolous pastimes of life. Punctual and acquiescent, she must receive him ever with a smile,—seldom with a laugh. By degrees, the smile subsided into a thoughtful gravity, still more acceptable. At thirty, Mrs. Hamlyn had sunk into a mild, calm, silent woman, without a vestige of the buoyancy of youth; and the banker into a stiff, reserved man of business,—after the fashion of most conjugal couples in the money-getting classes of Great Britain. . . . . Unlimited submission, on the part of those about him, exercised by degrees an evil influence on the character of Richard Hamlyn. In his own quiet way, he was as absolute as the Sultan. He did not understand the slightest opposition to his veto; and though, having succeeded his father in the representation of the neighbouring borough of Barthorpe, his opinions commanded the respect of the House of Commons on all questions of commercial or financial in-

terest, Hamlyn the banker had more than once committed himself in parliament, by outbursts of petulance singularly at variance with the gentle tenor of his private life. In his country neighbourhood, on the other hand, he was respected as a just landlord and hospitable neighbour; not spending enough of his time in Warwickshire to nullify the good report of the county, by the taciturn reserve of his deportment. By degrees, indeed, his temper afforded evidence in private life of the irritating stress of an anxious vocation. But Mrs. Hamlyn had either schooled herself into such apathy as to remain unconscious of the change; or was too good a woman to avow, even to herself, that she was aware of the despotic harshness of the father of her children. The concealment was easy. Like the majority of his sex, he was never arbitrary with his wife, unless when they were alone.

"What were you and Colonel Hamilton discussing today, that I found you both so agitated when I came in;" demanded he of his wife, as they awaited together in the drawing-room the announcement of dinner, on the day in question.

"He was simply describing to me the supreme happiness of his wedded life. Mrs. Hamilton and the old gentleman appear to have been a singularly united couple."

"*All* couples are said to have been *singularly* united, as soon as either husband or wife is in the grave," replied the banker, coldly. "The Hamiltons lived very well together, or their *tête-à-tête* in an obscure district in India would have been insupportable. It was their best policy to agree!"

"People do not always act from *policy*," was the mild remonstrance of Mrs. Hamlyn. "Their dispositions were amiable and well-assorted."

"Their means ample, and their understanding narrow!" added the banker.

"So much the better for their happiness! They seem to have entertained no injurious ambitions," observed his wife.

Hamlyn, who was standing magisterially on the rug, with his back to the fire, fixed his eyes inquiringly upon her face. But the countenance of Sophia, though open, was sometimes difficult to decipher. The early habit of repressing her emotions into the equanimity of the Hamlyn temperament, imparted a look of vagueness and absence to her eyes. Even while uttering a simple answer to a simple question, her thoughts often appeared to be wandering; and when silent, it was impossible to surmise from her countenance the nature of her reveries.

The Nabob was by this time established in the Manor; and, to keep him in sight and humour, the banker, for the first of many summers, sent his family down to Dean Park before the hunting season and Christmas gaieties warranted such retreat in the circles to which his ambition united him.

"*This* is something like happiness, and something like a home!" cried the old soldier, the first time he welcomed his Dean Park friends to his hospitable board, to meet the Vicar of Ovington and his wife. "A very different thing from your ostentatious Lon'on dinner-parties; where people care for nothing but to have it said they give better venison or more turtle, or can show off a finer service of plate than their neighbours! *This* is the England I used to dream of in Indy,—green, and fresh, and sociable! . . . . . Household subordination's a capital thing for a family-man like my friend Hamlyn. But discipline would be out of place in an establishment with an old Indian at its head, accustomed to take things as he finds 'em, too glad to find 'em at all. I like everybody to be free, easy, and comfortable about me,—Pincher and all. 'Live and let live,' is my motto, or rather, 'Let live, that you may deserve to live.'"

Such sentiments received a silent "amen" from the gentle wife of the banker, and an audible one from the Vicar of Ovington. . . . . Richard Hamlyn was one of those who measure out their dole with as many conditions to the naked and hungry as though they had incurred his charity by a crime; nor could Dr. Markham disguise from himself that, after only three months' acquaintance, he was on a pleasanter footing with Colonel Hamilton than with the more correctly-spoken neighbour at Dean Park, who invariably made him feel that the parson and his wife were invited to dine now and then at the great house, to "keep up the respectability of the church in the eyes of the lower classes;" or, in other words, to ensure the attendance of his servants and labourers at church, where they were frightened out of picking and stealing the property of their betters, and inspired with becoming deference for those in authority over them.

It was a real comfort, therefore, to the heart of the Vicar, to find himself respected by Colonel Hamilton as a privileged expositor of the truths of the Gospel; and invited to his table as a neighbour and gentlemanly companion, rather than as a professional man.

It was some time before Colonel Hamilton heard of the Hyde or the Vernons. When he did, he rejoiced to hear of more neighbours; of greater scope for hospitality; the Manor "made up fourteen beds," and he would have filled them all. Mrs. Hamlyn was compelled to hint that the Vernons, who were little in the county, associated very little with their country neighbours.

"In short, these fine folks are not neighbourly!" was Colonel Hamilton's summary of the case. "Well, there's room enough in the air for high-flyers and low-flyers: If they can do without *us*, we must do without them. I'm surprised, though! We think a deal of a lord in Indy, 'cause we seldom have more than one at a time.

The Colonel longed to have a peep at this boasted Hyde, which the owners had not seen for two years. But between the Vernons and Hamlyns there existed a coldness which, considering the intimacy of their fathers, might be considered enmity; and there was, besides, an election feud.

"So far from loving his neighbour as himself, Lord Vernon despised Dean Park as much as Dean Park detested Lord Vernon. According to the Christian custom of modern times, however, they hated each other in civil toleration. On that sort of visiting acquaintance which approaches nearest to the blood-stained and deadly feuds of the middle ages; they mutually shook hands, as if caressing a rattlesnake; while the ladies of the two families presented compliments to each other, or requested the honour of each other's company, or were each other's "very sincerely," as occasion needed.

The Hyde was not a regular aristocratic show-place, where, for a piece of silver, pictures and apartments are exhibited by a starched housekeeper; but the country neighbours that came were received on inscribing their names, as an act of homage to the family vanity.

One of the pragmaticalities of Richard Hamlyn was a dislike to have his patronymic figure in the register of his haughty neighbour more than a certain number of times in the year, when forced to show off the lions of the Dean Park neighbourhood to visiters of mark and distinction. Whenever a Countess was his inmate, he took care to parade her to the Hyde, uniting the name of her ladyship by a bracket with those of "Mr. and Mrs. Hamlyn, of Dean Park." But his wife was sufficiently cognisant of his weakness to suspect that he would not wish to appear there as the bear-leader of a new comer into the county.

If ever Colonel Hamilton go into Parliament, which his friend, the Duke of Ormeau, has suggested to him, he will certainly vote with Mr. Ewart on any question touching primogeniture which the Honourable member for Dumfries is likely to propose. When he was introduced to the Hyde by the Vicar, he was taken at first by surprise at the vast extent of the stately Elizabethan mansion.

"And Lord Vernon, you say, has a nobler seat than even *this;* and you say they reside here only a few weeks in the year, and that all the rest of the time this noble mansion is untenanted!" exclaimed Colonel Hamilton, when, the court-yard gates being opened by a shabby stable-boy, they drove up to the venerable porch. "Doctor, doctor! with all the talk one hears against pluralities in the Church, I wonder when a law will pass 'gainst plurality of palaces in private families! — There's a deal to be said, I suppose, both *pro* and *con* the subdivision of inheritance, according to Boney's Code; but, by George, if *I* were in parliament, nothing should prevent my getting up and proposing an act compelling every man, having many sons and many family-mansions, to bequeath 'em a country-house apiece, to be happy in, and rid the country of the nuisance of vagrant younger brothers."

"The chapter is a wide one to embark in just now; particularly," added Dr. Markham, "within the gates of a man who, in addition to his English seats, has a castle in Ireland large enough to contain the village of Braxham, which, to my knowledge, he has not visited since he came to his estate."

And ere Colonel Hamilton could express his indignation in reply, the Vicar led the way into the great hall, where the old housekeeper, in her starched coif and lawn apron, awaited their approach; with her keys in her hand, and in her mouth the cut and dry exposition of the glories of the house of Vernon, a litany of the pomps and vanities of the Hyde.

When the *Baron's Hall* was seen, the old soldier became inspired by the spirit of the past.

"This is precisely the sort of thing the Yankees envy us!"—cried the Colonel, after surveying the Barons' gallery with delight;—the sort of thing that secures Old England against the hubbub of a commonwealth! . . . I can't find it in my heart to forgive the man who owns such a place, for choosing to live elsewhere."

The old housekeeper smoothed down her apron; but did not smooth her ruffled brows, at hearing the Right Honourable Lord Vernon apostrophized as "a man." . . . "I should have been moped to death in a magnificent old dungeon like this!" was his ever-recurring exclamation. "This tapestry would give me the blue devils. People must have had ancestors in Harry the Eighth's time to put up with it. Why, the Manor is thrice as airy, and fifty times more convenient. . . . . The jerk with which old Mrs. Harkness snapped the key in the door of the state-apartments, after locking out the utterer of these insolent heresies, probably conveyed but half her contempt towards the presumptuous offender. Regarding herself as part and parcel of the illustrious family of the Vernons, Dean Park was her wash-pot, and over Burlington Manor did she cast her shoe.

The Banker began to discover that where kind feelings were interested, the Colonel, who, in all business matters, was a puppet in his hands, had a will of his own; and his wife was too high-minded, or, as he thought it, too indolent to counteract the inimical influences under which the sociable old gentleman was placing himself. Mr. Hamlyn, accordingly, came unexpectedly down from the Banking-house to Dean Park to investigate how matters were proceeding. The Colonel, he found, had got into familiar acquaintance with his country neighbours, and had even been impressed into the Commission of the Peace. The Banker, who came down yellow and care-worn, was disquieted by these doings, and even by the fondness of the hilarious and kind old man for his own eldest daughter. The governess had, fortunately for Colonel Hamilton, in whose path her prim decorum stood mightily, gone off to visit her friends; and in the general relaxation of rules, lessons, and decorum, he scampered over the country on a pony "after his little Lydia."

"What will the Vernons think," said the banker [to his patient Grisel,] "when they hear of the Miss Hamlyns (after the care bestowed on their education) scampering—I use Colonel Hamilton's word—'scampering' over the country on ponies! And what chance has Walter of recommending himself to the Colonel's good-will, if Lydia is constantly made his first object!"

Mrs. Hamlyn was too respectful a wife to vindicate either her girls or herself. But after her husband's return to town, she was amused to perceive how much the aid of the country had opened the eyes of the old Colonel to the peculiarities of his friend.

"Hamlyn's quite right to stick to Lon'on!" said he. "Hamlyn's cut out for a man of business. Squirefying is *not* his element. He hasn't in him the true smack of the country gentleman. 'Tis all dot-and-carry-one with him, even in the middle of a turnip-field.

To Hamlyn himself he had said,—

"Excuse me, my dear Hamlyn, if I own that your sallow face and careworn wrinkles put me wonderfully in conceit with my country life. Why, you're young enough to be my son; and, by George! you look old enough to be my father!"

"The late hours and trying atmosphere of the House of Commons make sad inroads into the constitution!"—replied Hamlyn, with the air of a martyr.

"Come, come, come!—none of your flourishes, in honour of your services to the country. A banker was never known to die of patriotism," cried the Colonel. "Those jaundiced looks have very little to do with zeal for the nation. 'Tis all *shop*, my dear Sir,—all gold-spinning,—all the wear and tear of filthy lucre,—all the care and anxiety of money-making,—all the yellow leprosy, as I call it!"—

"Say, rather, of taking care of other people's money," replied Hamlyn, attempting a smile.

"So long as you take such capital care of *mine*, I suppose I must find no fault," replied the Lord of Burlington Manor, jocosely.

The old Colonel rejoiced to hear, that though the worthy father was "trim and prim;" only fit for Lombard Street and Cavendish Square—"one of the fellows who seem not born to live in the open air,"—Walter, the eldest son, whom he had never yet seen, was gay and wild.

"Walter's wild, is he!—I'm glad of that!—there's always hope of a wild young man!—My son Jack was one of the wildest dogs ever turned out of Eton—Walter was quartered at Windsor all the time I was in Lon'on, and I'm beginning to want to make his acquaintance. Does he never come down to Dean Park!"

"When the hunting season begins."

"A curious reason for visiting his father's house!—Like my friend Sir Joshua Alltrump, who told me he attended divine service at the Chapel Royal 'cause the music was so fine. . . . . Well! I must wait patient, I suppose, till the hounds are unkennelled, to shake hands with Master Watty."

Mrs. Hamlyn could scarcely forbear smiling at the idea of the indignation with which (had Sheet Street Barracks been within earshot of Dean Park) her superfine son would have heard himself thus familiarly designated, by an individual who might have travelled from (Captain Hamlyn's) Dan to Beersheba, *i. e.* from St. James's Street to Whitehall, without receiving a bow of recognition from the club-windows; and whose clothes were so indefinitely cut by his nameless tailor, as to have proved an equally good fit for any other man in the county.

She amended her smile, however, into a secret prayer that the time might come when Walter, now the slave of appearances, would recognise the sterling merit of a man like the simple-hearted being before her.

At the first blush, "a person" who had made

his money in India, and been picked up by Hamlyn the Banker "in the course of his city business," had stunk in the nostrils of the country gentlemen, never ready to welcome new comers; and especially rich upstarts, come to outshine and crush them; but as soon as the Nabob was personally known, it was impossible to withhold the right hand of fellowship from the cordial, frank, garrulous old Indian, so unlike, in all respects, to his phlegmatic, hard-headed, aspiring friend of Dean Park. His greatest fault in county eyes was laxity as a game-preserver; and by this his friend Hamlyn was the deepest sufferer.

As a matter of course, he regarded the preserves of the isolated friendless old man of Portland Place as his perquisite. And to find them desecrated—to learn that, for the future, he had only his own miserable shooting to offer to the aristocratic guests, whom it was his glory, every winter, to advertise in the papers as "spending the Christmas holidays at the hospitable seat of Mr. Hamlyn, at Dean Park," was a stroke for which he was unprepared.

All he had hitherto been able to oppose to the galling slights of Lord Vernon, in a worldly sense, was the choiceness of an aristocratic circle under his roof, fully rivalling that of the Hyde. As an active member of the Tory party in the House of Commons, Hamlyn possessed a certain degree of influence; while, as a banker, he had found means of obliging various of the nobility, who obliged *him* by their notice in return; dined with him in town, and shot with him in the country. The Ormeau hounds and the Burlington preserves had placed Dean Park among the most desirable places on which lordly placemen or dukes, debarred by distance from sporting at their Scotch or Irish seats, could quarter themselves for the holidays. And now what was to be done! —How was he to invite his customary guests, or Walter to bring down to Dean his showy brother-officers without the promise of a *battue*?—Colonel Hamilton had done him irreparable injury by his inconsiderate liberality to strangers!

In his private room in Lombard Street, while apparently engaged in calculations involving the fate of millions, and the welfare of his clients, the banker pondered heavily upon these things. . . . . .

Though he had defeated the predictions of the Hyde that he would be forced to sell an estate where his father had over-built himself, Hamlyn's indignation against the family had been renewed by learning that, at a political London dinner, on being questioned concerning the honourable member for Barthorpe, (his Tory opponent,) Lord Vernon had spoken of him in terms the most indulgently insulting.

"Of Mr. Hamlyn, personally, I really know nothing;" was his lordship's insolent reply. "We exchange cards, bows, dinners, and I believe him to be a well-intentioned person; but my agent (Barrow of Alderham) assures me that Mr. Hamlyn's petty, money-spinning system, has done infinite harm in my neighbourhood. Since the introduction of Savings' Banks, Loan Societies, and premium companies of all sorts and kinds at Ovington, all the small farmers in the county fancy themselves on the road to become Rothschilds. It is amazing how mercenary and grasping the very labourers are becoming, since this notion of percentage gained ground. All their idea is money,—money,—money! Natural enough, perhaps, on the part of Mr. Hamlyn, to follow the bias of his calling, even in his charities." . . . . . .

If Hamlyn, by sacrifices the extent of which was known only to himself, had discountenanced Lord Vernon's former prediction that his father's memory would be disgraced, and his estate brought to the hammer, he was now scarcely less intent upon proving that his children were likely to maintain their footing, if not exactly on the same level, exactly in the same circles as Lord Vernon's own. He had authorized his son Walter to invite, for a week's shooting at Christmas, the Cornet of his troop, the young Marquis of Dartford; certain members of whose family he numbered among his constituents, and contemplated adding to the Dean Park party purporting to rival the festivities of the Hyde. But how was he to phrase his invitations to the Earl of Rotherwood, and his brother-in-law Lord Crawley, uncles of the Marquis, unless enabled to make honourable mention of the preserves of Burlington Manor?

Little did poor Colonel Hamilton surmise of the mischief his sporting liberality had wrought to his friend. But Christmas came, and brought a large fashionable party to Dean Park, and among them the Home Secretary! at which the Colonel, not in the least overcome with the glory, rejoiced exceedingly, as he wished to "badger him" about some job or other. The Banker wished to have the Nabob in his house at this time, and under his own eye, to keep him out of the way of the people whom he now gathered about him. He wished him to decline receiving the nephew of the poorest, but most ancient Squire of the county—Squire Gratwycke, but could not well say so; and had the usual resource, in all such cross-accidents, of blaming his gentle wife. And Tom Gratwycke to become an obstacle to his projects!—

"The Vernons are coming down next week!" said he, fixing a stern eye upon his wife. Then, finding that she did not utter so much as an ejaculation of surprise at an announcement wholly indifferent to her, he added, "and what will they think on finding that a man of Hamilton's property could command no better resource for his Christmas circle, than a vulgar hobble-de-hoy, like young Gratwycke?"

"I should think they would trouble themselves very little about the family arrangements of a perfect stranger!" replied Sophia, finding he insisted upon an answer.

"But *we* are not perfect strangers to them. *We* should have derived some consequence in their eyes from the domestication at our fireside of a man of Hamilton's enormous property, who is supposed to care for nobody but ourselves. I had flattered myself our Christmas party would be a matter of some envy at the Hyde."

Mrs. Hamlyn advised, if her husband had set his heart upon having the Colonel, that his play-mate, Lydia, should solicit the favour.

"Lydia!" cried he; "*Lydia* possess sufficient influence over Hamilton to induce him to grant a request he has denied to *us*?"

"You are aware of his fondness for young people," replied Mrs. Hamlyn, composedly; "and his indulgence towards the girls having insured their affection in return; they have spent much of their time together during Miss Creswell's absence."

"It was for this, then, that you persuaded me to allow that woman leave of absence!" cried the indignant banker.

"You expressly desired we should do our utmost to render the country agreeable to Colonel Hamilton!"

"Not to the injury of Walter! I never desired to find *Lydia* his favourite. But I see how it is! Aware of my inability to make a provision for my daughters tending to their settlement in life in the brilliant position you desire, you want to bespeak the old man's fortune for them! It would not suit *you* to see Lydia become, like her mother before her, the wife of a poor drudging man of business.—No, no! you know too much of the miseries and privations of such a position. You want her to be a fine lady. You wish Colonel Hamilton's heiress to marry a nobleman. You have had enough of city men. What pride have *you* in my family name?—The respectability of Hamlyn of Dean Park is nothing to you."

Mrs. Hamlyn raised her gentle eyes towards the angry man, in utter consternation.

"But once for all, Madam, know *this!*" continued he; "that sooner than Walter should not be enabled to preserve his fitting station in society, and keep up his

family place in the style that *his* father and *my* father did before him,—I would—"

Mr. Hamlyn paused suddenly,—and his wife, breathlessly interested in these singular revelations concerning the destinies of her children, riveted her eyes on his, as if to ascertain the motive of his hesitation. His face had become suddenly blanched, and the words seemed frozen on his lips; when, lo!—

But what Mr. Hamlyn would have done is not learned. The Colonel leaning his happy, merry, glowing face against the window, suddenly rose like a hideous spectre to wither him. But once more he escaped suspicion, and went off, on the Colonel's invitation, to inspect some new-fashioned draining-tiles, leaving his unhappy wife to her own sad thoughts. Mrs. Gore has shown equal judgment and delicacy in the delineation of a condition of wifehood, which, it is to be feared, is far from being rare among the class she describes. Had the mild, sensible, and much-enduring Sophia, who was no blind idolater of her husband, nor of *his* world and its objects, and who perceived the blemishes of Hamlyn's character as keenly as any one else, though she strove to forget them,—had she been a little more energetic, a little less submissive, her resistance might have benefited her husband, perhaps saved him from disgrace, and her children from ruin. But this stirs the question of the province of women; in a society where silence, acquiescence, and submission, acutely seeing all that is wrong, but carrying all the while a fair face to the world, is the ruled duty of every well-principled, prudent wife. As Mr. Hamlyn sneeringly told his wife, when his fate was impending, "no responsibility rested with her." She had been maintained in splendour and luxury at the cost of others, and by fraud; but she had no right to complain. It was nothing to him, a fact beyond his comprehension, that—

Within a year of her happy marriage, within a year of the passionate protestations which, as usual, preceded it, Sophia Hamlyn discovered that she had sunk into nothing in the estimation of her husband. Absorbed by worldly interests, by sordid calculations, by the anxieties of a critical business suddenly devolving on his shoulders, he began to regard a wife and increasing family as domestic encumbrances,—a burthen upon the onerous honours of Hamlyn of Dean Park,—an additional embarrassment to the house of Hamlyn & Co. . . . . Luckily for all parties, Mrs. Hamlyn was a woman of principle; and, just as deference to worldly opinion made Richard Hamlyn a regardful husband, the sense of duty silenced all complaints upon her lips. She felt herself to be in the enjoyment of too many of the comforts of life, to murmur against Providence. She had married for better for worse; and the worse was not so much the worst that could have befallen her, as to justify rebellion against her destinies.

But Sophia was only in her first lesson of the education of the heart. By degrees, she found that, though she might content herself with a due discharge of the duties of her mission as a wife, a mother, a member of the community, it was difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile them with the exactions arising from the worldly-mindedness of her husband. She was required to sacrifice her influence over her children and enjoyment of their society to his notions of the formal propriety becoming his situation in life; to select her associates in deference to his pecuniary interests; to regulate her loves and likings according to the fluctuations of the money-market; convert life into a speculation; and, even in the holy retirement of the country, calculate her acts of benevolence so as at once to benefit the firm, and substantiate her husband's position in the county of Warwick. Having discovered all this, Sophia could no longer disguise from herself that her early marriage had perilled her happiness in this world,—perhaps in the next.

To conceal the discovery from her own family and the world was her first consideration. Never, in a single instance, had she swerved in deference towards the father of her children. If an unhappy, she was never a complaining wife.

Meanwhile she had ample consolations. The time must come when her children would afford her the companionship her heart so much needed. Their personal and moral endowments were such as to gratify, meanwhile, her utmost maternal pride; and with such prospects before her, she became fortified in her patient forbearance.

But scarcely had the period of their maturity arrived, when she was beset by new apprehensions. In the handsome Walter, the idol of his father's vanity as the future head of the firm and owner of Dean Park, she soon discerned fatal traces of the influence of the world-seeking education bestowed upon him by his father.

The sons of the Banker, while they were still in jackets and trousers, had been destined, Walter the elder to the Banking-house, and Henry the younger for India. But the deceased Lord Vernon had recommended Eton for Walter; and to Oxford the transition was natural. Still more so were debts on the turf and at the gaming-table, super-refined tastes and tuft-hunting propensities. The debts were discharged; but the Banker perceiving that his heir could never be entrusted with the onerous duties of the Banking-house, chose the younger son in his stead; and Walter was now the popular, very handsome, and ultra-fashionable "Captain Hamlyn of the Blues." Henry, the second son, was the favourite of his mother, to whom he was fondly and devotedly attached. On learning his reprieve from exile to India, he exulted in the thought that he was not to lose sight of his beloved mother; and he was certain that he would make a capital banker. A change came over his thoughts before he had been long at Cambridge, where he soon gave promise of rare abilities. And as his love for literature increased, his zeal for the vocation of money-making became less ardent. With a passion for study, and a strong desire to travel, how was Henry to reconcile the slavery of city life?

At every fresh avowal of these sentiments, Mrs. Hamlyn, to whom alone his disgusts were confided, implored him to exercise his high faculties of mind in the noblest manner, by submitting to the career appointed for him by Providence and his father. . . . . .

Unfortunately, an excursion to Italy, between his Cambridge terms, more than ever unsettled his mind; and Henry was now on the eve of taking his degree; resolved that if, according to general expectation, it proved a high honour, he would seize the opportunity of throwing himself on his father's indulgence, and imploring redemption from a career, of all others the most distasteful to his feelings.

During his tour in Italy, Henry had seen the beautiful widow of Robert Hamilton; and a complete revolution had been wrought in his views and sentiments. Ellen, the noble child of poverty, honour, and independence, loathed the sordid vocation to which her lover was destined. They had pledged their faith, on the condition that the plan of going into the Banking-house was to be renounced. They were to live for each other, in modest retirement, rich only in mutual affection, and in the talents and acquirements of Henry, which must lead to eminence in any professional walk. Ellen, in parting

with her lover, dreaded his father's influence and his powers of resolution, and anticipated that he must yield before the strong will of the Banker, of the man whom she almost hated as the maligner of her virgin fame, the destroyer of her young hopes, the murderer of her husband. And Henry's resolution did yield before the tears and entreaties of his mother. She wrote to him, imploring, on her knees, that he would make the trial for her sake, for the sake of all he loved. She had, in part, seen into her husband's really embarrassed condition, though it was impossible she could have surmised the extent of his guilt and misery.

The Christmas festivities of Dean Park had gone off with unbounded eclat. Even the Hyde was piqued; and "mother and daughter," the Lady Vernon and the fair Lucinda, had manœuvred unsuccessfully to attract from Dean Park to the Hyde the young Marquis of Dartford, the friend of Captain Hamlyn of the Blues. Dartford found greater attraction in the beauty, freshness, and intelligence of the old Colonel's little artless Lydia, who had not yet made her *début*. That event was impending in the season which, it seems, opens earlier to a London aristocratic banker than to other members of the fashionable world; because, after Parliament met,

It would "look odd," were his usual dinner-parties suspended. It would "look odd," were his wife to be without an opera-box during the season of his daughter's *début*. It would "look odd," were his pew in Mary-le-bone Church to be empty, when the Christmas holly adorning that in Ovington Church was dried up and withered; and a banker is bound to eschew all and anything that "looks odd." Everything about him, both in public and private life, should be as even as the balance of his books.

On the morning following Mrs. Hamlyn's arrival in town, just as her husband was setting off to the city, she was startled beyond measure by his placing in her hand notes to the amount of four hundred pounds.

"I consider it necessary," said he, "that my daughter should make her first appearance in society with all the advantages becoming Miss Hamlyn of Dean Park. She must have everything that is handsome and suitable; and let half the money in your hand be appropriated in addition to your own usual allowance."

"I assure you we neither of us require anything of the kind," exclaimed Mrs. Hamlyn, endeavouring to replace the notes in his hand. "I am not likely to incur any additional expenses."

"It is my *wish* that you should do so. I desire that no expense be spared in—"

"Surely, surely," interrupted Mrs. Hamlyn, unable to repress her amazement, "you informed me the other day, at Dean, (in reference to your disappointments with regard to Harry,) that the house was in no condition to support any additional stress on its resources, at the present moment!"

"Are you mad!" cried her husband, suddenly seising her arm, and drawing her away from the study-door, near which they were standing, towards the distant window. "The men are in the dining-room removing the breakfast things. If Ramsay should hear you—"

"I fancied myself speaking low."

"You spoke like a fool, as all women do the moment they pretend to talk about business!" cried Hamlyn, in reckless irritation. "Once for all, take these notes and employ them according to my instructions. It is my wish that you make arrangements for presenting Lydia at the next drawing-room. . . . .

"No outlay is foolish that serves to advance my ulterior projects. Do you suppose I sacrifice these four hundred pounds for the maintenance of Lydia's vanity, or of my own credit in the world!"

"In that case, I am less disposed than ever to create in my poor girl a taste for expense at variance with your intentions in her behalf, and, incompatible as you have given me to believe, with the state of your affairs," replied Mrs. Hamlyn,—the wife having at length borrowed courage from the mother to assert principles of her own.

The banker stood gazing upon her in utter astonishment. It was the first resistance to his will she had hazarded in the course of five-and-twenty years of married life; and her resolution was now too calmly and mildly asserted to afford him any hope of putting down her opposition by violence.

"You will follow your own devices in this!" he resumed in a voice as moderate as her own. "Perhaps it ought not to surprise me that, at a moment when my interests in life are sinking and all the world seems in league to press upon and overwhelm a falling man, my own family should be the first to rush in and give the signal for the insults of the rest."

By the involuntary start of the distressed Sophia, Hamlyn perceived that this stroke had told,—that the feelings of the wife of his youth were touched to the quick.

"You shall be obeyed!"—said she, extending her hand with a desponding air, to receive the notes he was still holding. "All I have to entreat is, that when the tree of evil shall bring forth its bitter fruits, you will not accuse *me* of having fostered its growth."

"I thank you!—you shall be accused of nothing!"—replied Hamlyn coldly, yet apparently surmounting conflicting emotions. "We must stand or fall together. At our time of life, the standing or falling are of less consequence. The better half of our days is over;—and, as far as I am concerned, the best they have afforded inspires me with little interest in the remainder. But the children demand our utmost exertions. The children have a long career before them. The fair prospects of Walter—the—the—"

He could not proceed. In naming his son, he was on the point of giving way to a weakness very unusual on the part of Hamlyn the banker. The heart of his wife thrilled within her as she contemplated what seemed to afford hope that the barren rock might still be touched, to yield forth the waters of life.

"By those prospects, then," cried she, clasping her hands in earnest entreaty—"by the future prosperity and happiness of your son, I implore you involve yourself no further in difficulties beyond all power of extrication! If the firm be embarrassed, as you owned to me at Dean, let us retrench: let us cut short all idle expenses. We might reduce to a fifth part our present outlay. Why not, for instance, instead of commencing a showy, extravagant season, let this house to some advantageous tenant, and retire to Dean Park! You have apartments at the banking-house which—"

"I thank you!"—replied Hamlyn, with a bitter smile. "If you desired to place the names of Richard and Bernard Hamlyn in the Gazette, you could scarcely suggest a surer course of policy. I thank you! When I desire to rouse the anxieties of my customers, and point myself out to the mistrust of the City, I will apply to you for the speediest method of assuring my ruin."

It was under the feeling of this conversation that Mrs. Hamlyn again wrote to her son Henry. To her irresistible appeal his answer was a promise of implicit submission to his father's will, though it involved the sacrifice of his dearest hopes. He had been studying hard, and striving for University honours; and this stroke laid him prostrate:—

"Oh! that I had never attempted that mad expedition to Naples!" would Henry exclaim, flinging down his books and pacing with hurried steps the quiet room, so long and so successfully devoted to the abstraction of study. "But for my enthusiastic desire to look once more upon that lovely face, the object of my dreams from boyhood (from the moment when, as a happy bride, she spoke so soothingly to the young enthusiast who beset her at Dean with his flighty fancies!) I might now be happy—the same dull, contented bookworm as of old,—

the same prospective man of business. Till Ellen Hamilton placed the picture of a banker's calling fairly before me, with all that eloquence of look and speech with which no breathing woman was ever gifted like herself, I was contented with my prospects. But now—even if she would consent to share them (and I know that no earthly persuasion or representation would shake *her* resolution!) —even if she would consent to share a mode of existence she detests and despises, I feel that I could never be happy, deriving my livelihood from perpetual risk of the property of others. Wretched man that I shall be, the moment I quit these quiet walls, to plunge into all the vulgar strife and chicanery with which henceforward I must live surrounded. Wretched, wretched man! Without leisure to open a book,—without the power to forget or to renew those blessed hopes and impressions, which seem to have been vouchsafed me for a moment only to constitute the ruin and torment of my life!" . . .

"She used to call me boyish and inconsistent," was his cruel reflection. "How often did she remind me that she is nearly two years older than myself in age, and ten years older in character! When I pledged myself to comply to the letter with her exactions about the firm, she predicted all that has happened;—she told me I should never have strength of purpose to carry through my opposition to a man so coldly arbitrary as my father. Again and again did she prognosticate all that has happened. . . . . Dear, precious Ellen! It is something that even for a moment she deigned to recognise the existence of such a nothing as myself! But I will not attempt to move her compassion by the pitiful avowal of all I am suffering." . . . . .

Cold, almost to formality, were the terms in which the high-minded young man announced a sacrifice, the mere anticipation of which was tearing his heart-strings asunder; and Ellen was fully justified in feeling, in the bitterness of her mortification, that already the spirit of his future vocation was upon him, and that he "wrote like a banker." Not a word of appeal to her affections; not a loophole left for her relenting.

Ellen had one other tie in England, the yet unseen father-in-law, who so frankly apologized for having misjudged her, and so affectionately pressed her to make his house her home. His invitation was accepted; and Ellen, his understood heiress, was on her way to England, when, in making a visit to Cambridge, he accidentally discovered that his daughter-in-law was the secret correspondent of the ardent student, Henry Hamlyn. Nothing could have given the old soldier more pleasure than to bestow his daughter-in-law and his money on one of his friend Hamlyn's sons. But first he must ascertain what was her real character, and if she was capable of forgiving and loving him. And Ellen was thus magnanimous, rightly imputing every past sin against herself to the intrigues of the Banker. By a series of cross accidents, the Colonel, who had gone to London, missed Ellen on her arrival at Burlington. She had returned to England without having learned the change in the prospects of her lover, and with a view to their union as soon as he had won the academic honours to which he aspired. Her hopes were suddenly and for ever crushed. Hamlyn the Banker, she felt, made her evil destiny; while she was the object of his fear and hatred. In Italy, her intimate friend had been Lady Burlington, who, next to herself, was the Banker's detestation; since she, a thing of mildness and muslin, had, for the sake of her infant son, been roused to combat his designs and his will; and now Robert Hamilton's widow was come to undermine him with the Nabob, whose large fortune was so urgently required to support the tottering credit of the firm—and to lower him in the esteem of his children, by exposing his hollowness.

Long as had been his career of worldly anxiety, acute as was on many occasions the agony of his fears, he began to feel that the shame of a public bankruptcy were trivial compared with having to stand in presence of his gentlemanly sons, as one whose honour and honesty have given way amid the struggles which only serve to strengthen the courage and steadfastness of genuine worth.

No rest that night for the throbbing head of Hamlyn the banker!

In the meanwhile, the warm-hearted veteran hurried down from London to welcome, to love, to make happy his daughter-in-law, if his wealth and affection could yet make "poor Bob's" widow happy:—

Throughout the journey down, which was chiefly performed on the railroad, instead of being cheerful and chatty as usual, he was almost silent. His thoughts were thoroughly preoccupied. He was back again at Ghazerapore, receiving his son's first letter announcing that disastrous attachment. He was listening to the mild remonstrances and intercessions of his wife. He was alone with Mary, and Mary with him. Dusky figures in Oriental garbs were loitering in the distance. Balmy smells of tropical plants were in the air. He was again an exile, again a husband, again a father; and a happy and contented exile, because a father and a husband. And, lo! as all these scenes and interests passed before his mind's eye, heavy sighs burst unconsciously from his bosom; so deeply was the old man moved by a thousand tender associations of affection and remorse, connected with the name of Ellen Somerton.

"I'll make her happy yet! By George! she shall be happy *yet!*" was his concluding reflection. "So long as Mrs. Hamlyn and dear Lydia remain at Dean, she'll find no occasion for moping at the Manor: and a'ter'ards, we may still manage well enough. At all events, she'll have her own way; and, for nine women in ten, that's almost happiness enough. But though I'd give my little finger to know what brought about her intimacy with Harry Hamlyn, so as to correspond with him, (as I saw at Cambridge by her own handwriting,) I'll not force myself upon her confidence. I shall soon see whether she intends to be a heart-in-heart daughter and a dear Ellen to me; or whether there's a spice of rancour at the bottom of her heart that will still keep her Mrs. Robert Hamilton."

She proved a heart-in-heart daughter; and took his heart by storm, by leaving her bed, on hearing of his return, and hastening to welcome him in her white muslin dressing-gown, "the most beautiful creatur' on the face of the earth."

It was a long time since the Colonel had retired to his pillow so happy or so comforted with the sense of not being *quite* alone in the world, as he felt that night, under the certainty that his son's widow was enjoying a comfortable night's rest in the chintz-room at the end of the corridor.

Next morning, the good old gentleman's waking was a still happier sensation. To come down to breakfast with the expectation of having that pure open forehead on which to imprint a parental kiss of benediction, was a comfort indeed to the kindly heart so long debarred the solace of female companionship. . . .

It was a happy morning for them both.

He carried Ellen to the stables; and in promising her the most beautiful Arabian that ever bore a fair lady, alluded to young Hamlyn, who had just started for Melton. The blushing cheeks of the pale-complexioned Ellen betrayed a consciousness, to which the old Colonel had a cue, though she gave him no hint of ever having met Henry Hamlyn in Italy. It was since her arrival that her

dream had been dispelled, by the announcement of her lover's change of profession; and now silence was best. She seemed in very low spirits; and the kind old man, to cheer her, promised an accession of pleasant youthful society:—

"Walter Hamlyn will be at Dean Park to-morrow.... So, *now*, my dear, you'll be able, at last, to extend your rides beyond the park-paling of Burlington Manor."

"I have not the least desire to play truant," she replied, with a melancholy smile,—how different from those which brightened her fine features on her first arrival from Italy! "It is not the want of knight or esquire that keeps me faithful to the old avenue. I am quite satisfied with Carlo's protection, if I had it at heart to scour the country."

"Without scouring the country, you may extend your excursions to see something of the neighbourhood.—However, you must look to your heart, Ellen, I can tell you, when this young soldier comes flourishing his mustachios by our fireside!—Watty's the handsomest young fellow, perhaps, you ever set eyes on in your life."

"My weakness does not happen to be in favour of handsome young fellows," replied Mrs. Hamilton, trying to assume the cheerful tone she knew to be so acceptable to her father-in-law. "The beauty of the Neapolitan peasants is quite enough to put one out of conceit with handsome men for the remainder of one's days." ....

"Sacred as is my son's memory in my eyes, I feel that you didn't live long enough with my poor Robert, and that you're yourself too young and handsome,—much too young and handsome,—to tie yourself down to widowhood for the remainder of your days. 'Tisn't nat'ral, my dear, and 'tisn't what anybody has a right to expect of you. So, as I was saying, if you ever *were* to take another husband, I can't but own that my friend Hamlyn's son would be more acceptable to me as a son-in-law than e'er another. For a son-in-law your husband would seem to me! Now that I've come to see, and know, and love you, Ellen! trust me, I feel as if you were a born daughter of my own."

As the Colonel had confidently expected, the cheeks of his lovely companion were deeply crimsoned at his allusion to his "friend, Hamlyn's son."

The Colonel said, that Hamlyn, whom the young widow remembered as her worst enemy, would now be proud to receive her for a daughter-in-law.

"I have no doubt he would, after hearing your paternal declarations in my favour," replied the young widow, with a swelling heart and bitter smile. "Your *heiress*, my dear Colonel Hamilton,—whether actress, sempstress, or any other disreputable thing,—would be welcomed on his bended knees into the family of the banker."

"Come, come!—don't be too hard upon my friend! Hamlyn's the most honourable fellow upon the face of the earth! I could tell you some of the finest traits of Hamlyn that do honour to the name of man." . . .

"I have no doubt Mr. Hamlyn is a man of considerable influence and importance. He contributes largely to the local charities." . . . .

"See here!" said the Colonel, suddenly snatching forward *The Times* newspaper that lay upon the table, and commencing, as fluently as the absence of his spectacles would permit, a recital of the proceedings of a grand 'Meeting of the Merchants and Bankers of the City of London,' held at the Mansion House the preceding day, 'RICHARD HAMLYN, ESQ., M.P., banker, in the chair, for the relief of the sufferers by a recent inundation at St. Petersburg," &c., &c., &c., prefaced by an eloquent preamble, and followed by a pompous list of subscriptions, at the head of which stood the firm of HAMLYN & Co. for £105. "What d'ye say to *that*, eh, my dear Ellen?"

"I should say, were I not afraid you would call me prejudiced and illiberal, that Hamlyn and Co. are probably extensively connected with the Russia trade."

Colonel Hamilton, who knew this to be actually the case, could neither refrain from a laugh, nor from patting her approvingly on the back.

"You're a cunning little gipsy!" said he. "Let a woman alone for diving into motives."

"Let a woman alone for diving into motives who has been cast alone and unprotected on the evil-dealing of the world! Had I never been vilified and injured by Mr. Hamlyn, I had probably been content to take his virtues, as others do, on trust. . . Even here, even in this house, from which I consider my poor friend Lady Burlington to have been driven into exile by the cunning of her husband's executor, I have never before presumed to lift up my voice against him; and in order to secure perfect unanimity between us, (for I would fain that, during my stay with you, not even a difference of opinion should manifest itself,) I promise to avoid all further mention of his name."

"Tell me, Nelly, like an honest soul as you are, have you any quarrel against the banker beyond a woman's nat'ral unforgivingness, for his unhandsome usage of you more years ago than I care to remember?"

"No *quarrel*, Sir.—But I own myself guilty of strong prejudice against a man whose only thought and object in life is the lucre of gain."

"Then, my dear girl, you must dislike *me!* For you may rely upon't that, for more than forty years of my life, my sole object was to heap up lacs of rupees—obtain the best interest for 'em—and—"

"But for what *purpose*, my dear Sir!" interrupted Ellen; and to what end?—What did you sacrifice towards the acquisition of wealth, beyond your own time, convenience, comfort, and abilities?—or to what was the wealth, thus acquired, destined, but to secure the well-being of your family, the happiness of all around you! *Whose* property did you put in peril by your speculations?—*whose* substance did you waste by your transactions?—to whom did you lend money on usurious interest, facilitating the extravagance that wrought their undoing, till the place of their forefathers knew them no longer!—and when were the riches, thus vilely acquired, applied to the scarcely less contemptible purpose of dazzling the eyes of society by false appearances, and figuring among the shifting throngs of London life? Show me the object of Mr. Hamlyn's domestic affections,—show me the household happiness created by the hollow ostentations of *his* ill-earned wealth!—A broken-spirited wife,—a daughter who scarcely uplifts her eyes in his presence,—and one, at least, among his sons thwarted in the dearest and brightest ambitions of his heart, in order to fulfil the narrow purposes of parental policy!"

"And how the plague do you know all this?" cried the Colonel. "God knows such is not the picture *I* ever painted you of Dean Park!"

These opinions are, we presume, to be received as those of the author, on the legitimate and the sordid, despicable and criminal pursuit of riches, and on the proper objects and ends of accumulation. Colonel Hamilton, in extenuation, urged the affection, the devotion of Hamlyn to his eldest son, to whom "he could refuse nothing."

"Right, Sir—to his *eldest son!* Those two words explain the whole secret of Walter Hamlyn's influence. I see by your face that already you accuse me of illiberality. But I declare to you I should as soon expect to pluck a living, fragrant flower from under the scorching lava effused by a volcano, as detect a tender human feeling in the heart systematically devoted to money-getting by the slave-trade, or by speculation with the means of others!"

"Nay, but surely—"

"No, no, no!—I will not hear a single extenuating word!" cried Mrs. Hamilton. "I loathe the hard, unsympathizing nature created by perpetually deafening the ears to the cries of our fellow-creatures, or by incessant contact with money—money—money!—In *my* view, Mr. Hamlyn is less than a man;—a mummy created by the process of injecting his very arteries with metallic fluid."

Not to his eldest son, but to Walter Hamlyn, the head and representative of *his* family—of the

establishment in Lombard Street, and of the seat of Dean Park—the future associate of the noble county families, who, if he was not raised to the peerage, was to succeed himself as member for Barthorpe, was the Banker devoted. But all his schemes were now bound up with obtaining Colonel Hamilton's immense fortune. On this depended credit, reputation, and every interest for which the weakly ambitious and unprincipled man had perilled his soul: nothing could be effected, save by Walter marrying the young widow. That superlatively fine guardsman, who had never seen Ellen, spoke with contempt of the match intended for him by his father. Following the way in which he had been trained, he had raised his thoughts to the high-born, cold, and haughty Miss Vernon, whose scheming mother, if their joint manœuvres to catch the young Marquis of Dartford failed, and if many more seasons revolved without seeing Lucinda nobly married, was disposed to look to the handsome guardsman, the heir of Dean Park, and of the millions of the Banking-house, as no despicable *pis-aller*. Though perverted by education, by Eton and Oxford and the Guards, young Hamlyn was not without heart, overlaid as it was by follies and vanities; but with the bright eyes and distinguished air of Lucinda Vernon before him, he rejected the idea of uniting himself with the widow; and swore that nothing on earth should shake his resolution. The condition in which he beheld his usually calm, passionless, imperturbable father, when he made this declaration, startled him, and begot strange suspicions:

"Nothing on earth! not even your father's entreaties,—your father's danger,—your father's misery,—your father's RUIN!"—demanded the elder Hamlyn, trembling in every limb, and apparently on the verge of distraction. "Take heed of what you are saying, Walter!" added he, with a glance that froze the young soldier's blood in his veins.—"You know not what it is to live stretched on the rack of a responsibility such as mine;—to exist day after day, and year after year, in all the agony and torture of having a golden Pactolus, stream like the waters of Tantalus, through my hands!—Very well for *you*, your mother, your brother, who glide through life enjoying without an effort the fruit of my labours, the fruit of my joyless days, my sleepless nights, my perilled salvation; all very well for *you*, I say, to disparage my labours, and recede from *this* sacrifice, or refuse *that* exertion, while your father is wearing himself down to the grave by his endeavours to preserve the honour of the family!"

Pausing for a moment in his impetuous volubility, Mr. Hamlyn suddenly filled his glass with wine, and swallowed it almost at a mouthful.

"But you may tax a man's faculties too far!"—cried he, with renewed fervour; "and beware, Walter,—beware of driving me to distraction.—I have this day cursed your brother, cursed him with a bitter and cleaving curse!—I have this day raised my hand against my wife, because she ventured to defend *his* disobedience. Do not tempt me into further outrages,—do not bring me to further shame. Walter, you are my eldest-born,—you are my heir. I have ever loved *you* better than the rest. You bear my father's name,—you will one day be my father's representative. For *you* I have toiled, for *you* I have suffered, for *you* I have *sinned*. Though the others are conspiring to bring down my hairs with sorrow to the grave,—my son, my son!—let me not have to reckon *you* among my enemies."

Convulsive sobs burst from the bosom of Richard Hamlyn, as he concluded this frantic apostrophe. . . .

Thus relieved, he seemed by degrees to recover some portion of tranquillity.

"Forgive me for having agitated you, my dear boy," faltered he, at length, though, in fact, it was himself alone who had given evidence of agitation. "I have this day, Walter, gone through much to disturb my mind,—much to depress my courage.—Your brother has grievously disappointed me. But we will talk of it another time,—another time, when I am more composed. Not a word on the subject to your mother. It is unfair and fruitless to entangle women in one's perplexities."..

"My dear father, I entreat, I *implore*, you to explain yourself!" cried Walter, becoming more and more alarmed, in proportion as his father appeared more rational. "Is there anything in which I can afford you the least comfort,—the least assistance?"

"Nothing!" replied Mr. Hamlyn. "Did you not tell me, just now, that my utmost entreaties, and three hundred and fifty thousand pounds, would not determine you to marry a widow? Such is the extent of your filial piety. But, as I said before, we will discuss the matter thoroughly another time."

"No! *now, now!*—What is there to prevent it?" cried Walter Hamlyn.

"The irritation of my feelings. I *cannot* talk of it with patience,—I *cannot* talk of it with reason. Your brother,—your cold-blooded, selfish brother, presumes to —but no matter, no matter!—When the stroke of retribution comes, it will fall on all,—root and branch,—sapling and tree.—Lord Vernon may triumph *then* to his heart's content over Hamlyn the banker."

Walter, forbidden to confide in any one, underwent severe mental uneasiness. The chain and sheet anchor of his fortunes seemed suddenly snapt asunder. But scarcely had they been five minutes in the drawing-room, when the cold, calm, leaden-eyed banker was himself again; and his son trembled at the idea that this assumed serenity might, in his honoured father, be the confirmed habit of hypocrisy. That crisis of the banker's fortunes was drawing near which neither hypocrisy nor fraud could longer avert. We see him, in interviews with clients of all classes, greedily receiving, and under fictitious pretences, the poor widow's mite; the poor clergyman's little savings for his infant family; the funds of the savings banks and the hospital of Ovington; the well-won accumulations of hard-working and frugal professional men; and even the money saved to purchase an annuity, for her old age, by his own governess. The small fortunes scraped together by a Scotch baronet for his unmarried daughters, were also swept into the vortex. Some of these parties had been recommended to Hamlyn the banker by Colonel Hamilton, as the most friendly man in the city, and by far the best for making a profitable and safe investment; one who, with many virtues, had no fault save being too much absorbed in money-making, and who already as rich as Crœsus still desired more. This is a fault which carries its own excuse to people having money to place advantageously. Hamlyn the banker appeared at this time to the world at the very pinnacle of prosperity. His wife hid her own sad thoughts in her heart; and his son had forgotten the late extraordinary ebullition of involuntary and partial confidence.

Let us see Hamlyn the banker in his last best days. The picture is masterly:—

"Richard Hamlyn was, as it has been already asserted,

as absolute in his firm as Richard Cœur de Lion at the head of his army. His nominal partner had not crossed the threshold of the counting-house for years; and over his subordinates, the acting-partner exercised all the influence arising from a character of the highest integrity, and eminent ability as a man of business. For the probity of the counter is distinguishing as the honour of knightly spurs; and the pen of Hamlyn the banker was glorious as the lance of Bayard.

Whenever a hitch occurred in the progress of business, the clerk in perplexity had only to ask five minutes' conversation with the head of the house, and all was unravelled, the funds in demand were forthcoming, and the question in suspense decided.

Few bankers' clerks have leisure to inquire more curiously into the private affairs of their principals, than regards the due payment of their salaries and the replenishment of the till. All that the establishment in Lombard Street knew or cared to know about those of the Hamlyns, was, that they were very opulent people, whose wealth, aided by the strong and speculative mind of Richard, was always on the increase; and the quill-drivers were accordingly happy, overbearing, and self-sufficient, as it becomes the clerkhood of a thriving house to be.

Still, there was one among them, Spilsby, (the bald-headed clerk, to whom the "widder o' John Darley o' Lemon-Tree Yard," had been turned over by his master,) who had a somewhat shrewder eye and more calculating mind than the rest. To *him* there were peculiarities in Mr. Hamlyn's mode of keeping the accounts. There were evidences of mistrust in his mode of receiving the dividends and disposing of the securities of the house, unsatisfactory to one who conceived that nearly twenty years of diligent service ought to have placed him nearer on a level with the head or heart of his employer.

His suspicions on these points once awakened, he had no hesitation in profiting by the facilities afforded by his situation, to pursue a variety of trifling investigations to which he had never hitherto given a moment's attention.

In short, the bald-headed clerk divined something very near the truth; and now commenced for the banker a new period of hidden terror and mental agony, surpassing all that he had yet endured:—

He had not the slightest doubt the head-clerk was more than half aware that all was not well with the concern; and his agony of anxiety to discover to what extent Spilsby was enlightened, was torture indeed! Every day, as he passed through the banking-house, his first glance was directed towards the bald-headed clerk. Every evening, when they left off business, his first care, when the keys were delivered to him, was to examine the eyes of Spilsby, to discover whether anything had transpired; whether a triumphant expression gleamed under his overhanging brows—or whether despondency depressed the corners of his mouth. A domestic traitor, such as this, was a million of times more to be dreaded than the Italian gossipings of Ellen Hamilton and Sir Roger Burlington's widow.

As is usual in such cases, the object of apprehension soon became aware of his power. . . . Spilsby saw that he had, at any moment, the means of discomposing the self-possession of Mr. Hamlyn, by a certain dry sneer, accompanying his manifesto of the prosperous state of their assets. He had only to fix his eye searchingly and insolently on his master, when announcing a large deposit, to render Richard Hamlyn's countenance infirm, and his answers incoherent.

All this was anguish to the banker. His pride in his Lombard Street autocracy was altogether destroyed. He could not stir, speak, write, move, but he fancied himself under the surveillance of Spilsby. . . . . .

Every step of self-possession ceded by the banker was a step of advance to Spilsby. The life of the clerk became one of prying and groping, surmise and scrutiny.

This game between master and man proceeded. It had, in short, become a strife for life or death of character, between the two. Though retaining towards each other the external courtesies becoming their mutual position, the looks of each spoke daggers. They often conversed together smilingly of the weather, when each was thoroughly aware that the other would willingly denounce him to the world,—the law—the gaol—the hangman!

Such was the intimate position of the man who was entertaining Ambassadors and Home Secretaries at his table, and commanding the cheers of the House of Commons!

One day, about this time, Colonel Hamilton came up to town to introduce an old Indian friend, Sir Robert Maitland, to his banker, which that gentleman esteemed no mean service: "A very *remarkable* man was the Banker, a man of such vast general information," and one of spirit too—had a son in the Blues. Thankfully did Sir Robert accept the banker's invitation to dine in Cavendish Square. He longed to see something of the commercial aristocracy, of the greatest mart of commerce in the whole world; and at Hamlyn's he saw in perfection the domestic life of the merchant princes. Little could he have surmised of the hollow basis of the glittering structure which his own hard-won thirty thousand pounds had gone to prop up, for a very few days more. The country guests, Sir Robert Maitland and Colonel Hamilton, went early; but the banker's carriage came late from the House of Commons:—

Sir Robert, while shaking hands with his agreeable host, now transformed from the seedy city drudge into the well-dressed, smiling, assiduous man of the world, fully anticipated from the bustle the announcement of some brother merchant,—some Baring, Roberts, Smith, Drummond, or Hoare. But, to his great surprise, the guest announced was one of the leading members of the Tory cabinet! Lord Crawley shortly followed. Then came Flimflam, the reviewer, by way of sippet to the ragout; then, the Earl of Harringford, a nobleman who might have worn a professor's gown had he not been born to a peer's robes; then, the Earl and Countess of Rotherwood; and, lastly, two men rarely seen out of the House of Commons,—one of them a learned lawyer, whom Flimflam accused of living within the rules of the Temple, and only being suffered to go out by a day-rule.

Sir Robert was a little surprised. He could almost have fancied himself in the lordly circle of Ormeau; except that he soon heard the arts and sciences, and politics, which, though neither an art nor science, possesses the power of crushing and extinguishing them all, discussed under the banker's roof with fifty times the *connaissance de cause* that ever enlightened such arguments at the table of his grace. . . . . .

Still less could he have imagined himself at the table of the Duke of Elvaston, when they arrived in the dining-room. Hamlyn, like all who have their way to make in society, was a professed dinner-giver, and studied the vocation as a science.

On *his* refined board, the lordly sirloin, so dear to the Duke of Elvaston and Sir Roger de Coverley, would have been out of place. But his fish course had been pronounced by the greatest epicure extant to be the most perfect in London; and the finest of the many fine gentlemen who honoured Walter Hamlyn with their company had been heard to say, that, though there might be finer plate and a vaster *locale* at D—— House, S—— House, or B—— House, nothing could exceed the elegant *savoir vivre* of Cavendish Square. It was the very boudoir of the temple of gastronomy.

Sir Robert, as became his age and calling, was fond of a good glass of wine; and fancied that the cellars at Ormeau afforded him glorious occasion for the indulgence of such a taste. But he now found himself nonplussed. Claret was no longer claret, nor Burgundy Burgundy; so various was the nomenclature, and so numerous the flavours under which each of his favourite wines pre-

tended to recommend itself to his notice! He found that even Moselle was a house divided against itself; and that Champagne, like man, in its time played many parts,—

Wearing strange shapes, and bearing many names.

Thus the banquet proceeded, seasoned by the jokes, anecdotes, and *impromptus à loisir* of Flimflam, who, a small Theodore Hook, excelled in his vocation. The host had a different cue. Mr. Hamlyn talked social truisms and political surfaceisms, to the astonishment of Sir Robert and the admiration of Colonel Hamilton:—

The Colonel and the General listened with their eyes, ears, and mouths; and at the close of every neatly-turned sentence, nodded approvingly to each other, as much as to say,—"With such men as *this* in parliament, how can the affairs of the country go amiss! Long live the conservative interest and the constitution!—Long live church and state,—army and navy,—the Queen and the British Grenadiers!"

"*There's* a head to settle a frontier treaty for you!" murmured Colonel Hamilton to Sir Robert, who had been tasting a fifth kind of claret.

"*There's* a conscience to entrust with our lives and liberties, our Consols and Exchequer-bills!" was the rejoinder, or thereabouts, of the K.C.B., who was topping up with curaçoa. And by the time they reached the drawing-room, both were in that mood of ineffable content produced by the digestion of a dinner too perfect to engender remorse in the stomach by the fumes of the mellowest of wine and mildest of sophistry.—At that moment, had either of them had in his pocket twenty thousand lacs of rupees for investment, he would have placed it in the hands of Hamlyn the banker with as little hesitation as in those of St. Paul.

Mr. Hamlyn formed the design of shipping off the bald-headed clerk as a consul to some distant place, and solicited the government, through his friend Lord Crawley, for an appointment then vacant; and the government was willing to oblige Mr. Hamlyn—for a consideration. The whole scene is admirable; but we can only give the upshot. Lord Crawley, who, during the dinner, wore a face as inexpressive as a whited wall, was brought to the scratch after dinner:—

As they entered the drawing-room together, he drew off his host towards an inner boudoir, where a fire was blazing, and the caricatures of H.B. lying scattered, for the recreation of loungers; aware that a *tête-à-tête* in which one of the *têtes* is that of a Secretary of State, is as sacred from intrusion as the *tête-à-tête* of a pair of engaged lovers.

"I need not tell you, my dear Hamlyn," said he, opening the palaver in an off-hand way, "that I gave immediate attention to the object of your letter of yesterday. I am half inclined to quarrel with you, by the way, that the first thing you have ever asked me to attempt for you should lie so thoroughly out of my department as to afford any possibility of failure. Consulships, as you are well aware, lie wholly at the disposal of the Foreign Office. . . . . .

"Encumbered as we are, I say, and forced as it were to divide by a miracle five barley loaves and three small fishes among a hungering multitude, it becomes impossible for us to consider our several leanings and inclinations. When reminded of this by my friend the Foreign-Secretary, I did not fail to put forward your claims as a zealous supporter of the administration, as well as the least importunate of our parliamentary succours. I leave you to guess what was his reply."

"I fear I am too little skilled in the mysteries of patronage to conjecture!" observed the crestfallen banker.

"Nay, there was no political trickery in it. All was as straightforward as if issuing from your temple of the Mammon of unrighteousness, Threadneedle Street. His lordship's policy is as practical as Lear's—'Nothing for nothing!' In one word, he told me that it was reported we had everything to fear from you on the Foreign Securities' question; and that, in the event of your petition being granted, we must have your pledge to support this as well as all other government measures."

Richard Hamlyn was conscious of an involuntary clenching of his hands as he listened. The measure in question (to which, with the fear of a treasury prosecution before our eyes, a fictitious name and nature has been assigned) was one of his political pets, the only point on which he differed from the views of the party with which he was as closely amalgamated as a Smyrna fig to the fellow-figs in its drum,—because the only political question that happened to hedge upon his private interests. He had cultivated it as a favourite plant; watered it, pruned it, supported it with sticks. Whenever it was before the House, he felt inspired; and it was in the maintenance of this darling measure, that he had indulged in those ebullitions of petulance to which allusion was formerly made. In city meetings composed of the friends of its policy, he was invariably called into the chair. It was *his* department, as much as Ireland is that of O'Connell, factory martyrdom of Lord Ashley, or Quarantine of Dr. Bowring! To abjure, to recant, was as for Peter to deny his master; and with a sense of magnanimity he had not experienced since he last figured on the Barthorpe hustings as "Hamlyn, the friend of the poor!" he prepared himself to reject the flagitious proposition of government, and renounce the Consulship of Tangier.

At that moment, however, there rose up clear and distinct before him as the spectrum said to haunt the solitude of a late premier,—a human head,—a bald head,—the head of Spilsby, the clerk;—producing in that warm and elegant chamber a far more glacial effect than the death's-head of the Egyptian feasts!—To rid himself of the haunting of such a presence, he felt ready to renounce all that Faustus is said to have assigned away by post-obit, to the Evil One of old.

Another minute, and the bargain was struck!—Virtue was gone out of the banker, and the disposal of one of her Majesty's richest Consulships in his hands!—

"This office is, I presume, to be filled by some near relative of your own, since you attach so much importance to it?"—said Lord Crawley, inwardly chuckling, as Delilah may have done while beholding the strength of her victim cut off, and lying scattered at her feet.

The office and salary of seven hundred a-year, so dearly purchased, was, strange to say, rejected by the bald-headed clerk, who when offered it soliloquized—

"Expend his parliamentary interest to the value of between seven and eight hundred a-year, or ten thousand pounds!—The mystery, whatever it be, is worth thirty thousand to him, at the least farthing."

The whole of these dramatic scenes are highly exciting—the passionate conflicts of the banker, have, indeed, a tragic force. All that the banker had cared for in the last twenty-five years, was to preserve the credit of an already ruined house; to save himself from the Gazette by fair means or foul; and longer this seemed impossible, when an accident, on which he had never calculated, revived his hopes. The youthful Marquis of Dartford had involuntarily yielded to the charms of the lovely and artless Lydia Hamlyn, the young and susceptible heart for which Lucinda Vernon had angled in vain. He was an only child; and his widowed and sickly mother offered no opposition to a *mesalliance* which, when she had seen her future daughter-in-law and her amiable mother, she eagerly promoted. When Mrs. Hamlyn sought her husband to announce this welcome intelligence, the conscience-stricken man, ever prepared to dread sudden exposure, feared that she came with some very different purpose.

The intelligence struck with double force upon the father's mind, after the humiliating panic by which it had been preceded !—For once, he was overpowered by natural emotion. . . . . .

"Do not let Lydia set her heart upon it !" was his parting counsel, as his wife, after due discussion of the measures to be adopted on the morrow, prepared to retire for the night. "I have a presentiment that something will occur to blight so brilliant a prospect."

Moderate as was the banker's avowal of surprise and triumph in presence of his wife, no sooner had he bolted himself anew within the privacy of his study, than he gave way to the wildest emotion. *His* daughter a marchioness !—The grand-daughter of Walter Hamlyn the banker,—a marchioness !—in the enjoyment of forty thousand a-year,—high precedence,—noble estates,—gorgeous jewels,—all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious rank !—The name of Hamlyn, of Dean Park, about to be connected with the hereditary peerage of the realm !—What would the Vernons say ; and how, henceforward, would the Elvaston family preserve their frigid distance !—Already, he seemed to behold the future Marquis and Marchioness of Dartford arriving in triumph at Ormeau !—

"My father would have been proud indeed had he lived to see this day !" naturally escaped him. But those words and that inauspicious name recalled him to the bitterer realities of life !—An involuntary shudder betrayed the sudden chill arresting the unusual expansion of his heart, as he reflected on all he had to fear, on all that might overtake both him and his during the interval to elapse before this splendid alliance could be accomplished !

To avert this the salary of the bald-headed clerk was raised—upon certain stringent conditions, peremptorily written out, and signed, sealed, in a moment—to eight hundred a-year, with an optional gift of two hundred more at Christmas. The ratifying of this paction in villany, is one of the most powerful dramatic scenes in the book. The banker, from a particular circumstance, began to be haunted by fear that even his unsuspicious friend, Colonel Hamilton, and his son Walter, suspected the embarrassed state of his finances. In this emergency—

Just as a physician will redeem at the last gasp, by some frantic stroke, the life of a patient with which for months he has been tampering,—or rather, just as a sleepwalker will direct his steps towards the broken bridge or crumbling wall, where those in full possession of their faculties must stumble, dizzied, into the abyss, —did the banker suddenly make up his mind to an act of desperation.

"That man secured, all might yet be well with me !" —was his train of reasoning.—"Recruited by these timely succours, and having the certainty of a noble return from my South American speculations, I might yet replace all the missing securities,—the Burlington Trust-money,—Hamilton's,—*all* my liabilities,—if I could secure the silence of Spilsby,—and, consequently, time for my affairs to come round. Something must be done ! To struggle day after day within the coil of that domestic serpent, I neither can nor will. I feel blasted in mind and body by his pestiferous breath ! A death by slow poison,—a conscious death,—a gradual decay of the flesh and the spirit,—were not more loathsome than to be waited upon by his clammy touch,—haunted by his stealthy tread,—addressed by his mealy voice,—watched by his cunning eye. By the GOD of heaven !—my breath seems stifled when I think upon him !"

In the irritation of his soul, with a sudden jerk he pulled the bell, and Spilsby came to him.

This long and powerful scene closed by the banker exclaiming :—

"If not friends, we are at least confederates for life, —confederates whose well-being is bound up in mutual conciliation. I shall receive you with all the consideration due to your confidential position in my establishment, with more than you ever received at my hands.—Be all trace of this interview banished between us !—Nothing on *my* part shall ever recall a disagreeable impression to your mind.—From *you* I expect similar forbearance."

"I trust, Sir, I shall never lose sight of the deference becoming my helpless dependence upon you !" replied Spilsby, gradually recovering the power of thinking, feeling, and speaking, for himself. "I would fain this explanation had never taken place.—But I have had no choice in the matter.—All I now desire is that it may be obliterated from your remembrance, as I shall strive to efface it from mine."

Thus ended this fearful struggle for life and death ; and no one who saw Richard Hamlyn upon Change that afternoon, sedate and courteous, receiving the congratulations of his intimates on the good news from Riga, and exchanging with the mere men of business with whom he was in connexion, the usual forms and negotiations of the day,—(while stockbrokers respectfully uncapped as he glanced their way, and many a gray-headed man of double his years stood aside with reverence for the passage of the righteous overmuch promoter of half the charitable institutions of the metropolis,) would have assigned the smallest credit to the asseverations of the bald-headed clerk, had he sworn on the Gospels in presence of the assembled magistrature of the city, to the truth of the scene described in the foregoing pages !—But life is full of contradictions.

Alas ! there are more Laocoons to be met with unsuspected, among the haunts of daily life, than all the united galleries of Great Britain afford to our inquiring view ! . . . . . .

The wondrous good fortune of the "pretty simpleton" Lydia, and of the banker through his daughter's alliance with nobility, provoked alike the envy of city and coroneted dames, and drew forth the biting jokes of Flimflam, who paid court to the Vernons, and opened another noble house for himself, by malicious attacks on the banker and his order, in which he was ably aided, or aided himself, in the Sunday papers. One day that the old Colonel had dined with a set of Indian friends and a few city magnates, he came home to his daughter-in-law out of spirits, not rallying her, as usual, upon the glory of having rejected the ultra-fine young Vernon, subdued the Home Secretary Lord Crawley, and conquered Lord Edward Sutton ; but in a chafed mood, as if his dinner had not digested well :—

"You see, they weren't exactly *all* old Indians !" said the Colonel. "Besides our own comfortable dozen, there were a few city grandees, and a monkey-man or two invited to put round the jokes, as in the old jovial days a good fellow used to be asked to help in putting round the wine. As ill-luck would have it, one o' these prating parrots was seated opposite to me ; and took occasion to address so many of his jokes to me, and to ask so many idle questions, as a pretence for lugging 'em in, that I suppose I looked surly, or took him up short ; for, by way of excuse for having tried to scrape acquaintance, he alluded to having dined with me at Hamlyn's. . . . . .

"Well, my dear ! no sooner had this ill-favoured, officious little monkey coupled the names of Hamlyn and Lord Crawley, than a pompous, pursy old fellow, (a Sir Benjamin something or other, who was sitting near us,) flared up into such an attack upon Hamlyn, that I was forced to take up his cudgels and lay about me in a style that's always disagreeable when one's enjoying a sociable party. But my man wasn't inclined to knock under, even when he saw me in such a deuce of a passion ; and didn't scruple to say that Hamlyn had sold his city colleagues to government,—that the little man in black (Flimflam, I think they called him,) would attest that the ambitious banker was going to be create

Lord Scrip,—and that in return for this empty distinction, he had withdrawn his parliamentary support from a question in which he was pledged, heart, soul, and honour, to advocate the interests of the great moneyed community in which he lives, and moves, and has his being!—'Let Richard Hamlyn only show his face in the city after the perpetration of the apostacy he is said to meditate,' said this stuffy old Sir Benjamin, (a Falstaff, without his wit!) 'and he may chance to have things thrown in his teeth he will find it difficult to digest!'"

"But *is* Mr. Hamlyn about to be created Lord Scrip?"—inquired Mrs. Hamilton, in some surprise.

"If so, he is a greater ass than I take him for!" retorted the Colonel. . . . . .

"Unless I am much mistaken, *no* pledge and *no* promise would be sacred in Mr. Hamlyn's eyes, if a coronet were dancing before them in an opposite direction!" observed Ellen. "In defending his cause, therefore, dearest Sir, I trust you were not tempted to commit yourself by denial?"—

"*Commit* myself?—to be *sure* I was tempted!" interrupted Colonel Hamilton.

Ellen knew the man. The pledge *was* broken; the peerage had been promised. The energetic character of Ellen was, at this juncture, displayed in the counsels she gave. She implored the Colonel to use his influence to change the determination of his friend; and she wrote instantly to Henry Hamlyn, informing him of his father's conduct, and the disgrace which impended over his name, earnestly exhorting him to interfere. Colonel Hamilton was afraid that his arguments would have little avail:—

"If you were at least to *try*?"—pleaded Ellen, courageously. "Half the objects in this world are lost for want of a struggle. We are too fond of concluding evil to be inevitable. For my part, I have the worst opinion of Mr. Hamlyn. I believe him to be base, calculating, heartless.—I believe he would sacrifice wife, child, friend, to his sordid speculations. I believe he would cause his children to pass through fire to Moloch, and see the existence of his sons blighted for ever, to secure the stability of his house of business. But there are arguments for all natures and capacities! This man, whose ears are shut to the cry of nature, is open to the influence of every breath of worldly opinion. Tell him how he is thought of,—tell him how he is spoken of,—tell him that the very honours for which he is bartering his good name will be spat upon and despised by the very fools he is intent upon dazzling. . . . . .

"The truest act of friendship we can perform towards a man, is to undertake towards him some painful office, from which others recede."

The strong-principled Ellen, on this day, visited Mrs. Hamlyn, and the happy and enchanted bride, young Lydia, whose lover never now left her side. No breath of the disgraceful step to which the father had pledged himself, had reached the bright happy home circle. Even Mrs. Hamlyn had forgotten, for the moment, the sorrows and mortifications of the wife, in the exultation of the mother:—

As Mrs. Hamilton passed the dining-room to return to her carriage, humbly escorted by Captain Hamlyn, who adored as the future Lady Edward Sutton the beautiful woman he had disparaged as Bob Hamilton's widow, she caught sight through the open door of the richly-laid table, which Ramsay was preparing for a dinner-party, with all its luxury of damask, crystal, china, plate,—its groaning sideboard, and glittering dumb-waiters.

"And these are the gewgaws," mused she, deaf to the tender nonsense Walter was whispering under his mustachios,—"for which this man is sullying his conscience! —These be thy gods, O Israel!—To think that hundreds and hundreds of men and women are induced to degrade themselves by debt, and harass their lives with remorse, in order that their ostentation may be graced by unmeaning gauds like these!"

The mother and daughter, unconscious of what was impending, went to a party, given among the many in anticipation of Lydia's marriage by Lady Rotherwood; and it was the papers of next morning, some loud in praise, others bitter in vituperation, which informed the Hamiltons and all the world of the apostacy of the banker. It was no pleasant subject for conversation; and they remained silent over their breakfast, when the Colonel was suddenly summoned to Cavendish Square, where Mr. Hamlyn lay, dangerously wounded in a duel with young Vernon!

They had met, at the close of the debate, in the lobby of the House of Commons, where the insolent scion of nobility, bred in contempt of "the Hamlyns of Dean Park," and loathing the family that were, as he imagined, to become that of the beautiful and wealthy woman who had rejected him, publicly insulted the banker on his political dereliction, in a way which could only be atoned by blood. We wish that we could have looked in upon the banker in the midnight hours spent in preparation for the hostile meeting; the last worldly hours of the worldly man, who is seen in this awful crisis not altogether devoid of human affections. His strongest affection, and his last thought, were for "Walter," who, for many hours, could not be found; while his dying father languished to behold him. In the meanwhile, all sorts of rumours were flying abroad; and also things more serious than rumours:—

While White's and Brookes's were lying and slandering in the levity of their hearts, while eating their oyster *pâtés* and waiting for their cutlets, far deeper mischief was produced in a quarter of the town where reports have a market value, and a fortune is sometimes realized by a dexterous fabrication.

Though the non-appearance of Mr. Hamlyn at the banking-house, at his usual time, had produced no anxiety, thanks to the plausible explanation he had taken the precaution of forwarding to Spilsby,—by the middle of the day, tidings reached the city that the body of Hamlyn the banker had been brought home to his house in Cavendish Square; some said by a policeman, others, by a surgeon who had vainly attempted to restore animation to the corpse. To this positive announcement succeeded a rumour, arising as rumours do, —none can tell how,—connecting the event with the fatal word SUICIDE!

There was an instant run on the bank; and the bubble burst, even before Hamlyn had breathed his last. The bank was in imminent danger of suspending its payments, when Colonel Hamilton magnanimously volunteered all his securities lodged with it to maintain its shaken credit. When "the friends" of the house, and its people of business, stock-jobbers and solicitors, and the wealthy city brothers of Mrs. Hamlyn, met, long before opening hours next morning, to devise how to support the credit of the firm in this sudden emergency, all had hung back. Colonel Hamilton was half indignant at their coldness; and Henry addressed the sullen party round the table:—

"Meanwhile," he said, suddenly withdrawing the clasped hands with which he had concealed his face,—"nothing is done,—and my father's credit is at stake,—the fruit of twenty years' undeviating integrity and unwearied labour!—He must not only die in the prime of life, but die humiliated and disgraced!"

Andrew Harrington, the brother of Mrs. Hamlyn, uttered not a syllable; but his brother Thomas was troubled with a short dry cough, which appeared of evil omen to the anxious bald-headed clerk, whose hope of assistance from what were called the friends of the house was becoming gradually extinguished.

"Were there time to call around us my father's friends and colleagues," persisted Harry,—"or had I only a dozen hours before me, I should feel safe. But if those on whom we have the claims of blood—"

"I tell ye what!"—interrupted Colonel Hamilton, laying his hand graspingly on Harry's arm to forestall words of fruitless exacerbation,—but himself addressing the party assembled round the table,—"I am myself nowise akin to Richard Hamlyn,—and no otherwise interested in his welfare than as from friend to friend. But in *my* view, that's a holier bond than many folks are disposed to admit; and so, I'm willing to stand the gist of what others are startled at. I've a matter of about two hundred thousand pounds, say two hundred thousand, in various securities lodged with the house, most of them tangible; and all I can say is, that the firm is perfectly at liberty to convert as much of them into money for its own purposes, as will carry it safely through the storm."

A murmur of gratitude and admiration burst from the solicitors, stockbrokers, and clerk, wholly indifferent to Colonel Hamilton. . . . . Andrew Harrington and his brother regarded him with a look of the same contemptuous pity they would have bestowed upon a patient escaped from a lunatic asylum.

After a pretended search by the bald-headed clerk, it was found, as he well knew, that no such securities existed. The stock had all been sold!—

"And yet, strange and melancholy to say," pursued the clerk, "no entry of these sales appears to have been carried to Colonel Hamilton's account!"

"I feared as much!"—was the whispered ejaculation of Andrew Harrington to his brother.

"I had, perhaps, better take this opportunity of stating," resumed Spilsby with blanched lips,—"that the course of examination into the private accounts of the firm in which I have passed the night gives me reason to fear that other securities of a similar nature will prove deficient."

"Sell my stock!—dispose of my property!" murmured Colonel Hamilton. "Well, 'tis my own fault!—I gave him free leave." . . . . . .

The bald-headed clerk interrupted the somewhat severe schooling of Mr. Harrington, by addressing in a low voice to Colonel Hamilton a succession of inquiries, to which answers were returned aloud by the veteran, with irrepressible exclamations of surprise.

"Gone!"—cried he. "The India Bonds sold!—The Spanish too!—In short, I am to look on myself as a ruined man!"

Spilsby had not courage to meet the eyes of the old soldier; still less, to utter a syllable in reply.

"Well, well!"—cried he. "At all events, Moonjee's remittances are at present on the high seas. Thanks be to Providence, I may still find butter to my bread! And to think that the friend in whom I confided as in my Maker should have done this!—The Lord forgive him." . . . . . .

"I see no use in attempting to keep up the farce!" said Andrew Harrington, in a determined voice. "My nephew having left the room, poor fellow, I state at once my opinion, that to open the house for the despatch of business is wholly out of the question. It is impossible to surmise to what amount the credit of Hamlyn may be compromised. The fact is, that the firm was involved at the old man's death. Ever since, instead of retrieving himself by self-denial and economy, Richard Hamlyn has been plunging deeper and deeper into the mire, and attempting to cut through the knot of his difficulties by mad and unjustifiable speculations. *My* remonstrances on the subject produced enmity between us;—and Heaven knows it is no satisfaction to *me* that all my predictions concerning my unfortunate sister's family have so speedily come to pass!"

Colonel Hamilton carried Henry away with him, the unfortunate young man scarcely conscious of what he was about, or where he was. The Colonel laid him on a sofa, and was anxiously leaning over him, when Ellen hurried to them. The Colonel forestalled her question:—

"Yes! all is over, Nelly!"—said he. "The house has stopped payment. Go to him! Say a kind word to him. The poor fellow has no longer a guinea in the world—"

Ere he could add another syllable, Ellen was beside the scarcely conscious young man—taking his hands into hers, pressing them to her lips, her eyes, rather with the wild tenderness of a mother who finds a lost child restored to her, than the shamefacedness of a mistress or sober affection of a wife.

"Mine for ever!"—whispered she, with streaming eyes, as she pressed him to her heart. "*Ours* for ever!" she repeated, turning towards Colonel Hamilton, who had advanced towards them, and was contemplating with deep feeling the fervent nature betrayed at such a moment by the woman he had always seen so cold, so haughty, so reserved.

Taking their united hands in his, the old man murmured a fervent blessing on their heads. And then, for the first time since he became aware of the family dishonour, the tears of Henry Hamlyn burst forth.

The lover of Lydia acted with equal generosity. He separated the chosen wife of his heart, and her mother and brothers, from the unhappy father, who had died just in time to save his family further exposure and disgrace. Every one acted nobly,—even the Harringtons, the sturdy city merchants. But how fared it with the memory of the man of hollow pretensions and hypocrisies? Scarcely had the breath of life left his body, when,

Not a private paper, not a secret memorandum, of the man so cautious in his frauds that his very shadow was scarcely admitted to participation in the mystery, but was now a matter for advertisement on all the walls and palings of the metropolis, to augment the sale of the Sunday papers!—Such is the shortsighted cunning of the crafty;—such the hollowness of dishonest ostentation!—The errors committed by Richard Hamlyn, the crimes perpetrated by the banker, had originated solely in a desire to create in the eyes of the world a false seeming of opulence and dignity. And now, not a huckster within twenty miles of Dean Park,—not an apprentice in the City of London,—but was aware to a fraction of the amount to which old Walter Hamlyn had been involved at his death, and of the annual thousands abstracted by him from the property of his constituents, to enable him to give costly dinner-parties,—figure at royal entertainments,—and maintain, in the history of the shire of Warwick, the factitious consequence of "Hamlyn of Dean Park." The man of iron will was already mocked and derided in his shroud by the puppets he had despised;—the man of immaculate virtue recognised as a knave;—the man of exquisite dissembling unmasked, that all might point the finger at his detection!—The very beggar at the crossing in Lombard Street who had been wont to profit by his pharisaical almsgiving, would not for worlds have exchanged the memory of *his* life of mud and rags, hunger and cold, for that of the man of purple and fine linen, who had dipped in the dish with princes of the blood,—fattened on the good things of this world,—commanded the cheers of parliament,—the esteem of his fellow-citizens,—and the confidence of dupes to the amount of hundreds of thousands!—

The disastrous consequences of the bankruptcy spread far and wide, producing misery and ruin in many innocent families. The wife of the vicar, who received the news when in a delicate state of health, was prematurely confined, and became the first

victim to the spirit of dishonest and reckless speculation and extravagance. So indignant were the country people, that it was judged improper to take down the remains of Mr. Hamlyn to the family burying vault, as tumult and insult might be expected. The deathbed of the exemplary and charitable Mrs. Markham, who, in her delirium, had called upon "the grasping banker to render back the widow's mite, the orphan's pittance, the solace of the aged, the bread of the hungry," was still too keenly felt by the honest rustics.

Walter Hamlyn suffered the most deeply from these humiliations; for he knew none of the rich consolations administered to his brother and his sister, whose burthen of shame and sorrow was participated by affectionate hearts. And Henry, who took wider views, saw something to lessen the turpitude of his parent in the vices and corruptions of our social institutions; in the system which had originally led to the idle emulation of his grandfather with Lord Vernon. Colonel Hamilton was not without his secret share of suffering. He was still rich enough for his wishes; for, luckily, his last consignment from Bombay had not come to hand to be swallowed up with the rest; but he had lost his friend, his counsellor, his trust. Yet his *well-its-no-worse* philosophy was ever sustaining; and he had also deep cause for thankfulness, as he said to his daughter-in-law, when he compared his lot with that of others:—

"Heaven knows, my dear, 'twould be sinful were *we* to repine, so well off as we are, when others are suffering so much more severely! There's poor Miss Creswell, who had been looking forward to comfort and competence, left without a shilling, and life to begin again, just as she had earned the privilege of rest. There's that worthy Dr. Grantham, Quiddle was telling us of yesterday, with his large family of children and his paralytic stroke. There's that wretched widow woman, who got hold of me by the arm the day I was coming away from Lombard Street with Harry, and talked about Hamlyn's obligations to her poor dear dead and gone John Darley,—and that she should be turned out of the stable-yard where she'd bided for forty years. There's Sir Robert Maitland, whom I myself betrayed into the scrape;—and, above all, there's poor, dear Markham, so broken-hearted, yet so resigned; with the children crying round his knees for their mother, who, were he to die to-morrow, would may-be be crying for bread!—As to those poor souls at Ovington,—oh! Nelly, Nelly! The more I think of it all, the more I feel that I cannot be sufficiently grateful to Providence for such a mitigation of my lot, and the power of yielding them some assistance!"

Another person who drank with submission the bitter lees of the chalice of humiliation presented to her lips, was the banker's unfortunate widow. In the comfort afforded by the succourable hand extended towards her children by the brothers who, through life, had held apart from her husband, and in the unaltered affection of young Dartford for her beloved daughter, she found unlooked-for alleviations. . . . . .

It was from the house of her worthy uncle that Lydia went forth, in soberness and tranquillity, without so much as laying aside her mourning attire, to become the bride of one of the first nobles in the realm. In scarcely any other spot would she have found courage to leave her mother at such a moment. But the house of Andrew Harrington was one in which Mrs. Hamlyn could abide without a painful sense of dependence. He was a widower. His only child, a daughter some years younger than Harriet Hamlyn, not only adored her cousins, but was eminently benefited by Miss Creswell's sojourn under her father's roof; and towards his sister, the blunt merchant was uniformly and tenderly scrupulous in moderating his expressions and mollifying his deportment. She had no difficulty in perceiving that, if Walter had no severer Mentor, he had also not a truer friend on earth, than his uncle Andrew.

"For that young man, Sophy," he would sometimes say to his sister, "all that has happened is for the best. The break-up was just in time. He was not *quite* spoiled."

And the banker's meek, submissive wife was, as a widow, richly consoled for the trials and sufferings of her married life. No prettier, or more commodious cottage, could be seen in England than that which Mrs. Hamlyn found prepared for her by her noble son-in-law, when she first visited the Marchioness in Shropshire, where she remained far away from scenes which must awake bitter remembrances:—

Such a cottage,—surrounded by such a garden,—and furnished with such elegant simplicity as never cottage was furnished before,—had been completed for her use! —Furniture, plate, linen, books not only marked with her name, but chosen with such careful and tender deference for all her tastes and occupations!—Not a flower, not an author that she loved, but was there to greet her; and though nothing could be more unpretending than the little snuggery, it was so well distributed as to contain everything and everybody;—Harriet's and Miss Creswell's room, adjoining her mother's; and not only dens for Walter and Henry, but pleasant spare chambers for Colonel Hamilton and Ellen, whenever they could be prevailed upon to join the family party at Dartford Hall.

Henry, no longer an elect-banker, returned to Cambridge, to complete his studies and take his degree before receiving the hand of Ellen; and, in process of years, Walter had so far won upon the regard of his uncle, Andrew Harrington, that in due season he assumed that honest name, on receiving with it the hand of his fair cousin and two hundred thousand pounds. We leave Mrs. Hamlyn on the eve of her younger daughter's marriage with Lord Edward Sutton; and are glad to find that there is no truth in the gossip which gave herself in wedlock, of which she has had enough, to General Hamilton. Her son Henry's children are his heirs. Both the Banker's sons are remarkable for the simplicity and frugality of their habits of living.

Such is a meagre outline, a shrivelled skeleton of one of the most instructive, and thought-suggesting, of Mrs. Gore's entertaining and artist-like fictions; and, perhaps, the richest of them all in the matured fruits of reflection, and experience of actual life. The despicable vanities, sordid vices, and ultimate villanies of Hamlyn, are neither imaginary, nor in the least exaggerated; and they are among those which, to its inmost core, corrupt modern society; which, in all classes, and in a vast number of instances, seems practically to reverse the maxim of Wordsworth, and assume, as its leading rule, "*high* living and *low* thinking."

AUSTRALIAN SKETCHES.

BY THOMAS M'COMBIE.

No. II.—THE BUSHRANGERS.

DURING the year 1840, as I was idling away the sultry afternoon of a Sydney summer day, I was rather rudely interrupted by the boisterous entrance of an old acquaintance, who had just come down from the Bathurst district with his wool. The very sight of a settler in town on his annual cruise is refreshing to me; it is even something of a relief from dull care to witness the zest with which a settler, after twelve months' solitary confinement in the bush, enters into the gaieties and pleasures of a town life. It appears to you almost singular the relish he has for what has long ago palled upon your appetite. From very sympathy, you begin to have a little enjoyment of what before was all but sickening from surfeit.

William Beattie Alexander was from the part of England in which I first opened my eyes upon the highway of life. He had, however, been two years in the colony before me. At home, he was a cutting, dashing fellow. He dressed in a smart sporting, or Newmarket coat; galloped about to races and fox-hunts; and spent his father's money at a great rate. His father died in comparatively poor circumstances. The neighbours, ever ready with their opinion, predicted that the sporting Bill Alexander would soon run through what little money he had, and go to ruin. Much to their surprise, they were disappointed. Alexander started for New South Wales. When he arrived in Sydney, and walked on shore to deliver his letters of introduction, such an extraordinary swell had not been seen for many a day in that town. The people of Sydney see everything and say little. He saw it would not go down. He was no fool; and he made a pretty shrewd guess that he was set down for a thorough ass. After looking round for some weeks, he bought sheep and went up the country. People shook their heads; and those who took the trouble to speak on the subject, gave it as their opinion, that Alexander would soon be seen in Sydney again, disgusted with the bush. Alexander could see plainly that no one cared the sixth part of a straw for him. He, therefore, adopted the most prudent system. He looked after his sheep; and with the sole exception of a week or two of dissipation, when he made his annual journey down with his wool, he was steady and industrious. In fact, he was fairly transformed into the cool, calculating, and thrifty sheep-farmer of Australia.

It was, perhaps, natural that, being from the same part of our far-off fatherland, Alexander should attach himself to me when he came to Sydney. It was, however, an awkward thing for me; as, being neither rich nor of noisy and dissipated habits, it put me fairly out of my way. Alexander, it is true, would willingly have paid my share in any expensive lark; but this, again, I would not, of course, for a moment hear of. I did not like to give in to it; but it had hitherto been out of my power to get off. Alexander was a good-hearted fellow. He, doubtless, considered me a dull, moping book-worm; and wished, as he expressed it, to laugh the parson out of me. So I could not be angry with poor Alexander; and I had always taken his extravagancies in good part.

It so happened, however, that at this particular period I was labouring under great mental depression, caused by the news of the melancholy death of a beloved relative in my far-off fatherland. With me, when anything takes place to excite an undue preponderance of any of those subtile essences named feelings and passions, particularly the passion of grief, it is many days before my mind recovers from the shock. The information of the death of a dearly-beloved friend, falls upon the heart with tenfold poignancy at a great distance from home. It blights and withers the heart with the cold wintry chill; the desire to live is at an end. You parted with your friend, it may be, gay and happy, in the heyday of youth and promise. True, a tear "bedimm'd the eye" when you parted; but the hue of health was on the cheek; the fire of thought gleamed from the speaking, sparkling eye; life and vitality, feeling and thought, were there. What aspirations have gone home over the vast waste of waters after that friend! How many weary, heavy hours have been cheered by the thought of being reunited to part no more! What a solace it was, after the slights and neglects and selfishness of the world, to think that one being, however distant, joyed when you joyed, and sorrowed when you sorrowed, and loved with a pure flame of love, unalloyed by aught mercenary! Perhaps you left home in quest of fame and fortune, that this very one might learn of your success, and joy over it. You receive a letter containing the information of the death of the loved one, —perhaps a mother or a father, a sister or a brother. Without any preparation, you open and read: you cannot believe it. The whole world is now but a dull blank; the object of existence is fled. The thoughts of being kindly remembered by the loved one, had lightened the heavy load of care, and made the altar of home sweet to remember. You kept up a constant intercourse with your friends in thought, although far away. You paid respect to what you conceived would be their opinion on any subject. You thought of them as present, although absent; and you find the grave has mocked you; and while you thought they lived, they have been rotting in the cold, damp churchyard. But the spirit has not departed; it is present now. Conjured from the grave by love, may it abide for ever!

> O mother, wherefore speak the name of death!
> Cease they to live, and move, and breathe,
> Who die!

I was not by any means pleased at having my

melancholy reverie so rudely broken in upon; and after the first warm greetings had passed, I informed Alexander of the severe dispensation under which I was labouring. As usual, he attempted to laugh it off; but my manner was so serious, that he very soon took his leave. He came and sat with me, however, an hour or two every morning during his stay in town. He gave me a pressing invitation to ride up with him, and try the effect of country air. I was unwilling to attempt it; but at last I was persuaded to give it a trial, as I would, at any rate, see something of the country and of bush-life. He cut down his stay to a week, on purpose to get me away; and one fine Monday morning we set out on horseback, bound for Bathurst.

Bathurst is the Yorkshire of Australia. There the finest stock may be seen. The wealthiest graziers are the Bathurst settlers. In a fine day, the far-famed plains of Bathurst present a scene of no ordinary animation and gaiety. Vehicles roll along the lovely forest glades, the inmates of which are radiant with the hues of health, beauty, and happiness. The Australians are—especially apart from the excitement of the towns, where commercial distress sometimes throws a gloom over even an Australian—a gay, chaffing, fun-loving race, as light-hearted and elastic as their own sunny clime. The plains of Bathurst present a faint idea of what a happy life the future inhabitants of the country will lead when it becomes thickly settled, and the graziers and sheep-farmers live, surrounded by their families, in peace and plenty. At present the country is new, and, as a natural consequence, poor. There is, however, a rich field for the industry of man; and poverty will, in a few years, be succeeded by comparative wealth. The country is now rich in herds and flocks; and the first capitalists of Great Britain acquired their wealth from the same source, as we are informed by many writers who have entered upon a discussion of the state of society in that country during the reign of the last Henry and Elizabeth, the period when the feudal power of the lords of the soil was breaking down, and society in a state of transition towards the power of the people and of commerce: that vast power which, in future ages, was to astonish the world.

In an assemblage of several hundred persons on Bathurst plains, the eye of the most careful observer would search in vain for a sour or dissatisfied look. Every one that goes abroad appears to enter, with his whole heart and soul, into the scene. The young men career along on horseback with all the grace for which the Australians are remarkable. It is a life replete with freedom. The Australian carries, in his tall, light, elegant person, and wild sparkling eye, the noble and independent air of one who cares not a straw for any one on earth. The only dread that the most timid entertain, is of the wild bands of bushrangers which, in former times, inspired terror, and spread ruin and despoliation over whole districts. At one time, those bands of blood-thirsty marauders kept the whole country in a state of the most feverish alarm; but, of late years, they have nearly disappeared. A few stray runaway assigned servants will, however, sometimes, even at the present day, join together, and start on their cruel work of robbery and murder; although their career is but very temporary; as, the moment the existence of such a band becomes known, the settlers of the district, fully alive to the necessity of checking the thing at first, rise simultaneously, and attack the desperadoes. A good deal of blood flows at times when the bushrangers make an obstinate defence; and the battle will sometimes continue until every one of the ruffians fall. It was my fate to come in contact with one of these bands during my residence at Alexander's station; and I am about to lay a description of the scene before the reader.

That gentleman's station was on the banks of a small creek, in rather a retired part of the Bathurst district. The hut was inferior to most of those around; although, when compared with the huts on many stations in the newer districts, it would have been looked upon as superior in style. It was built of heavy slabs, and made secure against wind and weather by a thick coating of clay and mud. It had a division across; and the inner room was occupied as a bed-room. The outer apartment was without any furniture whatever, except a lumbering deal table, and about half-a-dozen sawn logs, which answered in place of chairs. A huge chimney in the back, built of rough stone and clay, sent a perpetual stream of heat through the place, which sent a stranger asleep in ten minutes, at the usual computation. There was no floor; but the earth was trodden down to a hard consistency, and was no bad substitute for a deal floor.

The whole affair was a novelty, and I enjoyed it exceedingly. The day passed in a perpetual round of pleasant amusements; hunting, fishing, and chasing wild cattle on horseback. The hut was situated on the banks of the creek, upon a rising ground which commanded a view of a vast tract of country. It was a lovely scene. There lay the open forest, stretching away for many miles in quiet beauty; the sun streamed down upon many a lovely white cottage, deeply embedded amongst the rich colonnades of living trees; while fairy-like perfumes fanned my face, and shed a fragrance around, which, with the glorious scene and cloudless sky, made me almost leap with joy. How wonderful, I often exclaimed, will be the future history of this embryo nation! How many years may elapse before it will emerge from its present state of insignificance, and rank with the mighty nations of the north? The first inhabitants have been a strange amalgamation: may their descendants be a virtuous, brave, liberal-minded, and generous-hearted race! When the amusements of the day had ended, we partook of a dinner set out in a plain manner, but such as the first hôtels in England could not have exceeded in quality,—fish, flesh, and fowl, in the greatest plenty. After dinner we went comfortably to sleep until tea-time; for Alexander did not allow spirits, or even wine, within his hut. The reader will, perhaps, consider this a strange anomaly in his character. It is, however, a very common

event for temperance bushmen to become wild during their short stay in town.

About three weeks after I had been domesticated on Alexander's station, I was surprised to see my host return one forenoon at full speed, and, with a look of the greatest consternation, give orders to have the windows of the hut barricaded, and the doors secured. He informed me that he had been a few miles down the creek, where he had received information of a party of bushrangers that had been robbing and murdering at more than twenty stations; and as the ruffians were but two or three miles off, it was most likely we should be favoured with a visit from them that very evening. He was determined to give them a warm reception, and defend his hut to the last extremity. He put it in my power, however, to escape on horseback in a direction contrary to that by which the band were approaching. This, however, I would not hear of. I am far from entertaining an overweening conceit of my own courage; yet, upon an emergency, I can "stand fire" as well as another; and, at any rate, am above such a mean act as leaving a friend in a situation of danger.

A scout was stationed outside to give notice of the approach of the bushrangers the instant they should appear. We cut up several deal boards into equal lengths, and secured the windows inside. A heavy bar was made as a double security for the door, as Alexander expected the bushrangers would burst the lock. All the fire-arms about the station were looked out and put in proper trim, ammunition and cartridges were prepared, the scout was recalled, and the door firmly secured. There were three of us in the hut; Alexander, the hut-keeper, and myself. We expected every moment to hear the tread of the bushrangers' horses as they came up the hill; but we were disappointed. Hour after hour passed slowly away, and we heard not a sound. It began to get dark; and as we had not tasted anything since the dawn of day, we partook of some cold mutton and bread. Not a word was spoken: the length of time we had waited for the attack had made us both nervous. Ten, twelve o'clock passed away, and yet they came not. Alexander now began to suppose the bushrangers had taken some other route, and that our station had escaped their notice. About one we went to bed. All was quiet during the night. Morning dawned as usual; and as Alexander was now confident that the bushrangers had taken a contrary direction, the door was opened, and we sat comfortably down to breakfast. Hardly, however, had we been seated at the table, when the hut-keeper, who was outside, rushed in, crying—"O God, there they come!" Alexander started to the door; and, sure enough, he beheld five men mounted on horseback and heavily armed, riding up the hill at full speed. He had just time to shut the door, and make all secure, when they came up.

There were three of us in the hut; but the hut-keeper was unarmed. I had a double-barrelled fowling-piece, and Alexander had his rifle. The party halted at the door; and the voice of one, who appeared to be the leader, roared—"Halloo, within there! Who lives here? Speak, you —— ——, or we will send you to damnation in five minutes." We answered not a word. The whole party dismounted; and having tied their horses to a fence, proceeded to try the door. So well had Alexander secured it, however, that, although the lock burst in five minutes, it withstood all further efforts; and, with dreadful oaths, the ruffians gave the attempt up in despair. "If you have any wish to live," cried the leader, "you had better surrender, and open the door; for we are certain to get in, and we will blow out the brains of every man of you." We did not speak. They now approached the windows; and, having smashed the glass, began to batter down the deal boards inside. It was with a beating heart that we saw them give way. The lowermost board loosened, and at last fell in with a heavy crash. Alexander was kneeling in the corner of the room; and the moment the board fell in he discharged his piece straight through the opening. I reserved my fire to protect the breach while he reloaded. The leader roared out, "You —— ——, you shall suffer severely for that. Set fire to the hut at once," he continued to his coadjutors; "surround it with arms presented, and shoot the —— as they rush out."

All was quiet now for some minutes, when the leader again spoke. "You are acting a very foolish part," he said; "you are exasperating us, and bringing your fate on your own heads. We only want money and arms, and you shall have one more chance for your life. Come out at once, and we will not harm you." Alexander began to perceive that this was the most prudent step; and he answered him, being the first word which had been spoken on our part, "that if he would promise not to harm any of the party, he would undo the door." The promise was given; and Alexander left his corner to go towards the door. As he passed the opening in the window a ball whizzed past him, grazing his arm in its progress. Enraged at such a flagrant breach of faith, Alexander sat down in sullen silence, and refused to give any reply to the further questions of the bushrangers. A heavy pile of wood was placed against the door; and every preparation made for smoking us out. "You had better come out at once," again cried the leader, as he set about kindling the fire; "for you will be burned alive in twenty minutes."—"I am afraid," said Alexander. "You did not keep any faith with me last time, and I will not trust you."—"If you come out now," replied the bushranger, "I pass you my word of honour that no harm shall approach you; and you stay there to certain death." It was but too true: our sole chance was now to surrender. We delivered our arms over to the leader through the opening in the window; and in rushed the whole body, having smashed the barricade to atoms with one or two strokes of their heavy battering-ram.

"Down on your knees, you —— ——, and beg for your life. You will not; then take this," cried the most ferocious ruffian, discharging a pistol at the head of poor Alexander, which wounded him in the cheek. We both sank down. For my part I made my mind up for death; and for Alexander, the blood flowed copiously from the wound in his

face, which, added to his otherwise ghastly countenance, increased the terror of the scene.

"Now," said the leader, "you have but one chance for your life: I promised to save it. If you act honestly with us, I mean to do so. We want money; and as we are well aware there is money here, deliver it up, and we will do you no farther harm."

I replied, that we had little money; but all that we had he was welcome to.

"Produce then, at once," replied the ruffian already mentioned, "without any of your fine mincing lady-miss speeches, or," continued he, in a threatening manner, presenting his piece at my head, which, by the way, was upon full cock, "you shall be sent to hell in a minute!"

All the money in the place did not exceed five pounds, and some odd silver. The bushrangers had expected a richer booty; and were in a passion at being disappointed in their expectations. "You are concealing your money," said the leader. "You had better produce it at once, as I will shoot you if you do not." The whole of the five now presented their guns, on full cock, at our heads: the finger of each was upon the trigger. It was a fearful sight; the least stumble on their part would have sent one or both of us into eternity.

We know you are concealing the money in the house from us," said the leader. "Now, I will count over three times, and at the third, if you do not produce it, we fire. Once, twice;" the fingers of each fumbled about the lock. I bowed my head to die. "Good by, Alexander," I exclaimed. "Farewell," he said. "God bless you!"

"Alexander," said the leader, "are not you from the county of ——?"

"I am, indeed," said poor Alexander. And the very thoughts of the blue hills, yellow corn-fields, and clear rapid streams of the home of his early days, made a tear start. I saw it, and was ready to weep for very sympathy. The thoughts of old times and old friends, of a dear father and beloved mother, over whom the grass of the churchyard grew; of many kind-hearted friends, whom I might not now behold in this world, made an unconscious sigh escape from a breast where grief had already been making havoc. That question saved our lives. "Pooh!" said he; "I am from your county, and will not see you hurt; so give up your money, and be friends."

"But, Captain," continued the savage-looking monster already mentioned, "the other —— ——; we had better shoot him at once."

"O! for God's sake, do not touch him, Captain; he is from your county likewise," cried Alexander.

"Let him alone," said the Captain, giving his worthy subordinate an equivocal look. "If you harm either, look out." And he touched his own gun in a significant manner.

The Captain required each of us to take an awful oath, that we had no more money in the house; and likewise, that we would not bear arms against them. He then took our watches and gold rings; but upon my soliciting to be allowed to retain my ring, which was of inconsiderable value, he threw it at me, and jokingly said, "You must not come it, countryman, over me too often." We were now led outside, and closely watched; while the bushrangers proceeded to partake of an excellent breakfast. They carried a few bottles of rum with them; and the leader several times came out, glass in hand, and drank to us both; swore "we were downright good fellows, and he wished us well for the sake of ——." Strange! that the ties of home and country bind the heart most hardened in wickedness! By the account of others, this fellow had been the most ruthless and blood-thirsty of the band; ordering his grim satellite to slay all before him; yet to us he was even kind. Poor fellow! wicked as he was, he met a quick and severe retribution for his deeds of blood.

We had been about twenty minutes out of the hut, and were closely guarded by one of the band, who covered us with a double-barrelled gun; but no farther insult was offered. The fun inside waxed furious, as the rum began to take effect. I observed Alexander to prick up his ears, and listen attentively. I also thought I heard a distant sound, like the murmuring of the wind in the forest, or the rush of a body of horsemen at a great distance. By and by, the sound became distinct, and we could hear the tread of a large party approaching at full speed. Such was the confusion in the hut, that the bushrangers were not aware of their danger until their pursuers had come in sight; but, under any circumstances, I do not think they would have fled. The leader drew his men up abreast outside the hut, and, in this position, they awaited the pursuing party. On they came, in full career; but, unfortunately, they did not wait to form into any regular order, but came up straggling like so many geese. The consequences might have been foreseen. When within ten yards from the hut, the bushrangers discharged four or five barrels straight in their faces. They wavered, and fairly faced to the right-about, and down the hill as fast as they could scamper. There was, in the rear of the party, a stiff, high-coloured old gentleman, a retired cavalry officer of distinguished merit. He was mounted on a little pony, which was the reason he could not get to the front. He was indignant at the cowardly conduct of the front line, or more correctly, front mob—for it could not be termed a line—and abused them as poltroons. Ashamed of their conduct, they halted at the bottom of the hill, and asked the old veteran to lead them on. He complied willingly, for it was to him a labour of love. He first commanded eight of the party to dismount, and, under cover of the forest, which, on one side, ran almost close to the hut, to keep up a constant fire, so as to divert the attention of the bushrangers from the party that was to make the attack in front. The old warrior mounted a strong horse, and, unsheathing his long shining blade, proceeded to place his forces in regular order. There remained of the party twelve horsemen. He divided them into two lines of six men, and took his own station in the middle of the front line. Onwards they came, slow and steady. The old soldier sat stiff and upright in his saddle, looking neither to the right nor left. He had the look of a thorough

disciplinarian; and his cool courage animated his followers. When about fifty yards' distance from the enemy, the party of foot poured in a deadly fire. "Forward, men," cried the veteran; and discharging their pistols in the faces of the enemy, they were upon them in an instant. The horse of the old veteran was a young high-spirited animal; and by the proper use of the curb and spur at the very moment of closing, he reared. Expecting to be trodden down, the leader drew a pistol and presented it at the horse's head. He had not time to fire, however; the bright blade of the veteran was seen to make a quick circle above his head, and the bushranger fell, with a horrible gash in the forehead. The fall of the leader appeared to damp the courage of the others, and they retreated to the hut, and poured a most destructive fire upon their pursuers from the opening in the window. One or two of those in the front rank were wounded; and the veteran drew his men aside, to be out of the reach of their fire.

During the time that what I have been relating was going forward, we had remained inactive. We had sworn not to bear arms against the bushrangers, and we likewise were unarmed. Alexander was faint with loss of blood, from the wound he had received, and I had been endeavouring, for some time, to prevail upon one of the party to go in quest of a surgeon. In this, however, I could not succeed; no one would leave the spot. What was to be done? Alexander was not to die unaided, while I was able to help him. I therefore gave the hut-keeper strict charge to attend him in my absence; and, seizing one of the horses, galloped off, about twenty miles down the creek, in quest of the nearest surgeon. I did not draw bridle until I reached his station, and upon explaining the matter, and requesting his aid, I was beyond measure chagrined to learn that the bushrangers had been with him before, and made him swear not to follow them. I argued with him for a length of time, and informed him that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, his oath was not binding. It was long before I could convince him; but such was my anxiety for my friend, that I informed him I would not go without him. He at length consented to accompany me, with a very bad grace, and having mounted his steed, away we galloped for Alexander's station.

Upon our arrival, Alexander was worse, and so faint with loss of blood as scarcely to be able to raise his head. The surgeon, however, pronounced the wound as by no means of a serious character; and the only inconvenient consequences arising from it, would be a month or two of close confinement. The wound was dressed, and Alexander carried to a stock-keeper's hut at some distance from the scene of action.

The battle had continued to rage with unceasing fury. The besiegers attempted, once or twice, to take the hut by storm; but such was the deadly fire opened upon them from the window, that even the old veteran who commanded, considered the loss of life too great, and gave over the attempt. Some were for placing a quantity of combustible matter against the wall of the hut, and, when the bushrangers issued forth, to escape destruction from the flames, shoot them, or take them prisoners. Others, again, looked upon this as too ruffian-like a method, and proposed a siege in due form. The veteran, however, would not yet give over the attempt to take the hut; as he hoped, with a little more attention to tactics, to be able to subdue the stronghold. There happened to be a bullock-dray upon the station, and this was brought forward, and upset about thirty yards from the hut. This formed a secure shelter for half-a-dozen riflemen to hold the bushrangers in check, while another party proceeded to knock in the heavy slabs of the hut. This was a work of both difficulty and danger: the slabs were securely fastened, and presented a strong resistance to their efforts. At last, one of them gave way, and fell in. The report of a couple of fowling-pieces issued from the interior of the hut, and one or two of the besiegers were wounded. The task was now, however, less difficult; and, one by one, the slabs fell in, until a breach was effected. The besiegers now attempted to enter; but their progress was stopped by the bushrangers, who fought desperately. The veteran, however, cheered on his men; and, one by one, the bushrangers gave way, until a large party entered the hut. Even here they would not surrender, but continued to fight with sullen desperation. Few on either side had swords, and the fight was determined by fire-arms. The blood shed in the deadly contest was great, as the pistols were discharged in the faces of opponents. At last the bushrangers were reduced to two, and they were secured by sheer force. They were borne down by numbers; but such was their desperation that they resisted to the last; and afterwards, I was sorry for the woful plight of the poor fellows, —every rag of clothing had been torn from their backs in the struggle, and they were totally naked. Their faces streamed with blood, and were blackened with gunpowder. They neither spoke nor looked about them; theirs was the calmness of desperation. Thus ended the most severe engagement of the kind upon record. Out of the five bushrangers, three lay dead, and the remaining two were severely wounded. Two of the besiegers were killed; and five, besides Alexander, wounded. The hut, after the engagement, was turned into an hospital, and the surgeon had work enough upon his hands in attending to the wants of the wounded men.

The two bushrangers had their arms tied behind them, and were mounted upon the worst horses in the party. In this manner they were led off to the residence of the police magistrate. Their guilt was too apparent to afford the least hope of pardon: they did not ask it; and, in a week after, suffered the extreme penalty which the law can inflict.

The summary punishment which followed the marauders, had the effect of deterring others from following their example. It was a losing game for any to have a day's sport,—for those ruffians consider robbing and plundering to be sport,—at the expense of life; and since that time until now, bushranging has been a thing unknown in the Bathurst district.

Alexander was confined for six weeks, and even when he recovered, a frightful scar remained. I was anxious to return to Sydney, but could not leave him until he in some measure recovered. When I saw him fairly able to take a stick, and support himself across the room, I congratulated him on his recovery, and mentioned my intention of leaving on the following day. He wept like a child; he could not brook the idea of parting with me; sickness had weakened his intellect; his strength of mind was gone. He became angry when I informed him I must depart, and raged and wept by turns.

"It is very ungenerous of you, Alexander," I said, "to behave so. It is out of my power to remain longer; and, as I have inconvenienced myself to serve you, I do not think I deserve this from you." This speech of mine brought him to his senses.

"My best, and only friend," said Alexander, "you must not heed me. I know you are too noble-minded to let anything I say offend you."

"Do not say a word more," I said. "If I could stay with you, I would, and with pleasure."

"Well; good by, Tom. God bless you!"

"Good by, my dear fellow! Take good care of yourself; and write me often."

I left Alexander with a heavy heart; for his settled despondency imparted an additional gloom to my drooping spirits. A few hours' riding in the forest, however, dispelled those shadows of gloom, which, at times, bear down the mind with a dread, or a foreboding of some obscure and indefinite event—calamitous in itself, and which already seems to wither the heart. The dim, vapoury funeral pall which oppressed the mind was uplifted, and the spirit cleared itself; and, buoyant as before, awoke to the joy which appeared to animate all creation. There lay the gay, laughing landscape, bright with the presence of the glorious mid-day sun. Hardly a sound broke on the ear; the vast country appeared to be in a state of solemn tranquillity—a giant in a state of somnolency. How unutterably joyful to be awakened from the depths of despondency by the influence of the spirit of the summer hour! It is something to derive pleasure from objects of beauty at any time,—painting, poetry, sculpture, "the light of an ingenuous countenance;"—but the joy of the moment, when the heart thrills in unison with the gladness of nature, exceeds them all.

Alexander became much worse after my departure; he lay for two months at death's door, in a state of continual fluctuation, between recovery and death: both mind and body were completely prostrated. I gave up all hopes of his recovery, and set him down for a friend departed. I was therefore proportionally overjoyed to hear of his recovery, which I did in a letter written with his own hand, and which, moreover, promised a speedy visit from him. In about a fortnight afterwards we shook hands. It was the same Alexander; but how changed! He was no longer the same giddy, racketting devil that he used formerly to be: he was now grave as a judge. Instead of spending the night in dissipation, he sat up with me, and talked metaphysics. The battle with the bushrangers had a salutary effect on him.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO THE ISLAND OF RATHLIN.

BY THE REV. GEO. HILL.

Do ye remember, brothers, that bright day,
When first on Rathlin's lonely isle we stood,
And climb'd its rocks, so desolate and gray,
That rise in frowning grandeur from the flood?
Never were travellers in such joyous mood,
As, far and near, we cast our wond'ring eyes—
The sun-bright sail gleam'd on the solitude
Of waters, and the cerulean skies
Shed on the weary heart the peace of Paradise.

Oh, happy day! and happy beings we!
As o'er the winding hills we took our way,
The summer gales blew fresh'ning from the sea,
And wooed us down to creek and pebbly bay.
On snowy wing the Diver* was at play,
Ascending, like a spirit, in the air,
And now smiting the wave, whose vexed spray
Pointed the place, in the blue ocean, where
It vanished from our gaze, so soon to reappear.

With beating hearts and eager eyes, we turn
To view that time-worn, venerable pile,†
Where He, the glorious Chief of Bannockburn,
Sought an unwilling refuge for a while.
How did he there the dreadful days beguile,
While Scotland bowed, and bled from shore to shore!
Patience, brave monarch! from this lonely isle
Ye go, a nation's freedom to restore;
Our prayers go with your bark the bounding waters o'er!

Do ye remember, brothers, how we strode
In silent wonder, and delight, and pride,
Around the mould'ring walls,—how our hearts glow'd,
As, from the rock, we gazed across the tide!
We felt as if, that day, we stood beside
The Scottish King, and watched his eagle-eye
Gazing along the wave, when he espied
The friendly bark, and heard the thrilling cry
That rose around the cliffs—"For Bruce and Liberty!"

How chang'd the scene! The crimson sea-pink now
Blooms on the crumbling walls; from year to year
The summer martins build along the brow
Of the tremendous cliff their nests, and rear
Their crowded, noisy brood, without a fear.
The gentle sheep are grazing o'er the plain,
And children's voices ring so sweetly clear
From cabin-doors; and fields of ripening grain
Stretch from the rugged hills down to the glassy main.

How quiet is the simple peasant's life
On that remote and solitary shore!
He hardly hears an echo of the strife
That rages in the nations evermore.
At morn and evening, from his humble door
He sees the silent cliff and flitting sail,
And hears, around, the ocean's thundering roar,
Whose solemn voice is never known to fail,
Whether the soft winds blow, or shrieks the wintry gale.

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* A species of gull.

† "On a precipitous cliff, near the northern angle of the Island of Raghery, stand the ruins of an ancient fortress, called Bruce's Castle, from its having afforded an asylum to that heroic chieftain, when an exile in the year 1306. During his exile here, he was accompanied by some of his principal followers, amongst whom was Sir Robert Boyd, Sir James Douglas, and Angus M'Donnell sixth King of the Isles, sovereign of Raghery, which island was, at that period, accounted part of his dominions."—See *M'Skimmon's Account*, in vol. ii. of the *Dublin Penny Journal*.

RECENT BIOGRAPHIES: DR. EDMUND CARTWRIGHT; MR. SYDNEY TAYLOR.

Dr. Cartwright has been dead for twenty years; and it is just a century since he was born. He must, however, be still remembered by one large class as the original inventor of the Power-loom, and by another as the congenial brother of the venerable Major Cartwright, the father of Parliamentary Reform. The Memoir,* which appears to be written by one of Dr. Cartwright's family, comes, therefore, late; but the nature of its subject-matter forbids that it can ever be too late. Dr. Cartwright was not only an accomplished and amiable man and an elegant poet, but a most ingenious mechanician, who devoted his life and fortune to the improvement of the useful arts; and thus became, by his inventions, a true benefactor to his country and kind. His inventions were numerous; for, like every enthusiastic mechanist, he was perpetually scheming and contriving; and though none of them have the importance of the Power-loom, several others have been perfected and retained. Any one who chooses to take the trouble to look back upon an article in *Tait's Magazine*† on the Life of Major John Cartwright, will learn all that is needful of the origin of Edmund his brother. They were the descendants of a stanch old family of landed gentry in Nottinghamshire. Several of the sons were bred to the navy; but the future D.D. was sent to Oxford to study for the Church. One of his private tutors was Dr. Langhorne, from whom his poetical tastes may have been imbibed. His biographer regrets that the system of education at the University was not such as to develop the peculiar bent of Dr. Cartwright's genius; and that he should have spent years in culling the flowers of poetry, when he might have been reaping the fruits of science. But he soon left that unprofitable trade, in which, while he pursued it, he gained considerable reputation. His greatest poetical effort, a legendary tale, entitled *Armine and Elvira*, passed through several editions in little more than a year; and was admired by Dugald Stewart, and remembered from early childhood by Walter Scott. In his extreme old age, Dr. Cartwright, who, with all his faculties entire, retained his cheerful amiability, claimed to be the father of all the living poets, even including Crabbe, who had been his early neighbour in the Vale of Belvoir; and who, for forty years, remained his friend and correspondent. Dr. Cartwright, born in 1743, in 1772 married a lady of Doncaster, through whom he obtained considerable property. After his marriage he obtained the perpetual curacy of Brampton, in Derbyshire, where for some years he resided, fulfilling the duties of a useful parish priest. Like every man who properly discharges these duties in a poor neighbourhood, he sometimes gave medical advice; and among his discoveries was the use of yeast as a remedy in putrid fever. We are disposed to attribute more importance to this discovery than is claimed for it by Dr. Cartwright's biographer. Dr. Cartwright was next presented to a living in Leicestershire; and in the Vale of Belvoir he followed the natural bent of his genius by making continual experiments upon his glebe. His pastoral and other duties in this retirement, were varied by literary pursuits; and he became a considerable contributor to the *Monthly Review*, a great periodical in those days. The letters of Mr. Griffiths, the publisher and editor of the *Review*, to Dr. Cartwright, are a literary curiosity; but we cannot here speak of Johnson and Crabbe, and the mysteries of the craft. Crabbe, who was now Dr. Cartwright's neighbour, has other attractions. His *Village* and *Library* had been published for more than twenty years, and had met with little praise save from Burke, Johnson, and Fox, and a few good judges; but when the *Parish Register* was published in 1813, the public attention was awakened to the extraordinary merits of an original poet by a very cordial article in the *Edinburgh Review*. At this time Crabbe humorously tells his old friend that he has lived at length to witness his own fame:—

"Now, my dear Sir, I begin to think that I am, as it were, a great man!—a man to be spoken of—not so much as Nicholson, who killed his master, or Peg Nicholson, who would have killed his Majesty, but still spoken of, in an honest way, enough to have it called fame: for, look ye, I have letters addressed to me, as an author, from strangers and strange admirers,—and is not that fame? Oh! that Hatchard's current were as flattering. No less than four letters from gentlemen and ladies lie at this time before me; and I make my boast of them to you, as I intended to do to Sir Walter Scott, whose letter of the 18th I have to reply to, and I will let him know what a man I am. A gentleman from town insists that I have my picture painted, and prints taken for my books. Again, a lady invites me (she knows not my age, nor I hers) into the mountainous countries, that I may witness the sublime of nature, and describe it in that beautiful . . . . . Well, thirdly, another lady offers me a narrative for a new work, which, if related in my pathetic . . . and lastly, I have a young poet's request for an opinion of his verses, mixed, you may be sure, with notable things said of my own."

We have been tempted from the Memoir by this episode. There had been nothing in the education or pursuits of Dr. Cartwright, during the first half of his life, to engage his attention to anything relating to machinery and manufactures, when the strong impulse was given, as described below:—

In the summer of 1794, Mr. Cartwright, happening to be at Matlock in Derbyshire, became, during his visit there, highly interested in the progress of those ingenious manufactures which, not many years before, had been established in that immediate neighbourhood. The application of machinery to the art of spinning was at that time a novelty; and the splendid fortunes that some ingenious mechanics, who had been successful in introducing it, were supposed to be realizing, seemed to hold out extraordinary encouragement to the exercise of any inventive faculty that should contribute to the improvement of our national manufactures. Mr. Cartwright was not aware in how high a degree a faculty of this nature existed in his own mind, until it was brought into action by the accidental occurrence of a conversation at the public table, on the subject of new and ingenious inventions, especially that of Sir Richard Arkwright's recently-invented method of spinning cotton by machinery.

It was observed by some of the company present, that if this new mode of spinning by machinery should be generally adopted, so much more yarn would be manufactured than our own weavers could work up, that the consequence would be a considerable export to the Con-

* A Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Mechanical Inventions of Edmund Cartwright, D.D., F.R.S., Inventor of the Power-loom, &c., &c. Saunders & Otley.

† *Tait's Magazine* for *December* 1834.

tinent, where it might be woven into cloth so cheaply, as to injure the trade in England. Mr. Cartwright replied to this observation, that the only remedy for such an evil would be to apply the power of machinery to the art of weaving as well as to that of spinning, by contriving looms to work up the yarn as fast as it was produced by the spindle. Some gentlemen from Manchester, who were present, and who, it may be presumed, were better acquainted with the subject of discussion, would not admit of the possibility of such a contrivance, on account of the variety of movements required in the operation of weaving. Mr. Cartwright, who, if he ever had seen weaving by hand, had certainly paid no particular attention to the process by which it was performed, maintained that there was no real impossibility in applying power to any part of the most complicated machine, (producing as an instance the automaton chess-player,) and that whatever variety of movements the art of weaving might require, he did not doubt but that the skilful application of mechanism might produce them. The discussion having proceeded to some length, it made so strong an impression on Mr. Cartwright's mind, that immediately on his return home, he set about endeavouring to construct a machine that should justify the proposition he had advanced, of the practicability of weaving by machinery.

His first attempts were necessarily rude and clumsy; and the Power-loom has, no doubt, been greatly improved since it came out of Dr. Cartwright's hands, even in the most perfect state to which he brought it; though the merit of the invention is not the less his due. The machine, in its various stages of progress, is described in the Memoir. In a few months such an advance had been made in it, that we find Mr. Crabbe writing the inventor in this congratulatory strain:—

"Fortune smile upon your undertaking; or, not to be heathenish on a serious subject, God bless you in it!—only remember when you grow very rich, that we were friends before, and do not look down on us as the summer birds that will then come and serenade you daily. They talk here of your machine, but they are shy of us; if they say any other than well, it is amongst themselves; and I scarcely meet with anybody who has any opinion at all upon the subject." . . . . .

"I have just time to thank you for your letter, and to present my wife's thanks for your cloth, of which she is very proud. I need not repeat my congratulations, nor our wishes. I, who never had a mechanical idea in my life, begin to lament my want of capacity to comprehend, in some measure, how these things can be; but I comfort myself that my ignorance is not, as ignorance generally is, of the malignant kind."

In the following year Mr. Crabbe writes:

"Every new hope you give me of your success, makes me happy; and I believe you cannot have more zealous well-wishers for it than Mrs. Crabbe and myself. Nor am I disinterested, since I expect to be maintained handsomely as a decayed poet; and my wife is scheming every day to entitle herself to a pension for decayed projectors."

"I am rejoiced to hear so happy an account of your prospects. I do not think the time long that you take for the completion of your labours in any respect, but that of your being absent. You wrong your mechanical talent: for though chance might help you at first, it must be a chance indeed that could carry you on so without skill. You only mean, I conclude, that you know mechanics practically, without having a mathematical foundation to build upon; nor had Archimedes himself, that we know of, I believe."

About this time Dr. Cartwright and his family came into possession of some property in the town and neighbourhood of Doncaster, and he was induced to fix his residence there, principally for perfecting his contrivance, as skilful workmen were more easily attainable in that place than in Leicestershire. He now succeeded so well that he was able to produce a piece of muslin, in which the lady of the Bishop of Durham arrayed herself, and, probably because the ingenious fabricator was the friend of her husband, "prized beyond the richest productions of the East." But Dr. Cartwright's was the fate of nearly every original projector. His contrivances were destined to enrich others, and to benefit the country; but in the first place to perplex, torture, and impoverish himself. His inventions sounded very well; but the manufacturing establishment that he had set up to prove and perfect them "was far from profitable." Among his difficulties and discouragements arising from want of early training to business, was the coldness or contempt of his *genteel* neighbours; who could not, in those days, imagine why a clergyman and a gentleman should degrade himself with any kind of looms and wool-combing machines. The poor, however, were thankful for what afforded numbers of them employment. It is stated:—

His name is still venerated by the descendants of his ancient workmen. To men of ingenuity and talents his house was always open; and in an intelligent and intellectual, though somewhat miscellaneous society, he consoled himself for the reserve of his more fastidious acquaintance. In reverting to this period of Mr. Cartwright's life, we are fully sensible of the change that the last fifty years have produced in the opinions of nearly every class of the community. A man of genius now, whose inventions should tend to increase that general diffusion of the conveniences of life, which marks a truly civilized people, would have more to fear from competition than from prejudice. But at the time when he first commenced his mechanical career, there was a considerable class of persons who, dreading the advance of every degree in society below themselves, deprecated the progress of machinery, as being the means of supplying the poor with indulgences heretofore confined to the rich, and consequently tending to raise them higher in the scale of refinement than was compatible with the due subordination of society.

These were "the good old times." Dr. Cartwright's inventions promised so well, that, besides his brother Major Cartwright, other friends were induced to take a share in his projects; which, though between thirty and forty thousand pounds were lost in them, partly by an unforeseen accident, cannot be said to have failed.

In the space of seven years he had accomplished two inventions, [the power-loom and wool-combing machine,] which promised to lead to most extensive effects on the commerce and manufactures of this country. He had taken out no fewer than nine patents within that period; and these not only for improvements in the two principal arts of weaving and wool-combing, but also including improvements in spinning, callendering linens, cutting of velvet pile, as well as an entirely original machine for making ropes. . . . . Full of hope and expectation, Mr. Cartwright continued to prosecute his mechanical experiments; and although he became frequently annoyed by attempts to pirate his inventions, he considered such attempts as acknowledgments of their importance, and trusted that long before the expiration of his patent rights, his own claim to originality would be sufficiently established to secure the reward which he might reasonably expect from them.

Towards the latter end of the year 1791, a favourable prospect opened for the introduction of his loom into the cotton manufacture of Manchester. Messrs. Grimshaws of that place, had contracted with Mr. Cartwright for the use of four hundred of his looms, and built a mill calculated to receive and work that number. Very soon after the building was completed, and when about four-and-twenty of the looms were set to work, the whole of the edifice was burnt to the ground; and from the threatening letters that had been received by the owners, and other indications of hostility shown towards this

novel establishment, no doubt was entertained at the time of its having been intentionally destroyed.

For reasons best known to the parties most nearly concerned, the circumstances attending the destruction of this mill were not very diligently inquired into. The object of the perpetrators unquestionably was effected—no other manufacturer ventured on repeating so hazardous an experiment; and the consequences to Mr. Cartwright were ruinous.

The contract was held void; and as Dr. Cartwright reasonably concluded that the jealousy and hostility manifested to the Power-loom would extend to the wool-combing machines, he abandoned his works at Doncaster, in which he had already sunk all his private fortune, and, in 1796, removed, with his family, to London. There he soon resumed his favourite pursuits; and, among other useful contrivances, made an improvement in the form of building-bricks, which, with other advantages, were a security against fire. These patent or geometrical bricks, though they appear to have much to recommend them, never seem to have come into general use, probably owing to the first cost, which, from the precision with which they must be made, was much above that of common bricks. Dr. Cartwright had other contrivances to prevent fire, the leading principle of which was the substitution of tiles made of fine clay for laths, reeds, and boards, in making floors, partitions, and ceilings. But we cannot even enumerate his various inventions. To simplify or perfect the steam-engine was a favourite project; and all his attempts displayed fertile invention and ingenuity, and often a beautiful adaptation to the end aimed at. But to many of our readers the character of the man will be of more interest than the career of the mechanician. In London, to which he had come at a period to himself of severe distress and pecuniary embarrassment, he found a congenial element. He enlarged—

The sphere of his acquaintance amongst men of ingenuity and science; and his house again became the resort of projectors of various merits and pretensions. His own manners were peculiarly calculated to make his society coveted where his talents were admired. No man who knew so much was so little pertinacious in conversation; he had a thorough contempt for arrogance; and though satire was a weapon he could occasionally wield with no small effect, he was conscientiously forbearing in the use of it. But the quality that of all others recommended him to that description of persons who principally sought his society, was his remarkable openness, and freedom from jealousy towards rival and contemporary projectors.

Amongst other ingenious characters who frequented Mr. Cartwright's house, may be noticed one who was then deeply engaged in pursuits similar to his own, but whose claims to originality of invention have not been very willingly admitted on this side of the Atlantic. This person was Robert Fulton, well known in America as being the first engineer who navigated a steam-boat in that country, and not altogether unknown in Europe for his experiments in submarine navigation. He was a native of New Jersey, in the United States, and had come to England with the intention of studying painting under his countryman, West. Having abandoned painting as a profession, he applied himself to civil engineering, and in that line of business had been noticed by Earl Stanhope, with whom he had communication on the *practicability of moving vessels by steam*, as early as the year 1796. At this time, also, navigating by steam was one of Mr. Cartwright's favourite projects, and he conceived that his newly-invented steam-engine might be made applicable to that purpose. It may appear superfluous, where so much originality of invention can be substantiated, to allude to any claims that may be considered doubtful; it is, however, well known that Mr Cartwright did construct the model of a boat, which being wound up like a clock, moved on the water, so as to prove the experiment in a manner satisfactory to the inventor; though, as this little model was afterwards given away as a toy, and has long been destroyed, there are no means of ascertaining how the machinery was adjusted, or what resemblance it might bear to the method since adopted in the working of steam-boats.

The coincidence of their respective views, produced, instead of rivalship, intimacy and friendship between the two projectors; and Mr. Fulton's vivacity of character and original way of thinking rendered him a welcome guest at Mr. Cartwright's house.

Fulton afterwards went to Paris, where he remained for several years, during which he corresponded with Dr. Cartwright on subjects alike interesting to both. Can the discovery alluded to in the subjoined extract at all resemble the mystery and secret lately mysteriously talked about by *The Times* newspaper, and for which our obtuse Lords of the Admiralty refused to give a very large sum?—

In the "Annual Register" for 1802, is an account of Mr. Fulton's diving-boat, taken from the relation of citizen St. Aubin, a man of letters at Paris, and member of the Tribunate, which confirms the inventor's own statement of the success of his experiment. "I have," says Monsieur St. Aubin, "just been to inspect the plan and section of a nautilus, or diving-boat, invented by Mr. Fulton, similar to that with which he lately made his curious and interesting experiment at Havre and Brest. The diving-boat, in the construction of which he is now employed, will be capacious enough to contain eight men, and provision enough for twenty days, and will be of sufficient strength and power to enable him to plunge one hundred feet under water, if necessary. He has constructed a reservoir for air, which will enable eight men to remain under water for eight hours. When the boat is above water, it has two sails, and looks just like a common boat. When she is to dive, the masts and sails are struck. In making his experiment at Havre, Mr. Fulton not only remained a whole hour under water, with three of his companions, but kept his boat parallel to the horizon at any given depth. He proved that the compass points as correctly under water as on the surface; and that, while under water, the boat made way at the rate of half a league an hour, by means constructed for that purpose."

Agriculture came within the range of Dr. Cartwright's schemes; and, for several years after 1801, he superintended an experimental farm established by Francis, Duke of Bedford, and continued after his death by his brother and successor. Votes of thanks, and medals from the Board of Agriculture, testify that Dr. Cartwright's projects and operations were favourably thought of. He was no chemist; but his experiments on various substances, as fertilizers, are at least ingenious. The use of salt as a manure must have been a novelty at that time; and feeding sheep with a portion of (untaxed) sugar was no bad idea, and is, moreover, one lately revived.

Dr. Cartwright by this time had obtained many influential friends; and owing to their zeal, he had the great good fortune to receive a grant from Parliament of £10,000 as compensation for the losses he had incurred long before in perfecting the Power-loom, and his services to the public by his invention for weaving, which, much farther improved, was by this time coming into general use. This compensation and reward was not, in any sense, a *job*, nor was it managed as one. It was, moreover, given by a Tory government, and Dr. Cartwright had been of his brother's politics. Dr. Cartwright was now far advanced in life; and on obtaining the sum awarded by Parliament, he retired into Kent, and settled upon a small farm, where the evening of his days was spent in

the tranquillity and comfort which every one must desire to see enjoyed by a man whose life had been devoted to objects promotive of the welfare of his fellow-creatures. We shall take the finishing touches of a grateful picture of a useful and honourable life, and happy and honoured old age, from Dr. Cartwright's own pen :—

"A BIRTHDAY SOLILOQUY AT SEVENTY.

"To fame and to fortune adieu!
The toils of ambition are o'er;
Let folly these phantoms pursue,
I now will be cheated no more.

"Resignation be mine, and repose,
So shall life be unclouded at last;
And while I prepare for its close,
I will think, with a smile, on the past.

"Yet, as to this world must be given
Some part of life's limited span,
The thoughts that ascend not to Heaven,
I'll give to the service of man."

"TO THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

"30*th Aug.* 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In rummaging over an old magazine, I learned that your son, and, I presume, my godson, was married to one of the belles of Trowbridge. I need not say, that both he and you, and the lady of his choice, have all of you my best wishes and congratulations. I had lately a letter from my old friend and neighbour, Thomas Shaw of Waltham, who tells me his family consists of seven children, all doing, and likely to do, well, and that they have presented him with as many grandchildren. I have at present ten, and expect an increase every day. You will be reckoning your treasures of this sort soon; as such riches increase, we may be permitted to set our affections upon them. I saw, by the papers, that you were one of the officiating priests of Apollo at the apotheosis of Kemble; the ode which was recited, and which contained a few brilliant stanzas, was attributed to Campbell. I have seen two or three short extracts from Lalla Rookh, which were exquisite; the whole poem I shall probably not see; two-guinea volumes are above my purchase, and I live so retired and unconnected with literary society, that I see no books but what I buy. Have you published anything lately?" . . . . .

"TO SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES.

"*Feb.* 2, 1819.

"Availing myself of the permission you gave me, in the letter I had the honour of receiving from you on your departure from Portsmouth for Sumatra, I again address you, on the subject of transporting into your own country the seeds of such plants as there is a probability of being naturalized here, and as are likely to be useful in the garden, especially the cottager's garden, or in agriculture. And here I must observe, that the seeds of plants already known and cultivated will be acceptable, as they may be the means of introducing new and improved varieties, even though they be the seeds of plants originally transported from Europe. . . . . Four or five years ago, I was indebted to the kindness of Lord Charles Somerset for some garden-seeds from the Cape, almost all of which were evidently of European extraction, and yet the greater part of them differed, and most of them for the better, from those of the same family here. Early ripening, in articles of field-culture, is a great desideratum in this climate, in which the hopes of the agriculturist are frequently disappointed by a late and protracted harvest. Precocity, I have observed, is one of the properties which plants generally acquire by having had a removal into a warmer climate than that of which they are natives, and which they retain after they are brought back. . . . . These considerations make me wish for specimens of wheat, peas, beans, vetches, &c., if such are to be met with; as also seeds of such grasses as appear to be hardy and productive, and thrive in cool situations."

The wishes here expressed were kindly responded to. Dr. Cartwright was now in his seventy-seventh year; but his mind was as active as ever; and in the following year, on his friend Sir Humphrey Davy becoming the President of the Royal Society, he still fancied it worth his while to become a member, and proposed himself in virtue of a discovery which he had made of a remedy for mildew in wheat. To Dr. Bardsley, a friend in Manchester, to whom he had been greatly indebted for exertions to obtain that Parliamentary compensation which made his old age easy and comfortable, he thus wrote:

"*April 24th*, 1822.

"This is a memorable day with me, and I therefore dedicate part of it to you, to whose friendship my latter years are indebted for a considerable share of their comfort and independence.

"On this day I enter my eightieth year. This, however, I do, in common with thousands; but what makes it particularly memorable is, that on this day I have completed my invention of a carriage to go without horses, which I call a centaur carriage." . . . . .

"Mrs. Cartwright and I are delighted with the prospect of showing you what a comfortable spot your kindness has contributed to place us in. It will not be more than twenty miles out of the direct road from London to Dover."

This excellent and useful man died, after a gentle decay, some years upwards of eighty. Of his family, who have all been distinguished by their literary talents, we find this brief notice in a foot-note:—

Of Dr. Cartwright's children, (all of whom were by his first wife,) the following survived him—viz., 1. Edmund Cartwright, M.A., F.S.A., Rector of Earnley, author of the "Topographical History of the Rape of Bramber, in Western Sussex," deceased in 1833; 2. Mary, the wife of Henry Eustatius Strickland, Esq.; 3. Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. John Penrose, well known under the name of "Mrs. Markham," as the author of several popular works for young persons—viz., Histories of England, France, Poland, &c., deceased in 1837; and, 4. Frances Dorothy, author of the "Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright."

His eldest brother, Captain George Cartwright, was a man of strong and original cast of mind. . .

Of his much-attached brother John, well known as Major Cartwright, we will merely observe, that the same purity and disinterestedness influenced his private life that had guided his public conduct. In his own family, from youth to age, he had been the steadiest of friends and most affectionate of brothers.

MR. SYDNEY TAYLOR.

The appearance of this volume* is, in many respects, honourable to the memory of the man from whom its contents emanate. He had been a faithful and able labourer in the field of social improvement; and the value of his arduous endeavours have been warmly appreciated by those whose esteem is distinction. Shortly after Mr. Taylor's death, a public meeting was held in Exeter Hall to consider of the best tribute to his memory. A selection from his writings was decided upon. To carry this into effect a subscription was entered into, and a committee appointed; and the goodly miscellaneous volume before us is the result. It forms the best testimonial to his character and virtues that could have been devised.——But some of our readers may probably never have heard of the name of Sydney Taylor, though he was among the number of our own incidental contributors.

Mr. John Sydney Taylor was born in Dublin in 1795, and acquired considerable reputation at Trinity

* Selection from the Writings of the late Sydney Taylor, A.M., Barrister-at-Law, with a brief Sketch of his Life. 8vo, London: C. [illegible].

College, where he was the fellow-student and friend of Charles Wolfe, Archdeacon Russell, and other men since distinguished in literature or at the bar. His parents were far from being rich; and, save for a little well-timed assistance from an excellent elder brother, who laboured assiduously in his vocation to gain the means of educating the younger branches of the family, he was left to make his own way. As soon as he was qualified, he took pupils; and from among many competitors carried off one of the scholarships of the University, which materially improved his condition and prospects. He is represented, by an affectionate anonymous biographer, as exceedingly amiable in character, and as greatly beloved by his young contemporaries; while his talents and acquirements were generally acknowledged and admired. He early fixed upon the bar as his future profession, inspired by the example of Curran, Plunkett, and other distinguished Irish lawyers; and laboured to qualify himself for his chosen profession by the diligent study and practice of oratory, and the cultivation of literature and science. He became a distinguished member of the Dublin Historical Society—a body which, notwithstanding its definite name, in character and objects very nearly resembles the Speculative Society of Edinburgh; the arena in which Brougham, Horner, and Jeffrey first made trial of their powers. Like his countrymen, with the same ulterior professional views, he repaired to London to serve his terms; and he chose to remain in England, where he found some useful friends or patrons, and also literary employment. He wrote for *The Morning Chronicle;* and for many years, and indeed occasionally until his death, he either wrote for, or assisted in the management of the *Morning Herald*. Nearly all the articles on Death Punishments, Poor Laws, Criminal Law, the Slave Trade, &c., &c., which, during a long period of years, appeared in that print, were from his pen. His writings in the periodicals of the day, for upwards of twenty years, embrace a vast range and variety of subjects; though nearly all of them have some direct and high moral aim. What his persevering and powerful advocacy of the abolition of Death Punishments effected is well known; but he was also the advocate of every social improvement and reform.

In 1822 Mr. Sydney Taylor was called to the bar. He afterwards went the Midland Circuit, and soon gained some professional celebrity, even as a mere lawyer; and consequently enjoyed, until his health failed, a steadily increasing business and reputation. The last great case in which he was engaged was that of Oxford, (for shooting at the Queen,) for whom he made an able and successful defence. Among the last cases in which he appeared, he was the advocate of a young woman, tried at the Norwich Assizes for *Infanticide*. In this case he felt deep interest; as the strong temptation to the commission of the crime under the Bastardy clauses of the new Poor-law had formed his frequent theme in the public journals. Though the verdict was almost necessarily—*Guilty*, the sentence of death was commuted to transportation. Mr. John Sydney Taylor died at the close of the year 1841, in the prime of life and the full vigour of his mental powers. It is not the lot of many men of letters to rest their memory upon so solid a foundation as his name has found. The volume on our table alone, in which his enduring monument is piled up by friendly hands from the rich materials furnished by his talents and philanthropy, is no common trophy. Mr. Sydney Taylor left a widow, a niece of the late Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, to lament his premature loss. Her communications to the editor of the monumental volume, regarding the latter period of the life of her accomplished husband, with brief extracts from his correspondence, are replete with interest.

Instead of culling a few samples from the purely literary papers of the volume, we shall better fulfil the desire of the author—were he now alive to express it—by selecting from the useful papers, and from his earnest pleadings for humanity:—

PROGRESS OF RURAL INCENDIARISM.

The progress of rural incendiarism is alarming. Our columns, [*Morning Herald's*] and those of other journals, bear daily testimony to the melancholy fact. To conceal the truth serves no other purpose than to prevent our ascertaining the cause of the evil to which a remedy ought to be applied. What is the cause of the dreadful prevalence of a crime so foreign to the habits of the English people in former times, and which illumines our fields in these days of "reform" and "intellect," with the desolating flames of midnight conflagration! If we cannot say what the cause is, we can certainly say what it is *not*. It is not the leniency of the law, nor the mild and merciful spirit in which it has been carried into effect, that has encouraged the crime of stack-burning. The law, we need not say, is a law denouncing death to the offender—a law which has, for several years past, been inexorably executed in almost every case of conviction; and, we regret to add, in many instances in which there are strong reasons to believe that the victims of the law were innocent. Still the crime has gone on increasing. Scarcely is the dreadful work of an Assize over, when it bursts out afresh, and seems to defy the power of the law to extinguish it with blood.

This state of things should, long since, have awakened the attention of the Ministers of the Crown to the condition of the rural population. It should have convinced them that there is something rotten in the social system, which *political* "reforms," as they are called, do not touch....

A wise and just Government would have endeavoured to find employment for the people and adequate wages, before it punished them for being idle. Such a Government would never think of making the system of workhouse prisons universal, and punishing poverty as a crime. It would make a distinction between voluntary and unavoidable pauperism—between sturdy vagrancy and the casual dependence which is the visitation of misfortune. But our Government is neither wise nor just. It aggravates, by its bad measures or its neglect, the misery of the people—a misery that misgovernment has brought upon them, and then relies upon the long-disproved efficacy of exterminating laws to protect society from the consequences of its own errors, indolence, or vices!

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

The bill for the abolition of *imprisonment for debt*, so long promised by the Government, is still delayed. Even the provincial legislature of Canada has got the start of the British Parliament in this respect; as the Montreal papers announce the publication of a bill to repeal a law which confounds misfortune with crime, and, like all acts of injustice, has operated to the detriment of society at large.

Of all the laws derived from less civilized times, it would be difficult to point out one more absurd than that which permits the incarceration of the body of a man who is unable to pay his debts, without any imputation of fraud against the victim of this oppressive law. Where there is fraud, indeed, in the contracting of debts, or in making away with property which should be reserved for their payment, let it be punished, for fraud is criminal; and we do not wish to protect crime, but to prevent innocence from suffering the punishment which should be reserved for guilt.

The absurdity of the law is seen in this, that it compels a man, as it were, to pay his debts by depriving him of all means of retrieving his affairs. In this way, it is true, a harsh creditor may gratify a vindictive feeling;

but law should never minister to the passion of revenge. Many a man whose industry would enable him to overcome the difficulties, not of his own creating, with which he may be oppressed, is utterly ruined by being thrust into a gaol. Many an honest and steady man, too, by the evil association of a prison, has been corrupted in his principles, deprived of his good habits, and has re-entered society reckless of character, and qualified to follow any other pursuit but one of honest industry. A great portion of the criminals of this country are created by the demoralizing instruction of a gaol. Thus one of the great results of this oppressive system is to multiply criminals, and thus the vindictive law reacts against the interests of society.

One pernicious effect of the law as regards the community in general, is the system of false credit which it engenders, whereby people are induced to live beyond their incomes; the creditor knowing that the body of the debtor is pledged by the law for the debt, relies upon that law extorting from the sympathy and compassion of relatives and friends the payment of debts which the debtor himself may be unable to discharge, and which, but for the facility of credit that the law of imprisonment creates, he never would have contracted.

But if the case of the honest debtor of the male sex who is dragged to a prison is bad, how much worse is the situation of the unfriended female, whom some hard-hearted creditor thrusts into the noisome moral atmosphere of a gaol, to pine in broken-hearted wretchedness, or fly from the gloom of a comfortless cell, and despairing thoughts, to its debasing associations! It is painful to think how many have fallen in this way from honesty and virtue to the depths of depravity. Thus does the operation of this cruel law extend the influence of vice, and prove itself a moral calamity to this Christian land.

Reason, justice, and sound policy dictate, that if a debtor has property whereby he can pay his debts, and will not pay them, that property should be made available to the payment of his debts; but that if a debtor has no property, he should not be deprived of the chance of making any, nor of retrieving his affairs, by being thrown into prison. The matter has been seen in this light by the Commissioners, who reported in favour of the abolition of imprisonment for debt. Government has incurred the charge of a most culpable negligence, by allowing the introduction of the bill for that purpose to be so long delayed. It seems as if they were always to be most reluctantly dragged to any improvement which concerns the reformation of the laws, and the morals of the people.

Under the law of imprisonment for debt, a man is allowed, contrary to the first elements of justice, to be judge in his own cause, for upon his *ex parte* affidavit, another who does not owe him a farthing, nay, to whom he is himself a debtor, may be torn from his family and employment, and immured in a dungeon. How long is this disgrace to our laws to be tolerated?

THE ENGLISH PROTESTANT BIBLE.

It was MILES COVERDALE who perfected what WICKLIFFE and LUTHER began. The translation of the Bible into English, though not a miracle, was next in point of usefulness to that great miracle—the "gift of tongues"—because it began the great work of translating the Bible into the various languages of the earth, that the people of all nations might hear, "each in their own tongue, the wonderful works of GOD." Is it not, then, an event deserving to be held in everlasting and hallowed remembrance?

There is no nation on the earth that has so much reason to be grateful for the blessings of the Reformation as England. With the possession of the civilizing and elevating influence of pure Christianity, her greatness and unexampled prosperity among the nations of the world commenced. . . . . .

Until the Bible was translated and published, we need hardly say that Christianity, though nominally professed in this country for centuries, was, to the great mass of the people, really unknown. The Romish priesthood were well aware that the frauds and impostures which they substituted for the Divine tenets and pure morality of the Gospel, could continue to exercise their corrupting influence over the mind of the people, only so long as the light of the Scriptures was excluded.

The ignorance and mental darkness, in which Popery flourishes, were dissipated when the Scriptures were withdrawn from the concealment of an "unknown tongue." Nor was it in a spiritual sense alone that an enlightening influence went abroad. The human intellect was refreshed and strengthened by the invigorating effects of that spirit of religious inquiry which exercised its powers. Science and every species of useful knowledge followed in the path of true religion; and, as mental slavery disappeared, the true principles of civil freedom, which are incompatible with the despotism of the Romish Church, began to be understood. Such were the glorious results of the translation of the Scriptures into our vernacular tongue.

THE PUSEYITES.

Jan. 19, 1839.—In commenting some time ago upon the peculiar tenets of those high-church dissenters, commonly called "the Oxford-tract men," we expressed our astonishment and regret, that the Bishop of OXFORD should have not only abstained from censuring the doctrines and practices of those false pastors of Zion's flock, but should actually have extended to them something like his apostolical sanction. Soon afterwards, a communication was addressed to us from a correspondent, stating that the learned prelate had, in a late charge to his clergy, censured the Oxford-tract men; whereupon we expressed our satisfaction, but observed, at the same time, that not having ourselves seen the charge in question, we could not say what was the nature and extent of the censure which it contained. We gave our correspondent credit for the fact which he asserted, but we doubted that the terms of the censure were adequate to the magnitude of the offence. Since then, our correspondent has been obliging enough to forward us a copy of the Bishop's charge; and we take this opportunity of requesting his excuse for not having used it sooner.

Our readers may remember what we stated of the Bishop of OXFORD having formerly declared, that he found nothing contrary to the rubric in the, at least, semi-Romanised practices of certain divines in his diocese. If, after expressing that opinion, the Bishop really censured, in adequate terms, the practices for which he had been so ready to find not only an excuse, but an ecclesiastical sanction, his censure would have been tantamount to a recantation of opinion on his own part. He had placed himself in that position in which he could only redeem his orthodoxy at the expense of his consistency, or preserve the uniformity of his opinion at the expense of the rectitude of his faith. On looking into the charge in question, which is that of his visitation last August, we think we can safely say that the "censure" is of such a sort as neither perils his consistency, nor saves his theology from suspicion—for it is a censure as like an approval as it can well be. If there be a way of "damning with faint praise," so there is a way of exalting by faint condemnation.

Having examined the Bishop's ambiguous charge, Mr. Taylor thus proceeds:—

When the Bishop says that "anything which tends to recall forgotten truths is valuable," we agree with him. It is but the enunciation of a truism. To recall forgotten truths is, however, a very different thing from *reviving exploded superstitions;* and if the Oxford-tract men do not stand convicted of having at least attempted to distinguish themselves in the latter way, they have not been convicted of any offence against the principles of the Protestant Reformation. . . .

The fact is, that some of the most heterodox opinions of the tracts-for-the-times men are so plain and unambiguous, that he "who runs may read;" but they are not the less unscriptural or mischievous on that account. When Dr. Pusey, for instance, laments over the loss of the *exorcisms* at baptism, is there anything ambiguous in his language? When he breathes his pious aspirations

for the restoration of those Popish practices, is he unintelligible?—No; we only complain of his language being too clear,—so clear, indeed, that nobody can mistake his admiration of Romish mummery, and his desire to have the Christian simplicity of the baptismal rite in the Anglican Church degraded by its adoption.

Again, when the Oxford-tract men deplore the loss of the Roman Catholic ritual, is there any ambiguity in their language?—None whatever. They make it as manifest as the sun at noonday, that they would rather see that ritual clasped to the bosom of our reformed Church than the *Bible itself*. What is their language? We adverted to it once before; but to show how far it illustrates the "ambiguity" spoken of, we bring it again under the notice of our readers. The tract-men say, that "as a whole, the Catholic ritual—(mark the application, there, of the word, "Catholic")—was a precious possession; and if we who have escaped from Popery have *lost, not only the possession, but the sense of its value*, it is a serious question whether we are not like men who recover from some serious illness, *with the loss or injury of their sight or hearing*—whether we are not like the Jews returned from captivity, who *could never find the rod of Aaron, or the ark of the covenant, which, indeed, had ever been hid from the world, but then was removed from the Temple itself.*"

Upon this passage Dr. Wiseman, the acute and indefatigable Romish propagandist thus observes:—"These are grievous lamentations. Thank God we (Romanists) have no occasion to make them. The deposit of *traditional* practices, which we received from our fathers, *we have kept inviolate. We* have rejected no rite—we have hardly admitted one, in the administration of the Sacrament, since the days of Gelasius or Gregory." Thus does the wily Romanist avail himself of the admissions of the Oxford-tract writers to raise the shout of triumph over the Anglican Church, which, by the loss of the Romish ritual, has placed its members in the destitute and unhappy condition of the Jews, deprived of the rod of Aaron, and the ark of the covenant. It is true we Protestants have *the Bible;* but what is the Bible compared with the Romish ritual! The sacred volume of scriptural truth is valueless compared with the possession of the Popish ceremonials!—the Scriptures are no substitute for the ritual of Rome, the loss of which is equivalent to the loss of the ark of the covenant among the Jews, and therefore irreparable!—Does Dr. Bagot [The Bishop of Oxford] include such Papistical absurdity as this among what he is pleased to designate as, the "recalling of forgotten truths!" If so, the sooner he exchanges his Protestant mitre for a Romish one, the sooner will he *find* the *ark of the covenant*, which we Protestants have *lost;* for he will then regain that "precious possession"—the "Romish ritual"—over the loss of which the tract-men weep, and will not be comforted, mourning like men without hope, to the great exultation of the Popish assailants of the Reformed Church.

MR. O'CONNELL IN A DILEMMA.

July 13, 1839.—It will be recollected how boldly Mr. O'Connell, in his letter to the Wesleyan Methodists, disclaimed on his own part, and on the part of all Roman Catholics, whether clergy or laity, the persecuting doctrines contained in the *Notes to the Rhemish Testament*. Our answer was to the effect that Mr. O'Connell *has no authority* whatever to disclaim any doctrines of his church; *nor has any individual priest or bishop* authority to disclaim, much less to repeal, any tenet or dogma which the church, through its popes and general councils, *has once promulgated*. It would be utterly inconsistent and absurd to suppose that the decrees of "unerring wisdom," which the INFALLIBLE church of Rome puts forth, should be *repealable* at the capricious pleasure of *fallible private judgment*. The church of Rome knows nothing of private judgment deciding upon points of doctrine. Mr. O'Connell himself, with a strange incongruity of argument, worthy of a self-stultifying Milesian logician, appeals to the infallible *authority* of the church in expounding points of doctrine, while he sets up the right of private judgment to disclaim the doctrines contained in the Notes of the Rhemish Bible, which have been stamped with the seal of that infallible sanction!

But at the time we gave that answer to Mr. O'Connell's disclaimer of the atrocious doctrines of persecution which the Romish church appended to the Testament of mercy, or rather to its own perverted version of that Divine work, we were not aware, that so late as the year 1816, an edition of the Rhemish Bible was printed in Ireland under the patronage of the popish bishops and clergy, and another in 1818, *containing all the obnoxious notes.*

. . . . . .

In that work, thus published under the patronage of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Ireland, there is the following *note* on Matt. xiii. 29, 30:—

"The good must *tolerate* the evil *when* it is *so strong* that it cannot be redressed without danger and disturbance of the whole church, and commit the matter to God's judgment in the latter day; otherwise where ill men, be they *heretics* or *other malefactors*, may be *punished* or *suppressed* without disturbance and hazard of the good, they may and ought, by public authority, either spiritual or temporal, to be *chastised* or EXECUTED."

Again: on Luke ix. 55,—in which our blessed REDEEMER reproved his disciples, JAMES and JOHN, who had asked him whether they should call down fire from heaven upon the Samaritans who had refused him assistance, and emphatically told them, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of,"—the Rhemish Bible has the subjoined *note*:—

"Not justice, nor all rigorous punishment of sinners, is here forbidden, nor ELIAS's act reprehended, nor the CHURCH *or Christian princes blamed for putting heretics to* DEATH—but that none of those be done for desire of our particular revenge, or without discretion, and regard of their amendment and example to others." . . . .

Now, whether is the Rhemish Testament—reprinted, as the Wesleyan Methodists aver, under the patronage of the Irish Roman Catholic bishops, or the rostrum declarations of Mr. O'Connell, to be received authoritatively by good Catholics, as the true doctrines of their infallible Church? Is Mr. O'Connell the one privileged man that has a right to interfere with, and, by his private judgment, expound these doctrines, so as to suit the complexion of the times, or of his temporary audience?

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

["We stood on a crowded pier, where a multitude assembled to watch the departure of a band of Cornish emigrants who were about to embark for New Zealand. These voluntary exiles entered the boats that bore them for ever from their native land with shouts and smiles of gladness, saying, as they cheerfully departed, 'Give us joy, we shall return no more.' An old woman of seventy, tottering on, answered indignantly, 'I am,' when an inquiry was made as to whether she too was going. Eighty from one parish departed together. they left not a relative behind them. Their vessel rode at anchor at a short distance from the shore.—For a few moments after every boat had reached the ship there was profound silence;—then a mournful cry arose, faintly borne over the still waters. My little companion said, 'They sing a hymn;' but in my own mind I thought it was the irrepressible burst of grief which succeeded the emigrant's reckless Farewell."]

FORTH from our fathers' homes,
We come a dauntless band,
With every pulse of sorrow still'd,
To leave our native land.
With shouts we gain the crowded shore,
And return no more,

Our fathers' homes have been
A scene of toil and grief;
In vain we plough'd our stubborn land
To yield our souls relief.
Gladly we leave its fatal shore,
To return no more.

England,—the time has been,
The strongest man would grieve;
Hearts, like the riven oak, would break,
Thy boasted land to leave:
Yet gladly shall we quit thy shore,
To return no more.

And can our spirits rise
To tempt the stormy sea?
We have no crimes to weigh us down,
We have been guiltless,—free.
Why should we joy to leave thy shore,
To return no more?

Birds in a garden set,
Whose fruits are turned to gold;
So we in English Edens dwelt,
And pined midst stores untold.
Should we then mourn to quit the shore
Where starve the poor?

Our wives have droop'd from pain,
Our little ones have died;
And still the lordlings of the land
Roll'd by us in their pride.
Oh cursed be the flinty shore
That spurned its poor!

Sorely we've been beset
By cares too great to tell:
Taxation, with his iron gripe,
Hath made our bosoms swell,
And driv'n us from our father's door,
A homeless poor.

In summer's golden prime
We view'd with honest glee
Our orchards teem with promis'd gain,
Our flocks make glad the lea:
Oh then we praised old England's shore,
And wept no more.

We rose at early dawn
To whet the ready scythe;
But craftily the parson came
To seize his oft-claim'd tithe.
We vow'd to leave a priest-ruled shore,
And return no more.

They wrong God's mighty Power
Who make us bend the knee,
And pay to *state*-religions, when
Our Saviour set us free.
Away!—we bend the knee no more
On Compulsion's shore.

And shall we leave behind
The foes who mock'd our pain
Shall thousand ages roll away,
And we not meet again?
Oh yes! we gladly quit their shore,
To return no more.

And shall we leave behind
The friends we've loved so well?
Oh no! together will we roam,
In freer lands to dwell.
England—we quit thy chain-bound shore,
And return no more.

The infant at the breast,
The mother fond and true,
The grandame with her palsied limbs,
The youth with health's bright hue;
All leave behind their native shore,
And return no more.

Ah why this starting tear?
Have we not ceased to feel?
In poverty's rough school we learn'd
Our weaker pow'rs to steel.
England hath cast us from her shore,
We will weep no more.

(Vainly the effort made:
Nature asserts her sway,
And o'er each rugged feature now
The better feelings play.)
England,—we love our native shore,
Though scorn'd and poor!

However bright our home,
And free from care and pain,
Our hearts are bound to Albion's isle
By strong Affection's chain:
Our echoing voices bless the shore
We behold no more!

R.

RAILWAY REFORM.*

THERE is much that is excellent, ably put, and well-timed in this pamphlet. That railway reform is needed, there is no question; whether for remedying evils already in existence, or providing against prospective grievances. And if it be set about before the railway monopoly shall grow into one of those complicated evils with which this country is cursed, usually termed "great interests," "vested rights," a something, in other words, opposed to the public interest; a something protected for the small advantage of the few, to the great loss of the many,—then the necessary retrospective, and also the precautionary reforms will be the more easily accomplished. The anticipation of the immense benefits which ought to accrue to the public from well-constructed railways, properly and vigilantly managed, has led to remissness on the part of government; by which the natural selfishness of mankind, which is never displayed in all its avidity and odiousness save among corporate bodies and joint-stock companies, has not failed to profit. But it is enough, that if legislative interference with railway companies is called for, or at all warrantable, the sooner it is had recourse to the better. The utility of such interference is demonstrated by the single fact, that while, during the last five months of 1841, twenty-two persons became the victims of accident, or rather of culpable negligence, interference on the part of the Executive, to protect the lives of the lieges, reduced the number of casualties, in 1842, to only one person killed. Accidents on railways are now of rare occurrence. The main fact which, in this pamphlet, must strike every one at the first glance, is the exorbitant expense of travelling on nearly every one of the great lines, compared with what the necessary cost and fair profits of the companies on their capital should warrant were the system better administered; and compared with the rates of railway travelling on the continental lines, which are under the superintendence of government, and public property. Coal is generally as plentiful and cheap in England as in Belgium, machinery and metals are cheaper, and the interest of money lower; why, then, is the rate of the transmission of passengers so much higher?—The only answer is, jobbing and

* Its Expediency and Practicability considered, with a copious Appendix, containing a description of all the Railways in Great Britain and Ireland, fluctuations in the prices of Shares; Statistical and Parliamentary Returns, &c., &c. London: Pelham Richardson.]

gross mismanagement originally, and the cupidity of the share-holders ministered to by Directors and their well-paid servants; and that railway protors are above all control, as they can defy the principle of fair competition. This, the peculiar nature of their property—their monopoly—gives them impunity in doing. The avidity of gain of some of the railway companies appears to overshoot the mark, which is the usual one of all dealers,—as much profit, with as little trouble as possible. In endeavouring to mulct the public, they sometimes injure themselves. Their zeal for gain blinds them; and they are continually changing their rates, and experimenting upon how much more the public will bear, and the concern still pay. The statutes that have been passed as a check on railway monopoly, and for the protection of the public, are, too often, practically, of no more value than as much waste paper. It was provided in the railway acts, that the roads should be open to the public, on paying the proprietors a certain amount of toll for the liberty of running carriages, as on the old turnpike roads; but totally forgotten that carriages on a railway without the necessary supplies of water, fuel, &c., and the right to stop, to take up and set down passengers, were of no value whatever. Even where judgment has been given against companies in courts of law, they have paid no attention whatever to them. They are rich and powerful, and can defend their own wrong. We now quote from the pamphlet:—

There are some Railway Companies who do not stop here, but openly violate the law by exceeding the charge which their respective Acts permit them to make; but that of course can only happen with those railways whose charges are so limited. On two of the greatest lines in the kingdom, the fares are limited by Act of Parliament to 3½d. per mile; but if we refer to their table of fares, we find that both charge, on some parts of their respective lines, 20 to 25 per cent. beyond what the law permits.

Why do the public submit to it? The poor public must submit to many a grievous imposition, and that amongst the number. What is everybody's business is nobody's business; the occupation of an informer is not a very popular one in this country; nor is it particularly desirable for a private individual to enter into a Chancery suit with a rich and powerful Company, for the purpose of discovering, some two or three years hence, should he be so fortunate as to have his case quickly disposed of, the different constructions that lawyers are enabled to put on an Act of Parliament; the plain wayfaring man finds it therefore much easier to submit patiently, or impatiently if he prefer it, to the unjust charge, and pass on his way. A curious feature in the half-yearly meetings which take place of railway proprietors, is the great tact they display in avoiding any reference to practices of the Directors, either of an illegal or doubtful nature, which have for their object an increase of their revenue. . . . .

But, indeed, Railway Companies have seldom occasion to violate the letter of the law, however they may depart from its spirit: if they were to charge in nine cases out of ten what the law permits them to do, their railways would soon become comparatively deserted, and used only by the most opulent classes. On the Great Western, the Company might charge from London to Bristol, 35s. on every passenger; but even in first class carriages they do not find it to be their interest to charge more than 30s.; for the second class, 20s.; but even those fares, so much below what the law permits them to receive, were ineffectual in securing a complete monopoly, as the old coaches, whose regular fares were only 12s. and 14s., still continued on the road, and to drive them off it was necessary to carry third class passengers at 12s. 6d.; this of course succeeded. The case was the same with the London and Birmingham and other great railways, which at the commencement carried only first and second class passengers, but commenced running third-class trains when they found that their monopoly would be incomplete without them. From the foregoing it will be seen, that the interference of the legislature in respect to the tolls and fares of the Companies, have been without any practical utility. . .

. . . High fares must ever be the result of the present system; that is to say, *high compared with the cost of transmission*; for however low the latter may be, it does not in the slightest degree affect the charges made to the public. The only point of consideration with the Directors, is to fix the fares at that rate which will produce the greatest profit to the shareholders; and accordingly they adapt the sliding scale within certain limits, moving up and down until they either have or conceive they have hit the exact point that will best pay, without any reference whatever to the wants or wishes of the public. The Grand Junction lately, though paying 10 per cent. on its capital, raised its fares 27 per cent.; the Company may, perhaps, gain *one per cent.* by the advance; even that is doubtful: but supposing such to be the case, what a loss and inconvenience the public are put to for the attainment of such a comparatively paltry result! The Company gain but the twenty-seventh part of that which they are enabled to take from the community.

Thus the experiments of the Directors on many of the lines, to ascertain what is the *best paying* rate, occasion continual fluctuation in the fares; and the conveniences to the public in the number of passengers conveyed is an element never taken into consideration. Nor, indeed, is such disinterested benevolence to be expected. It is more convenient to receive a shilling from five hundred persons, than sixpence from a thousand; and for this reason the higher rate is preferred, though it yield no more profit to the shareholders. The principle is illustrated in the case of the Blackwall Railway, which, with all its shifts and thrift (and we should say because of them) does not thrive. When the fares on that line were raised last year, the receipts fell off 16 per cent., and the number of passengers 41 per cent.

It formed no business of the Directors to refer to the loss inflicted on the public to a still greater extent than that incurred by the Company. . . . . The Blackwall is given merely as an instance of what is constantly occurring on all railways, until the Directors for the time-being are satisfied that they are charging the highest *paying* fares. The capabilities of a railway for conveying goods and passengers are almost unlimited; and it would be difficult to say what number might be conveyed during eight weeks on the Blackwall; but even without the slightest alteration being made in any of the present arrangements of the Company, either as to power of machinery, increase in the number of carriages, or frequency of trips, more than a million could be conveyed in eight weeks: the carriages which run back and forward every quarter of an hour between London and Blackwall and the intermediate stations, carry about 50 persons on an average each trip, while at the same time there is ample accommodation for more than ten times that number. Here, then, is an enormous waste of power that should be usefully employed for the public good; 250 individuals, who now must plod their way backwards and forwards on foot along the line, might be added to those 50, without any extra expense, all of whom would be happy to avail themselves of the railway were the fares as low as what they might be. Here, then, is illustrated the great evil of the present system; *the interests of the public are never for a moment considered by railway proprietors.*

It is scarcely to be expected that railway proprietors should, more than other men, consider the mere interests of the public, though this makes it the more necessary for the public to attend to its own interest. In no more glaring and obnoxious way is the selfishness of railway companies displayed than in the impediments thrown in the way of the poorer classes of travellers, or of those who find it necessary to sacrifice both comparative comfort, or luxury and vanity, to economy, by using the third-class trains. And this also holds, in a less degree, of the second-class trains. By every expedient, and even by trick, travellers are forced, if possible, into the most expensive trains. The fares by railway are, on several of the lines, as those from London to Birmingham and Bristol, higher than the old coach fares. To Bristol there was a regular daily coach at 20s. inside, and 12s. outside; and now the fare is 30s. by the first-class carriages, and 20s. by the second. To show how passengers are *thirled* to the dearest mode of conveyance, we shall again quote.

The Grand Junction may be taken as an example, as it is a section of the great line of communication between the metropolis and midland counties and the north of England and Scotland. This railway runs six trains per day each way, and of these only two carry second-class passengers; one of which is at the rather early hour, for general convenience, of six o'clock in the morning, the other at half-past four in the afternoon. The other four trains carry exclusively first-class passengers at £1, 6s., and £1, 7s. 6d., so that travellers arriving at Birmingham in the early part of the day must either remain until half-past four before they can continue their journey by a second-class train; or, should they arrive after that hour, remain until the next morning. It was very different under the old coach system; even the mail coaches carried as many outside as they did inside, and the ordinary coaches double or treble as many. At any time of the day the passenger could start from Birmingham for Liverpool, or *vice versâ*, paying no more than 12s. or 14s.; whilst now, to avoid detention, he must pay double that sum, or submit to the inconvenience and delay of having his journey interrupted for six, eight, or twelve hours, as the case may be. In the second-class fares there is an advance of nearly 50 per cent. on the old outside coach places.

This plan of having a first-class train on one railway to meet the next train of another, works, as might be expected, well for the proprietors, when it can be well carried out. It is found better [by passengers] to submit to necessity, pay the increased fare, and pass on. The Grand Junction has carried out this scheme more fully than most other railways; and has consequently paid better dividends. It has also, within the last few years, increased its fares on all classes from 20 to 30 per cent.

There are other means of coercing third-class passengers, and compelling them to draw their slender purses for the benefit of the proprietors.

The object is attained in a variety of ways: by having but one train in the day, as on the Birmingham and Grand Junction; by starting at the most inconvenient hours, as on the Great Western, together with being detained a long time on the road, subject to every species of inattention and neglect: such are the general features of third-class railway travelling. On some railways the porters are not permitted to assist "wagon" passengers, as they are contemptuously called, with their luggage, or in any other way which they might require. On no railway in the kingdom is the system of subjecting third-class passengers to every possible discomfort, in order to compel them to travel by a higher class train, carried out to a greater extent than on the Great Western. The directors of this railway clung with great pertinacity to the plan of putting third-class passengers next to the engine and tender, even after the danger of such a course of proceeding had been demonstrated to the satisfaction of everybody but themselves. To such an extent did the virtuous indignation of one of these directors proceed against those third-class passengers whom he thought should not be there, that he mooted the proposition of employing sweeps to go in amongst them, and thus effectually drive out every man or woman who should find it in any way disagreeable to come in contact with those gentry;—but, indeed, there has been no occasion to proceed to such extreme measures, the object has been otherwise as effectually obtained.

It appears to be the studied purpose of the Directors on this line to make third-class travelling as uncomfortable as is possible upon any railway, where jolting is impracticable. An admirable leading article is quoted from *The Times* on the subject. To *The Times* the author says—"The poor of this country are indebted for the possibility of travelling at all on railways." *The Times*, after showing the inconveniencies and positive hardship to which poor travellers on the Great Western line are subjected by the arbitrary conduct of the Directors, comes to the main point,—the necessity of a superintending control over the irresponsible power of the Boards—and remarks—

The French, who are now following out the system of railways extensively, are provided against these deficiencies, should they arise, in a much better manner than we are at home: because the Government of that country having identified itself in close alliance with these undertakings, by affording assistance in a pecuniary point of view, have the superior right of interfering without encountering the condemnation of that part of the public who may be interested in the maintenance of the supremacy of railway directorates against such supervision. It is a favourite expression among our railway interest, and one that certainly has once or twice occasioned strong opposition against the inspection of the Board of Trade in these matters, viz., that the Government having, in the first instance, refused all responsibility, and allowed private capitalists to surmount the difficulties which these undertakings presented, ought now not to provoke or desire an immediate connexion with their management. But the great answer to all this is, that where the safety or convenience of the public is concerned, there the Government have the power of inspection, and will exercise it for their benefit.

So concludes *The Times;* but the author of the pamphlet pursues and attempts to solve the difficulty:—

How can the Government compel Railway Companies to adopt any measures that the latter may consider detrimental to their interests, without giving them remuneration? A bargain was made with these great Companies to carry passengers at 3½d. per mile; it is only within the last couple of years, for their *own interest*, that they carried third-class passengers at 1½d. per mile; they might abolish "wagons" altogether to-morrow if they thought proper. They adopt the system of annoyance to third-class passengers merely for the purpose of driving them into better carriages, and that they *do* gain by it there can be no doubt. . . . . The London and Birmingham Company state in their report, that the mileage on their line, for the last half-year, was, for the first class, 11,045,485, second 12,192,051, and for the third only 2,140,705 miles. Now, when we compare this account with other railways, where, from peculiar circumstances, the directors find it necessary to give greater accommodation to the poorer class of travellers, we then find, that instead of their not constituting more than a fifth or a tenth of the aggregate number, they frequently amount to two-thirds or three-fourths. When a railway has secured to itself the exclusive conveyance of passengers, it raises its third-class fares as well as others to the highest point it can do so with safety; the only check on one side being the fear of driving the

public to some irregular or chance mode of conveyance, and on the other, their inability to pay the fare. Within the last twelvemonths, the Grand Junction has raised its third-class fares 27 per cent.: should a further advance be found profitable, it will of course be made.

The author of the pamphlet is far from wishing to invade the rights of private property, even to benefit the general interest. He would keep the same good faith with the public Carrier as with the public Creditor; yet he contends that the system adopted is bad, and should be improved by the means he points out; first making due compensation to the parties interested, and also obtaining their consent. He cites an article from *The Edinburgh Review*, in which the subject is viewed in the broadest light, and the bad consequences of hasty legislation clearly demonstrated:—

"The immediate effect of the establishment of a railway is to invest the proprietors with a monopoly of the closest kind; to extinguish instantaneously and effectually all competition, and to place the community, in some of its most important concerns, completely at the mercy of individuals, endued by no motive of action but their own selfishness, swayed by every gust of prejudice and passion, and too often as profoundly ignorant of even their own real interest as they are exclusively devoted to its advancement." . . . . "Most confident are we that the legislature acted with no little blindness in confiding the monopoly of concerns so important as the avenues of public communication to the uncontrolled possession of private capitalists. When we see the lavish expenditure incurred in works of this description; when we see enormous sums awarded to landed proprietors, not as a compensation for property injured, but as a bribe for their concurrence in projects from which none will benefit more largely than themselves; when we see the shameful waste of money in fictitious contests between opposing lines got up by speculating and scheming proprietors, before an act of incorporation can be obtained; and when we remember that this cost of construction, this extortion of proprietors, this harvest of projectors, must all eventually swell the fare to be imposed upon the passenger, and so far throw an obstacle in the way of intercourse, we cannot but regret that the state has not adopted measures to reduce expenses which will ultimately be saddled on the community. And when, in addition to the cost of the original establishing of a railway, we observe the despotism already exercised by its proprietors over the pockets, the time, the convenience, and the safety of the public submitted to their caprice; when we find fares raised to the utmost that the public will consent to pay, the rate of travelling entirely incommensurate with the speed the country might reasonably expect; when we see the press teeming with instances of negligence the most gross, regulations the most capricious and unjust, we deeply lament that a matter so peculiarly of public moment has not, from the first, been made a national concern."

Our *laissez faire* system is then contrasted with that of Belgium, where the government has taken the public means of communication entirely into its own hands. No one objects to the government assuming the sole power of the Post-office, but why then to the transmission of travellers and of all kinds of goods as well as letters and small parcels?

It is a pregnant fact that, with all the powers of steam to aid us, travelling is in general no cheaper now than it was twenty years since. Time alone is saved, and that is much, though it need not preclude other advantages. Time may be much money to a first or second class traveller, but it is of little or no value to a poor man travelling, perhaps, in quest of employment, which will yield him little when obtained. The author's plan of Railway Reform, by government buying up on an equitable principle the entire property, is too complicated and full of details and calculations to be exhibited in our pages. We refer for it to the pamphlet. It is enough, in one important province, that he contemplates increasing the profits of all railways by the very satisfactory means of reducing the rates of travelling, and thus increasing the number of passengers. The present fares from Dublin to Kingstown are, for third-class passengers, less than a farthing a mile, and the concern prospers; while that of Blackwall, with all its changes, languishes, and has occasioned great loss to the shareholders. Of this short line, which may be called but a long street, or at most an outlet from London, it is justly remarked,

The fares on it can scarcely be reduced too low, an important fact which its Directors have yet to learn. They have tried all sorts of experiments except the right one, and that is, very low fares. The fares that will probably pay them best are 2d. and 3d. between Blackwall and London, and 1d. and 2d. for the short stations, with the fares doubled on Sunday. Let them try that scale for a month, and they may possibly find their affairs in a somewhat better situation. . . .

The Blackwall is *gaining* about £100 per week by a *reduction* of 30 per cent.; a further reduction of 30 per cent. might be safely made, without the fear of incurring any loss.

The Dublin and Kingstown, by adopting the "half farthing" principle, which is a reduction of about 30 per cent., have raised their dividends from 4 to 5 per cent.

The Glasgow and Greenock, by reducing their fares 70 per cent., have considerably improved their affairs.

On many railways the result, I have no doubt, would be the same: the Liverpool and Manchester, for instance, have but two classes, the highest class 6s. 6d., and the lowest 4s. 6d. I doubt very much if there would be any loss incurred by changing them to 2s. 6d., and 1s. 6d., and adding a third-class train at 1s.

A reduction of 70 per cent. on the London and Birmingham Railway would probably, on the contrary, reduce their receipts by £150,000 per annum.

The receipts on most of the great leading lines would probably suffer in a proportionate degree.

The loss of nearly a million from the present amount of receipts might, it is estimated, accrue over the whole country; but let us look to the counterbalancing advantages, supposing the whole of the railways were managed by the government:—they are such as to extinguish the nominal loss.

Before sweeping away half a hundred boards of directors, and along with them their thousand and one diversified and conflicting laws and by-laws, ordinances, rules, and regulations, together with the "committees of investigation," and their ponderous reports, we must first settle who are to be their successors. Under what system should the railways be managed? I believe the best system would be that which would approach nearest to that of our own post-office. One individual of rank and talent, and a member of the cabinet, to have the sole management, responsible, of course, to the government and the country for the due performance of his duty; or perhaps, what would be better, as the Board of Trade was lately constituted, the president in the House of Peers, and the vice-president in the House of Commons.

I would propose four classes of passengers:—

The first class one penny per mile,

The second class three farthings per mile,

to travel by the same train, at the rate of 25 miles per hour, stoppages included.

The third class one halfpenny per mile,

The fourth class one farthing per mile,

to travel by the same train, at the rate of 15 miles per hour, stoppages included, and be despatched twice a day, at the most convenient hours for the poorer classes.

The slower rate of travelling is to save the tear and wear caused by friction, and the higher price is to go to the account of increased speed, all the carriages being made comfortable. Although the rate of mileage is thus reduced for all classes of travellers, and consequently the gross receipts, it is not imagined by our author that any burthen will fall upon the public revenue from this reduction, while the lower rates will be a great boon to the whole travelling population. The practicability of the author's scheme is illustrated by Mr. Rowland Hill's admirable plan of Post-office reform, which, it is by the way incidentally stated, can never be completely carried out until the Railways, like the Post-office, shall become public property.

Whatever advantages the public would derive from the complete carrying out of Mr. Hill's plan of Post-office reform, and no doubt they would be very great, a greater sacrifice of revenue would be necessarily involved than the government would be willing to concede. If, on the contrary, the railways belonged to government, not only would the country be saved what it at present pays for the transmission of mails, but be enabled to carry out Mr. Hill's reforms to their full extent.

The change which I propose is to some extent, although but in a limited degree, analogous to that of Mr. Rowland Hill's Post-office reform. It will be necessary to examine the difference in principle on which they are founded, the circumstances in which they are placed, and how far the results attending the one can be regarded as a test for the success or non-success of the other in a financial point of view.

First. In Mr. Hill's plan, the postage was reduced to *one-sixth* of what it formerly had been, and the decrease to the revenue in consequence amounted to £900,000. In the railway reform which I propose, the reduction is only to *one-third*, and the decrease in the receipts from the railways I have estimated at a million sterling.

Second. Mr. Hill's plan, in the important matter of finance, has fallen considerably short of what was anticipated, by having adopted the fixed-duty principle, instead of a graduated scale, which I believe would have been most advantageous in this case, whatever it may be in others.

We cannot concur in this opinion; and at all events it does not bear on the question under discussion. There is, as the author contends, a total difference between the case of Railways and the Post-office, so far as revenue is involved.

By Post-office reform, the deficiency of £900,000 in the receipts is a direct loss to the revenue, and has to be met with direct taxation to that amount; by the proposed plan of railway reform, the revenue does not suffer to the amount of a single farthing. The revenue which the railway yields to the government is about £200,000: not only is that item left untouched in the expenditure, but the amount paid by the Post-office is deducted from the receipts; *the government would but lose in effect by reduced charges what it would otherwise gain by continuing the present rates.*

But the reasoning which is meant to establish this proposition is too elaborate for our limits, nor are we sure of its accuracy. Among the contemplated economical advantages to the public would be the perfect working of Mr. Rowland Hill's plan; the free transmission of the mails to every village and hamlet; of paupers to their parishes and unions; the cheap conveyance of troops, public officers, and of all kinds of military and naval stores. To effect all this, it is proposed that government shall become possessed of all the railway property in the kingdom, by converting the shares into three per cent. stock, at the rate of £106 stock for every £100 worth of railway property.

This rate, at the present price of consols, would be very high; but as a matter of justice, good policy, and expediency, it ought to be high.

Some proprietors would think the rate not nearly high enough, while others would most gladly grasp at it. Another, a great moral advantage contemplated, is annihilating a new and fertile source of corrupting and ruinous speculation. The ruinous consequences of depreciation of railway shares are even less unfavourable to habits of prudence and sober industry than are unexpected great rises in the value of railway property, tempting men to farther gambling.

It is thus the plain honest man becomes a "confirmed speculator;" he gives himself credit for great foresight for what was in effect, so far as he was concerned, mere chance. His foresight may not be so acute the next time; and, after going through all the variations of good and evil success, the result is generally the same with him as most other commercial gamblers—bankruptcy. I believe nothing can be more pernicious, more destructive of the moral and industrious habits of a people, than subjecting them to such influences: in the present case a property worth upwards of sixty millions sterling is continually being operated on by two interested parties, and its price in the market raised or lowered as may suit the interests of the more powerful party. How much better would it be for those who have made *bonâ fide* investments if they were drawing a certain interest from a comparatively unfluctuating capital than incurring their present risks, which may one day end in their ruin.

In a great commercial country like this, speculative dealings and time-bargains will always be going on to a great extent; but it ought to be the object of government to confine their evil influence, so far as possible, to the class of persons who originate them, and endeavour to prevent the honest man being injured by the knavish transactions of others.

Having enumerated the commercial and political advantages of his plan, in free and extended intercourse between all parts of the kingdom—in the saving of the enormous and most valuable power going every day *to waste* in the grasp of monopoly, and which, if well directed, might give the same facility to the transmission of persons as of letters by Mr. Rowland Hill's thrice-blessed reform, the author thus proceeds—

Great as those political and commercial advantages would be, the social and moral advantages would be still greater. The barrier would be removed that separates man from man. That which is, in itself, and must ever be, a monopoly, would be converted from the sordid vehicle of gain to the noblest instrument that science ever invented, or philanthropy employed, in extending and promoting the happiness of mankind. If it be a blessing that man should be enabled to go abroad and behold the works of his Maker; if it be a blessing that the sickly artisan, pent up in the densely-populated city, or inhaling the pestilential atmosphere of the crowded manufactory, have it within his power to use a short interval snatched from labour in renovating his worn-down frame; if it be a blessing that friend should meet friend, who are divided from each other, though not, perhaps, fifty miles apart, as effectually as though the Atlantic rolled between them; if, in a word, it would be a blessing that time and space for all practical purposes of communication should be annihilated, and that man, flying as it were on the wings of the wind, should enjoy to the fullest extent every happiness and comfort which the economy and rapidity of this mode of travelling can

confer; if all these be blessings, they are within the reach of the people of this country.

The adoption of the proposed plan would do injustice to no man. It would not diminish any branch of direct revenue, but increase many branches indirectly; and as it is detrimental to no particular interest, nor can be offensive to the prejudices of any party, it should be adopted.

If we look abroad to other countries, we find that they are far in advance of us, in the mode and manner of establishing and conducting their railways. Belgium we have already noticed; the governments of France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, Holland, and the German States, have considered them undertakings of such paramount importance, as either to have them constructed for the state, or give every encouragement to the capitalist *on condition* of a very low tariff being fixed.

The author then suggests that his plan might be made trial of by the government purchasing one railway, say the Blackwall line, and at once reducing the fares to a half or to a third of the present rates, and proceeds—

If it is found that people can travel on that railway at one-third of what they pay at present, that nobody is a loser, and everybody a gainer by the change, try another, the Liverpool and Manchester; let that railway be open to the public, which it is not yet, except in the same manner that the London Tavern is—let the fares by the first-class trains be 2s. 6d. and 1s. 8d., and by the second-class trains, 1s. 3d. and 8d.; if the second experiment succeed, a final one might be made on the London and Birmingham. . . . .

It is proved from the returns of two railways, the Glasgow and Greenock, and Dublin and Kingstown, the proprietors of which have adopted a *very* low scale of fares, that the increase of passengers has more than made up for the reduction in charges.

With the description of the railways we shall not interfere, though it gives value to the pamphlet; nor yet with the tables showing the fluctuations in the prices of shares, or the statistical and Parliamentary returns; but we warmly recommend the whole of the voluminous pamphlet to public consideration. Much, if not the whole, of the scheme propounded, and many of the reforms suggested or hinted at, are as practical as they must be found useful.

It gives us pleasure to notice that the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway is not only, as we were already aware, one of the best formed and most liberally conducted in the kingdom, but was, from the date of opening, one of the safest and cheapest. Even the author of Railway Reform allows that the rates are "very moderate," and the accommodation afforded to the great mass of the public is found in the fact, that there are on this line three times the number of third-class than of second class passengers, while on many of the English lines, the numbers are exactly in an inverse proportion. There is an extra train for third class passengers at six A.M., where the fare is 2s. 6d., or nearly *three times* less than is paid by third-class passengers on some of the English railways. This Company have, however, been kept in check by the Canal, which is nearly parallel to their line; and no doubt they find their account in the low rate, which gives an increased number of passengers. It is about *seven* times as costly to poor people to travel on the railway from Manchester to Liverpool as from Glasgow to Greenock; but the Liverpool company receive 10 per cent. on their capital.

Without being prepared to go all at once the full length of the author of *Railway Reform*, every one must admit that some degree of legislative interference is imperatively called for; and if so, much may be gained by studying the facts and details, and preliminary discussion found in this able and well-timed pamphlet. If the public are not vigilant, it will soon have to contend against as thoroughly consolidated and powerful a band of monopolists in the public Carriers, as in the land and sugar lords.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Reminiscences of Syria, and Fragments of a Journal and Letters from the Holy Land. By Lieut.-Colonel E. Napier. 2 volumes 12mo. London: Newby.

COLONEL NAPIER is one of the sons of "the old Commodore," and "a true chip of the old block." While at home in the autumn of 1840 on sick leave, his regiment being at Gibraltar, he received a pithy and very laconic epistle from "the Governor," telling him that he had hoisted his broad pendant on Mount Lebanon, and bidding him ask leave to join him there, as he might be of use. Leave was asked, and obtained; but before the auxiliary reached St. Jean d'Acre, the heat of the campaign was over, and his father off for Beyrout;—so nothing remained for him save to muse and moralize, and read a lesson in this Quaker-like fashion to Ministers at War.

"War, bloody war," may look very pretty on paper, and "glory" sounds very fine; but, to appreciate the effects of the former, I would recommend Monsieur Thiers, or my Lord Palmerston to moralize for an hour amidst the fragments of Acre, amusing themselves in the meanwhile by raking out the half-putrid remains of mortality from under the still reeking and smouldering ruins, and then see with what *gusto* they could either sit down to dinner, or pen a despatch on the subject. . . . .

As we advanced towards the western defences, we overtopped the casemated barracks and square, protected by the line wall, and now only tenanted by a few poor Egyptian women,—who, huddled up in a corner, and shrouded in their veils, appeared to be mourning over their desolate condition—numerous carcases of donkeys, and a few Turkish soldiers, who were already quietly smoking the pipe of repose. . . . .

We proceeded to the hospital: here a melancholy sight presented itself. The wards were filled with sick and wounded, though in a much cleaner state and better order than I could have expected; but in the verandah, we beheld the ghastly sight of ten or twelve bodies, some badly lacerated, others dreadfully emaciated, and undergoing the process of being sewed up in canvass, preparatory to burial; while one sturdy fellow, with tucked-up sleeves, was busily employed in cleaning the corpses. . . . . From hence we proceeded to view the locality of the grand explosion, which was probably the principal cause of the garrison evacuating the place; and it certainly exceeded anything I could have conceived possible. For a space of about 400 yards in diameter, where once stood the magazine, all now is bare—the very fragments of stone and masonry appear as if ground to dust by the terrific shock. The only object which seems to have escaped destruction is the stem of a solitary date tree, whose "leaf-crowned head," still gracefully waves amidst the surrounding desolation, so forcibly manifested

in the very air we breathe, charged as it is with the effluvia arising from the mouldering remains of poor humanity, now trodden under our feet :—

> And, oh! to see th' unburied heaps
> On which the lonely moonlight sleeps;
> The very vultures turn away,
> And sicken at so foul a prey.

And it was certainly remarkable that although human legs and arms were to be seen in abundance shooting up through the *décombres*, whilst the bodies of horses, camels, and donkeys, strewed the adjacent grounds, not even one of those scavengers of the East, the half wild and wandering dog of the bazaar, was to be seen partaking of the genial feast. The effect of the explosion was most awful, as, besides the clearing above-mentioned, it forced part of the battlements into the fosse, and appeared to have lifted up, bodily, several towers of the most solid construction. The mischief it occasioned is astounding.

This is dismal work at the outset; but the reminiscences are rarely of this melancholy complexion. They are lively and harum-scarum, and generally entertaining, save where the Lieutenant-Colonel thinks it needful to draw largely upon his Eastern learning, instead of contenting himself with relating his own adventures and observations, which are much more racy than his reading. He joined the Commodore at Beyrout; and had a rather cold reception from Sir Charles Smith, the military commander. But orders speedily arrived from head-quarters, appointing him Assistant Adjutant-General to the British Force in Syria; and he remained at Beyrout, in comfortable winter-quarters, with a pleasant native family, amusing himself in studying the language and manners of the people, and in making excursions to Mount Lebanon, or visiting the Syrian chiefs; who were universally well-disposed to welcome the son of "the Great Commodore," the national deliverer. Of the mountaineers we have this sketch, which is much more to our liking than the elaborate results of the author's Eastern literary studies :—

If not abundance, at least health and industry appeared to be the chief characteristics of this hardy race. The men employed in the culture of their terraces, or engaged in bringing in the mulberry-leaves for the use of their silkworms, were a robust and fine-looking set of fellows; and their wives and daughters, availing themselves of the privileges of Christianity, were not ashamed to show countenances invariably beaming with smiles, and often possessing no inconsiderable share of beauty. Many presented the peculiar characteristic of a deep blue eye, shaded by locks of the most raven hue; and whilst the ruddy tinge of health mantled their bronzed countenances, their fine, though often rather portly figures, and upright carriage, marked them as the mothers and sisters of a race of warriors, capable, if properly led, of battling to the last in the cause of their liberty, rights, and independence.

In every cottage on whose threshold we set foot, the welcome "Faddal" was pronounced; the rude but hospitable pipe heartily tendered; the children crowded round us; the labours of the loom were stopped; and whilst every article of our dress and appointments appeared to excite wonder and astonishment, particularly on the part of the women, the expressions of admiration from the latter were unbounded on seeing their charms faithfully recorded by our ready pencils; and the satisfaction they felt was vehemently expressed by endless, "Mashallahs!" ("wonderful!" "astonishing!")

It was long after dark ere, returning to the convent, we found the friars assembled at their evening meal, which we were not sorry to partake of; and the more we were in their company, the more we were enabled to see of what a shrewd, intelligent class of men, this community was composed.

This refers to a fraternity of Jesuits, consisting of twelve brothers, who had at this time a very remarkable superior :—

Padre Rhyllo was by nation a Pole,—but spoke French, Italian, Spanish, and Arabic, with equal fluency; —in the prime of life, about thirty-five years of age, with a handsome countenance, and tall commanding figure; —from the first moment I saw him rein in his horse on the beach, methought how much better than the monkish garb, a soldier's dress would have befitted such a man,—but when riding by his side, on approaching the battle ground of Boharsef, he detailed the proceedings of the day, not merely with the gusto of an amateur, but in the technical language of a professional man, as he described what ought, and what ought not to have been done—lauding one movement, and condemning the other, —the thought suddenly flashed across me, that the Padre appeared not *then* what he once had been—that the sombre cowl *now* replaced what was erst a glittering war-casque,—and that the hand which was at that moment outstretched in such an attitude of command, had of yore been more familiar to the grasp of a good sword than to finger the polished beads of a Friar's rosary.

In the enthusiasm of the moment, the character of the *Monk* had been completely thrown off, and he so plainly discovered the still lurking propensities of the *Soldier*, that I forthwith taxed him with being a comrade by profession. He candidly allowed it to be true; and I afterwards discovered the present Superior of the Jesuits of Mount Lebanon, to have been an officer of rank in the Polish army, and one of those restless spirits who, after the prostration of their fondest hopes of liberty and independence, had, through another channel, given vent to an ardent spirit of enterprise and activity, by enlisting under the religious banners of an order not slow in appreciating talents such as he possessed, and which had probably been the cause of his present mission to the East. . . . . .

When the insurrection of Lebanon, backed by the landing of the Allies at Djouni, promised a successful issue, Rhyllo was most active in the good cause; and by the accuracy of his information, and his influence with the Mountaineers, proved himself of the utmost service. Superior to the narrow views of the generality of monastic orders, as a Jesuit, he heartily coöperated with the "heretics," and lent his utmost aid to expel the Egyptians from these their usurped possessions.

Rhyllo was subsequently removed from the direction of the convent at Bhekfayïa, through French interference at the court of Rome, where he was represented as being too favourable to the "heretical" English; he went to Malta, but was shortly afterwards obliged to leave that island, in consequence, it is said, of interference with the government of the place.

A visit to the aged Emir Beschir Cassim enables us to see the Syrians at home. The "Great Commodore's son" was most graciously received, complimented, and embraced :—

We had capitally timed the moment of our arrival, which was mid-day, the hour of the first morning meal; and, after having been on horseback since sunrise, the reader may easily fancy that great was our delight when a tray, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, after being placed on a low stand, was shortly after covered with smoking dishes, containing piles of rice pilaus, and every other Eastern delicacy "of the season." We squatted around the "festive board;"—embroidered napkins were duly handed to us by negro slaves, who also deposited opposite each guest a large flat circular piece of what greatly resembled a pancake, but which turned out to be the "Khobs" or unleavened bread, in general use all over Syria. After these preliminaries, the more serious operations of the day commenced by our following the Prince's example, and diving our right hands deeply into the savoury mass of pilau before us; —it is true, the Emir, out of compliment to our Frankish customs, had provided a couple of silver spoons and forks for the occasion; but remembering the old adage of, "Do at Rome as the Romans do,"—we soon found the

use for which fingers were originally intended, nor were our appetites thereby any way impaired;—indeed the old Emir did not allow us to flinch; for ever and anon, by way of encouragement and compliment, he would with his own princely digits tear asunder the wing or leg of a fowl, and insist on our partaking of these savoury morsels, until a complete state of repletion forced us at last to cry "Hold, enough!" A metal ewer and basin, soap and embroidered napkins, were then taken round by the attendants, when the guests performed an ablution after their manner; but the Prince was not so easily satisfied, for not content with lathering with soap his hands and moustache,—the *inside* of his mouth underwent a similar operation, he then rinsed it well out,—and uttering a low "Alhumdolillah," "thank God!" immediately ordered those great promoters of digestion, and consequently of health; the never-failing chibouque and narghili.

After pipes and coffee, a short discussion on the state of affairs, during which the Emir complained sadly of the neglect of the Turks in not sending him either money or provisions for his people,—we adjourned to a neighbouring apartment to pay a visit to his younger brother the Emir Abdallah—whom we found surrounded likewise by a circle of courtiers; but, in this case, some of them dispensed so far with etiquette as to remain seated in his presence.

The gauntlet of coffee, pipes, and sherbet was here to be run afresh; after which, following the Emir, we adjourned to a large open space on the side of the hill, where the Prince had prepared, for our inspection, a muster of his Mountain forces,—which amounted, in all, to between two and three thousand men.

The scene which presented itself at this grand "review," though differing slightly from field days in Hyde Park or the Phœnix at Dublin, was nevertheless exciting,—and from its novelty, interesting in the extreme.

While cruising about through the Holy Land, Colonel Napier visited Nazareth—taking with him his friend and dragoman Giorgio, a Greek—and there saw more of conventual life:—

Giorgio, fatigued after his late illness, with the exertions of the day, retired to bed, at which the Padre appeared not a little rejoiced; for, "Now," said he, "that we have got rid of the 'Maladetto Greco,' (the cursed Greek,) we will go and have a little conversation and *cena* (supper) in my private apartment." It is impossible to form any conception of the hatred entertained by the various Christian sects in Syria against each other, more particularly by the two most powerful ones belonging to the Greek and Latin Churches; and of this, I had now the above specimen.

We accordingly repaired to the Padre's "Sanctum," where an excellent supper soon appeared; and when the lay-brothers who served it up had retired, the Superior, with a knowing wink, proceeding to a recess, produced therefrom some bottles of what proved to be most delicious old wine.

Padre Deodato Prospero was—unlike the generality of his order—a well-informed, intelligent fellow; and I took advantage of his sociable humour, to elicit from him all the information I could obtain. He said that the convent and church, which had been founded by St. Helena, contained about twenty friars, most of them Spaniards, but himself and two others were Italians; and that the town of Nazareth was composed of a mixed population of Mahomedans, Catholics, and a few Maronites; that, however, the greater part consisted of "Maladetti Greci."

"But how comes it, most reverend Father," said I, "that, with such an aversion to heterodoxy, you should be here seated in friendly communion with such an arch-heretic as myself, of the 'Maladetto' and accursed Church of England?"

"Oh!" said the ready-witted monk. "*Questo è molto differente*; for although it is true we consider your countrymen as at present in a benighted state, still we owe them gratitude for past services, rendered in a sacred cause—the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre; and this very spot was marked by a victory obtained by an English prince over the unbelievers, by which he became master, and retained possession of Nazareth, after putting every infidel to the sword. More lately, an Englishman did us good service; for after the siege of Acre, in 1799, when Djezzar Pasha threatened to put to death every Christian of this place, the English Commodore (Sir Sydney Smith) intimated to him, that such an act would be instantly followed by the bombardment of the town; which threat effectually prevented the execution of this inhuman measure. And now," added the crafty priest, "I dare say *Sua Eccellenza* will do us a good turn, by writing to Commodore Napier to have our present rights and privileges confirmed under the new order of things."

Next morning they visited the famous subterranean chapel. Lieutenant-Colonel Napier having feasted with Jesuits on Lebanon and in Nazareth, congratulated himself on banqueting with a Jew in Jerusalem. Of Zachariah's unique feast he tells,—

During my erratic course through Syria, I had feasted with Turks and Arabs, Greeks and Syrians, Maronites, Druses, and Mutualis; and it was now written that I should break bread with some of the remnants of the children of Israel. A strong stomach, and good appetite, always rendered me perfectly indifferent as to who my companions might be at the social board, if attended by a hearty welcome,—and I have relished as much the frugal and homely fare under the Bedouin's rude tent, or in the smoky hut of the goat-herd, as the feasts partaken of in gilded kiosks, and perfumed gardens, with princes and pashas, Emirs and Seraskiers. But amidst all this pleasing variety of different associates, high and low, I never found such subjects of interest as on the present occasion, when, at the plentiful feast now spread before us, we beheld so many various specimens of that scattered people, from amongst those different nations where they had been dispersed,—"from the one end of the earth even unto the other;"—whose languages they had adopted, while so strictly preserving their ancient customs and observances,—and now assembled on the very spot where it had once been foretold Abraham their forefather, that, "Of thee I will make a great nation."

In short, Jews of every country now sat at the festive board of old Zachariah; and never, since the days of Babel, was heard such a discordant jabber of various languages; nor could a well-got-up masquerade have afforded a greater variety of costumes than was presented on this occasion, in which even the purlieus of Monmouth Street appeared to have sent forth a representative to the city of David; for I met here with one old Israelite, who had spent his life in England, and had now come, as he said, to leave his bones in the land of his forefathers.

On a reconnoitring party, or what he calls a Foray beyond Jordan, the Commodore's son was attended by a very motley troop of irregular horse; cut-throat-looking knaves, gathered from every tribe from the Caspian to the Red Sea, and as variously mounted and equipped. Strange, wild adventures were encountered in this foray, in quest of an enemy, where the worst enemy was extreme cold or hunger. The alarmed inhabitants of the villages in the plains of Esdraëlon fled before them. One night spent at a *Fellah* Arab village may represent the whole campaign:—

Our party took up their quarters for the night in the hut of the Sheikh-el-Belled, the worthy old Ali; who did everything in his power to make us comfortable, much to the personal inconvenience of a large family of goats, the greater part of which were obliged to be turned out of doors, to make way for the unexpected and self-invited guests.

Seeing we were cold, hungry, and tired, old Ali slew a kid, set his *females* immediately to knead and bake some "khobs" on the ashes; and having kindled a fire in the midst of the mud-floor of the hovel, rugs, boat-cloaks,

and saddlery were soon disposed around the "hearth," and we prepared to make ourselves as much as possible at home for the evening.

To vermin and filth we had long since been inured; and having now the greatest contempt for the "flea" tribe, I had lately discontinued the use of the linen bag in which I at first invariably slept, after an invasion of the enemy had been securely guarded against, by having it tightly fastened round the throat. But we had to learn that filth and creeping things were not our only enemies, for to their number were now added intense cold and smoke,—without a fire. The former was almost unbearable, whilst oft were we fain copiously to weep over the latter; the volumes of smoke arising from the green wood we were, for want of better, obliged to burn, being truly distressing to the eyes. The only manner of partly escaping from its disagreeable effects was to lie down close to the ground, and in that posture "eat, drink, and be as merry" as we could. However, so completely is man the child of circumstances and custom, that we at last became quite reconciled to inconveniences and hardships which had at first been considered as almost unbearable; and as, in company with bearded Sheikhs and robber Bedouins, we voraciously tore to pieces the half-roasted sheep or kid, and dived our dexter hands into the heaps of rice before us; lying at the same time in the most friendly and promiscuous manner amongst the goats, kids, and calves of the establishment. When, after having thus eaten our fill, and feeling perfectly happy, we rolled ourselves up for the night near the blazing embers, the thought often came across my mind of how fast we were verging into the ways of savage life, and how easy appeared to be the gradual transition from all the refinements of civilisation to the state of a Cherokee Indian, or Bedâwee Arab of the Desert!

On the present occasion we, as usual, invited our host to partake of the feast thus hastily, though willingly prepared for us; and I completely won the old man's heart by giving him some of the "schnapps" which Captain Lané had so highly approved of during that morning's march. At first he appeared to entertain the scruples of a true follower of the Prophet, against what he considered the forbidden beverage; but on Mr. Hunter,—who now passed off as the Hakeem of the party,—assuring him it was merely a medicine, which would render him more young and vigorous, he, after many Mashallahs! (wonderful! astonishing!) did full justice to the potent distillery of the old Samaritan Jew.

"Wo laish ya Seedi—And why, my lord," at last said the old Sheikh, now warmed with the potent fluid, "why does not 'Jenabuk' (your Highness) come and settle amongst us, since you say you like our mode of life so much!"—"Ya hâbeeb—Oh, my friend," replied I, "am I to leave for ever my country and family, to come and reside in a strange land!"—"Malish mâ be sail—Never mind that," rejoined he; "if you will come and settle here, I will give you a house, some goats, and Inshallah (please God), if you wish it, you shall have my own daughter in marriage,—and the 'bint' (girl) is comely and good-looking." With numerous expressions of gratitude, and "Khaiter khairack é khiteer," (many thanks) for his kind offers, I expressed a wish, ere I accepted his proposal, to have a look at the 'bint;' but it being then too late to disturb her virgin slumbers, it was determined I should enjoy that felicity on the following morning;—and, in the meantime, wishing my future father-in-law 'Leilatuk sâid,'—(Good night) I was soon dreaming of herds and flocks, rich pastures, and, may be, also of my interesting 'Arab Bride.'"

Next morning, as the troop were getting in readiness to march, I reminded the old Sheikh of his promise. He said Fatimah had gone to the "bir," or well, for the daily supply of water; but that, if I would accompany him thither, I might have an opportunity of seeing her. However, it was written that she should not on that occasion play the part of a second Rebekah, although her revered sire appeared well disposed to enact that of Laban.

Captain Lané was an old Prussian officer, who had volunteered on the service; Mr. Hunter, the author of "Travels in Syria," a gentleman with whom Lieutenant-Colonel Napier had become acquainted in Beyrout. His ragged regiment mutined to a man, even before one of Ibrahim Pacha's troops had been seen; and their commander, to prevent the disgrace of desertion;

A couple of hundred as complete ruffians as ever disgraced Falstaff's ragged regiment. I took off my cocked-hat, and gave them three parting cheers, to which they responded with a terrific yell. I shall follow in a couple of hours. 'Tis all very good fun; but, at the same time, I know them, whenever they are brought to the scratch, to be the most arrant set of cowards that ever existed."

By the way this cocked-hat, with its long, swaling plume of ostrich feathers, furnished by Mr. Jones of Regent Street, produced a strong sensation, and gained vast respect for the wearer in the mountains of Syria. One day at Napolouse, he was about to inspect "the forces" with an indecorus red woollen night-cap on his head, when, as he relates—

Solyman Abdul Hadi, meeting me on the stairs, begged I would put on the "bournetta-é-kibir," as he denominated my cocked-hat; adding, that such a "nishan," or honorary distinction would cause the Mountaineers to treat me with twice as much respect and obedience.

I accordingly pulled the plumed castor over the red "woollen;" and never felt more convinced that "fine feathers" make fine birds, than from the effect produced on the assembled barbarians by my showy head-gear; on witnessing which they set up a wild yell of approbation and delight, and vociferously demanded to be led without loss of time against the enemy. These marks of "popular applause" proceeded from about a couple of hundred wild, half-starved, ill-conditioned looking rascals, who would have been considered a disgrace to the most disorderly rabble; armed, some with old rusty swords, others with weapons doing duty for fire-locks; whilst the major part were furnished with what in their hands were probably more dangerous implements, to wit, formidable looking clubs and stout cudgels.

At this moment the thought occurred of the splendid figure I should make, at the head of these gentry, against the impetuous charge of Ibrahim's well-organized cavalry in the wide plains of Khan Younés!

The General-officer's cocked-hat and plume must have been "shocking bad" before their owner, who never seems to have had the proper respect for them, returned to Jaffa from his wild expedition, as hungry and thirsty as any old campaigner need be, and rejoiced to find himself once more at a convent refectory, and sitting on a *chair*, with his legs under a table covered with a clean cloth and the savoury dishes, and good Cyprus wine, provided by the friars, before him. It did the friars and Turkish officers good to see him devour.

It will not be forgotten by our readers that Jaffa is the Joppa of Scripture; of which the Lieutenant-Colonel tells this piquant story:—

One afternoon, whilst smoking a chibouque on the terrace of my quarters, which commanded a fine view of the harbour, I was hailed in a soft, though northern accent; and on looking down, beheld a well-dressed and pretty European female, whose origin was evidently from beyond the Tweed, and who asked if I "kenned" the way to the house of Simon the tanner!

I replied by inviting the lady to enter my quarters; and after giving her a cup of coffee,—though she had the ill manners to refuse the proffered chibouque,—I learnt that her name was Mrs. M——, that her husband commanded a small merchant craft then lying in the roadstead, and whilst he had come ashore in quest of fresh stock, his better half,—who appeared in her own way to be a bit of a blue-stocking,—was making the most of her visit, by seeing all the "lions" of the place,

It was the first time she had e'er set foot in the "Land of the East," and she was consequently exceedingly struck with everything she beheld; and accepted, with delight, an offer I made to get her introduced into the Hareem of mine host, who happened to be a Mussulman, and immediately acceded to the lady's request.

She was much pleased with her reception there; and it being the day when the public hummaums [baths] were appropriated for the exclusive use of the women, she also accompanied thither her new acquaintances. After having been absent for a considerable time she at last returned,—pale, apparently very much agitated, and, protesting that nothing should ever induce her to visit again such a place, requested I would send somebody to accompany her to the boat which waited at the pier. I politely tendered my services; and, on the way, endeavoured to find out what she had seen or encountered to discompose her so very much; she, however, obstinately refused to satisfy my curiosity, only remarking, that what she had there witnessed, and the shameless manner in which the Turkish women had conducted themselves towards her, was not to be recounted, even to the "gudeman" himself;—from whence I came to the conclusion, that, notwithstanding all Russell, in his account of Aleppo, avers to the contrary, Lady Wortley Montague's well-known description of the interior of a female hummaum may be more true than is generally imagined; for although many European ladies have since then visited these fashionable lounges and places of recreation for the fair sex in the East, they may not have recounted all they beheld there with the unblushing sincerity and candour of our observant ambassadress at Constantinople.

Lieutenant-Colonel Napier spent a few days with the Turkish army; but of our Mussulman allies he is not able to make favourable report.

The author of these lively reminiscences proposes to give an account of a subsequent visit which he made to Egypt; and we neither doubt that those who have followed him to Syria will be most happy to meet with him again in a new field, nor that the high animal spirits and cordial gaiety which give a charm to his book will fail him in any new effort to interest and entertain the public.

Life in the Ranks. By Sergeant-Major Taylor, author of "Scenes and Adventures in Affghanistan." London: T. C. Newby.

Everything connected with the war in Affghanistan, was so interesting in England, that the most meagre details were eagerly perused, from whatever quarter they might proceed. But the ordinary events of regimental life possess no such attraction; and the personal adventures of the Sergeant-Major and his companions, in the earlier part of his nearly bloodless military career in India, are therefore a falling off from his narrative and anecdotes of the march to Cabul, and his descriptions of Dost Mahommed and Shah Soojah. The best part of the book consists of the remarks and reflections of an intelligent man bred in the ranks on the errors and abuses of our military system, as respects the condition of the private soldier. It also contains a few amusing, and a few tragic and horrible stories, such as the experience of every military man affords, and which are chiefly illustrative of the low morality of the ranks.——Father Mathew had not been heard of, when, on the voyage to India, the following catastrophe occurred:—

As we approached Ascension Island, a suicide took place, which may be cited as a proof of the characteristic fondness of the Irish for liquor. A seaman named O'Neil, a fine able-bodied young fellow, having been reprimanded by the first mate for neglect of duty, turned upon him and made him some insolent answer. The circumstance was reported to the captain, and he ordered the Irishman's grog to be stopped. At eight bells on the following day, O'Neil attended at the tub, but was refused his usual allowance. Casting a contemptuous look on the mate, he exclaimed,—"Better stop my wind than my grog;" and before any of us were aware of his intention, jumped overboard. The sea was running high at the time, and the ship was crowded with canvass. The captain immediately ordered the vessel to be put about, and the boats to be lowered; but every exertion to save the poor fellow proved fruitless, as he had disappeared from view before any of these steps could be taken.

The Colonel of the regiment had taken out with him a fine mastiff, which, when the poor soldiers were panting under a tropical sun and a scanty allowance of water, was plentifully supplied:—

It was suggested to the carpenter that, by making a false bottom to the trough, Neptune might be cheated of a portion of his daily allowance, and no one be a bit the wiser. The carpenter set to work, and being an ingenious fellow, soon improved upon the idea. Secretly removing the trough at night, he put a false bottom, pierced with holes, to it, and contrived so that the lower division of the vessel should communicate, by a tube, with a large tin can which stood in the boatswain's berth below the level of the kennel. The consequence was, that when the water was poured into the trough it found its way into the receptacle prepared for it at the other side of the partition.

Profiting largely by this simple contrivance, we kept our secret closely to ourselves, though circumstances were at times near betraying us. We could hardly contain ourselves at hearing the colonel's servant, who was a genuine Patlander, soliloquizing day after day pretty much after this fashion:—

"Musha, but you're the greedy crayture, Nip, to take sich big dhrinks, when poor divils like us are dying of drouth. May I be blessed if the baste doesn't swig as much up at a draught as would vittel the whole ship An' he looks up at me for more, too, as if he hadn't had a dhrop at all. By my sowl, but he's as bad as father Rooney, who used to complain, after his twelfth tumbler, that they had given him a glass with a hole in the bottom of it."

Little did poor Paddy know how closely his simile applied.

The dog at length became almost rabid for want of water, and the colonel grew suspicious.

The dog was taken care of by the doctor, who, if he suspected the trick, did not peach. The Colonel, who figures in the following dialogue, was not Neptune's master:—

I had long experienced the want of some other resource than the canteen for the occupation of my leisure hours; and finding a disposition on the part of the other serjeants to second my efforts, I determined on forming a library for the non-commissioned officers, and accordingly made an application to the Colonel for leave to write to London for books.

The old martinet stared at me as if he did not exactly comprehend me.

"A what!" said he.

"A library, Sir,—a non-commissioned officer's library."

"A library! and what the devil do you want with a library? No, no: you want to make the men all lawyers, and we have too many of them already. If things go on like this, you'll soon take the command of the regiment out of my hands. The only two books fit for a soldier are the Articles of War and the Bible."

"Then, Sir, since you'll not allow us to have books, perhaps you'll give us leave to subscribe for a few newspapers."

To teach you sedition, and make you more rebellious than you are! May I ask which are the newspapers and the politics to which you pin your faith, serjeant!"

I felt the sarcastic tone in which this was uttered, but durst not, of course, make any reply, further than to state

that we wished to have the *Atlas, Sunday Times*, and *Weekly Dispatch*.

The Colonel bounded from his chair as if struck by a bullet on hearing the name of the latter paper, which about this time contained a series of excellent articles on corporal punishment.

"How dare you propose such a thing?" he exclaimed, in one of those bursts of anger which rendered him unsafe to approach. "Admit a lying, seditious publication like that amongst his Majesty's troops!—I'd sooner cut off my right arm first; and I've a great mind to put you under arrest for your impertinence in even naming it."

"Why, sir, *The Dispatch* is already received in the regiment by some of the men."

"That is no reason why I should allow the evil to spread further. Once for all I tell you that I am not one of your "march of intelligence" men. I never knew a good soldier yet who was fond of your trashy books or seditious newspapers; and I shall not be the first to introduce such a bad precedent into the service."

There is a horrible story told of an officer, who fell a victim to native revenge, provoked by his injustice and insolent outrage of paternal feelings.——The superstitious power of the Roman Catholic religion over those who have been bred in it from childhood, is exemplified in this next anecdote. Cholera had, at this time, broken out in the regiment; and the Sergeant-Major had the charge of some of the sick. He relates:—

On making a round of the patients entrusted to my charge, I was struck by the appearance of a young man named Whelan, a native of Ireland. He had been counted one of the finest men in the regiment, his figure being a model of manly beauty, and his strength Herculean. He was evidently near his end; and I was struck by the wild and horrified expression which lit up his ghastly features.

"Whelan, my poor fellow," said I, "is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," he exclaimed, seizing my hand with a frenzied grasp; "you can get me a priest. For the love of God fetch him instantly; for there is something on my mind which I wish to confess before I die."

"I fear it will not be in my power to comply with your request, as there is no Catholic priest to be had here. The Rev. Mr. Payne, who is now in the other ward, will, however, pray with you should you desire it."

"No! no! not for the world," screamed the dying man; "do you think I want to turn heretic? The priest—the priest—as quick as you can, or it will be too late."

Having pacified him by promising I would endeavour to procure one, I left him for a few minutes, and sought out Mr. Payne. Having called him aside, I communicated to him my suspicions that Whelan had something of a startling nature to disclose; adding, at the same time, that as the dying man was a Catholic, I was afraid he would not accept his services.

The clergyman appeared struck with what I told him, and hastening to Whelan's bed, began to impress upon him mildly the necessity of preparing himself like a Christian for the solemn change that was about to take place; when the wretched man exclaimed, with a terrific oath, "that no Protestant parson should come near him." Mr. Payne endeavoured to reason him out of this resolution, but finding it in vain, withdrew.

This wretched man was, at last, persuaded to relieve his mind by confessing his crime to Mr. Taylor, who administered all the well-grounded spiritual consolation that any priest could have offered. The dying man had murdered his rival in the affections of a young woman in the south of Ireland; and the murder sat more heavily on his mind than the same awful crime appears to do on too many of his countrymen.

The abuses in the army are illustrated by a variety of anecdotes, all showing how entirely the soldier lies at the caprice or mercy of his superiors of every grade. Whatever may be the case with forms of government elsewhere, in the army the laws are certainly of much less consequence than the character and disposition of their administrators. In speaking of the restrictions to prevent intemperance, and of the canteen regulations, the Sergeant-Major remarks:—

To most persons unacquainted with the country, the assertion will no doubt appear strange, that the restrictions imposed by the authorities on the quantity of liquor allowed to each individual, and the time at which it is to be served out, are calculated to produce an effect directly contrary to that which is intended. Such is, however, my firm belief; and if my readers will bestow a few minutes' patient attention on the subject, they will, perhaps, concur with me in opinion.

Equal, if not superior in physical organisation to the troops of almost every other country, it has often been demanded why the soldiery of Great Britain stand so much lower in the social scale? The answer is a simple one,—because the whole scope and tendency of military legislation is calculated to degrade the soldier in his own estimation, and to leave his moral feelings no room for play. He is regarded as a mere animal endowed only with brute instincts; and the consciousness of this humiliating fact lowers many a highly-gifted and sensitive mind to the common level. Once a man's sense of moral responsibility is destroyed, it cannot be expected that he will become either a good soldier or a useful citizen. The motives that incite other men to exertion, and the feeling of self-respect which prevents them from yielding to temptation, are wanting in his case; for it seems the policy of the military code not to encourage anything which might develop his better instincts or elevate his mental faculties. Dealing with the material of which the mass is composed as brute matter, the agency by which it is shaped and fashioned into the automaton form, dignified with the name of soldier, is of corresponding harshness and severity. Penal regulations and restrictions greet the unfortunate tyro at every side, and the few indulgences that his hard lot admits of are watched and curtailed at the pleasure of his superiors. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that he should feel a sort of savage gratification at breaking through restraints which those in authority do not impose on their own conduct, and which savour of unnecessary despotism. Hatred of oppression seems a principle implanted in our nature; and to this impulse, rather than to any real passion for the vice prohibited, may be traced much of the evil complained of. . . . . .

Wives are generally heard to say that if their husbands must get drunk, they would be far more satisfied if they would indulge at home, for then they would be able to keep them out of mischief. If our military rulers would only condescend to borrow a hint from female tactics, they would find their task a much easier one; and those over whom they are placed would reap incalculable benefits from the change. In civil legislation prevention is held to be better than punishment; and it has the additional recommendation of being more merciful towards those likely to infringe its rules.

Intemperance is the fruitful parent of every vice in the Anglo-Indian army, and seems as often the cause of the excessive mortality as the enervating climate.

Suggestions for the Improvement of our Towns and Houses. By T. J. Maslen, Esq., many years a Lieutenant in the Army. Smith, Elder, & Co.

Mr. Maslen must have been a martinet, if not a despot, while in the service. The dogmatic way in which he lays down the law, and goes right up to, and through his object, is quite edifying. The object is, however, in general, a good and desirable one. As a critic on towns, streets, and houses, he is severe; but as an improver, he goes slashingly to work, pushing aside every impediment that offers, as if he were astride an elephant, or the Colossus of some huge steam-engine. He has concerted plans for

improving the street, and domestic architecture of London, York, Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, and other towns, and given the details; and many of his ideas are really good, and many more magnificent. He will not listen to the word impracticable. Of his schemes, he modestly says:—

As for my humble suggestions, let any map-maker take a large map of London, and draw upon it all the improvements I have herein proposed, not omitting one, and I would venture a trifling odds, that people will say that London will be the most magnificent city in the world, if they are all accomplished: and what would be worth all the rest, it would greatly stimulate the London shop trade, give extensive employment to all the labouring classes of the metropolis, and benefit the revenue by two millions sterling per annum.

Mr. Maslen was grievously disappointed, and even angry, to find York so shabby a city, as he had formed magnificent ideas of it. He, however, does his best to improve its condition. He knocks away many streets and lanes, forms a new ground-plan, surrounds the whole city with a polygon of straight lines of houses in the form of defensive walls and towers—of which the Cathedral is to be the centre—all the houses fronting to the Minster, battlemented, and without windows to the country. "These lines of castles, fictitious though they be, would look well; and time would give them that venerable appearance of antiquity, which is so romantic." With equal ease he plants a University at York, and improves the architecture of the Minster Tower; widens streets, broadens and builds bridges, forms a cemetery and an aristocratic quarter, pulls down the theatre, abolishes the races, and banishes the Musical Festival from the Cathedral, which he thinks it pollutes. In short, this gentleman, with the best intentions in the world, spurs his hobby so hard, that it becomes difficult to hold on behind him. He has, however, such good, sound ideas of sewerage, and the draining of houses, and of the nature of the accommodation required for comfort by the poorest individual in civilized society, that one could wish he had the power to carry out many of his schemes, albeit private rights might be occasionally infringed. As a specimen of the style, and of the good sense of Mr. Maslen's lucubrations, we quote some of his remarks on the Buildings Regulation Bill. With all the Englishman's attachment to his separate dwelling, "his castle,"—his pig-stye, too often,—there can be no question that the huge, substantially-built piles of the continental cities, and of the towns of Scotland, which are divided into numerous *separate* lodgings; which are, in fact, streets on the perpendicular instead of the horizontal line, the stair forming the *trottoir*—must afford warmer, drier, and better-ventilated dwellings.

"It is to the circumstance of the working classes residing in *separate dwellings*, that their superior health and cleanliness is to be attributed." Separate dwellings! Why, what stupidity! Cannot poor people live in separate houses in wide streets as well as in courts and alleys?

As to the assertion that the cleanliness and healthiness of a town is to be attributed to the fact of the poorer classes living in separate houses,—it may partly be so in Birmingham, but it is a consequence that does not always follow; witness the filthy separate houses of some other manufacturing towns, Leeds for instance: here may be seen a thousand families living in separate houses, and the most part of them up to their ears in filth. Courts and alleys are more liable to disease from impurity of air, and the crowding of poor people together, than open wide streets. Birmingham is certainly a clean town, considering what manufactures are carried on there; . . . but it is owing to the circumstance of Birmingham being seated on a steep hill, and every heavy shower of rain washes it as clean as if Hercules himself had been employed on the mighty task.

But I shall bring proofs that living in separate houses has nothing to do with cleanliness. My proofs shall be drawn from no less a city than the capital of France. It is notorious that the French are not over cleanly in their habits; and yet in that city there are thousands of houses seven and eight storeys high, with a different family on each floor. I resided in a house of this height, full of families from top to bottom. Each floor consists of a complete house,—say, one or two sitting-rooms, dining-room, bed-rooms, and closets, with a *cabinet d'aisance*. The bed-rooms are paved with tiles, as are most of the upper staircases, so that fire is impossible. The rooms are lively and delightful, owing to their having so many handsome windows. Unfortunately water is not laid on by pipes, so that people have to fetch from the fountains; but then there is a small cistern fixed outside one window on each floor, with a large pipe to the ground outside, into which all the slop and wash-water is poured, which saves servants and poor people from a great deal of running up and down stairs. The house I was in, (notwithstanding the number of its inmates,) was as clean as a new pin. I think it was washed every day. I also visited at a house where the family lived in the roof, they being in rather humble circumstances. I had to ascend about seven flights of stairs, and curiosity induced me to count the steps. They amounted to one hundred and twelve, and pretty deep ones too; and I can assure the reader it was capital exercise for an asthmatic to mount them;—and yet the family had a nice clean healthy nest at the top of the house, and were the picture of health themselves.

I never wish to see the English people live in houses with more than four or five storeys; yet if they did, I am persuaded it would make all our cities and towns incomparably more compact, and very much more beautiful. I, however, succumb to the old custom of separate dwellings; but I deny that it is the cause of more health or more cleanliness.

We wish we could quote, for their utility, Mr. Maslen's regulations for the size of rooms, windows, doors, the height of stair-steps, and the mode of heating and ventilating houses, or, for their magnificence, one of his grand wholesale building schemes.

Ruins and Old Trees, associated with Memorable Events in English History. By Mary Roberts. With Illustrations from Designs by Gilbert, engraved by Folkard. London: Harvey & Darton.

Does not this title give promise of a delightful book, of one redolent of the green wood, and of all that is poetical and chivalrous in the olden time? And the book richly redeems the promise of its title. *Ruin* the first is *Melksham Court*, in Gloucestershire; as it might have been seen, when surrounded by its ancient forest, the huts of the Britons skirting the margin, and the Roman settlements in the vale;—or as it was during the pageants in honour of the marriage of Richard II. with Ann of Luxemberg; or, later still, when the massive old pile seen in the plate, was the residence of the Tyndales. A Yew-Tree in Stinchcombe Wood, once afforded shelter to a Tyndale when hotly pursued by his enemies, and it stands there still when all around is changed.

Around it are the remains of the old forest, and beside it the wild common, with its thyme and flowers among the grass. All else has changed since the days when the noble ancestor of him who fled for refuge to the ample branches of the yew, first landed on the English coast. Neither is the surrounding country such as it was, in the days of Richard. The castles of Beverstone, of Brimsfield, and Dursley, whose turrets were seen in ancient times from the summits of the hill, are fallen to decay; and instead of these, modern dwellings, with

parks and gardens, farms and cottages, overspread the country. The cheerful farm-house with its lofty rookery, and wide arable or ploughed fields, with low fences or gray stone walls, are prominent features in the southern portion of the landscape; as also well-timbered villages, occasional heaths, and tufted woods, or rather groves. At the end of summer, the strong colours of the yellow wheat and glaring poppy are finely contrasted with the dark hue of the woods; that hue which becomes deeper and more sombre, till the night-dews have done their work, and the autumnal winds begin to blow, and the dark green leaves are suddenly invested with a splendid variety of tints, from bright-yellow to the deepest orpiment.

On the verge of the old forest extend rural villages and fertile meadows, high-aspiring elms, shallow brooks, and wooden bridges, crowding cottages, and green lanes, with here and there a church-spire, or gray tower rising among the trees. Gentle swells and hollows, where sheep pasture on the green sward, are seen in another portion of the landscape, with apple-orchards and small enclosures; but along the banks of the Severn the country assumes a different aspect. Its general characteristics are breaks of lawn and thicket, with groves and stunted pollards, all footed and entangled with briars and creeping plants.

A dilapidated court-house, overrun with ivy, and near it an aged church, may be seen by him who knows their locality, from the summit of Stinchcombe hill. The church is the waymark, for the walls of the old court are low; and it is only when the wind favours the sight of them, by causing the branches of near trees to bend beneath its sway, that even the church-tower can be discerned among the young green foliage of the spring. The gardens of the once stately mansion are gone to decay, or else, being overgrown with grass, are fed upon by cattle; the windows were broken by the fierceness of the flames when it was set on fire; and though strong walls, still standing, tell of what has been, not a trace remains of the great oriel window, and the roof has long been gone. He who wishes to trace the former extent of the building may just discover the foundations in some parts; but in others, not even a few scattered stones, sunk deep in the untrodden grass, would reveal that a mansion had stood there.

Yet Nibley Court once occupied that spot; there a happy family dwelt, and busy scenes went on—the sports of childhood, and the daily incidents of domestic life. There my ancestors resided. But all are gone; and scarcely-discovered ruins, which, as regard all grandeur of appearance, might have belonged to a barn or an outhouse, alone remain. The yew-tree still lives; but that also betokens the lapse of time.

Our readers may now guess how Mary Roberts describes scenery and expatiates on her favourite themes. *Bradgate Palace* is her next ruin, and the gentle Lady Jane Grey, whose birth-place was this spot, her heroine; and then we have *Glendour's Oak—alias* the Oak of Chertsey, and the *Yew Trees of Skelldale*, when in their prime, while the monks of Skelldale were, five hundred years ago, copying and illuminating manuscripts in their neighbourhood. Has any one, by the way,—any lover of hoar eld in trees, ever heard of the Yews of Hanging Shaw in Yarrow?—as noble specimens—though now in picturesque and quaint decay—as ever lent weapon to English bowman. But what are all these to *Howell Sele's blasted Oak*, and the great *Chestnut of Tortworth*, under which the deer may have lain, or herds of wild hogs pastured and gathered kernels, in the reign of King John. Then we have the Nut-tree of Fair Rosamond's grave, and Wallace's Oaks of Ellerslie and the Torwood. Inspiring tales are told of each of these Memorial Trees; but we pass them all for the Gospel-tree, and the age of the Great Alfred, who first divided the land into counties and parishes; the marking the boundaries of which, and a custom like one still kept alive in some parts of Scotland, and called riding the marches, brought a season of annual festivity to

The inhabitants, who went round them every year, and stopped at certain spots, where different ceremonies were performed, in order that the localities might be impressed on the memory of the young, as they were attested by the recollections of the old. Rogation week, or one of the three days before Holy Thursday, the feast of our Lord's ascension, was selected for the purpose, at which time the minister of the parish, accompanied by his churchwardens and chief parishioners, went round the boundaries, and stopped at remarkable spots and trees, where he recited passages in the gospels, and implored the blessing of the Most High on the fruits of the earth, beseeching Him to preserve the rights and properties of the inhabitants, and to keep them in safety. Many a memorial-tree, thus honoured, carried down the recollection of bygone days to the men of other generations; and among these the gospel-beech, which stood at a short distance from an ancient Saxon town, among the beautiful beech woods of Gloucestershire, recalled to mind that ages must have passed since that failing tree shadowed with its ample foliage the earth beneath. Now time-worn and riven, hollow, too, yet throwing out green leaves in the spring, it marked one of the extremities of the parish, in its retired coppice on the rugged side of a wild common; while beside it a stream gushed forth, and went leaping and sparkling into the vale below. A variety of flowers grew round the well-head of the stream—the primrose and the snowdrop, the yellow daffodil and violet,—all young, and fresh, and lovely, as if in mockery of the time-worn tree. There stood the parishioners, in their doublets, with heads uncovered, while the priest recited a few appropriate sentences from that holy book in which he loved to instruct them. Playful children, too, were there, young men and maidens; for on such occasions most of the parishioners trooped forth, some because they loved their pastor, and were glad to hear the sacred words that proceeded from his lips; others because the walk was pleasant, and to gather the early flowers of the year. This custom, itself of great antiquity, was conjectured to be derived from the Pagan feast of Terminalia, the fabled guardian of fields and landmarks, and the promoter of good fellowship among men. It was adopted by the Christians during a period of calamity and death; and now a gospel-tree or stone, stands as a memorial in almost every parish. The site was duly visited from year to year, and the doing so was attended with circumstances of peculiar interest.

We need surely say no more of this elegant and interesting volume. Those fit to appreciate it, must do so already.

Jamaica in its Past and Present State. By James M. Phillipo, Twenty years a Baptist Missionary in that Island. London: John Snow.

It is not to be expected that this picture of Jamaica should be wholly untinged by the views and feelings of the author. It is, however, we should imagine, tolerably fair; and the account which it gives of the present and the improving condition of the Black population is extremely gratifying. Great moral improvement is, indeed, visible among every class and complexion in Jamaica. The examples of the late Governors, the Marquis of Sligo and Sir Lionel Smith, have raised the moral tone of society in the Island. When, in addition to the comfortable articles of furniture, which many of the negro labourers now possess, they come to have a few select volumes on a hanging shelf, this History of their degradation and emancipation cannot fail to form a part of their collection; for the book is principally Jamaica Past and Present as relates to the negroes. As brief specimens of the work, we select a few passages:—

CONDITION OF NEGRO LABOURERS.

In no respect do these now differ from the middling

and lower classes of tradesmen and others in England. Their eyes have long been open to the disgrace and sin of concubinage, and marriage among them has become common. The eye of the Christian is now delighted, especially on the Sabbath, by the spectacle of multitudes of these classes with their families walking to and from the house of God in company.

As in every other community, some may live together unhappily, or may violate the sacred compact; but with the great majority it is otherwise. None can be better husbands, better wives, more affectionate parents, or better members of civil society. Nor are any people in general better disposed towards the great subject of religion.

NEGRO WOMEN.

No women in the world can possess more of genuine kindness than the black females of Jamaica. To a stranger arrested by sickness on the road, and unable to proceed, none would more tenderly act the part of the good Samaritan. If benighted, no more friendly voice could invite them to a shelter till the morning dawn appeared,—no face could beam with greater tenderness and hospitality, and no generosity could be more abundantly displayed in providing for his refreshment and repose.

Once when passing through a Maroon town, parched with thirst, and exhausted with fatigue, the writer called at one of their huts, and requested a draught of water; and he will never forget the tenderness and compassion with which he was surveyed by the inmates, the earnestness with which they sprang forward to hold his horse, or the eloquence with which they urged him into their clean and comfortable apartment. Such was the pleasure which his acquiescence afforded them, that it was with difficulty he could deter the family from endeavouring to lay almost the whole village under contribution for his refreshment. Having a long journey before him, he remained but a few minutes, and departed amidst their loud and repeated benedictions.

On another occasion, when travelling among the mountains, the author was attacked with fever; and the symptoms increasing, so as to render him unable to proceed, he turned his horse's head towards a decent-looking residence, which he soon found was occupied by a family of colour. Here he was recognised; and an angel could scarcely have been more welcome. The house was cheerless; but he was put in the best apartment; the cleanest and best covering the cottage could afford was spread for his repose; while the inhabitants of the whole neighbourhood seemed to be employed in acts of kindness for his recovery. Some gathered medicinal herbs; others were sent in different directions for medicinal ingredients; and while some prepared them, others applied leaves to his oppressed and burning head, the seat of the disorder. On his restoration to reason, (for he had been delirious,) the patient found himself surrounded by an immense crowd; some of whom were pitying him, some expressing their hopes that Misses would not hear of it, and others praying earnestly for his restoration.

CLARKSON TOWN.

This township is beautifully situated in the centre of a long valley or glade, formed by two ranges of mountains, rearing their summits to the clouds, and nearly meeting at their base. Beheld from a mountain pass immediately in the rear of the settlement, two or three sugar estates are visible in the distance; and beyond them, by an accommodation of the foreground to avoid obstruction from the trees which are in process of being cleared away, are seen the towns of Kingston and Port Royal; whilst, as an additional element of interest and beauty in the picture, the ports disclose their shipping, and the harbour the small craft, that are perpetually skimming to and fro over its surface, with now and then a merchantman or man-of-war homeward or outward bound.

The settlement is already of considerable extent, and is gradually increasing. The cottages are of comfortable size, containing about three rooms each, and are very substantially built. The township contains at present but three principal streets, one of which, by an angle in its centre, is divided into two, named Victoria and Albert. Along these, leaving a piece of garden-ground in front, the cottages are ranged on either side, at equal distances.

The interesting ceremony of opening the township took place on the 12th day of May, 1842. A considerable number of people were attracted by the occasion; and as its principal objects were to secure an opportunity of preaching the Gospel and administering advice, accommodation for a large auditory had been provided beneath a cluster of old forest-trees, on the mountain-side, and in a situation which commanded a view of the whole settlement. It was a most romantic spot—the mountains forming an amphitheatre, covered with trees and shrubs of varied foliage and beauty, arresting the clouds as they floated along the sky,

> "With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
> Access denied, and overhead up grew
> Insuperable heights of loftiest shade,
> Cedar and branching palm;"

whilst their sides, and the extended and lovely valley below, presented in beautiful contrast a garden reclaimed from the wide waste around by the arts of peaceful industry.

In consequence of the reverberation of sound along the narrow defile which the township occupies, a shout of the voice was all that was necessary to attract the company to the place of meeting. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, the words, "Come to prayers," being vociferated two or three times by one of the most robust and active of the villagers, who ascended the summit of a detached hill for the purpose, every individual in the settlement was seen wending his way to this rural sanctuary; the aged and infirm supporting themselves on a staff, and others more vigorous climbing the steep ascent with quick and eager step: all, at the same time, with countenances that betokened the pleasure which such a summons had created.

The pulpit was a rude table, covered with a white cloth, and situated close to the huge trunk of one of the group of trees already mentioned. The hearers were seated almost in semicircles on planks affixed to uprights placed in the ground, beneath the shade of the wide-spread branches, altogether presenting a most novel and interesting spectacle.

The writer commenced the services, and delivered an address containing, as is usual on such occasions, advice on the subject of personal and relative duties.

To ears long accustomed to the negro jargon, the religious dialogues which Mr. Phillipo has given at great length, may not sound so incongruously as they do to ours; but we cannot help thinking they are injudicious and in bad taste; and that, though far from the writer meaning any such thing, they will be pronounced irreverent, nay, almost profane.

From some of the statements here given of the conversations of the ministers with the ignorant and the sick or dying negroes, we should fear that they are not always the most sober-minded and judicious.

The Invisible Universe Disclosed; or the Real Plan and Government of the Universe. By Henry Coleman Johnson, Esq. London: Effingham Wilson.

This is a new theory of the universe, or of the relations of the heavenly bodies, which is evolved in a long and complicated series of demonstrations. We can only comprehend that the planetary bodies are kept in motion by the expansion of air; the sun, a solid substance, in a complete, permanent, and uninterrupted state of ignition, supplying them all with heat, simultaneously extracting from them the atmospheric fluid called air, whose force, in expanding, causes the motion of all these bodies. The author differs from ordinary astronomers as to the magnitude and relative distances of the planets, and on other points.

The Burgo-Master of Berlin. 3 vols. Saunders & Otley.

An English Translator has, for once, fallen upon a story by one of the numerous continental imitators of Sir Walter Scott, that possesses some vitality and power to interest English readers. The *Burgo-Master of Berlin* is a Tale of the fourteenth century, when a middle-class was already distinctly recognised in the towns as a growing counterpoise to the feudal lords; and when, in civic communities, society was in a state of rapid transition. The truth of costume appears to be faithfully, if not slavishly preserved; and the principal characters are well conceived and boldly filled up. They are true to the time, when Burgo-masters still belonged to a kind of Patrician order like Senators of Venice, and tradesmen and members of guilds were placed under a strict ban, from which they struggled to free themselves—while used by the sovereign princes to keep the unruly barons in check. The story of the Burgo-master—a proud and high-spirited man, the victim of the strifes of faction, and of his beautiful but haughty and capricious daughter, who had secretly given her heart to the low-born hero of the tale, but from pride of birth refused him her hand—well elucidates the state of manners and opinion in a rude but stirring period. The lover, though a low-born tradesman's orphan son, is handsome, gallant, brave, and even wealthy. In character he is something between Gow Chrom and Quentin Durward. The rejection of his suit drives him on desperate courses. He heads the factious guilds that have revolted against the Burgo-master; but afterwards redeems his errors by the succour which he affords to that proud man and his prouder daughter in their deep adversity. His ignoble birth is finally forgotten in the splendour of his achievements against the Turks and the favour of his sovereign; and all ends as was to have been expected. The merits of the Tale do not, however, rest upon the story, but in the numerous shifting scenes in which the manners of that rude age, among all the varying classes of society, are dramatically exhibited, and often with considerable effect.

The Wonderful History of Peter Schlemihl. By Adelbert Von Chamisso. Translated from the German by William Howitt. London: Longman & Co.

This new version of a well-known and popular German extravaganza, is intended, we presume, to form, to those who require such manual, a kind of lesson-book, as well as one of entertainment. The English is printed in one page, and the German opposite to it. The book is very neatly printed, at Leipsic, and is ornamented with a few hard, dry, and yet florid engravings, in the style of those of the German Almanacks.

German Amaranths for the Young. By W. Klauer Klattowski. London: P. Rolandi.

This is a collection of popular pieces in prose and verse, intended for the use of young persons learning the German language, selected by a writer who has, we believe, compiled several elementary books for the assistance of students of German, and who projects others in an ascending series. Such a selection must be useful.

Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet, in California, Sonora, and Western Texas; written by Captain Marryat, C.B. Three volumes. London: Longman & Co.

The wonderful adventures of Monsieur Violet—whom some of our townsmen may, it is not impossible, have seen, a boy, at Holyrood, where his father, if all tales be true, was a nobleman in the suite of Charles X.—have reached us at too late a period of the month, to receive that respectful notice which their novel and extraordinary character demand. All that we can at present state is, that the lovers of the wild, the marvellous, and perilous in adventure, will be gratified to the top of their bent, by the doughty deeds, and "hair's-breadth 'scapes" of Monsieur Violet, as they are set down by his faithful historian or amanuensis, Captain Marryat.

SERIAL WORKS.

Volume III. of the Biographical Dictionary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. London: Longman & Co.—This new volume contains few English or modern Biographies. Among these found, are a group of Arbuthnots, the witty Doctor being the chief; Mr. Apperley, better known as *Nimrod*, who died only in May last; and Eugene Aram. Among the fuller biographies are those of *Ariosto*, and *Aristides*; and the volume concludes in the middle of the life of Aristophanes.

Yarrell's History of British Birds. Parts 34, 35, 36, 37. London: Van Voorst.—This splendid and beautiful book is now completed. Frequently, during the course of its publication, have we had occasion to call the attention of our readers to a work unequalled of its kind, whether it is regarded as one of natural science, or as an illustrated book. In it the art of wood-engraving has been carried to a degree of perfection, which was pre-supposed impossible; for the delicacy of execution and finish of the endless portraits of the feathered tribes are as remarkable as the truth and spirit of the likenesses, expression, and attitude. The 520 wood-engravings of this Bird History are in themselves a rich gallery to the lover of nature—a continual feast for the eye and the mind. As a work of science, Yarrell's History of Birds is, as we understand, highly esteemed. But it has more popular recommendations and attractions in its charming variety of *bird* biography and *bird* anecdote, and the rare beauty of the engravings. Altogether, no more desirable table-book has appeared for years, whether we look to its intrinsic merits, or external elegance.

The Book of Scottish Song. Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.—This integral body of Scottish Song is now finished. It is neat, cheap, and comprehensive. It contains, besides the songs, many valuable or curious notes and notices of nameless minstrels; and, including a good many indifferent songs, omits few that deserve to be held in remembrance.

The Popular Cyclopedia of Natural Science. Parts V. and VI.; making Parts I. and II. of Animal Physiology. London: W. S. Orr & Co.—These new Parts of this series aspire to supply the want, which is said to be generally felt, of an Elementary Treatise on Animal Physiology, suitable either for those entering upon the study with professional views, or those who merely wish to gain a general acquaintance with a science so universally interesting. The work is neatly and usefully illustrated by numerous wood-cuts.

The Steam-Packet. Nos. 5, 6, 7.

Harry Mowbray. Part X.

The Herald of Peace. No. 25.

WHISTLE-BINKIE. 5th Series.—Whistle-binkie has become a regular serial work, which may go on for a half century more. The new volume is, in character and contents so like, though inferior to, its predecessors, as to require no particular description. There are many pretty, and some sweet and tender Scottish songs; but, as a whole, the collection does *not* improve with age. In the early series there was accumulation to fall back upon; now the best materials are wearing out.

THE PHRENO-MAGNET. No. 9.

HORSE-SHOE NAILS. No. 3.

MILLER OF DRANHAUGH. Part VII.

POPULAR FLOWERS. The *Tulip*.

BREWSTER'S SEVEN CHARTIST AND MILITARY DISCOURSES. Part XVI.

CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Parts X. and XI.

PAMPHLETS, TRACTS, &c.

A PLEA FOR THE LIBERTIES OF THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES, WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO FREE CHURCH PROFESSORS. By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Humanity in Marischal College, Aberdeen. Edinburgh: Tait.—This pamphlet is so alike in character, as to seem the expansion of an article which lately appeared in *Tait's Magazine*, in consequence of the intolerance displayed by the Presbytery of St. Andrews, in the case of Sir David Brewster, who has joined the Free Church. Professor Blackie's argument is strenuous and able, and ought to prevail with the legislature, whatever ecclesiastics may think of it. We could, however, have wished that the case had been tried, in the first instance, between the Church and some other individual than Sir David Brewster, whose position as *Principal* of a Presbyterian University which sends out a great number of theological students, makes his case differ materially from that of a Professor merely filling a scientific chair. There can be no question but that science and learning should be emancipated in the Scottish Universities by statute, as it virtually is by usage; that there should, in Professor Blackie's words, be "academical freedom—perfect freedom." But though this movement of the Presbytery of St. Andrews ought, on principle, to be resisted, Professor Blackie must pardon us for thinking, that intolerance is by no means confined to the Established Church, and that the late movement of the Non-Intrusion party was, by very many degrees, more priestly than popular. O'Connell, as he quotes, describes the Scotch as the most priest-ridden people in Europe. But if they are so, by whom were they ridden? Not by the Moderates, we presume, who, by the account of the Non-Intrusionists, troubled themselves very little about the people, in one way or other. By whom, then?—surely not by the Convocationists, who have lately retired!

We have another question to put: Would the Free Church men make either a Principal, Professor, or ordinary schoolmaster of any individual belonging to the Establishment, though he possessed the highest qualifications, and were endowed with every virtue that adorns humanity? Not they. This is, however, no argument whatever against academical freedom, but something to show that in genuine liberality or tolerance the clergy of the Establishment and those of the Free Church are exactly on a par. The General Assembly of the Free Church now sitting at Glasgow is as devoted, (by the reports of its proceedings,) to standards, formulas, and subscriptions, as the General Assembly of the Kirk can be. See the opening speech of its Moderator, Dr. Brown.

THE REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS TO THE FORTY-NINTH GENERAL MEETING OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY, held in May, 1843.

THOUGHTS AND TRAITS OF THE MINISTERIAL POLICY, by a very quiet Looker-on.—A groat's worth this, of a plain and rather plausible, but by no means satisfactory, vindication of Sir Robert Peel in everything that he has either done or left undone for the last two years.

THE PROPER SPHERE OF GOVERNMENT: a reprint of a series of spirited Letters by Mr. Herbert Spencer, which originally appeared in *The Nonconformist*.

CHURCH MUSIC, a Sermon.—This anonymous sermon appears to have been preached by a Dissenting Minister, who, like John Wesley, can see no propriety in the devil monopolizing all the best music. He can even admire the Puseyites so far as they confine their innovations to *chants* and *choral singing*; and he urges *conformity* so far as making the *externals* of Protestant Christian worship as affecting and impressive as is consistent with a due avoidance of merely superstitious and unmeaning ceremonials.

THE SHEPHERD'S WELL; a Play.

LE PAGE'S FRENCH SCHOOL. Part II.

A KEY TO LE PAGE'S GIFT OF FRENCH CONVERSATION.

PROMISCUOUS WORSHIP NO DUTY, BUT A SIN. Reply to a Sermon recently preached by the Rev. J. Davies, Rector of Gateshead; by George Bird, B.A., of Cambridge.

SUTHERLAND AS IT WAS AND IS, OR HOW A COUNTY MAY BE RUINED.—This is a pamphlet which we should have admired much more had it appeared before the Duke of Sutherland set his face against the movements of the Non-Intrusionists. Up to this period we have never heard of a whisper against the *clearings* on the Sutherland and neighbouring estates, from any individual of that party, whether clerical or lay, save long ago, from the honest parson of Kincardine, the late Mr. Macbean, whose flock was scattered; and whether he was a Moderate or Evangelical, we cannot tell; nor are we aware that the Sutherland *clearings* were ever before more than cursorily adverted to, save in this Magazine.*

For the honour of Scotland, we rejoice to learn, that the latest and blackest story of cruelty and oppression related in this pamphlet, turns out to be false. It is that of the widowed daughter of the late minister of Lairg being turned out of her house by the Duke of Sutherland, or his agents, because she had given shelter to her aged father, who had left the Church. Mr. Makgill Crichton, one of the Non-Intrusion orators, who used the piteous tale, has been compelled to confess his error, and "unhesitatingly retract" the statement. It would do less harm, than seems imagined, to the Free Church cause, if its orators and writers were more careful in their statements of facts.

* See *Tait's Magazine* for *September*, *October*, and *November*, 1836—*Tours and Detours in Scotland*.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1843.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN BURNS AND CLARINDA.*

PART I.

"I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold."—*Wordsworth at the Grave of Burns.*

It must be with a strange and almost painful mixture of awe and curiosity, reverence and apprehension, that those admirers of Burns who are conversant with his private history, will venture to open a volume which reveals what has been a mystery for the last half century; and which remained the last to be unveiled, connected with that man who, whatever were his errors, must ever hold the first place in the poetic literature as in the national heart of Scotland. They have not studied nor comprehended aright the mingled elements of one of the noblest natures ever shrouded in the garb of frail mortality who can separate the Man from the Poet. His whole life speaketh. Burns and his poems are "one and indivisible"; and to lower the one is to impair the brightness and charm of the other. It was imagined that the world had already heard the very worst that could be told of him; and often much more than the worst, if truth be tested either by profound and humble self-knowledge, or by enlightened conscience:—And now again, his inmost life is fully laid bare, and the most pharisaical pretender or over-strained moralist challenged to another scrutiny. But in the spirit of the divine words, "Let him that is without sin among you throw the first stone." This is, perhaps, stating the case too gravely. But for two generations there had been whisperings and mutterings about this mysterious, if not sinful correspondence, a part of which had been surreptitiously published forty years since, and immediately suppressed; and detached fragments of it had powerfully whetted curiosity. There was, besides, something extremely piquant in imagining of that stalwart Ploughman, with his glowing eyes and sincere and earnest soul; that man of indomitable pride and burning passions, philandering under the gentle appellation of *Sylvander*, with some romantic Edinburgh dame yclept *Clarinda;* while some even of those who reverenced and all but worshipped the memory of the Poet and the Man, were apprehensive that Burns, in this idle and foolish correspondence, might perhaps appear not alone

"Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
By Passion driven"—

but as a deliberate, if not cold-blooded seducer. From the fragments of the correspondence published, Allan Cunningham inferred that there was no depth of passion, no serious feeling on the side of Burns. And to conceive of the author of that one stanza in the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, beginning,

"If Heaven one draught of heavenly pleasure spare,"

and of hundreds of love-songs, the thrilling tenderness, and passionate warmth of which are not surpassed by their delicacy and purity—to conceive of him as the pursuer of a vulgar *bonne fortune*—of a frivolous passing intrigue in which the heart had no share, was as humiliating as painful. Happily the fully published correspondence banishes every apprehension of this sort. There is, indeed, something to blame, and much to regret, but nothing nearly so bad as was imagined. The reputation of Burns would certainly not have been lessened although the correspondence had been altogether suppressed. Yet he can sustain and surmount the shock of the worst of these revelations; and if the character of *Clarinda* is vindicated—the avowed object of her grandson, in the publication of these Letters—Burns is not condemned. As to whether or not the object of that gentleman is gained, there will be a great diversity of opinion.

Our own impression on opening the book was, that the whole was a very foolish and equivocal affair; but as it proceeds, and the mutual feelings of the parties deepen into something like genuine tenderness, and close in mellowed kindness and truly "friendly feelings," it assumes a more respectable character; and Clarinda, in particular, appears much more worthy of the attachment of a sensible man of genius at the close than at the commencement of the correspondence.——Though the lady is the avowed subject of the book, we presume that all the world, in common with ourselves, will think mainly of Burns in perusing it. It reveals an entanglement into which the inflammable bard was led by an indiscreet, but attractive woman, placed in a situation which must have strongly interested the sympathies of a man whose pity and tenderness were as excitable as his passions. It may be deemed paradoxical, if not worse, to say, that if the attachment of Burns to this lady had been deeper-rooted, more ardent and impassioned, he would, with the high and romantic order of minds, more readily have found both sympathy and forgiveness. But there was, at least at the

* The Correspondence between Burns and Clarinda. With a Memoir of Mrs. M'Lehose, (Clarinda.) Arranged and Edited by her Grandson, W. C. M'Lehose. Post octavo, pp. 297. Edinburgh: Tait; London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; and Dublin: John Cumming.

commencement of the correspondence, a good deal of affectation, and of the mock-heroic on the part of him who was essentially the most sincere of men. Burns was still a young man, and always rather boastful of his warm devotion to the sex; and it was necessary, the plunge once made, gallantly to support the part of *Sylvander* with a volunteer *Clarinda*, of whose admiration any young man would likely have been vain, whatever might have been his sober opinion of his romantic admirer. A lady, a warm admirer of the poet, who had seen some of the Letters surreptitiously published long ago and immediately suppressed, in half questioning their authenticity, is reported to have said, "If Burns had been in love with me, he would not have addressed to me letters like these." There was truth as well as proper self-respect in the female criticism. Neither would he have addressed many parts of these high-flown, hyperbolical epistles to Highland Mary or Jean Armour,—indeed, in their case the supposition is absurd; but neither to Margaret Chalmers, Charlotte Hamilton, nor to any one of the accomplished young women with whom he corresponded, would he have addressed them. There was but one Clarinda; and the correspondence with her has at least the merit of showing another phase of his mind. The letters of Burns to women are among the finest of his compositions; true, confiding, natural, sensible, nay refined. What a precious treasure his genuine letters to any woman he really loved, must have been!—but, so far as we yet know, none such exist. His real love-passages were generally by "word-of-mouth;" and we have, instead, his flighty and exaggerated epistles to Clarinda, interspersed with many fine thoughts and beautiful sentiments, that may, however, occasionally be found in his common-place books. There are also bold and strange passages in these letters, which the daring rustic never durst have addressed to the humblest woman who, though devoted to him with her whole soul, while respecting herself, tacitly taught him to respect while he loved her. Something, in reference to Clarinda, is said about that great scapegoat the manners of the age. But genuine delicacy, the exquisite sense of propriety—we mean not the prudish counterfeit—are ever much more connected with individual character than existing manners or education. Delicacy is an intuitive quality,—native-born with the man or woman; not easily to be unlearnt, never to be taught.

But our remarks on this singular Correspondence, commencing in vanity and idle gallantry, but ending far better than might reasonably have been anticipated, cannot be understood without some preliminary explanation.——All the world knows under what circumstances the Poet came to Edinburgh in 1786, where he remained the greater part of a year, printing his poems, and sustaining, with the characteristic good sense and self-knowledge which, as much as high genius, distinguished him, the part of a very wonderful *Lion*. It is also known, that previous to this time, his connexion with his future wife, Jean Armour, had been harshly terminated by the unjustifiable severity of her father and her own weakness. During his first visit to Edinburgh, Burns knew nothing of Mrs. M'Lehose, *alias* Clarinda. When he went back to Ayrshire, now a "famous man" in the eyes of his former friends, with the most dazzling, if vague prospects, he had neither seen nor heard of her, though all the world of Edinburgh had rung with him. Many of his letters and poems, but above all, his exquisite *Lament*, bear testimony to the fervency and constancy of his first fondness for "Bonnie Jean," and to the agony which her weakness, or improper submission to tyrannical paternal authority, which he felt as heartlessness and faithlessness, caused him. It was not, in this case, the mere separation of two fond, young, innocent lovers, by the prudence of friends; but those whom God had joined together were forcibly disunited,—the wife consenting, or seeming to consent. But a year most memorable in the history of Burns had rolled by; and he was now a richer and wiser, if not a better man. He had also seen other phases of womanhood than those which his native rustic society presented; and though it might, in some degree, be true of him in many of his flames, "out of sight, out of mind," the impression left on his heart by her whom he had once fondly regarded as his wife might have been weakened, but certainly was not eradicated when he went back to Mauchline. Yet, after what had passed, he could not seriously have entertained any idea of renewing the intercourse. How much of heart and natural character are seen in his exclamations to his confidential correspondents about the conduct of Jean at the miserable period when it seemed doubly ungenerous to break with him! To one friend whom he respected, he writes:—"Would you believe it? Though I had not a hope nor even a wish to make her mine, after her conduct; yet when he [Mr. Aitken] told me the names were all out of the paper, my heart died within me, and he cut my veins with the news. Perdition seize her falsehood!" This paper is imagined to have been a mutual acknowledgment of a marriage signed by both parties. To another correspondent he says:—"Poor Armour is come back to Mauchline, [after her confinement;] and I went to call on her, and her mother forbade me the house; nor did she herself express much sorrow for what she had done. I have already appeared publicly in church. I do this to get a certificate as a *bachelor*." To a third friend he says:—"Poor, ill-advised, ungrateful Armour came home on Friday last. You have heard all the particulars of that affair; and a black affair it is. What she thinks of her conduct now, I don't know. One thing I know, she has made me completely miserable. Never man loved, or rather adored a woman more than I did her; and to confess a truth between you and me, I do still love her to distraction after all: though I won't tell her so, though I were to see her, which I don't want to do. My poor, dear, unfortunate Jean! how happy have I been in thy arms! It is not the losing her that makes me so unhappy, but for her sake I feel most severely: I foresee she is on the road to, I am afraid, eternal ruin. May Almighty God

forgive her ingratitude and perjury to me, as I from my very soul forgive her; and may his grace be with her, and bless her in all her future life! I have no nearer idea of the place of eternal punishment than what I have felt in my own breast on her account. . . . . And now for a grand cure. The ship is on her way home that is to take me out to Jamaica; and then farewell, dear old Scotland! and farewell, dear ungrateful Jean! for never will I see you more!"

There were here the force and sincerity of an affection not soon to be obliterated. But before many months elapsed, the change came. Burns, certificated as a bachelor by "Daddy Auld," was living in Edinburgh, caressed by lords and ladies, and for the moment the most famous peasant man in all Scotland; and the image of "dear ungrateful Jean" for the time laid half to sleep, in that large and burning heart, capable of receiving all strong and noble impressions, and of parting with none. It is related by one of his many biographers—we think by Mr. Robert Chambers—that after he returned to Ayrshire, and had been for some time at Mossgiel, and in the neighbourhood of "Bonny Jean," without desiring to see her, he chanced to be one day drinking with some "social billies" in John Dow's inn in Mauchline, which was close to the residence of Jean's father, and encountered her by chance in the court behind the inn, and was (like, we imagine, Heloise on the sight of the handwriting of Abelard) immediately inflamed with all his former passion. Their stolen interviews were renewed. Jean again found herself "as ladies wish to be, &c.;" and towards the end of the year, and exactly when the Poet's correspondence with Clarinda commenced, she was turned out of doors by her incensed parents. She went to Ardrossan, where Burns, we learn from his letters, had provided a refuge for her. He must probably have been aware of her condition before he left Ayrshire; or, at all events, though Jean may have been no great penwoman like Clarinda, some friend must have apprized him of her destitution and misery. He was at this time unable to go to comfort her, to which his generous heart must have prompted him; both because the main object of his coming to Edinburgh, the settlement of his accounts with his tardy publisher, was unaccomplished, and that latterly he was confined to his chamber by a severely bruised limb. A few days before this accident, Burns chanced to meet with Mrs. M'Lehose at a tea-party in the house of his friend Miss Nimmo, who, though apparently a new acquaintance of the lady, was a very near neighbour of hers. Mrs. M'Lehose had taken considerable pains to obtain the Poet's acquaintance; and there must have been a dash of romance and flirtation even at their first meeting. A card of invitation to tea with Mrs. M'Lehose followed; and the first note from Burns which we see in the Correspondence, is one accepting the invitation; and his second, written in a more gallant vein, and with a touch of his poetical calling, and the stilted style which young poets are bound to employ to pretty women, tells of the accident which deprived him of the very great pleasure by which he had set so much store. We do not see that Miss Nimmo had been included in this invitation. Mrs. M'Lehose immediately replied, with eager sympathy for the Bard's misfortune; and the brisk correspondence had reached a pretty high temperature before the parties had ever met, save at that fatal tea-drinking, where the mischievous sylphs, unseen, presided. It is, indeed, problematic if they ever once met in daylight.

Clarinda must at this time have considered Burns a *free*, not merely an unmarried, but a disengaged man; and he knew that she was "an ill-married lady;" a woman worse than widowed, and nothing more. Clarinda's maiden name was Agnes Craig. She was the daughter of a surgeon in Glasgow, and very respectably connected. At the age of ten she lost her mother; and, when barely thirteen, her elder and married sister. These were heavy misfortunes to a handsome and lively coquettish girl; vain and wilful, though possessed of many engaging qualities. Her grandson, in the biographical notice prefixed to the Correspondence, alludes to the imperfect education of girls at that period. But it is probable that the education of Agnes Craig was, at least, as good as that of her unknown contemporaries, Elizabeth Hamilton or Mrs. Grant of Laggan; while her social advantages in early life must have been much superior to theirs: but she eminently required, and altogether wanted, a mother's gentle restraint and tender guidance; and her subsequent misfortunes may be fully as much attributed to this circumstance as to her own imprudence. But it is time that we were citing our authority. Mr. M'Lehose executes stern, relentless justice upon his grandfather, in earnestly vindicating the character of his grandmother; and we confess that the worthless progenitor richly deserves unmitigated reprobation,—though it is not unlikely that his gay, young, coquettish wife may have plagued him not a little:—

> From the death of her sister, till her marriage, she lived with her father; except that, for half a year, when fifteen years old, she was sent to an Edinburgh boarding-school—a practice apparently prevalent in those days as well as now—to finish that education which could not be said to have been properly begun, and had no solid foundation. This circumstance originated an acquaintance which ended in her marriage. Even at this early age, she was considered one of the beauties of Glasgow, and was styled "the pretty Miss Nancy." Mr. James M'Lehose, a young man of respectable connexions, and a law agent in that city, had been disappointed in getting introduced to her; and when he learned that she was going to Edinburgh, he engaged all the seats in the stage-coach, excepting the one taken for her. At that period the coach took the whole day to perform the journey between the two cities, stopping a considerable time for dinner on the road, which thus afforded Mr. M'Lehose an excellent opportunity of making himself agreeable,—an opportunity which he took the utmost pains to improve, and with great success, being possessed of an agreeable and attractive person, and most insinuating manners. His deficiency of sound principle was hidden from general observation by great plausibility. After the return of "the pretty Miss Nancy" to Glasgow, Mr. M'Lehose followed up the acquaintance thus commenced, by paying her the most assiduous attention, and thus succeeded in winning her affections. Being young and inexperienced, deprived of the counsels of a mother and sister, and attached to one whom she thought possessed of every virtue, and who had shown so decided a partiality to her in a manner peculiarly calculated to please a romantic mind,—she favourably received his addresses.

In this she was not encouraged by her friends, who thought that her beauty, talents, and connexions, entitled her to a superior match. However, she became Mrs. M'Lehose in July 1776, being then only seventeen years of age, and her husband five years her senior. Their union, she always stated, was the result of disinterested affection on both sides. But this connexion proved the bane of her happiness, and the source of all her misfortunes. Married at so early an age, before the vivacity of youth was passed, and, indeed, before it was fully developed, possessed of considerable personal attractions, a ready flow of wit, a keen relish for society, in which her conversational powers fitted her to excel, and a strong love of admiration, she appears to have displeased her husband, because she could not at once forego those enjoyments so natural to her time of life and situation. And he, without any cause, seems to have conceived the most unworthy jealousy; which led him to treat her with a severity most injudicious, and, to one of her disposition, productive of the worst consequences.

She soon discovered the mistaken estimate she had formed of her husband's character; and being of a high, sanguine spirit, could ill brook the unmerited bad treatment she received. To use her own words, in a statement which she afterwards made for the advice of her friends—"Only a short time had elapsed ere I perceived, with inexpressible regret, that our dispositions, tempers, and sentiments, were so totally different, as to banish all hopes of happiness. Our disagreements rose to such a height, and my husband's treatment was so harsh, that it was thought advisable by my friends a separation should take place: which accordingly followed in December, 1780."

Mrs. M'Lehose had at this period only two children living—having lost her first born. A fourth was born a few months after this separation. Soon after this event, her husband took her infant children away from her, in the hopes of thereby working on her maternal feelings, and forcing a reunion which she had firmly refused, being convinced that they could not live happily together. She parted with her children with extreme reluctance—her father being both able and willing to maintain her and them; while her husband had neglected his business, and entered into every species of dissipation, so that he became unable to maintain his children, and they were distributed among his relations,—the youngest infant being, as soon as possible, removed from the tender care of his mother, and committed to the charge of a hireling nurse. He even prohibited her from seeing the children, to whom he knew she was devotedly attached. It required the utmost fortitude, on her part, to bear this cruel deprivation; but, by enduring it, she rendered her husband's cruel attempt abortive. All the children died young, except the late A. C. M'Lehose, W.S.

Immediately after the separation, she had returned to her father's house with her children, where she remained till his death, in the year 1782, two years afterwards. He judiciously left his property to be invested in an annuity for her behoof, entirely independent of her husband, and beyond his control; and feeling it unpleasant to remain in the same city with her husband and his relations, and yet in a state of alienation, Mrs. M'Lehose, by the advice of her friends, removed to Edinburgh in the same year, 1782.

Her husband followed her soon after, on his way to London, having formed an intention of going abroad. He solicited an interview in these terms—"Early to-morrow morning I leave this country for ever, and therefore wish much to pass one quarter of an hour with you. Upon my word of honour, my dearest Nancy, it is the last night you probably will ever have an opportunity of seeing me in this world." This appeal she refused for the following reasons:—"I consulted my friends: they advised me against seeing him; and as I thought it could be productive of no good, I declined the interview." The treatment she received from her husband while living with him, must have been bad indeed, to make one of her forgiving disposition so unyielding; and he seems to have been not altogether insensible to his misconduct: for, two years later, and just previous to going abroad, he wrote to his wife—"For my own part, I am willing to forget what is past; neither do I require any apology from you: for I am heartily sorrow for those instances of my behaviour to you which caused our separation. Were it possible to recall them, they should never be repeated." These feelings may have been sincere at the moment, but they had no depth or endurance.

It would appear that, on coming to Edinburgh, Mrs. M'Lehose had left her infants among her husband's relations; yet she seems to have been an affectionate mother. From London, whither he had gone, her husband wrote her an upbraiding letter, telling her, however, that he had got the prospect of employment abroad, and adding—

"The sooner you return to Glasgow the better, and take under your care and protection those endearing pledges of our once-happier days, as none of my friends will have anything to do with them." After speaking of his prospects of employment, he added—"Yet still, however remote my residence may be from you and those endearing infants, God forbid that I should be so destitute of natural affection for them, as to permit you or them, in the smallest degree, to be burdensome to any of your friends. On the contrary, I shall at all times observe the strictest economy, and exert myself to the uttermost, so that I may be enabled to contribute to your ease and happiness."

It will be seen in the sequel how this fair promise was observed. The truth is, that as he could not prevail on his wife to live with him, even by depriving her of her children, to whom she was tenderly attached, and his relations would no longer support him in idleness, or his children for his sake, their sympathy for him being blunted, if not deadened, by his misconduct,—he thus contrived to throw the burden of them on his young wife, whose patrimonial income was very limited. Her situation at this trying period is thus related:—"The income left me by my father being barely sufficient to board myself, I was now distressed how to support my three infants. With my spirits sunk in deep dejection, I went to Glasgow to see them. I found arrears due for their board. This I paid; and the goodness of some worthy gentlemen in Glasgow procuring me a small annuity from the writers, and one from the surgeons, I again set out for Edinburgh with them in August 1782; and, by the strictest economy, made my little income go as far as possible. The deficiency was always supplied by some worthy benevolent friends, whose kindness no time can erase from my grateful heart."

In her cousin, afterwards elevated to the bench by the title of Lord Craig, but then an advocate at the Scottish bar, Mrs. M'Lehose found a steady and generous friend to the end of his life; nor do we believe that he, at any period, was that friend who aspired to be something more,—which she intimates of some one in her letters to Burns,—and whose tenderness she could not return. Let us now see what were the tastes and habits of the ill-married wife. They were those of no commonplace woman of sixty years since; and though traced by what must be, and perhaps ought to be, a partial pen, the description must be substantially correct. Her "cultivation of the muses" would be esteemed a small affair nowadays; but a woman at that period, of the middle rank, who wrote lines beginning with capital letters, and with rhymes tagged to the end of them, was quite a prodigy. Yet Burns, when he got up raptures—as in duty bound, both as a gallant and a poet—over the verses of Clarinda, must sometimes have gone, as he says somewhere of another lady's verses, "agonizing over the belly of his conscience." He must then have known that *Hardyknute*, and the *Flowers of*

the Forest, and probably *Auld Robin Gray*, were each the compositions of natives of Scotland without beards.

During Mrs. M'Lehose's early residence in Edinburgh, when she had not joined that social circle of which she soon became an ornament, she devoted much time and attention to remedying the defects of her early education. She improved her taste by the study of the best English authors, and became proficient in English composition. Possessed of a most retentive memory, she often quoted aptly from those authors, both in conversation and in her correspondence, which afterwards became extensive, and in which she excelled. It is to be regretted that so little of that correspondence has been preserved; but Mrs. M'Lehose having survived nearly all the friends of her early life, applications made in quarters where it was supposed her letters might have been preserved, have been unsuccessful.

It was at this period, also, that Mrs. M'Lehose began cultivating the Muses. She produced many short poetical effusions, a few of which have been preserved, and are inserted in this volume. . . . .

In the rearing and education of her children she took great delight; and the society of the many friends she acquired yielded her constant enjoyment for a long series of years.

In another place we are told that Mrs. M'Lehose was, for forty years, in company five days (or nights) a-week out of the seven; and felt the change of habits which the death of her friends and her own old age occasioned, as a great privation. But before she went so much abroad, it is probable that her children were either dead, or that the sole survivor, the father of her biographer, was grown beyond the need of her care. Edinburgh ladies of the middle rank were, in those times, nearly tied down to the everlasting tea-table. As yet all sorts of lectures and religious meetings, and tract-distributing, and money-gathering recreations, were unknown among them. This change of manners, whatever its passing effects may be, is silently working a beneficial and great change in the social position of the women in Scotland. Called upon at a great crisis to assist and coöperate with their spiritual masters in working out certain favourite objects, they ought surely to follow the example of the Irish Volunteers, and not ground their arms till they have obtained something for themselves and their sex.

Mrs. M'Lehose had been, for five years, living in Edinburgh in the way described, when Burns was suddenly heard of,—the theme of every tea-table, as well as the welcome guest of many of what are called "the best houses." His fashionable vogue was, however, on the wane before she, on his second and diminished appearance as a Lion, became acquainted with him; though it was apparently fashion that drew her towards him, fond as she was of poetry. In the early period of their acquaintance, though she must have had knowledge of some of his most popular pieces, she had not even read his poems; for she tells him in one letter, "I have your poems in loan just now. I've read them many times; and with new pleasure. Some time I will give you my opinion of them severally."

Clarinda, besides being a wit and a poetess, was "decidedly pious;" and she appears to have been, at this time, under the spiritual direction of a Mr. or Dr. Kemp, who, long afterwards, occasioned a terrible half-stifled *esclandre* in the religious circles of Edinburgh,—it being alleged that, with the warmest regard for the souls of pretty women, his devotees, he united no less *tendresse* for their persons. We have no intention to revert to this stale gossip, save as it illustrates the character of the converter, to what are called evangelical principles, of the lady, who, in her turn, was ambitious of turning Robert Burns from infidelity or scepticism—though he never was either infidel or sceptic—to high Calvinism.

We have said that not homage to illustrious genius, but something very like sheer vanity—the desire of a lady who made verses, to become acquainted with a poet so much courted and distinguished in high society—seems to us to have been Mrs. M'Lehose's original motive for wishing to know, and to charm Burns. But no means had been found to gratify this not unnatural ambition, until she got acquainted with her neighbour Miss Nimmo. This lady seems to have been a weak, simple-minded, kind-hearted spinster, familiar in one respectable circle in which the poet was highly valued, and which included the family of Mr. Crawfurd Tait, and the poet's correspondent, Miss Margaret Chalmers. Poor Miss Nimmo, evidently a new friend, seems soon to have taken alarm at the dilemma in which she had placed herself by her rash introduction, and the vehement sentimental flirtation that had its origin at her decorous tea-table. When evil tongues grew busy with the name of Clarinda, she seems to have dropped the acquaintance; and Burns administers consolation for the loss of her friendship, more haughty than reasonable. But lest our love and reverence for the Man, with all his failings, should be thought to betray us into injustice to the lady, we shall let our authority, Mr. M'Lehose, relate the exact circumstances in which this Platonic attachment originated.

Towards the end of the year 1787, Robert Burns was introduced to Mrs. M'Lehose, in the house of a mutual friend, Miss Nimmo. They spent the evening together; and we have the sentiments recorded by both parties of the impressions reciprocally produced. The poet declared, in one of his letters to her, "Of all God's creatures I ever could approach in the beaten way of friendship, you struck me with the deepest, the strongest, the most permanent impression." While she wrote:—"Miss Nimmo can tell you how earnestly I had long pressed her to make us acquainted. I had a presentiment that we would derive pleasure from the society of each other." The poet was at this time preparing to depart from Edinburgh; and, under these circumstances, could only regret that he had not possessed the opportunity of cultivating the lady's acquaintance earlier; but a severe accident, which happened a day or two later, when he was engaged to spend the evening with her, delayed his departure for some time, and led to a correspondence, in which Mrs. M'Lehose fancifully adopted the name of "Clarinda," and Burns followed up the idea by signing "Sylvander." As soon as he recovered from his accident, the poet visited the lady, and they enjoyed much of each other's society for several months, till he left Edinburgh. They met only once afterwards, in the year 1791,—but occasionally corresponded till within a short period of his death.

Dates are often plaguy and perplexing things; and we have felt it so, in comparing those of the letters of Burns to his other friends, with those to Clarinda. We know how Jean Armour was

situated at this time, and her claims upon the generosity and kindness of Burns; and yet, not long before, he had avowed ardent admiration, and, according to the not improbable hypothesis of Allan Cunningham, experienced a much warmer sentiment for Charlotte Hamilton, which it only required a little encouragement from the "Fairest Maid on Devon's banks," to foster into a permanent attachment. Fortunately for all parties, if this were the fact, that encouragement was not given. She, perhaps, from the first preferred his companion Adair, to whom she was subsequently married; nor do we imagine that Burns was so far entangled, as to have felt deep despair at the disappointment of hopes that could only have been transitory. Although there had been no "Bonnie Jean" in existence, with, alas!

"Her girdle all too jimp,"

Burns, without settled prospects, or visible means of supporting "genteel" life, was in no condition to pay serious addresses to Miss Hamilton, even with all the proud consciousness of that genius on which Fame had now set her golden stamp.

"There is," says Allan Cunningham, "no positive evidence that he paid his addresses to the 'Fairest Maid on Devon's banks;' but he did much to render himself acceptable to her; and, in an oblique way of making his approach, he strove, and not without success, to merit the good opinion of her companion, Margaret Chalmers. . . . . I can give but an imperfect account of the progress of the poet's passion: for some twelve or thirteen of his most carefully-written and gently-expressed letters, were, in an evil hour, thrown into the fire by Charlotte Hamilton; and all the record we have, is his songs, and what is contained in his correspondence with Margaret Chalmers."

This record seems to have been preserved in his own foul copies of letters, or in scraps and memorandums. It would be curious to know at what time Miss Hamilton threw the letters either indignantly or contemptuously into the fire. Whether it was when Miss Nimmo's and the Edinburgh gossip about Clarinda first reached the ears of the offended beauty; or at the after-period, when Clarinda herself branded the faithless bard with the name of "villain," because he had, like an honest man, made poor Jean Armour an honest woman. Clarinda, however, had the good taste not to destroy his letters, ill as, we apprehend, they atone for the loss of those addressed to the Heloise and Clara at Harvieston. Rousseau, when the eloquent series of letters which, during the paroxysms of his grand passion, he had addressed to the object of it—a lady who was the wife of one man and the mistress of another—were demanded back, and averred to be destroyed, exclaims, that no woman who had inspired such a passion could, by any possibility, destroy the proofs of its existence. But this is man's vanity. Eloquent proofs of the passion or of the genius of Burns were destroyed, and by a woman who had no reason to be ashamed of the correspondence; and those Clarinda held were faithfully preserved to see the light after many days. She would never consent to their publication; she refused the solicitations of Mr. Syme, one of Burns' voluntary executors, to let them appear in the Life that was then to be written by Dr. Currie: but she offered to make extracts herself; of which, however, Dr. Currie, it appears, has thought it best not to avail himself. And he was right. The time, if it be come now, was not then come; and the memory of the Bard had to contend with sufficient obloquy without this delicate affair.* Mrs. M'Lehose again, in 1834, refused these Letters to Allan Cunningham, when he, in very flattering terms, begged for them as an unique ornament to his edition of the works of Burns. Still she could not destroy them. When the first of the series was written, Burns had been chilled, if not repelled, by Charlotte Hamilton; and he must also have been distracted, though not clear or fixed in his future views, as to "darling Jean." His inflammable heart was, therefore, at this critical period, without any ostensible tenant; or any secondary occupant to form the resting-place of roving Fancy, or the vantage-ground from which Imagination might wing her flights. "Highland Mary" lived in hallowed memory; "Bonnie Jean," in tangible and warm presence; but even a married Poet, Burns says—and he should know—must have a mistress: and here was the repelled heart of a Poet ready to be caught at the rebound. At this time we find him writing Miss Chalmers—"My rhetoric seems quite to have lost its effect on the lovely half of mankind. I have seen the day!—but that is a tale of other years. In my conscience, I believe that my heart has been so often on fire that it is absolutely vitrified."—But the day was not yet wholly gone by. As the cold or haughty Charlotte Hamilton sunk below the horizon, that other sun of her sex, "charming Clarinda," arose.

Burns was at this time in wretched spirits. The recollection of Jean Armour must have been fraught with regret and remorse. He had been annoyed and worn-out by the dilatoriness or avarice of Creech; and he felt himself in a false position with the aristocratic world. He had all along understood this; but now he felt it in the wretched collapse that must ever follow the high excitement of every species of *lionizing*, even when the noble animal has the robust strength and ferocious pride of Robert Burns. His soul at this time, in his own expressive language to Margaret Chalmers, "longed for a resting-place in her wanderings through the weary, thorny wilderness of this world! God knows," he says, "I am ill-fitted for the struggle."—There was no affectation here. He had, when a poor lad at Irvine, trying to dress flax for his daily bread, said the same thing to his "honoured" father. Then again he would rally, and tell Charlotte's friend, who he felt understood and valued him, "I glory in being a poet,—I want to be thought a wise man. I would fain be generous; and I desire to be rich. After all, I fear I am a lost subject. Some folks hae a hantle

* There is a series of Love-Letters by Burns, addressed to some anonymous E., about whom all his biographers puzzle themselves. It is singular that they do not perceive that these epistles are mere exercises in composition, or the commencement of a sort of serious novel in Letters.

o' fauts, but I am a ne'er-do-weel." . . . .

"I am under the care of a surgeon, with a bruised limb extended on a cushion; and the tints of my mind vying with the livid horror preceding a midnight thunder-storm." . . . . . "I have taken tooth and nail to the Bible. It is really a glorious book. I would give my best song to my worst enemy, I mean the making of it, to have you and Charlotte by me. You are angelic creatures, and could pour oil and wine into my wounded spirit."

But this might not be; and Clarinda was near at hand, to pour in the oil and wine, a most willing, and not ungentle ministering spirit. Allan Cunningham was, however, mistaken in supposing that she stood by his couch, soothing him by her presence, or animating him by her wit: for Burns was, at this time, residing in the house of his friend, Mr. Cruickshank, of the High School; and there was a Mrs. Cruickshank, too; and though Clarinda volunteered to pay him a visit of condolence, he was under the cruel necessity of reminding her of "cursed etiquette." But it is more than time that we were arrived at that correspondence in which, as we have already said, vanity, the desire of making the acquaintance of a poet, or a Lion in high vogue, and a considerable spice of natural coquetry and love of admiration, seem to have been the originating motives with the lady; and with the lover, (?) gallantry, courtesy, a little leaven of vanity, sheer idleness, a troubled and distracted mind, and some of that pride of epistolary eloquence which distinguishes all his early letters of the ceremonial kind, and affords the only trace of affectation to be found in his voluminous writings. Among his affectations he never affected Platonics: he declared himself Anti-Platonic. He was no more capable of wilfully misleading any woman, than of hoodwinking the clear and manly understanding which God had given him.

Mr. M'Lehose says of the period of his grandmother's first intercourse with Burns—

The first edition of his poems, published in Edinburgh, had been eminently successful,—producing considerable fame, and an amount of funds which, compared with his previous circumstances, must have seemed riches. He had been also introduced to circles of talent and acquirements, rank and fashion, which, in his original situation, he never could have hoped to see. But such unequal intercourse necessarily exposes the inferior to occasional caprice. Burns had some experience of this; and, as he always had a particular jealousy of people richer or higher than himself, he must have felt deeply mortified.

Again, with his ardent temperament, he could not but fall in love with some of the elegant young ladies he met with in these circles; and comparing their cultivated charms with those of his former loves, he seems to have felt a desire to possess one for a wife; but his inferior rank, unsettled circumstances, and, above all, his equivocal "certificate as a bachelor," presented an unsurmountable barrier. It is evident, that at this time he considered himself free of all legal and moral obligation to Jean Armour; regarding the burning of her marriage lines, and her acquiescence in their destruction, as releasing him from the responsibility of wedlock, though he felt "a miserable blank in his heart with the want of her."

Thus circumstanced, Burns made the acquaintance of Mrs. M'Lehose; and is it to be wondered at, that he found great delight in the society of a lady of her talents and great vivacity,—well-read and fond of poetry, romantic, and a "bit of an enthusiast," warm in her feelings and attachments,—who immediately and keenly sympathized with him? or, is it a matter of surprise, that he felt, and sometimes expressed hopes that were wild and visionary?

Mrs. M'Lehose was at this period a young married woman whose husband was abroad; but, owing to his unmerited bad treatment of her, a separation had taken place several years before. She was gifted with ardent affections, and feelings capable of the most devoted attachment,—in the prime of life,—not possessed of the "dear charities of brother, sister, parent:" for "I have none of these," she writes, "and belong to nobody." How deeply she felt the loneliness of her situation appears from what she writes in another letter:—"At this season, [New Year,] when others are joyous, I am the reverse. I have no *near* relations; and while others are with their friends, I sit alone, musing upon several of mine, with whom I used to be, now gone to the land of forgetfulness."

Thus as it were desolate, and feeling that "her heart, her fondest wishes, could not be placed on him who ought to have had them, but whose conduct had justly forfeited them,"—it was very natural, though not very prudent, that she had long "sought for a male friend . . . who could love me with tenderness—yet unmixed with selfishness; who could be my friend, companion, protector! and who would die sooner than injure me."

This friend she now found. "I sought, but I sought in vain. Heaven has, I hope, sent me this blessing in my Sylvander."

Though the friends of Mrs. M'Lehose's husband condemned his conduct, and had suffered severely from it themselves, yet they, in some degree, espoused his cause; and no doubt were ready to listen to any whisper of slander against her. Her temperament, naturally too sensitive, led her to be extremely timid and cautious.

Now, we see no evidence whatever of *timidity*, but of something more like the reverse; nor yet of *caution*, save what was required to avoid the consequences of conduct somewhat indiscreet. Mr. M'Lehose proceeds—

Mrs. M'Lehose was, in several respects, a ready mark for the ill-natured observations of the envious and censorious,—being a wit and a beauty, and having "an inveterate turn for social pleasure." When she indulged this turn, she admits that her vivacity often carried her too far. "If you saw me in a merry party, you would suppose me only an enthusiast in *fun*; but I now avoid such parties. My spirits are sunk for days after; and, what is worse, there are sometimes dull or malicious souls who censure me loudly for what their sluggish natures cannot comprehend. Were I possessed of an independent fortune, I would scorn their pitiful remarks; but everything in my situation renders prudence necessary."

When Burns visited Mrs. M'Lehose, she lived in a court at the back of General's Entry, Potter-row, a narrow street into which this entry forms a passage. A small circular stair leads to the different floors, on the first of which she lived. The rooms are small and low-roofed, with windows of less size than many modern panes of glass.

In the year 1787, the building of the New Town of Edinburgh was not far advanced, and the good people were not accustomed to wide, airy streets; nor did they generally occupy spacious rooms, with abundance of the light of heaven. They were content to live in alleys and courts, or, at best, in narrow streets; and were satisfied with small rooms, with diminutive windows, which did not afford a sufficiency of daylight. When people lived in such close neighbourhood, they had much better opportunities than are afforded in the present day of watching the movements of their neighbours; opportunities which, it has been wickedly asserted, they were not slow to improve. To this they may have been so far incited by the deficiency of daylight; the very obscurity, perhaps, lending a charm to prying curiosity.

In Clarinda's letter to Sylvander, of the 16th January, there is an amusing instance of her anxiety to avoid this disagreeable sort of observation:—"Either to-morrow or Friday I shall be happy to see you. * * * I hope you'll *come a-foot*, even though you take a chair home. A chair is so uncommon a thing in our neighbourhood, it is apt to raise speculation; but they are all asleep by ten." It is not to be doubted that a sedan chair would have caused much interesting speculation in an "entry;" and it was a lucky circumstance that the neighbours, some of whom, it is to be feared, were of the "coarser stuff of human nature," were such early-to-bed people.

When Mrs. M'Lehose sought for a friend, who could love her with tenderness unmixed with selfishness, and found this friend in Sylvander, she underrated the influence of love and the power of the charmer. It is easy to resist the beginning of passion; easy to turn aside the stream when it is small; but difficult to direct or stem the current when the stream has become a torrent. Thus Clarinda became so rapidly and so strongly attached to Sylvander, that she herself trembled for the consequences. Pleased with the genius of this extraordinary man, who had "her best wishes before they met," she did not sufficiently estimate the danger of so tender an intercourse.

But though there were many rocks on which their love was threatened with shipwreck, sometimes from the boldness of the pilot, sometimes from her own uncalled-for alarm, it is apparent, that what she required in such a friend (and her requirements who shall condemn!) was satisfactorily fulfilled. "In you, and you alone, I have ever found my highest demands of kindness accomplished; nay, even my fondest wishes not gratified only, but anticipated." That Mrs. M'Lehose was innocent of all criminal thoughts and intentions, it is believed no candid mind can doubt, after reading the following series of letters. Her love was, indeed, a flame "where Innocence looked smiling on, and Honour stood by, a sacred guard." Yet it may be doubted whether any married woman should have permitted herself to continue in circumstances of such temptation; certain it is, that few women could have come out of such a trial untarnished. But she did come forth unblemished, and live to a good old age, respected and beloved by all who knew her. This could not have been the case if there had been any spot in her character for scandal to point the finger at. Her attachment she had early revealed to her clergyman, and even taken his advice about it. It was a subject of conversation with various friends, some of whom even "trembled for her peace." Such frankness bears the stamp of conscious innocence.

But the query with some will be, "Has Clarinda come forth untarnished?" There are many degrees of tarnishing. In the sense which Mr. M'Lehose seems to imply, the "ill-married lady" did, we think, come forth "untarnished;" and the severest verdict which can be passed is, "Not Proven." We must, however, while we say *Not* Guilty, confess that these *tête-à-tête* interviews which she herself sought with "Rab Mossgiel" were, as the Scotch say, "a mere tempting of Providence." She consulted her clergyman, who was the same Father Confessor to whom we have alluded above, and whom we will meet again in the course of the correspondence. We are too stanch Protestants to like such delicate consultations.

Allan Cunningham imagines, and many other persons have held the same opinion, that in these Letters, "in general, the raptures of Sylvander are artificial and his sensibility assumed. He puts himself into strange postures and picturesque positions, and feels imaginary pains to correspond." Mr. M'Lehose repudiates this view of a correspondence which Allan Cunningham had only partially seen; but we suspect that it is substantially the right one. Mr. M'Lehose urges that the critics do not make sufficient allowance "for a man of the ardent temperament of Burns."

Burns had too much good taste to endure affected love-letters himself. In his own picturesque language he remarks:—"The whining cant of love, except in real passion and by a masterly hand, is to me as insufferable as the preaching cant of Father Smeaton, Whig minister at Kilmaurs." Now, though we have here the masterly hand, the real passion is long either doubtful or of the slightest character; one of the hundred flames which had at last "vitrified" his heart. Mr. M'Lehose, however, contends that Sylvander took a deep interest in Clarinda from the first, and that

The feelings expressed by him were really felt, and not assumed: for no man can exhibit more earnestness and sincerity of purpose; and, indeed, he seems too soon to have hinted at hopes which were visionary. If Sylvander, at a later period, seriously entertained such hopes, it explains many of his strong expressions of attachment, otherwise bombastic. It must be admitted that several of his letters contain passages offensive from their boldness and presumption, which wounded the nice sensibility of Clarinda; but these were avowedly written after deep potations.

Now, as to "the nice sensibility" of Clarinda, and whether her ideas did not sometimes outrun the occasion, repelling, or seeming to repel advances that were never made, we leave the reader to judge for himself, and in mercy. Laying aside altogether the worthless and heartless husband in Jamaica, Mrs. M'Lehose owed much to herself and her children; and it is enough that there are passages in the letters addressed to her that ought to have offended her, had she not herself given the key to the strain in which they are composed. We are not pleading for Burns. His own brawny shoulders are perfectly able to bear the weight of all his transgressions; but we would remind the reader, that he was at this time suffering that necessity of a poet—the want of a mistress; and the most social and sympathetic of human natures was, besides, always in need of some congenial bosom, and, if possible, a soft one, in which to deposit the outpourings of his Muse and his heart.

There must have been some actual flirtation, some inviting coquetry, at Miss Nimmo's tea-board, before, in his first note, he could write—

Our worthy common friend, Miss Nimmo, in her usual pleasant way, rallied me a good deal on my new acquaintance; and, in the humour of her ideas, I wrote some lines, which I enclose you, as I think they have a good deal of poetic merit; and Miss Nimmo tells me that you are not only a critic but a poetess. Fiction, you know, is the native region of poetry; and I hope you will pardon my vanity in sending you the bagatelle as a tolerable off-hand *jeu d'esprit*. I have several poetic trifles, which I would gladly leave with Miss Nimmo or you, if they were worth houseroom; as there are scarcely two people on earth by whom it would mortify me more to be forgotten, though at the distance of nine score miles.

The next letter, written on the 8th December, and two days later than the above, contains the Poet's eloquent regrets for not being able to keep his appointment, in consequence of his bad accident, and concludes thus:—

I cannot bear the idea of leaving Edinburgh without seeing you. I know not how to account for it—I am strangely taken with some people, nor am I often mistaken. You are a stranger to me, but I am an old

being. Some yet unnamed feelings—things not principles, but better than whims—carry me farther than boasted reason ever did a philosopher. Farewell! Every happiness be yours!

Mrs. M'Lehose, not yet merged in Clarinda, replied that same night in a long letter, her first,—of which this is the pith:—

Inured as I have been to disappointments, I never felt more, nay, nor half so severely, for one of the same nature! The cruel cause, too, augments my uneasiness. I trust you'll soon recover it. Meantime, if my sympathy, my friendship, can alleviate your pain, be assured you possess them. I am much flattered at being a favourite of yours. Miss Nimmo can tell you how earnestly I had long pressed her to make us acquainted. I had a presentiment that we should derive pleasure from the society of each other. To-night I had thought of fifty things to say to you: how unfortunate this prevention! . . . You shall *not* leave town without seeing me, if I should come along with good Miss Nimmo, and call for you. I am determined to see you; and am ready to exclaim with Yorick, "Tut! are we not all relations?" We are, indeed, *strangers* in one sense—but of near kin in many respects: those "nameless feelings" I perfectly comprehend, though the pen of a Locke could not define them. . . . . .

Miss Nimmo was a favourite of mine from the first hour I met with her. There is a softness, a nameless something about her, that, were I a man, old as she is, I should have chosen her before most women I know. I fear, however, this liking is not *mutual*. I'll tell you why I think so, at meeting. She was in mere jest when she told you I was a poetess. I have often composed rhyme, (if not *reason*,) but never one line of *poetry*. The distinction is obvious to every one of the least discernment. Your lines were truly poetical: give me all you can spare. . . . . Read the enclosed, which I scrawled just after reading yours. Be sincere; and own that, whatever merit it has, it has not a line resembling poetry. Pardon any little freedoms I take with you: if they entertain a heavy hour, they have all the merit I intended. Will you let me know, now and then, how your leg is? If I were your *sister*, I would call and see you; but 'tis a censorious world this; and (in this sense) you and I are not of the world. Adieu. Keep up your heart: you will soon get well, and we shall *meet*. Farewell. God bless you.

How could a young poet do less than reply to this frank and affectionate epistle by a friendly cast of his calling. He wrote—

I stretch a point, indeed, my dearest Madam, when I answer your card on the rack of my present agony. Your friendship, Madam! By heavens, I was never proud before. Your lines, I maintain it, are poetry, and good poetry; mine were, indeed, partly fiction, and partly a friendship which, had I been so blest as to have met with you *in time*, might have led me—God of love only knows where. Time is too short for ceremonies.

I swear solemnly, (in all the tenor of my former oath,) to remember you in all the pride and warmth of friendship until—I cease to be!

Now Burns had, at this time, many causes of trouble, that neither Clarinda nor the world wotted of; and the sentimental and romantic flirtation, unredeemed at this time by one particle of serious feeling on either side, served to beguile care and the tedium of confinement, and also to fill a paragraph in a letter to a friend; though Burns never, in any way, betrayed or compromised the imprudent Clarinda. She must have proclaimed the imaginary conquest, of which she naturally was not a little vain, in submitting delicate cases of conscience to her spiritual director, and some other of her male admirers. Burns had more discretion and honour. Her real name never once appears in his correspondence; and but once he alludes to "Clarinda" in a letter to his young admirer, Robert Ainslie, who had begged to be introduced to her. To his pernicious early friend Mr. Richard Brown, he about this time writes:—"I have much to tell you of men and manners and their ways; perhaps a little of the other sex too. . . . . Almighty love still reigns and revels in my bosom; and I am at this moment ready to hang myself for a young Edinburgh *widow*, who has wit and wisdom more murderously fatal than the assassinating stiletto of the Sicilian banditti, or the poisoned arrow of the African savage. . . . . You may guess her wit by the verses she sent me the other day:" and he copies out for his friend, Clarinda's well-known and best verses, beginning "Talk not of Love." It is due to the lady to state, that the third strong stanza was added by the Poet; though he does not tell his correspondent this. This correspondent was, perhaps, the most fitting recipient of this kind of confidence in the whole circle of Burns' acquaintance. He was that friend of whom in his celebrated autobiographical letter to Dr. Moore, he says:—"He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself, where woman was the presiding star; but he spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror." There is some discrepancy in the dates of these letters; for that one, sending Mr. Richard Brown the verses, is dated the 30th December; and Clarinda's, in which they purport to have been enclosed to Burns, is not written till the 4th of January, when the Platonic affection was nearly a whole month old. Though the Bard was by profession and complexion bound to display a little rodomontade upon this occasion, the ideas of the lady had certainly outrun his presumption, when to his high-flown hyperbolical compliments, she replied in the plain style—

When I meet you, I must chide you for writing in your romantic style. Do you remember that she whom you address is a married woman? or, Jacob-like, would you wait seven years, and even then, perhaps, be disappointed, as he was? No; I know you better: you have too much of that impetuosity which generally accompanies noble minds. To be serious, most people would think, by your style, that you were writing to some vain, silly woman to make a fool of her, or worse. I have too much vanity to ascribe it to the former motive, and too much charity to harbour an idea of the latter; and viewing it as the effusion of a benevolent heart upon meeting one somewhat similar to itself, I have promised you my friendship: it will be your own fault if I ever withdraw it. Would to God I had it in my power to give you some solid proofs of it! Were I the Duchess of Gordon, you should be possessed of that independence which every generous mind pants after; but I fear she is "no Duchess at the heart." Obscure as I am (comparatively,) I enjoy all the necessaries of life as fully as I desire, and wish for wealth only to procure the "luxury of doing good." . . . If my scrawls can amuse you in your confinement, you shall have them occasionally. I shall hear of you every day from my beloved Miss Nimmo. Do you know, the very first time I was in her house, most of our conversation was about a certain (lame) poet? I read her soul in her expressive countenance, and have been attached to her ever since.

Burns must now have begun better to understand the character of his correspondent. Of the above rebuke, he says—

Your last, my dear Madam, had the effect on me that

Job's situation had on his friends, when "they sat down seven days and seven nights astonied, and spake not a word."—"Pay my addresses to a married woman!" I started as if I had seen the ghost of him I had injured: I recollected my expressions; some of them indeed were, in the law phrase, "habit and repute," which is being half guilty. I cannot positively say, Madam, whether my heart might not have gone astray a little; but I can declare, upon the honour of a poet, that the vagrant has wandered unknown to me. I have a pretty handsome troop of follies of my own; and like some other people's retinue, they are but undisciplined blackguards: but the luckless rascals have something of honour in them; they would not do a dishonest thing.

To meet with an unfortunate woman, amiable and young, deserted and widowed by those who were bound by every tie of duty, nature, and gratitude, to protect, comfort, and cherish her; add to all, when she is perhaps one of the first of lovely forms and noble minds, the mind, too, that hits one's taste as the joys of Heaven do a saint—should a vague infant idea, the natural child of imagination, thoughtlessly peep over the fence—were you, my friend, to sit in judgment, and the poor, airy straggler brought before you, trembling, self-condemned, with artless eyes, brimful of contrition, looking wistfully on its judge,—you could not, my dear Madam, condemn the hapless wretch to death "without benefit of clergy"!

I won't tell you what reply my heart made to your raillery of "seven years"; but I will give you what a brother of my trade says on the same allusion:—

"The Patriarch to gain a wife,
Chaste, beautiful, and young,
Served fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long.

"Oh were you to reward such cares,
And life so long would stay,
Not fourteen but four hundred years
Would seem but as one day!"

I have written you this scrawl because I have nothing else to do; and you may sit down and find fault with it, if you have no better way of consuming your time: but finding fault with the vagaries of a poet's fancy is much such another business as Xerxes chastising the waves of Hellespont.

This "I have nothing else to do," we verily believe was the simple fact, and the cause to which we owe this letter and many others. His next (for Clarinda's reply to the above is imagined to be lost) informs her that her admirer had showed her verses to Dr. Gregory, with some *bagatelles* of his own, and of the Dr.'s admiration of them, at which she eagerly grasps; and sundry other matters which we leave to the reader's candour; as this passage:—

'Tis true I never saw you but once; but how much acquaintance did I form with you at that once! Do not think I flatter you, or have a design upon you, Clarinda: I have too much pride for the one, and too little cold contrivance for the other; but of all God's creatures I ever could approach in the beaten way of acquaintance, you struck me with the deepest, the strongest, the most permanent impression. I say the most permanent, because I know myself well, and how far I can promise either on my prepossessions or powers. Why are you unhappy?—and why are so many of our fellow-creatures, unworthy to belong to the same species with you, blest with all they can wish? You have a hand all-benevolent to give,—why were you denied the pleasure? You have a heart formed, gloriously formed, for all the most refined luxuries of love,—why was that heart ever wrung? O Clarinda! shall we not meet in a state, some yet unknown state of being, where the lavish hand of Plenty shall minister to the highest wish of Benevolence, and where the chill north-wind of Prudence shall never blow over the flowery fields of enjoyment! If we do not, man was made in vain. . . . . .

Let me know how long your stay will be out of town. I shall count the hours till you inform me of your return. Cursed etiquette forbids your seeing me just now; and so soon as I can walk I must bid Edinburgh adieu. Lord, why was I born to see misery which I cannot relieve, and to meet with friends whom I can't enjoy! I look back with the pangs of unavailing avarice on my loss in not knowing you sooner. All last winter,—these three months past,—what luxury of intercourse have I not lost! Perhaps, though, 'twas better for my peace. You see I am either above, or incapable of dissimulation.

The correspondence thus happily begun, did not flag on the part of Clarinda. "I shall grow vain," she says—

Your praises were enough,—but those of a Dr. Gregory superadded! Take care: many a "glorious" woman has been undone by having her head turned. "Know you!" I know you far better than you do me. Like yourself, I am a bit of an enthusiast. In religion and friendship quite a bigot—perhaps I could be so in love too; but everything dear to me in heaven and earth forbids! This is my fixed principle; and the person who would dare to endeavour to remove it I would hold as my chief enemy. Like you, I am incapable of dissimulation; nor am I, as you suppose, unhappy. I have been unfortunate; but guilt alone could make me unhappy. Possessed of fine children,—competence,—fame,—friends, kind and attentive,—what a monster of ingratitude should I be in the eye of Heaven were I to style myself unhappy! . . . . Religion, the only refuge of the unfortunate, has been my balm in every woe. O! could I make her appear to you as she has done to me! Instead of ridiculing her tenets, you would fall down and worship her very semblance wherever you found it! . . .

I am confounded at your admiring my lines. I shall begin to question your taste,—but Dr. G.! When I am low-spirited (which I am at times) I shall think of this as a *restorative*. . . . . .

P.S.—I entreat you not to mention our corresponding to one on earth. Though I've conscious innocence, my situation is a delicate one.

The next letter is still from Clarinda. A week had elapsed, and Burns had, perhaps, found "something else to do." She tells him:—

No wonder Dr. Gregory criticised my lines. I saw several defects in them myself; but had neither time nor patience (nor ability, perhaps,) to correct them. The three last verses were longer than the former; and in the conclusion, I saw a vile tautology which I could not get rid of. . . . I rejoice to hear of Dr. Gregory being your particular friend. Though unacquainted, I am no stranger to his character: where worth unites with abilities, it commands our love as well as admiration.

And next she lectures the Poet, and expounds her own theory of love and friendship, concluding—

An honest man *may* have a friendly prepossession for a woman whose soul would abhor the idea of an intrigue with her. These are my sentiments upon this subject: I hope they correspond with yours. 'Tis honest in you to wish me to see you "just as you are." I believe I have a tolerably just idea of your character. No wonder; for had I been a man, I should have been you. I am not vain enough to think myself equal in abilities; but I am formed with a liveliness of fancy, and a strength of passion little inferior. . . . . Both of us are incapable of deceit, because we want coolness and command of our feelings. Art is what I never could attain to, even in situations where a little would have been prudent. Now and then, I am favoured with a salutary blast of "the north-wind of Prudence." . . . . . My heart was formed for love, and I desire to devote it to Him who is the source of love! Yes: we shall surely meet in an "unknown state of being," where there will be full scope for every kind, heartfelt affection—love without alloy, and without end. Your paragraph upon this made the tears flow down my face! I will not tell you the reflections which it raised in my mind; but I wished

that a heart susceptible of such a sentiment took more pains about its accomplishment.

Clarinda earnestly desired the conversion of Burns. She was greatly scandalized at some of his poems, *The Holy Fair*, we presume, or *The Ordination*, or *The Unco Gude;* and she afterwards tells him, that Clarinda would have "held him in her arms, until he had promised not to publish those terrible poems," or words to that effect, as the indictments say. He was much better employed in writing those satires, not only for the world, but for himself. Clarinda's correspondence now became semi-religious, and somewhat comic withal. She inquires—"Is Dr. Gregory pious? I have heard so. I wish I knew him." But Burns did not take the hint; he kept "the divine Clarinda," as she loves to term herself, vainly repeating his idle words, all to himself. There was as much sterling good sense and correct taste, as high genius, in the young rustic, who thus, for

"Pastime, and to show his wit,"

condescended to masquerade for a time in the character of a Sylvander. In the letter in which Clarinda enclosed her love-verses, she asks—

Do you think you could venture this length in a coach, without hurting yourself? I go out of town the beginning of the week, for a few days. I wish you could come to-morrow or Saturday. I long for a conversation with you, and lameness of body won't hinder that. 'Tis really curious—so much *fus* passing between two persons who saw one another only *once?* Say if you think you dare venture;—only let the coachman be "adorned with sobriety."

Burns, not Sylvander, here replies—

Did you, Madam, know what I feel when you talk of your sorrows!

Good God! that one, who has so much worth in the sight of heaven, and is so amiable to her fellow-creatures, should be so unhappy! I can't venture out for cold. My limb is vastly better; but I have not any use of it without my crutches. Monday, for the first time, I dine in a neighbour's, next door. As soon as I can go so far, *even in a coach*, my first visit shall be to you.

Burns is not the first letter-writer who has occasionally compelled the same idea or sentiment, clothed in almost the same words, to do double and triple duty. Nor, if people, however clever, will be always scribbling letters about nothing, is there much harm in thus multiplying copies. The reader of Burns will meet with noble sentiments and fine images in this Correspondence, which he must have seen before; but also with others quite original, and worthy of their author.—But the sentimental correspondents were, at length, to meet; and while the meeting was impending, Sylvander, aware that "the keen sensibilities and strong imagination" of Clarinda must derive sublime pleasure from her warm devotional feelings, owned he could not yet give her all to Heaven—

I cannot, without a marked grudge, see Heaven totally engross so amiable, so charming a woman as my friend Clarinda; and should be very well pleased at *a circumstance* that would put it in the power of somebody, happy somebody! to divide her attention, with all the delicacy and tenderness of an earthly attachment. . . . .

To-morrow evening I intend taking a chair, and paying a visit at Park Place, to a much valued old friend. If I could be sure of finding you at home, (and I will send one of the chairmen to call,) I would spend from five to six o'clock with you, as I go past. I cannot do more at this time, as I have something on my hand that hurries me much. I propose giving you the first call, my old friend the second, and Miss Nimmo as I return home. Do not break any engagement for me, as I will spend another evening with you at any rate before I leave town. Do not tell me that you are pleased when your friends inform you of your faults. I am ignorant what they are; but I am sure they must be such evanescent trifles, compared with your personal and mental accomplishments, that I would despise the ungenerous, narrow soul, who would notice any shadow of imperfections you may seem to have, any other way than in the most delicate agreeable raillery. . . . .

You need make no apology for long letters: I am even with you. Many happy New Years to you, charming Clarinda! I can't dissemble, were it to shun perdition. He who sees you as I have done, and does not love you, deserves to be damned for his stupidity! He who loves you and would injure you, deserves to be doubly damned for his villany!

Now, this is pretty well, as a bit of poetical fiction; and it is rather wonderful that so clever a woman as Mrs. M'Lehose did not see through it. But vanity, the fondness of admiration, will blind the keenest sight; and love——But why profane the name which Burns has so often hallowed? That first meeting, that promised hour, from five to six, as Burns must have passed on his way to Mr. Crawfurd Tait's, he thus afterwards refers to; and if the reader cry, Fudge! we cannot severely blame him.

Some days, some nights, nay, some *hours*, like the "ten righteous persons in Sodom," save the rest of the vapid, tiresome, miserable months and years of life. One of these *hours* my dear Clarinda blest me with yesternight.

"——One well-spent hour,
In such a tender circumstance for friends,
Is better than an age of common time!"
THOMSON.

Then comes in that favourite and grand sentiment about Milton's Devil, which Burns has so often employed, though here rather abruptly and incongruously; and the letter to Dr. Moore is sent for the perusal of Clarinda; while Sylvander, upon the principle of a postilion flourishing his whip and making a famous splash as the journey draws to a close, exclaims—

Your verses I shall muse on—deliciously—as I gaze on your image, in my mind's eye, in my heart's core: *they will be in time enough for a week to come.* I am truly happy your headache is better. O, how can pain or evil be so daringly, unfeelingly, cruelly savage, as to wound so noble a mind, so lovely a form!

"Out upon thee, hyperbolical fiend!"

Clarinda perused the autobiography of her glowing admirer with, we doubt not, very deep interest; and her tears broke out just at the proper place, namely, at the close, where the noble Glencairn's patronage rescues the unfortunate Bard from his evil destiny. Our own, we remember, while childhood and youth kept their melting moods, broke out much earlier; at the pathetic picture of that noblest peasant family "receiving the scoundrel factor's insolent threatening letters, which set them all in tears," and which first taught the proud boyish heart of the now glorified poet to throb with indignation. Clarinda was, as well she might be, proud of the confidence reposed in her; but she must also glorify herself a little, and refer to her own early love-passages, which she intended, "perhaps," to confide to Burns when they met. There was but one thing she could not get over—

One thing alone hurt me, though I regretted many—your avowal of being an enemy to Calvinism. I guessed it was so by some of your pieces; but the confirmation of it gave me a shock I could only have felt for one I was interested in. You will not wonder at this, when I inform you that I am a strict Calvinist, *one or two* dark tenets excepted, which I never meddle with. . . . . My dear Sylvander, I flatter myself you have some opinion of Clarinda's understanding. Her belief in Calvinism is not (as you will be apt to suppose) the prejudice of education. I was bred by my father in the Arminian principles. My mother, who was an angel, died when I was in my tenth year. She was a Calvinist; was adored in her life; and died triumphing in the prospect of immortality. I was too young at that period to know the difference; but her pious precepts and example often recurred to my mind amidst the giddiness and adulation of Miss in her teens. 'Twas since I came to this town, five years ago, that I imbibed my present principles. They were those of a dear, valued friend, in whose judgment and integrity I had entire confidence. I listened often to him, with delight, upon the subject. My mind was docile and open to conviction. I resolved to investigate, with deep attention, that scheme of doctrine which had such happy effects upon him. Conviction of understanding, and peace of mind, were the happy consequences. Thus have I given you a true account of my faith. I trust my practice will ever correspond. Were I to narrate my past life as honestly as you have done, you would soon be convinced that neither of us could hope to be justified by our good works.

If you have time and inclination, I should wish to hear your chief objections to Calvinism.

Burns, we have said, never even affected Platonics. Clarinda feared there was no trace of "*friendship* for a female" in his narrative. "Now," she adds, "in the case of Clarinda, this is the only 'consummation devoutly to be wished.'" "You told me," she says,

You never had met with a woman who could love as ardently as yourself. I believe it; and would advise you never to tie yourself till you meet with such a one. Alas! you'll find many who *canna*, and some who *manna*; but to be joined to one of the former description would make you miserable. I think you had almost best resolve against wedlock: for unless a woman were qualified for the companion, the friend, and the mistress, she would not do for you. The last may gain Sylvander, but the others alone can keep him. Sleep, and want of room, prevent my explaining myself upon "infidelity in a husband," which made you stare at me. This, and other things, shall be matter for another letter, if you are not wishing this to be the last. If agreeable to you, I'll keep the narrative till we meet. Adieu! "Charming Clarinda" must e'en resign herself to the arms of Morpheus. . . . .

We need not say that Clarinda was well-informed about the passion of Burns for "Bonnie Jean;" though she must, by this time, have imagined herself the only object of his fondness. But whatever she felt for the mother, she took a warm interest in "the little cherub" at Mauchline, and made him "wee sarkies."

Clarinda's theory or creed as to the infidelity of a husband, which had, it seems, made Burns stare at her with those great, piercing, or glowing orbs of his, has no tincture of rigid Calvinism. It is thus expounded:—

I can conceive a man fond of his wife, yet, (Sylvander-like,) hurried into a momentary deviation, while his heart remained faithful. If he concealed it, it could not hurt me; but if, unable to bear the anguish of self-reproach, he unbosomed it to me, I would not only forgive him, but comfort and speak kindly, and in secret only weep. Reconciliation, in such a case, would be exquisite beyond almost anything I can conceive! Do you now understand me on this subject? I was uneasy till it was explained. . . . . I have been puzzling my brain about the fair one you bid me "not guess at." I first thought it your Jean; but I don't know if she now possesses your "tenderest, faithfulest friendship." I can't understand that bonny lassie: her refusal, after such proofs of love, proves her to be either an angel or a dolt. I beg pardon; I know not all the circumstances, and am no judge therefore. I love you—

But we must pause. Whether our age is at heart more pure than that of our grandmothers', it is difficult to say; but certainly on some subjects it pays much greater external homage to decency.

The dray-horse and the cart-horse were frequent and favourite figures with Burns when, in defiance of his latent fund of good sense and true wisdom, it pleased him to ridicule the sober, commonplace virtues; and she who claimed to be his kindred spirit says:—

With you, I wish I had a little of the cart-horse in me. You and I have some horse properties; but more of the eagle, and too much of the turtle dove! Good night! . . . . This day is so good that I'll make out my call to your Square. I am laughing to myself at announcing this for the third time. Were she who "poisons your peace," to intend you a Pisgah view, she could do no more than I have done on this trivial occasion. Keep a good heart, Sylvander; the eternity of your love-sufferings will be ended before six weeks. Such perjuries the "Laughing gods allow." But remember, there is no such toleration in friendship.

We hope that Sylvander *did* watch. Clarinda doubted it. At any rate he protested:—

I am certain I saw you, Clarinda; but you don't look to the proper storey for a poet's lodging,

"Where Speculation roosted near the sky."

I could almost have thrown myself over, for very vexation. Why didn't you look higher? It has spoilt my peace for this day. To be so near my charming Clarinda; to miss her look while it was searching for me. I am sure the soul is capable of disease; for mine has convulsed itself into an inflammatory fever.

Ah and alas! poor "darling Jean," far away there in Ayrshire, in sorrow and shame, abiding your hour! And is not Sylvander now more to be condemned than "Bonnie Jean's" unconscious rival; who neither cared, nor affected to care one straw for the worthless West India husband! There is something that is really amiable and womanly in parts of Clarinda's letters; though she does not often appear in so engaging a light as in this passage:—

If you saw me in a merry party, you would suppose me only an enthusiast in *fun*; but I now avoid such parties. My spirits are sunk for days after; and, what is worse, there are sometimes dull or malicious souls who censure me loudly for what their sluggish natures cannot comprehend. Were I possessed of an independent fortune, I would scorn their pitiful remarks; but everything in my situation renders prudence necessary.

I have slept little these two nights. My child was uneasy, and that kept me awake watching him! Sylvander, if I have merit in anything, 'tis in an unremitting attention to my two children; but it cannot be denominated merit, since 'tis as much inclination as duty. A prudent woman (as the world goes) told me she was surprised I loved them, "considering what a father they had." I replied with acrimony, I could not but love my children in any case; but my having given them the misfortune of such a father, endears them doubly to my heart.

In another letter, after the romantic Clarinda had related the ill-success of her ridiculous wanderings round St. James' Square in the hope of ob-

taining a passing glimpse of her admirer at his window,—"but not a glimpse could I obtain!"—she gravely tells him that Religion has taught her "patience and resignation to the ills of life," though, she continues,

By nature I inherit as little of them as a certain harum-scarum friend of mine. In what respects has Clarinda "converted you"? Tell me. It were an arduous task indeed!

Your "ravings" last night, and your ambiguous remarks upon them, I cannot, perhaps ought not to comprehend. I am your friend, Sylvander: take care lest virtue demand even friendship as a sacrifice. You need not curse the tie of human laws; since what is the happiness Clarinda would derive from being loosed?

After telling Sylvander rather plainly that she is not quite sure if she would accept of him though she were free, she repeats, "You see, Sylvander, you have no cause to regret my bondage." She was anxious about certain bad companions with whom he associated. She wished him happily married, enraged as she seems to have been when he did "happily marry;" and moreover she clearly desired to make her own way in society. We have seen some of the hints about Dr. Gregory; here is another of the same kind:—

When you see Bishop Geddes, ask him if he remembers a lady at Mrs. Kemp's, on a Sunday night, who listened to every word he uttered with the gaze of attention. I saw he observed me, and returned that glance of cordial warmth which assured me he was pleased with my delicate flattery. . . . . Did you ever read Sancho's Letters? they would hit your taste. My next will be on my favourite theme—religion.

Farewell, Sylvander! Be wise, be prudent, and be happy. CLARINDA.

Let your next be sent in the morning.

If you were well, I would ask you to meet me to-morrow, at twelve o'clock. I go down in the Leith Fly, with poor Willie: what a pleasant chat we might have! But I fancy 'tis impossible.

Burns could not, or would not walk to the Leith Stage, though it almost passed his door; but he hoped to see the "divine" Clarinda on *foot* very soon; and the first ominous visit was actually made on a Saturday night, of which we have this description from Clarinda:—

I will not deny it, Sylvander, last night was one of the most exquisite I ever experienced. Few such fall to the lot of mortals! Few, extremely few, are formed to relish such refined enjoyment. That it should be so, vindicates the wisdom of Heaven. But, though our enjoyment did not lead beyond the limits of virtue, yet to-day's reflections have not been altogether unmixed with regret. The idea of the pain it would have given, were it known to a friend to whom I am bound by the sacred ties of gratitude, (no more,) the opinion Sylvander may have formed from my unreservedness; and, above all, some secret misgivings that Heaven may not approve, situated as I am—these procured me a sleepless night; and, though at church, I am not at all well.

Sylvander, you saw Clarinda last night, behind the scenes! Now, you'll be convinced she has faults. If she knows herself, her intention is always good; but she is too often the victim of sensibility, and, hence, is seldom pleased with herself. . . . . .

My God! Sylvander, why am I so anxious to make you embrace the Gospel? I dare not probe too deep for an answer—let your heart answer: in a word—Benevolence. . . . I fear your limb may be worse from staying so late. I have other fears too: guess them! Oh! my friend, I wish ardently to maintain your esteem; rather than forfeit one iota of it, I'd be content never to be wiser than now. Our last interview has raised you very high in mine. I have met with few, indeed, of your sex who understood delicacy in such circumstances; yet 'tis that only which gives a relish to such delightful intercourse.

The correspondence grew warm and warmer, tender and more tender, and Burns waxed more hyperbolical. Yet his letters charmed Clarinda; and if she had, like Sylvander, been free, she owns, "I should bid him, if he had a friend that loved me, tell him to write as he does, and that would woo me."—

Seriously, you are the first letter-writer I ever knew. I only wonder how you can be fashed with my scrawls. I impute it to partialities. Either to-morrow or Friday I shall be happy to see you. On Saturday, I am not sure of being alone, or at home. Say which you'll come? Come to tea if you please; but eight will be an hour less liable to intrusions. I hope you'll *come afoot*, even though you take a chair home. . . . . You are a consummate flatterer; really my cheeks glow while I read your flights of Fancy. . . . If I grow affected or conceited, you are alone to blame. Ah, my friend! these are disgusting qualities! but I am not afraid. I know any merit I have perfectly.

There was no doubt whatever of Clarinda's entire consciousness of her own merits. One of Burns' letters at this period, after a high strain of flattery, or might it not have been the sincere feeling of momentary impulse, contains a grand poetical flight:—

May I see you on Wednesday evening, my dear angel? The next Wednesday again, will, I conjecture, be a hated day to us both. I tremble for censorious remarks, for your sake; but in extraordinary cases, may not usual and useful precaution be a little dispensed with? Three evenings, three swift-winged evenings, with pinions of down, are all the past—I dare not calculate the future. I shall call at Miss Nimmo to-morrow evening; 'twill be a farewell call.

I have written out my last sheet of paper, so I am reduced to my last half sheet. What a strange, mysterious faculty is that thing called imagination! We have no ideas almost at all, of another world; but I have often amused myself with visionary schemes of what happiness might be enjoyed by small alterations, alterations that we can fully enter to in this present state of existence. For instance: suppose you and I just as we are at present; the same reasoning powers, sentiments, and even desires; the same fond curiosity for knowledge and remarking observation in our minds; and imagine our bodies free from pain, and the necessary supplies for the wants of nature at all times and easily within our reach. Imagine, further, that we were set free from the laws of gravitation, which bind us to this globe, and could at pleasure fly, without inconvenience, through all the yet unconjectured bounds of creation; what a life of bliss should we lead in our mutual pursuit of virtue and knowledge, and our mutual enjoyment of friendship and love!

I see you laughing at my fairy fancies, and calling me a voluptuous Mahometan; but I am certain I should be a happy creature, beyond anything we call bliss here below: nay, it would be a paradise congenial to you too. Don't you see us hand in hand, or rather my arm about your lovely waist, making our remarks on Sirius, the nearest of the fixed stars; or surveying a comet flaming innoxious by us, as we just now would mark the passing pomp of a travelling monarch; or, in a shady bower of Mercury or Venus, dedicating the hour to love, in mutual converse, relying honour, and revelling endearment, while the most exalted strains of poesy and harmony would be the ready, spontaneous language of our souls! Devotion is the favourite employment of your heart; so is it of mine: what incentives then to, and powers for reverence, gratitude, faith, and hope, in all the fervour of adoration and praise to that Being, whose unsearchable wisdom, power, and goodness, so pervaded, so inspired, every sense and feeling!

The fruit of the second interview was the song

"Clarinda, mistress of my soul," and some remorse on the part of the lady, who, with an allegory, in which Love, Friendship, Reason, Hymen, Modesty, &c., &c., figure, lets us know how fairly alarmed she was for the moment at the perilous condition into which she had been betrayed by vain reliance on her own strength. She, indeed, becomes an object of interest and pity; but how does it all end?—

Sylvander, to drop my metaphor, I am neither well nor happy to-day: my heart reproaches me for last night. If you wish Clarinda to regain her peace, determine against everything but what the strictest delicacy warrants.

I do not blame you, but myself. I must not see you on Saturday, unless I find I can depend on myself acting otherwise. Delicacy, you know, it was which won me to you at once: take care you do not loosen the dearest, most sacred tie that unites us! Remember Clarinda's present and eternal happiness depends upon her adherence to Virtue. Happy Sylvander! that can be attached to Heaven and Clarinda together. Alas! I feel I cannot serve two masters. God pity me!! . . . . . Do not be displeased when I tell you I wish our parting was over. At a distance we shall retain the same heartfelt affection and interestedness in each other's concerns;—but absence will mellow and restrain those violent heart-agitations which, if continued much longer, would unhinge my very soul, and render me unfit for the duties of life. You and I are capable of that ardency of love, for which the wide creation cannot afford an adequate object. Let us seek to repose it in the bosom of our God. . . . . Part of some of your encomiums, I know I deserve; but you are far out when you enumerate "strength of mind" among them. I have not even an ordinary share of it—every passion does what it will with me; and all my life, I have been guided by the impulse of the moment—unsteady and weak! I thank you for the letter, though it sticket my prayer.

Friday Morning.—My servant (who is a good soul) will deliver you this. She is going down to Leith, and will return about two or three o'clock. I have ordered her to call then, in case you have ought to say to Clarinda to-day. I am better of that sickness at my heart I had yesterday; but there's a sting remains, which will not be removed till I am at peace with Heaven and myself. Another interview, spent as we ought, will help to procure this.

The correspondence now becomes so delicate, that we are constrained to skip, wanting power rightly to define its nature; and also to say, "methinks the *Poet* doth protest too much."——But he must have "kept his word," and "the line" he marked, with tolerable fidelity. He affected to believe that he was to observe the spirit of decorum's laws, if not the *letter*, in that other interview, to which he recurs in these fervent words:—

I could suffer the lash of misery eleven months in the year, were the twelfth to be composed of hours like yesternight. You are the soul of my enjoyment; all else is of the stuff of stocks and stones.

Clarinda feared "the line" had been a little infringed.

We must guard against going to the verge of danger. Ah! my friend, much need had we to "watch and pray!" May those benevolent spirits, whose office it is to save the fall of Virtue struggling on the brink of Vice, be ever present to protect and guide us in right paths.

I had an hour's conversation to-day with my worthy friend Mr. Kemp. You'll attribute, perhaps, to this, the above sentiments. 'Tis true, there's not one on earth has so much influence on me, except—Sylvander; partly it has forced me "to feel along the Mental Intelligence." However, I've broke the ice. I confessed I had conceived a tender impression of late—that it was mutual, and that I had wished to unbosom myself to him, (as I always did,) particularly to ask if he thought I should, or not, mention it to my friend? I saw he felt for me, (for I was in tears;) but he bewailed that I had given my heart while in my present state of bondage; wished I had made it friendship only; in short, talked to me in the style of a tender parent, anxious for my happiness. He disapproves altogether of my saying a syllable of the matter to my friend,—says it could only make him uneasy; and that I am in no way bound to do it by any one tie. This has eased me of a load which has lain upon my mind ever since our intimacy. Sylvander, I wish you and Mr. Kemp were acquainted,—such worth and sensibility! If you had his piety and sobriety of manners, united to the shining abilities you possess, you'd be "a faultless monster which the world ne'er saw." He, too, has great talents. His imagination is rich—his feelings delicate—his discernment acute; yet there are shades in his, as in all characters; but these it would ill become Clarinda to point out. Alas! I know too many blots in my own.

On a previous evening, Burns had introduced his young friend Ainslie to her, who exultingly quotes herself as his "divine Clarinda."

Pray, what does Mr. Ainslie think of her? Was he not astonished to find her merely human? Three weeks ago, I suppose you would have made him walk into her presence unshod: but one must bury even divinities when they discover symptoms of mortality!—(Let these be interred in Sylvander's bosom.)

My dearest friend, there are two wishes uppermost in my heart: to see you think alike with Clarinda on religion, and settled in some creditable line of business. The warm interest I take in both these, is, perhaps, the best proof of the sincerity of my friendship, as well as earnest of its duration. As to the first, I devolve it over into the hands of the Omniscient! May he raise up friends who will effectuate the other! While I breathe these fervent wishes, think not anything but pure disinterested regard prompts them. They are fond but chimerical ideas. They are never indulged but in the hour of tender endearment, when

——"Innocence
Look'd gaily smiling on; while rosy Pleasure
Hid young Desire amid her flowery wreath,
And pour'd her cup luxuriant, mantling high
The sparkling, Heavenly vintage—Love and Bliss."

'Tis past ten; and I please myself with thinking Sylvander will be about to retire and write to Clarinda. I fancy you'll find this stupid enough; but I can't be always bright: the sun will be sometimes under a cloud. . . . . Oh how I would indulge in all the luxury of innocent love! It is, I fear, too late to talk in this strain, after indulging you and myself so much; but would Sylvander shelter his Love in Friendship's allowed garb, Clarinda would be far happier.

To-morrow, didst thou say? The time is short now, is it not too frequent? do not sweetest dainties cloy soonest? Take your chance; come half-past eight. If anything particular occur to render it improper to-morrow, I'll send you word, and name another evening. Mr. —— is to call to-night, I believe. He, too, trembles for my peace. Two such worthies to be interested about my foolish ladyship!

"Is not this," will some stern readers say, "a vain, foolish, and presumptuous woman, in whom even the warmth of devotion seems but another form of voluptuousness?" We are not prepared to enter into the subject as casuists; but we imagine that a multitude of sins might be forgiven, could the reader be once convinced, that her "foolish ladyship," who made such parade of feelings which almost any other woman would, in sorrow and humility, have buried deep in her own miserable bosom, had ever experienced for Burns the reality of devoted and passionate love. This next letter of Burns wears more the character of sincerity and so-

briety of mind, than some of those we have seen. It contains this detachable and fine apostrophe :—

Thou Almighty Author of peace, and goodness, and love ! do Thou give me the social heart that kindly tastes of every man's cup ! Is it a draught of joy ?—warm and open my heart to share it with cordial, unenvying rejoicing ! Is it the bitter potion of sorrow ?—melt my heart with sincerely sympathetic woe ? Above all, do Thou give me the manly mind, that resolutely exemplifies in life and manners those sentiments which I would wish to be thought to possess !

Clarinda modestly finds that there is a remarkable similarity of character between herself and Sylvander, in tastes, feelings, sentiments ; and after a few flights, which Burns, however, calls the finest poetry, she in confidence brings this delicate case under his consideration :—

Sylvander, I have things with different friends I can't tell to another, yet am not hurt ; but I told you of that particular friend : he was, for near four years, the one I confided in. He is very worthy, and answers your description in the "Epistle to J. S." exactly. When I had hardly a friend to care for me in Edinburgh, he befriended me. I saw, too soon, 'twas with him a warmer feeling : perhaps a little infection was the natural effect. I told you the circumstances which helped to eradicate the tender impression in me ; but I perceive (though he never tells me so)—I see it in every instance—*his* prepossession still remains. I esteem him as a faithful friend ; but I can never feel more for him. I fear he's not convinced of that. He sees no man with me half so often as himself ; and thinks I surely am at least partial to no other. I cannot bear to deceive one in so tender a point, and am hurt at his harbouring an attachment I never can return. I have thoughts of owning my intimacy with Sylvander ; but a thousand things forbid it. I should be tortured with Jealousy, that "green-eyed monster ;" and, besides, I fear 'twould wound his peace. 'Tis a delicate affair. I wish your judgment on it. O Sylvander, I cannot bear to give pain to any creature, far less to one who pays me the attention of a brother !

I never met with a man congenial, perfectly congenial to myself but *one—ask no questions.* Is Friday to be the last night ? I wish, Sylvander, you'd steal away ; I cannot bear farewell ! . . . .

I am charmed with the Lines on Religion, and with you for relishing them. I only wish the world saw you as you appear in your letters to me. Why did you send forth to them the "Holy Fair," &c. ? Had Clarinda known you, she would have held you in her arms till she had your promise to suppress them. Do not publish the "Moor Hen." Do not, for your sake, and for mine. I wish you vastly to hear my valued friend, Mr. Kemp. Come to hear him on Sunday afternoon. 'Tis the first favour I have asked you : I expect you'll not refuse me.

Burns did not go to hear Mr. Kemp ; but he administered a good parting-dose of tender flattery to "divine Clarinda." There were, however, first more *tête-à-têtes.* Of one of them the lady says—

For many years have I sought for a male friend, endowed with sentiments like yours ; one who could love me with tenderness, yet unmixed with selfishness : who could be my friend, companion, protector, and who would die sooner than injure me. I sought—but I sought in vain ! Heaven has, I hope, sent me this blessing in my Sylvander ! Whatever weaknesses may cleave to Clarinda, her heart is not to blame : whatever it may have been by nature, it is unsullied by art. If she dare dispose of it—last night can leave you at no loss to guess the man.

She sent him more of her verses, all of which Mr. M'Lehose has printed in an Appendix to the Correspondence ; and again she expatiates on what she calls her "favourite topic," religion.

May I hope you'll read what I have urged on religion with attention, Sylvander ! when reason resumes her reign ? I've none of these future delusive hopes, which you too vainly express as having towards Clarinda. Do not indulge them ; my wishes extend to your immortal welfare. Let your first care be to please God : for that which He delights in, must be happiness. I must conclude, or I'll relapse. I have not a grain of humour tonight in my composition ; so, lest "charming Clarinda" should make you yawn, she'll decently say "good night !" I laugh to myself at the recollection of your earnest asseverations as to your being anti-Platonic !

In this letter she notices the unfeeling usage which she had formerly received from Lord Dreghorn, a cousin of her mother's, who had been raised to the bench. He is represented as an ill-natured, sensual man, of whom she justly says,

The man who enjoys more pleasure in the mercenary embrace of a courtezan, than in relieving the unfortunate, is a detestable character, whatever his bright talents may be.

I pity him ! Sylvander, all his fortune could not purchase half the luxury of Friday night !

Burns has either introduced the same ideas elsewhere, or perhaps the fragments of the surreptitious edition of his Letters to Clarinda, are floating about ; for this fine passage must, in its outline, be familiar to many of his admirers.

I have been this morning taking a peep through, as Young finely says, "the dark postern of time long elapsed" ; and you will easily guess 'twas a rueful prospect : what a tissue of thoughtlessness, weakness, and folly ! My life reminded me of a ruined temple : what strength, what proportion in some parts !—what unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruins in others ! I kneeled down before the Father of Mercies, and said, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son" ! I rose eased and strengthened. I despise the superstition of a fanatic ; but I love the religion of a man. "The future," said I to myself, "is still before me : there let me

'On reason build resolve—
That column of true majesty in man !'

I have difficulties many to encounter," said I ; "but they are not absolutely insuperable : and where is firmness of mind shown but in exertion ? Mere declamation is bombast rant. . . . .

Saturday Night, Half after Ten.—What luxury of bliss I was enjoying this time yesternight ! My ever dearest Clarinda, you have stolen away my soul : but you have refined, you have exalted it ; you have given it a stronger sense of virtue, and a stronger relish for piety. Clarinda, first of your sex ! if ever I am the veriest wretch on earth to forget you ; if ever your lovely image is effaced from my soul,

"May I be lost, no eye to weep my end,
And find no earth that 's base enough to bury me !"

What trifling silliness is the childish fondness of the every-day children of the world ! 'Tis the unmeaning toying of the younglings of the fields and forests ; but, where Sentiment and Fancy unite their sweets, where Taste and Delicacy refine, where Wit adds the flavour, and Good Sense gives strength and spirit to all ; what a delicious draught is the hour of tender endearment ! Beauty and Grace in the arms of Truth and Honour, in all the luxury of mutual love.

Clarinda, have you ever seen the picture realised ? not in all its very richest colouring, but

"Hope, thou nurse of young Desire,
Fair promiser of Joy."——

Last night, Clarinda, but for one slight shade, was the glorious picture—

——"Innocence
Look'd gaily smiling on ; while rosy Pleasure
Hid young Desire amid her flowery wreath,
And pour'd her cup luxuriant, mantling high,
The sparkling, Heavenly vintage—Love and Bliss !"

Clarinda, when a poet and poetess of Nature's making —two of Nature's noblest productions !—when they drink together of the same cup of Love and Bliss, attempt not,

ye coarser stuff of human nature, profanely to measure enjoyment ye never can know. . . . .

O, what a fool I am in love! what an extravagant prodigal of affection! Why are your sex called the tender sex, when I never have met with one who can repay me in passion? They are either not so rich in love as I am, or they are niggards where I am lavish.

O Thou, whose I am, and whose are all my ways! Thou see'st me here, the hapless wreck of tides and tempests in my own bosom: do Thou direct to thyself that ardent love, for which I have so often sought a return, in vain, from my fellow-creatures! If Thy goodness has yet such a gift in store for me, as an equal return of affection from her who, Thou knowest, is dearer to me than life, do Thou bless and hallow our band of love and friendship; watch over us, in all our outgoings and incomings, for good; and may the tie that unites our hearts be strong and indissoluble as the thread of man's immortal life!

The vainest of women, to whom these letters had been addressed, might be forgiven for now believing what she fondly wished—that she was beloved. Clarinda had no doubt or misgiving on the subject. She introduced a young friend of hers, Miss Mary Peacock, to the Poet, and the party had passed a very happy evening; only

I tremble at the ardent manner Mary talks of Sylvander! She knows where his affections lie, and is quite unconscious of the eagerness of her expressions. All night I could get no sleep for her admiration. I like her for it, and am proud of it; but I know how much violent admiration is akin to love.

I go out to dinner, and mean to leave this, in case of one from you to-day. Miss Chalmers's letters are charming. Why did not such a woman secure your heart?—O the caprice of human nature, to fix on impossibilities.

Her charming self, to wit. Burns fancied the fears expressed for Mary, in regard to himself, perfectly laughable; but was not so sure on another score; for "I suppose," he says, "my love, you and I showed her a scene which, perhaps, made her wish that she had a swain that could love like me." Which way could Mary have looked, then? Some friend, or some of those gentlemen before whom Clarinda had, at this time, laid her case of conscience, seems to have remonstrated with her, and warned her against the exceeding impropriety of her conduct; and in a letter, which is lost, she appealed in her distress to Sylvander, who positively refuses to cease to love, but is otherwise amenable to reason and propriety.

Name the terms on which you wish to see me, to correspond with me, and you have them. I must love, pine, mourn, and adore in secret: this you must not deny me. You will ever be to me

> "Dear as the light that visits those sad eyes,
> Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart."

I have not patience to read the Puritanic scrawl. Damned sophistry. Ye heavens, thou God of nature, thou Redeemer of mankind! ye look down with approving eyes on a passion inspired by the purest flame, and guarded by truth, delicacy, and honour; but the half-inch soul of an unfeeling, cold-blooded, pitiful Presbyterian bigot cannot forgive anything above his dungeon-bosom and foggy head.

Farewell! I'll be with you to-morrow evening; and be at rest in your mind. I will be yours in the way you think most to your happiness.

Before going to bed, he resumed and argued the case, strongly protesting his own truth; and there follows a tissue of eloquent sophistry, beginning,

I have read over your friend's haughty, dictatorial letter: you are only answerable to your God in such a matter. Who gave any fellow-creature of yours, (a fellow-creature incapable of being your judge, because not your peer,) a right to catechise, scold, undervalue, abuse, and insult, wantonly and inhumanly to insult you thus! I don't wish, not even wish to deceive you, Madam. The Searcher of hearts is my witness how dear you are to me; but though it were possible you could be still dearer to me, I would not even kiss your hand, at the expense of your conscience. Away with declamation! let us appeal to the bar of common sense. It is not mouthing everything sacred; it is not vague ranting assertions; it is not assuming, haughtily and insultingly assuming, the dictatorial language of a Roman Pontiff, that must dissolve a union like ours. . . . . In a widowed, forlorn, lonely situation, with a bosom glowing with love and tenderness, yet so delicately situated that you cannot indulge these nobler feelings except you meet with a man who has a soul capable. . . . .

If Mrs. M'Lehose at this time lost, though ever so temporarily, the friendship and countenance of her cousin, Mr. Craig, through her indiscreet conduct, although Burns was not much to be blamed, because a fascinating woman had literally, in vulgar phrase, "thrown herself at his head," yet any man of even ordinary generosity, must have deeply lamented the mischief he had caused; and how much more Burns, who now says—

Clarinda, matters are grown very serious with us: then seriously hear me, and hear me Heaven!

I met you, my dear Clarinda, by far the first of womankind, at least to me. I esteemed, I loved you at first sight, both of which attachments you have done me the honour to return. The longer I am acquainted with you, the more innate amiableness and worth I discover in you. You have suffered a loss, I confess, for my sake; but if the firmest, steadiest, warmest friendship; if every endeavour to be worthy of your friendship; if a love, strong as the ties of nature, and holy as the duties of religion; if all these can make anything like a compensation for the evil I have occasioned you; if they be worth your acceptance, or can in the least add to your enjoyments,—so help Sylvander, ye Powers above, in his hour of need, as he freely gives these all to Clarinda!

I esteem you, I love you, as a friend; I admire you, I love you as a woman, beyond any one in all the circle of creation. I know I shall continue to esteem you, to love you, to pray for you, nay, to pray for myself for your sake.

Expect me at eight; and believe me to be ever, &c.

This was written on the 14th February; and in a little month Sylvander was legally, if not ceremonially, the husband of Jean Armour, whose second pair of children were born on the 3d of March, and died in a few days afterwards. At the interview on the night of the 14th February, Clarinda must have poured forth her sorrows to Burns. Evil tongues were busy with her name,—and no wonder: for she had actually taken pains to invite censure of her connexion with him. Her vanity had been unable to confine to her own bosom the illustrious conquest of which she was naturally so proud.

Burns, now on the wing for Ayrshire, where the condition of Jean was become extreme, administered such consolation as was in his power. And thus closes the first Act of the Pastoral of *Sylvander* and *Clarinda*. The second Act, which we must reserve, becomes more serious for both personages; because it displays, on the part of Burns, more of—

> "The rueful conflict, the heart riven with vain endeavour;"

which, to his frail fellow-mortals, give a strong, nay, a tragic interest to the incidents of his troubled life.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN AUTHORESS.

"The strawberry grows underneath the nettle, and wholesome berries thrive and ripen best neighboured by fruit of baser quality."—SHAKSPERE.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein some of the performers in this eventful Drama are introduced to the presence of the Reader.

AMONG the broad highways that diverge from the capital into the northern provinces of England, there is one more noted than the rest: probably from no beauty of country through which it takes its course, but simply from its good road, easy for man and beast, its few turnpikes, and the snug roadside inns that bless the wayfarer with a glass of good ale, brewed by no unpractised hand.

The most famed of these hostelries, some few years ago, was known far and wide by the name of The Three Bells, kept by the worthy Tom Purland, who, eschewing matrimony after a true lordly fashion, kept his liberty and a housekeeper, The Three Bells and a violin.

Liberty and philosophy, we are told, go hand in hand; and our worthy host, dreading no female governance or nightly lecture, made laughing his morality, and a merry heart his best company.

It was a chill November night. The clock, from its wainscot case, had given passing notice of the hour of ten, when Purland, leaving his single solitary customer to his own meditations and his jug of ale, took the candle from the table, and crossing the sanded kitchen-floor opened a low door, and guarding the light from the bitter blast, disappeared into the darkness beyond.

The guest, who sat buried in deep thought, was a man considerably past the heyday of life, who, under an evident affectation of dress and manner, was unable to conceal the grade he belonged to. His dress was new, and not without pretensions to fashion. The dripping upper garment, which hung to dry in the warm chimney-corner, bespoke his travail as a wayfarer. His blue and gaily-buttoned coat was thrown loosely back, and the waistcoat was arranged negligently, as if to exhibit, with due effect, a brooch and chain of a tinselly and suspicious-looking metal. Time seemed to fly tardily; and in spite of his meditations, the stranger now and then roused himself from his abstraction, and pulling out a small watch, far too costly for the chain it hung by, consulted it and then the ticking clock that told with steady motion the passage of time.

Some half hour had gone by since mine host had disappeared; and the man, after leering wistfully around, whistling the snatches of a vulgar tune, and draining with eager lip the last dregs of the thrice-filled pot, drew a stout walking-stick from the near settle against which it had rested, and beating into a fiercer glow the well-piled faggots that blazed in the ample fire-place, used it for a less gentle purpose—that is to say, to arouse Purland's sleek housekeeper, who, comforted with a well-mixed glass of hot-with, had sunk into a sweet somnolency, oblivious of purl and gin, taps and spigots; and imagining, with happy faculty, the chimney-corner that supported her was a real and well-picked goose-feather bed, turned from side to side, snoring in measured cadence.

"I say, Missus," said the stranger, placing the hooked stick within the clasped and fat palms of the housekeeper; "I say, I ask you for the fourth time, how long 'tis before the wagon will be here?"

"Dear, dear me!" muttered the housekeeper, not as yet awake; "'tis a honclement morning to be turned out of a goose-bed. I wish I was a hindependant 'oman."

"Your dreaming out, Ma'am, a very pretty life for yourself; maybe you'd like a partner!" said the man, with a coarse laugh. "But, however, we can talk of that by and by. Marriage is a knot soon tied, though some find the rope a halter. But I'm asking you, for the fifth time, how long the wagon will be in coming?"

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Tingle, "I've had a sad fit of my old complaint—vapours in the head; I find nothing good for it but a hot glass. Purland knows the symptoms. 'Tingle,' says he, 'you forget you are at The Three Bells; shall it be Cream or Tom?'—'Cream,' says I, 'with a little water.'—'A very little water,' says Purland; 'water was made for slaves, not for free men like me!'"

"I s'pose you often have a touch of this complaint, Ma'am?" said the man, draining the empty pot to hide a smothered laugh.

"Hoften! don't talk on't; 't takes me morning, noon, and night; 'tis a growing hailment, Sir,—comes sometimes one way, and sometimes t'other."

"Very likely. But here comes Purland; and if he isn't troubled with the vapours, I shall, p'raps, get an answer to my question."

The landlord entered as the guest made this remark, bearing in his left hand a violin, while the other flourished a well-rosined bow. He took no heed of his housekeeper or his guest; but lifting the bow aloft, so as to fall gracefully into its position on the violin strings, pointed the toe of his well-blacked pumps, (which he had been careful to put on during his temporary absence,) and falling into a quick, though by no means a graceless measure, played a suitable and lively tune.

"The devil take The Bells, and the jingle and tingle that live under them!" said the guest, rising in evident anger. "Hark ye, sirrah! if ye hav'n't St. Vitus' dance, say yes or no: does the wagon come to-night?"

"Sir," said Purland, "you were born without an ear for music. Know ye not I play the Duke of York's minuet set in three sharps? one, too, that I learnt from the honest and worthy O'Roon, the Irish harper—God be with his bones! Sir, what want ye? if ale, have it and be quiet."

"Ye shall whistle for your reckoning, if ye don't say yes or no. What hour does the London wagon stop here?"

"Half-past ten," said Purland, again tuning the middle string of his violin. "The clock is now eleven. Ye must have patience, master; the horses

have to wade through flooded roads, and the wind blows in their teeth: Heaven be with those that have to travel on such a night! Now for Sellenger's Round. Hallo there, Betty Tingle! throw fresh fuel on; put out the beef and the pickled onions, for Joe the wagoner likes his supper as soon as the whip 's out o' hand."

The housekeeper had again sunk into a gentle slumber; but the word of command from the well-known voice of Purland aroused her. Placing a clean cloth upon the round table, a goodly piece of beef, and a substantial loaf, she arrested, with some difficulty, the capering footsteps of the landlord, to know if it should be flip or purl.

"Tingle," said Purland, stopping short, "Tingle, you are a true woman, seeing reason in nothing; and the divine chromatics being the argument, and the minor the reasoning part of music, so true is it that woman can find no delight therein. Oh, for the times of O'Roon! *That* was the day, when we chirped over our cups, and played in concert, as if our hands were one. *I, then*, was young, and played the gallant with Fortune. You say, purl or flip? Let Purland's draught *be* flip. But stay, that beef looks tempting;—a slice, and back again to Sellenger."

Placing his beloved violin with reverence upon the cushion of his easy chair, the eccentric landlord, (to whom Fortune had been a wilful mistress,) proceeded to test the qualities of the beef. He had scarcely placed a goodly slice upon his plate, when a low rumble in the distance was heard between the intervals of the fierce blast; and throwing down his knife and fork, he ejaculated "There's Joe!" seized the heavy poker, stirred the fire into a warmer glow, took up the solitary candle, and hastened to unlatch the door.

The rain beat in fury against the casements of the inn kitchen. As the landlord threw open the wide door the winter blast blew chilly into the warm chamber; but, little heeding it, Purland cheered on the wayworn and drenched wagoner. The horses wanted no word of command to stop, but halted in front of the inn door; and the wagoner, throwing down his whip, beat his arms a few times across his breast, to circulate the chill blood, and then followed Purland into the kitchen.

"What may your folks be to-night, Joe?" said Mrs. Tingle, throwing her apron across her shoulders as she advanced from the warm fire. "More nor one, I take it, for I hear 'em at it."

"At it!" said Joe, "don't talk on't. There's an old beldame in there, that's a been talking to a poor girl of what a fine place London is; and claps her hand on her old red gown, that looks as if 't wanted washing, as much as to say, such things as this are to be had for the picking up."

"'Tis a lady travelling honcommon cheap: Joe doesn't know a lady from a maid-servant," said Mrs. Tingle, in an under tone; and, then louder, "Joe, the gown may be satin."

"Yer got your old trick—a-talking to yourself, Ma'am, I take it," said Joe. "If that old Jezabel 's a lady, then the old 'un made her; for I never seed such a one."

Farther dispute was ended by the entrance of the very personage that had made subject for conversation between the housekeeper and Joe; and it is as well that we pause upon her description. The guest, in the meantime, had quitted the kitchen; and seizing a horn-lantern from a sleepy ostler, (who, at the sound of Purland's voice, and the well-known rumble of the stage-wagon, had hastened from his warm bed in the rack of the neighbouring stable,) proceeded to view the exterior mysteries of the vehicle. Withdrawing the tarpauling covering that hung in the rear of the wagon, he pushed forward the lantern, and covering his face with part of the flapping awning, peered cautiously within. The first object that met his gaze was the lean and shrunken form of an old man, who, sinking into a recess formed by packages and the corner of the wagon, had drawn a tattered plaided cloak round his attenuated body; and, bending his head low upon his chest, made keen observation of the scene around. On the same seat, but divided from him by the packages, and with her head buried in the straw, leant a country girl, who, in spite of the forgetfulnessof a deep sleep, grasped, with both hands, a huge bandbox, that, in all probability, contained the gay treasures of her worldly fortune. Two other passengers occupied the opposite seat. The one was a rakish-looking youth, who, in the absence of some more appropriate covering, had made free with the gay-coloured cloak of his sleeping neighbour; and, whether for warmth or to amuse the old man, had thrown it over his threadbare surtout, at the same time enjoying a hearty laugh at the expense of the fat dame. This was the woman whom Joe had designated by the epithet of "beldame;" but who, now sunk into a deep sleep, gave sonorous testimony of the sweetness of her slumbers;—and the cause of them might be inferred by the emptiness of a mysterious-looking bottle that had dropped from her hand into her wide-spread lap. Upon this woman the eyes of the stranger seemed to alight with some satisfaction; and pushing the lantern forward, he held it within an inch or two of the sleeper.

"Damn it, old wench," said the man, rattling the lantern, and leaning forward into the wagon, "you are taking a precious sound nap of it. Oh! oh! you've been comforting yourself with the naked truth. But, jump up; here 's Ned Ruffle come, on a wet night, to see his old friend Mrs. Fagg. Hark ye, Sir; give the old witch a shove!"

The youth, to whom this command was addressed, obeyed; and taking the woman by the arms, shook her violently, at the same time roaring in her ear, "I say, Missus; here 's Ruffle come to see Fagg!"

At this rough appeal Mrs. Fagg condescended to awaken, just sufficiently to say, "A—what!" "I tell thee what, hussy; it shall go for a quartern, the parish of ——"

"Hallo!" said Ruffle, jumping into the wagon, and shaking Mrs. Fagg this time with success; "your tongue 's grown too long, or your wit too short; here 's The Three Bells and Ned Ruffle to welcome you."

"So 'tis! but I was dreaming of ——"

"Hush!" said Ruffle, placing his finger upon his

lip; "a stage-wagon is not very safe, or air-tight enough for secrets. But, ye witch of bedlam, ye've not come alone; ye've brought it?"

As he said these last words, the man stooped down and placed his hand beneath the coarse woollen shawl that was pinned across the thick shoulders of Mrs. Fagg.

"I don't come so far to gammon ye, Ned," said Mrs. Fagg; "that I could a' done at home;—'tis in the straw."

The man having ascertained the truth of Mrs. Fagg's assertion, roughly snatched the cloak from the shoulders of Mrs. Fagg's neighbour, and tieing it, in no very gentle manner, round her throat, held up one side of it, as if to conceal his movements from the rest of the passengers; and again searching within the straw, produced some object that he placed, with gentleness, into the arms of Mrs. Fagg; and assisting her to rise and descend from the wagon, led her within the warm kitchen of The Bells.

The old man and the youth followed in their steps; but the girl, buried in the happy sleep of youth, dreamt of the home she had perhaps quitted; nor recked of Purland and The Bells.

As the object of Mrs. Tingle's curiosity advanced towards the warm hearth, the housekeeper had time to ejaculate, "Joe was right—the gown is a very soft silk, not satin; and she's no more like the Squire's wife, who's every hinch a lady, than I am. 'Tis a Jezabel; and like her we read of in Scripter."

Mrs. Fagg's width exceeded her height by some inches. Her face partook of the same character. Her cheeks were red, but her nose was redder; from what cause, we are ignorant. This state of complexion was farther increased by a profusion of scarlet riband that decorated the interior of her ample bonnet. Her eyes were sunk behind a wall of fat; and a few false curls, of a frizzled appearance, had slipped from their original resting-place on to that part of the lady's face that might be called a forehead. Her teeth had fallen into the decay of time; and the double-chin, which in Mrs. Fagg was very conspicuous, hid all appearance of that necessary appendage called a throat.

Placing a chair very near the fire as a resting-place for his friend, Mr. Ruffle proceeded to do the honours of the table—first ordering a good-sized glass of rum-and-water; but Mrs. Fagg, having espied the well-made flip destined for Purland, had tested its quality by a hearty and deep draught.

"Hallo there, Mum!" said Mrs. Tingle, rushing forward. "People in wagons shouldn't take such liberties as those that come by coach; and I hadn't put spice and three eggs into that for such as you. The master likes flip or purl; and, I take it, fiddling 's uncommon dry work."

"What 's the name of this place?" said the old man, who had taken a snug place in the corner of the settle.

"Whoy, The Three Bells, kept by Tom Purland, to be sure. There aint such a man on the whole road as can give ye good ale, and a tune, too!"

"Tune!" said the younger stranger; "then I s'pose he plays on the Bells?"

"Noe," said Joe; "on a fiddle, to be sure; and I reckon the gilt reading under the Bells says soe. I say, Mrs. Tingle, what are them words?"

"Tow-jour fiddle, as you should a known afore this time," said Mrs. Tingle, indignantly.

"I can't read anything but the Tastament," said Joe, scratching his head; "but here comes the measter: he'll tell us."

As Purland advanced towards the fire, pipe in hand, Joe laid down his knife and fork, to know from the landlord's lips the truth of what Mrs. Tingle had asserted.

"Now, Measter, what's under the Bells?"

"*Toujours fidèle*," said Purland, looking askance at the relics of the flip.

"What, then, does towjer mean?"

"Always," said Purland, abstractedly.

"Ah, well! I thought soe," said Joe, with a broad grin of delight. "Towjer is always! soe 't is always a-fiddling. Purland's always a-fiddling."

The jest at poor Joe's expense went round with merry laugh, when the attention of the company was arrested by an altercation between Ruffle and Mrs. Fagg, which, from whispered monosyllables, descended into a deep bass on the part of Ruffle, and the shrillest treble in the ascending voice of Mrs. Fagg.

"Hark, ye Tyburn witch, ye hag, 'tis your own trick. I told ye 't was the other that should come to the roosting tree."

"The owlet wouldn't part with 't," said Mrs. Fagg; "and 'tis more Christian to give *this* the choice of a——"

"Christian!" said Ruffle, with a sneer. "Moll Fagg, Christian, the drab a Christian. Oh, ho! you're taking your morality out of pawn, where it has rottened at a foul percentage since ye left the go-cart. But ye've been paid for your squeaking cant. Gold 'll gild the leprosy of a beldame. But let's see the goods ye brought to market; and finish your rum: 'tis the best oil for the tongue."

As Ruffle ended, he became conscious that he and his companion were objects of marked attention; and willing, perhaps, to escape further observation, he stayed Mrs. Fagg's reply by placing his hand over her mouth, and reaching the relics of the rum-and-water, and applying it to her lips as a sedative, said, soothingly—

"Come, old woman, peep to see the angel, and we'll talk the matter over more peaceably by and by. Now for a look at the first-born. 'Tis uncommon like its mother, I daresay!"

Soothed by these last words, and tempted by the odour that steamed from the proffered glass, Mrs. Fagg made no reply; but leaning her head very far back, drained, by slow degrees, the fragrant mixture.

Taking advantage of the opportunity, Ruffle drew aside Mrs. Fagg's ample shawl and cloak, and exposed to the wondering gaze of the assembled company—a sleeping child! [Gentle reader, this is thy first glance of our heroine—of the Authoress.]

Mrs. Tingle left off beating the eggs, that were destined for another jorum of flip; Joe stayed his anticipated draught; and even Purland laid aside

his pipe and his meditations, to join the group that had assembled round the portly lap of Mrs. Fagg.

The child was a girl of little more than two years old. The squalid rags of a bygone finery, made more loathsome by negligence and dirt, could not hide the infantine beauty of nature. Stretched at full length in passive sleep, with the arms thrown back, and the head, with its profusion of dark and curling hair, half hanging over the knee of Mrs. Fagg, the child, with its marked outline of features, if scarcely so fitting to infancy, gave promise for the years of riper womanhood; and whether the offspring of virtue or vice, bred in the den of infamy or the loftier home, the daughter of the felon or the patrician,—the child was stamped with the holiest hand of nature.

"Well," said Mrs. Fagg, looking up into the face of Ruffle with a half-drunken, half-leering eye, "the old man 'll have as good a bargain as Owlface, I take it."

"Another dose of rum," said Ruffle, in an under tone. "'T will out then, and Fagg shall see 'tis best to keep the brat." Then aloud,—"You're very just in your remark, Mrs. Fagg. Now for another glass: we'll drink the brat's health, and success to——!"

"Ay, ay," said Mrs. Fagg; "mix the glass yourself, Ruffle. A quartern to a pint of rum is the measure; but here's Bab a-waking up to taste it. The youngsters, bless their hearts! learn to top a quartern afore they've done with mother's milk!"

"True," said Ruffle. "Put the brat on the floor; I want to talk with you."

Mrs. Fagg obeyed the orders; and seating the child on the hearthstone, drew farther into the chimney corner with Ruffle, where their conversation was likely to be unheard.

The flip was excellent; the smiles revisited Purland's cheeks; and, giving a long whiff, he shook the ashes from his pipe, and contemplated the child.

It looked round, half in fear and half in confidence; but its terror gained the mastery, and, hanging down its head, it burst into tears.

"Come, come," said Purland, stooping down and placing his arms gently round the child; "'tis a pretty little thing, and mustn't cry. Come, come; I'll nurse ye a bit. That's a good child; smiles are fit for babies."

Purland drew his arm-chair nearer the blazing fire, and placing his feet upon the fender, seated the child on his lap; but in spite of the merry tune that the good nurse sung, the child held out its hands, and again burst into tears.

"'Tis hungry," said Mrs. Tingle, whispering close to Purland's ear. "The old 'un that brought it thinks nothing wants filling but herself and the bottle."

"Ay, ay," said Purland; "thou art right. Betty, be quick and butter it a slice off the best loaf. 'Twill do whilst ye boil it a basin of to-night's milk. God help it! in what country lives its mother?"

The child seized the bread with famished eagerness; and after satisfying the first cravings of hunger, nestled closer to the brawny arm of the landlord, as if sensible of the old man's kindness.

"Canst thou tell us of thy passenger, Joe?" said Mrs. Tingle, seating herself by the side of the wagoner and within ear-shot of Purland, who, intent upon feeding the child, had still some attention to what was going on.

"Noe," said Joe. "I come but two stages 'cause of the wake; but the old un's no good, I take it."

"Good," said Purland; "they've no goodwill to this poor child. 'Tis such a one as fate has cast upon a broad world. Come, what's your name, eh, pretty one?"

"Ba—ba," said the child, looking up.

"Barbara, is it?" said Purland.

"Yes."

"And pretty it is too," said the landlord, abstractedly. "I once had a fair sister named Barbara; but God willed it that she should see but the spring of life."

"And my mother's third cousin was named Babara," said Mrs. Tingle. "Dear me, she married——"

"Hast thou no name but Barbara?" interrupted the landlord, parting the child's glossy hair.

But it could not comprehend the question, and only repeated the name of Barbara.

"God bless thee for bearing so sweet a name! It is as good as O'Roon's variations on Allan Water; and should old Tom Purland meet thee once more, by night or by day, thou shalt be welcome to the best morsel on his board."

Mr. Ruffle's and Mrs. Fagg's conversation was long and earnest, interrupted only by the gentleman's polite reminder that the rum and water was made to be drunk, and that it must not stand till it got cold;—to which Mrs Fagg assented so often, that the bottle grew empty, the lady's communications less intelligible, and Mr. Ruffle more polite and insinuating.

The clock struck one; the landlord had again filled his pipe; and he and Mrs. Tingle had finished the flip between them, when Joe, who had been asleep on the warm settle, started up, and, after listening a few moments, placed his finger significantly on his lip, and making signs to Mrs. Tingle, crept softly to the end of the settle, and peeped cautiously round.

Now, it happened that the settle had a very high back, and its one end joined the chimney corner into which Mr. Ruffle and Mrs. Fagg had retired. It was so placed that a large crevice was left between the settle and the wall; so that those who were so designed, might listen and observe without chance of detection. It was, then, to this end of the settle that Mrs. Tingle's and Joe's attention was directed; and there, true enough, with keen eye and ear, and so intent upon their object as not to observe the peeping glances of the wagoner and the housekeeper, stood the old man and the youth we have described. At length, some whispered word of Mrs. Tingle's caught the quick ear of the youth, who gliding away as quickly as possible, slunk from the kitchen, leaving the old man to pay the reckoning, and to reply to the remarks of the indignant Joe.

It seemed as if the rum and water, joined to the bland words of Mr. Ruffle, had softened the heart

of Mrs. Fagg; and whilst the old man and the boy were still watchers, the lady had produced from an ample pocket a leathern purse, and doled into the hand of Mr. Ruffle three pounds, which that gentleman seemed not unwilling to accept, though he looked as if more generosity would have become his lady friend; but pocketing the money with a look of unutterable hatred at the woman, he replenished the glass in silence.

The old man had assumed his plaided cloak and thrown down the meagre reckoning, as if glad to escape from the threatening arm of Joe and the shrill tongue of Mrs. Tingle, when the attention of the company was turned into a new channel by the alarming symptoms of Mrs. Fagg, who, after reeling a few times from side to side, lost her balance, and, unsupported by the arm of Mr. Ruffle who had risen, fell forward in drunken helplessness on the hearthstone.

"I take it, it's best to get the old wench into the wagon; for the horses are in, and 'tis time to be trudging," said Joe, as Mr. Ruffle raised his fair friend from the ground. "Put her in the straw, and she'll be safe there."

"True," said Ruffle; "and the child can lie there too. But let's help her in; she's walked her last to-night."

"If she never walked again it wouldn't matter, I reckon," said Joe. "But heave on, measter; it'll be a long day I hope afore the wagon has another load like it."

The old man and the youth were already safe within the wagon, apparently buried in sleep, so sound that not the bustle occasioned by Mrs. Fagg's entrance could awaken them; though the poor country girl, after hugging her bandbox closer, opened her eyes to look around with wonderment at the scene.

Mrs. Fagg being consigned in safety to a litter of straw cast upon the wagon floor, Ruffle and Joe returned to the inn kitchen; the former to bespeak a bed, and the latter to fetch Mrs. Fagg's charge, and to pay sundry adieus to Purland and his housekeeper.

"You stop at ——?" said Ruffle to Joe.

"Ye-es," answered Joe. "'Tis a long stage afore us, and the roads heavy-like; we shall get there by twelve to-morrow."

"Well," said Ruffle, "here's a shilling for you; and if I shouldn't be there by the time, don't let the old woman or the brat go on, that's all."

"I take it she must please herself," said Joe, doggedly;—"but come, Measter Purland, let's have the child."

"No," said Purland; "it's name's Barbara, and I'll carry it the last inch myself. God be with it! it's happy in its sleep. I've had as many melancholy thoughts about this friendless child, as I had, Joe, (and Mrs. Tingle knows it,) the night O'Roon died."

So, moralizing, Purland stepped gently across the kitchen, from thence to the wagon, and placing the child in the arms of the country girl, who pulled her cloak tenderly around it, drew from his purse a sixpence, and putting it into the girl's hand, bid her be a careful nurse; and then descending from the wagon, bid Joe a hearty good night. The whip cracked, the wagon rolled on, and the landlord retired within his own dwelling.

That night the landlord's thoughts wandered far back into the past. He saw once again his dead sister; the chord was struck, its vibration lasted; and at length when slumber visited the old man's eyes, and the past became as indistinct as the present, he muttered and blessed the name of Barbara.

CHAPTER II.

The Domestic Policy of Miss Priscilla Snig; her Siege on the heart of Mr. Cæsar Crumpsure.—Justice Tender.—The Catastrophe; its results on the fortunes of Barbara.

There is nothing pleasanter in summer than to see an old-fashioned house peeping with jutting gables from the mass of living green;—there is nothing more pleasurable in winter than to see its smoking chimneys, and to think of the happy faces that may be gathered round the glowing hearth in hall or chamber. Into the ample and lofty kitchen of such an ancient dwelling our history now takes us; but within its region no romance lies.

It was a dull winter's morning. In the kitchen of this ancient home, and within the recess of its huge chimney, sat a lean and withered dame, who, after raking together a pile of seething faggots that covered the hearth, drew a three-legged stool near her, and pouring from a black teapot a very suspicious compound, placed the cup on her lap and commenced the operation of breakfast. There was an air of discomfiture in the chamber, that, in spite of well-filled dressers, oak presses, antique chairs and tables, a deep-ticking clock, and rafters piled with bacon, saddened the heart with a chilly dreariness as oppressive as it well could be. The crone had ended her third cup, when a distant door creaked on its hinges, and an ancient serving-man, and two boys—a cow-herd and shepherd—entered, making their way to the huge dresser, there to sit down to a breakfast of coarse country fare.

A moment elapsed and another door opened, this time to admit a tall, sallow, and frigid-looking woman of the tender nonage of forty-five, bedecked in very summer-like attire, mingled with a profusion of ornaments, the most remarkable of which was a large watch, placed conspicuously at her waistband. She hurried across the kitchen to the table where the men sat.

"Fifteen minutes past eight!" said the lady; "breakfast should be over. Justice Tender allows but fifteen minutes!"

"Missus," said the old serving-man, "we were late in this morning. I was down to the village to speak to Mr. Crumpsure, and the lads were out in last night's storm."

"Don't be impertinent," said the lady. "Justice Tender allows fifteen minutes for breakfast—thirty for dinner—ten for supper. But Mr. Crumpsure comes?"

"Yes, Mum, he'll be here at eleven."

"Good," said the lady. "Now, boys, my watch and the clock are exact; the quarter is past, the breakfast is done. Here, Peg; clear away. What's

left will do for supper. Those that can't eat at proper hours must go without. But how's this? sure as I was christened Priscilla, here's beer instead of cider! Beer at fivepence a gallon! beer at breakfast in Justice Tender's house! It was never known before. It shall be never known again. And the white bread, too! boys, have done. I'll see after the breakfast to-morrow morning myself. Peg is not honest to the interest of Justice Tender."

"Mum," said the old man, rising from the scarcely-tasted breakfast, "Measter does'n know o' this. He often says—'Giles, I hope the beer is good. Little water and plenty o' malt; that's the way beer is brewed in my house. My cousin Priscilla says it's so; and it is so. Now, Giles, let me advise you to take a good draught when ye can: our fathers drank ale before us, and their hearts beat warm and kind. Ay, ay, Giles; an Englishman's food is his ale; 'tis the pasturage that fattens him!' Measter says this, Mum; and I take it he's right."

"Impertinent still!" said Miss Priscilla, waxing in her wrath. "The Justice will be home at two: he shall know this. Mr. Crumpsure will be here at eleven: *he* shall know it!"

"I take it, Mum," said the old man, doggedly, "that Mr. Crumpsure 'll be for the cider, and Measter for the ale, and Peg for the treacle-drink; and you, Mum, for water. There's plenty o' that; and 't don't cost more nor fetching. But I'll speak to the Measter myself. I b'aint afeard: the Justice has a kind heart."

"He's in his dotage!" said Miss Priscilla. "I'm mistress, master, friend, companion, housekeeper, cousin; and my will's a law. If I please it should be cider, it is cider: Mr. Crumpsure will say so. Boys, depart! But as the fault lies with Peg, you can stop and finish breakfast, Giles; I'll allow *you* an extra five minutes."

"Nay, nay," said the old man, preparing to leave the kitchen; "take back such a giving; 't cost ye a gripe, I daresay. And as for the lads, they sha'n't want a breakfast. For the rest, the Justice shall know this. He finds the corn, but the meal goes elsewhere."

The old man quitted the kitchen; and the first care of Miss Snig was to closet the almost-untasted breakfast; then, feeling in her pocket that all the keys were right, she drew an arm-chair near the crouching Peg, and placing her arms upon her knees, stooped down to the ear of her attendant, as if desirous of a confidential discourse.

"Well, Peg," said the lady, "you *are* deaf; but not deaf enough as not to hear the impudence that went on. But I am firm to the cider: Crumpsure says it should be cider."

"Of course, Miss," said the old woman; "Mr. Crumpsure says cider, because he's a present the sooner. And as for the matter of being deaf,—I could hear I warn't honest; and that's something to them as has served Justice Tender forty years; and I take it, it 'll be worse for Crumpsure, if the Master hears the matter of this pinching business."

"Come, come," said Miss Snig, in her most soothing voice, "you and I, old Peg, are the best of friends, and I must not forget the satin bonnet I promised you. You 'll look so nice in it. Crumpsure says you 'll look nice in it; and I say you 'll look nice in it."

"Well-a-day," said the old woman, shaking her head as if Miss Snig's promise was a doubtful matter, "satin is satin now a-days; and Peg has no money. The malt——"

"Hush!" said Miss Snig. "Have a tiny drop of brandy in your last cup, my dear Peg. Crumpsure says its a fine thing, and——"

Miss Snig did not stay to finish the sentence, but skipping very blithely across the kitchen, soon returned with the keys and a little bottle, filled up Peg's cup with the soothing liquid; and again seating herself, said—"Nice, Peg?"

"Well, Miss, I can't say——Bless me, 'tis weak!"

"A drop more, Peg?" said Miss Snig.

"A little drop; but about the butter that went last week to Mr. Crumpsure's housekeeper, the Justice must——"

"Peg, Peg," said Miss Snig; "the satin hat and a brown gown. Peg 'ill look sweetly in 'em."

"Ay; but——"

"Nonsense," replied Miss Snig, diving her hand into her pocket, and abstracting from thence (though after sundry contortions of visage) a well-filled purse, she drew forth a sovereign, and pressing it into Peg's hand, said—"Not a word of the butter, Peg. Crumpsure praises it, and it must be sent."

"True—true," said the crone; "the Justice won't miss it; and I think, Ma'am, we might as well send that goose, with the chickens and some apples."

"Bless you! you are my own sweet Peg," said Miss Snig; "that 'll be a good day for you, Peg—a very good day, when I'm made Mrs. Crumpsure. But the malt bill: you must stick by me, Peg, if Tender asks you why 'tis so large."

"Stick by ye!—yes," said the crone. "Stick by Miss Snig,—good Miss Priscilla—beautiful Miss Priscilla—such a pretty hand and arm!"

"Crumpsure admires them, I can tell you, Peg. But the meat bill,—four legs of veal and——!"

"Ay, Miss; and the grocer's bill, and the wine-merchant's bill. Peg knows all about 'em."

"Good, Peg," said Miss Priscilla. "But come, have a little drop of brandy—a little drop—and then you shall light the fire in Tender's study, and get ready that sweet little chicken. Crumpsure likes broiled chicken; 'tis light for his stomach. This, with a boiled custard and a piece of Stilton, will make a savoury lunch."

Eleven o'clock had come. Miss Priscilla Snig looked fresh as a summer leaf in her green silk gown; her ringlets uncrumpled from Mr. Frizstick's box; her shoulders undisguised by cape or collar: in fact, Miss Snig was dressed.

Miss Snig was seated within Tender's arm-chair, in Tender's study, piled round with law-books; and she glanced her eye now and then through an opposite bow-window on to Tender's lawn, then glanced back to the ruddy fire, stirred it, placed a chair opposite to her, threw a letter and some keys

carelessly upon the table, and sighing, raised her hand to her head. Her hand fell again. Miss Snig glanced at it and muttered,—"'Tis very white. I shall hand Crumpsure a glass of wine; he'll think it so. This ring is becoming. The curls, the white hand, the green silk dress, must convince Crumpsure that Priscilla Snig was born to be his. The meat bill, the malt bill, the grocer's bill shall all be pinched but Snig shall be made Crumpsure!"

As Miss Priscilla thus meditated, she again glanced those soft gray eyes towards the bow-window. Flutter upon flutter, Crumpsure was coming; the very ground was made holy by Crumpsure. "But I will withdraw," thought Miss Priscilla. "Peg shall let him in; a maiden should be bashful!"

Thus resolving, Miss Snig withdrew; and Peg had reached the hall-door just as Mr. Crumpsure had alighted from his horse.

Now Mr. Crumpsure was a very small man, wore a well-starched collar, and a whale-boned stock. Mr. Crumpsure, in his reasonings with Miss Priscilla, always affirmed, that the least body had the largest soul; that dignity lies not in sinew or muscle, in bone or limb, but was, by a parity of circumstances, a certain something which he, Mr. Crumpsure, could not explain to the unargumentative understanding of woman: for as the race was not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, so more masculine grandeur was allied to four feet five than five feet ten or six feet two. Thus clenching his argument, Mr. Crumpsure would look at himself by way of a practical illustration; then at Miss Priscilla, who was convinced; then at his high-heeled boots; then adjusted the whalebone; then felt his Roman nose, arranged his whiskers, hemm'd a little; then thought to himself, "If Miss Snig is not convinced, *I* am; dignity can no further go than it does in Cæsar Crumpsure."

Sending his horse round to the stable by the hand of the obedient Peg, Mr. Crumpsure entered the oak-panelled hall, placed his hat and cloak upon the accustomed nail, rubbed his shoes with great care, and coughing slightly, entered Tender's study. There was no one there. Mr. Crumpsure looked into the old-fashioned mirror, arranged his stock, ran his fingers through his hair, poked the fire, and drawing the table near, reached down the Vagrant Act, —— upon Felony, Burn's Justice of the Peace, placed himself within Tender's chair, and casting his eye across the table, saw Miss Priscilla's letters and keys.

"Oh, oh!" thought Crumpsure, laughing till the very tears dropped from his eyes; "it's the old dodge of the letter and keys is it? This is doing the frigid to-day: dewy nights bring hot mornings. If Tender is out, he's left something tenderer at home. But Crumpsure knows how to walk round a trap and take out the cheese. Ah, ah! Cæsar! Cæsar! (I mean not literally) but pocket handkerchiefs and butter, chains and stocks, money in disguise and out of it, can't be had without a per centage."

As Mr. Crumpsure thus moralized, he opened the Vagrant Act, placed his feet upon the fender, referred to the chapter on Commitments, and had got as far as "Whereas by a late enactment," when a slight rustling was heard, the handle of the door moved, and Miss Snig entered.

"How negligent Peg is," said the lady, retreating timidly a few paces, "not to say that you were here; but I will not interrupt you: the letter and keys, and ——"

"My dear Madam," said Crumpsure, rising, and placing the stock correctly, "just a little knotty point to arrange for my friend Tender. Law studies, you know, Miss Snig, are alone comprehensible to the masculine understanding; but——"

Without finishing this lofty sentence, Mr. Crumpsure again sank into his chair, and had recommenced the "Whereas," when Miss Snig, advancing to Mr. Crumpsure's chair, and laying her hand upon his shoulders, said, "Mr. Crumpsure, I would speak with you."

"Madam," said Crumpsure, "I am at your service. Proceed."

"But first a glass of Madeira."

"My dear Madam, 'tis against a legal form. Coke would have never wrote upon Lyttleton had he dissipated the clearness of his morning intellect with a draught. Even *we*, who are distant from the Inns of Court, should imitate so bright an example."

"Certainly," said Miss Snig; but—but—oh! dear me, 'tis about Giles and the cider."

"Oh, oh! I comprehend, Miss Priscilla: a clear act of insubordination. I will seek for a precedent."

"Do; but first think that I am Priscilla—not Snig."

"Priscilla!" cried Crumpsure—("Bless thee for that," interrupted Miss Snig.)—"Why should we renew a fatal subject? Snig is rich, Crumpsure poor; Snig cannot be Crumpsure, for Crumpsure is but Tender's clerk, and Snig is Justice Tender's cousin."

"Smile on thy Priscilla once again; she will then have heart to bear Tender's wrath, and the malt bill."

"Malt bill!" said Crumpsure, turning very white; not the——"

"No, no," said Miss Snig. "I've saved the money for the other. But do say Priscilla is——"

"All in all to Crumpsure. Snig and Crumpsure shall be one in the malt bill, the meat bill, the——"

"In all the bills; but, a little drop of wine: Crumpsure and Snig are alone."

"Yes, a little drop of wine, and——"

"A broiled fowl and mushrooms. Isn't Crumpsure happy?"

"Cæsar and Priscilla can but be happy. Let's have the broiled fowl." ——

The wagon rolled on its dull and weary way; the horses tugged on at their heavy load, now mounting some steep hill, now descending into the flooded valley; and the toil-worn wagoner had little to cheer the dull way, saving to whistle some rustic tune, or think of the breakfast he would eat, or count the mile-stones as they were dimly shown from the light of the horn lantern. Midnight had passed, and the belfry clock from some coun-

try church had tolled four. The blast and the rain had abated, and the moon stole out a feeble light, when a low groan, two or three times repeated, caught the quick ear of the wagoner. He listened again,—it was repeated; and, stopping the horses with a loud "Wo-o-o-oh," unfastened the horn lantern, and lifting the tarpauling, looked within the wagon. All was still; but the groan was again repeated, and surely from the corner where Mrs. Fagg was stretched. Joe jumped into the wagon, and arousing the old man, knelt and held the lantern towards the face of Mrs. Fagg. The groan came once again, but fainter. Joe seized the hand, but it was lifeless and rigid; before he could speak, the lower jaw had fallen, and, with a convulsion, Mrs. Fagg breathed her last.

"As the moon's in heaven, the witch is dead!" said Joe, turning round to the old man.

"Dead!" said the old man, in a hoarse and croaking voice; "then the worms will feast at a cheap and fat market, and maybe get a flavour of the rum. They won't find Fagg a fag-end, depend on't."

"Sto-op your raven's croak," said Joe. "Yer heart's no bigger nor a pin, ye churchyard owl. If she loved rum, she was a woman; and her dust will be as sweet as yours, depend on't."

The wagoner was choked with passion; and, awaking the girl, he placed Mrs. Fagg's head in her lap, untied the dead woman's bonnet, unloosened the shawl as if she could yet breathe, and alighting from the wagon, hurried on the horses to the nearest hamlet, at the distance of little more than a mile.

A few scattered cottages composed the rustic village; and Joe, staying at the most decent of these cottages, gained admittance for the body of Mrs. Fagg. It was placed on an oaken table; and whilst a messenger was despatched some six miles for the nearest surgeon, Joe was besieged by the village gossips to relate all he knew of the deceased Mrs. Fagg. The particulars had to be again and again repeated; and the scene, such as it was, was Death and Life, touched by the hand of Hogarth.

The chamber of the cottage was a low and straggling room, with an earthen floor and mud walls that looked too feeble to support the oaken rafters. The rude hearth dipped far into the sloping gable, and no gleaming fire cheered its dark vacuity. One solitary and dim candle lighted the scene; and the wagoner, with wide-stretched mouth and folded arms, leant against an oaken press; while the crone and the child, the sire and the son, the dressed and the undressed, some shoeless and some with uncouth garments, crowded round on tiptoe, with eager eyes and wondering faces, half pale with fear, to listen to the strange recital.

At length, the death-scene having been duly explained to the satisfaction of all present, Joe went back in his story to the scene at The Three Bells; and when the little history of Barbara was related, all present shook their heads. Then came a simultaneous rush, those nearest the table seizing the candle, and leaving Joe to the pleasure of his own meditations, the whole company struggled to the wagon, and dragging out the affrighted girl and the sleeping Barbara, again adjourned to the kitchen.

Now, one of Joe's listeners had seized the horn lantern that had been left on the shafts of the wagon; and having lighted that portion of the company who thought it their duty to disturb the slumbers of the helpless Barbara, had, in his eagerness to return to the kitchen, lest a portion of the narration should be unheard, left the lantern on the wagon floor, doubtless to the enlightenment of those within.

When all was again silent, the old man raised his head cautiously, peered round with keen eye, listened, and bent forward his lean and withered body, and assuring himself that his companion was asleep, crept softly to the spot where Mrs. Fagg had rested, stretched out his bony hand, and grasped a bundle tied up in a red pocket handkerchief. With palsied fingers the knot was untied; and the old man, squatting himself on the floor of the wagon, with his back to his companion, bent towards the lantern to view what the bundle contained.

"A few—little—old—pinching—rags"—said the old man, in a low voice. "A child's—rags ——the mother's rags made into the child's rags. They wouldn't fetch gin—or rum—or brandy ——or they'd be housed in Houndsditch, or Rosemary Lane. A little cap—a little frock—a very little pair of shoes; but here's a few little things of Mrs. Fagg's. She wont miss 'em; she's left 'em to Smug as a little fortune. Smug shall think of Fagg for't."

"What! is Smug practising his old trade?" said the youth, peering over the old man's shoulder, and placing his mouth close to his ear. "Nice work for Smug; Breeze and Smug shall be partners. Ay, go hand in hand, as they always do!"

"No! no!" said the old man, grasping together the contents of the bundle; "'tis mine, 'tis all mine. I was first; a few things, and Smug wants a great many."

"I daresay," said the youth, with a laugh; "but let's be partners in the toggery. Smug shall be the sleeping partner."

"I wont!" said the old man, fiercely; "I've to—"

"Nor will I!" said the youth, holding his two hands across the old man's shoulders. "Smug would be a partner *now!*"

The old man raised his blood-shotten eyes, and there, in the hand of his companion, was Mrs. Fagg's purse—the well-filled leathern purse, an old pocket-book, and a horn snuff-box.

"Why, how cunning you are, Jerry!" said Mr. Smug, endeavouring to snatch at what his companion held. "I was but in fun, Jerry. Jerry is so welcome to the part of this little bundle. Breeze and Smug will be partners in the bundle *and* the purse!"

"Very likely!" said Breeze, with a grin; "but the concern is dissolved afore 'tis begun. But I'm about to bid you good morning, old gemmen. When the bundle is spouted, and the purse light, we'll begin our trade of free will again; and don't think as how Breeze can't blow when the time comes!"

"Stay," said the old man, with a pitiful whine; "there are three reckonings, and——"

"I know it," said Breeze. "Ye've had a good, long reckoning out of me; but, tat-ta; we shall meet again, I daresay."

As Breeze said this, he nodded his head, and jumping from the wagon, was soon lost sight of in the darkness that stretched around.

"Outwitted!" said the old man, grinding his teeth, and pressing his clenched hands to his forehead. "Outwitted; damnably outwitted by a starveling! Oh, oh! but Smug shall have revenge; a comfortable, soothing revenge!"

The sound of voices caught the old man's ear; and hastily retieing the bundle, he was preparing to follow his companion, and had gained the end of the wagon with the bundle in hand, when the tarpauling was lifted, and the old man stood detected before the honest Joe.

"Hallo! what, yer sneaking off with what ar'n't yer own, are ye? Fagg aint cold, but ye must begin like an old raven, as ye are."

Joe whistled to a stout countryman that stood near; and collaring the old man, led him between them to the house.

"A very small mistake," muttered the old man in an agony of fear. "Took the old lady's bundle for my own: a very small mistake."

"I dare to say," said Joe, "yer one of them as don't know other folk's things from yer own."

The guilt of the old man was further confirmed by the absence of his companion, and the total emptiness of Mrs. Fagg's pockets; and when the incident of the settle was remembered, as related by Joe, the indignation of the company could be no longer restrained; and just as the surgeon arrived, Mr. Smug was safe in the custody of the parish constable.

There was so much mystery in the death and history of Mrs. Fagg, that Joe, with the country girl and the infant Barbara, were detained, and the wagon sent on its journey under the care of some trusty deputy.

While these varied incidents occurred, day broke, and the morning wore on, and most within that little village had hurried to their dinners, saving a group of men who had congregated round the turnpike-gate, and who, from time to time, stayed their earnest discourse to glance up the winding road.

At length the simultaneous announcement of "He comes!" was heard, and directly the most able-bodied of the company set off at a sharp walk, and with the evident intention to see who should be the first to reach a slow approaching horseman.

He was a portly-looking personage, and had seen nigh sixty years. A large, gray, outer-coat shielded him from the cold; and peeping from above the huge woollen comfortable, was a ruddy face, (round which was scattered a few gray hairs,) possessing such a look of good-nature and trustfulness, as almost to verge upon the simplicity of childhood.

The horseman and those on foot met, and each one eager with the burden of some story, tried to deliver himself first, lest the spirit of the narration should evaporate. But this deliverance coming at one time, caused a great confusion; whereupon the old gentleman, probably remembering the story of the Ass and the Parson, looked smilingly, and, lifting his hat, said—"One at a time, gentlemen, *if* you please."

After many frowns between the cooper and the blacksmith, the shoemaker and the tailor, the contest was ended, saving between the turnpike-gate man and the parish-clerk. And here precedence was for a moment doubtful,—as the pikeman, considering himself a representative of the Crown, and the clerk of the Church, so neither would give up their idea of supremacy; until the clerk, having a louder voice, pitched his story in a higher key; and thus silencing the deputy of the Crown, gained another victory to the lofty cause of orthodoxy.

After the clerk's story had ended, the old gentleman urged his horse onward at a brisker pace, and accompanied by those on foot, soon entered the little village, and stayed before the cottage where rested Mrs. Fagg and those that were linked to the history of her death.

"Having heard the depositions of this poor woman's death, (I will see that she hath good and decent burial,)" said the old gentleman, addressing the clerk, "let me see this little child. 'Tis sad, as you very well know, Mr. Saltry, a sad thing to be friendless and unknown."

"Ay, ay, Justice Tender," said the clerk, "your heart's a deal too soft; wagrancy's on the increase, and, on consequence, the parish-rate is eightpence in the pound higher. Rates and wagrancy go together; but the next parish shall have the job, for the old cratur died in it, and the child shall soon be sent out of this; and let them keep it as will. Our parson is the one to manage wagrants; but he's (the Lord be with him!) gone to drink water and get rid of the gout at Buxton."

As the clerk thus delivered his sentiments, Justice Tender approached the fire, by which Barbara and the country girl were sitting, and divesting himself of his hat and his comfortable, drew a chair near the little stool on which Barbara was seated, and coaxing back her long dark hair, gazed on her face with a look of infinite compassion that expressed more than words—the spirit of goodness that was in that old man's heart.

For a few moments the old man seemed lost in abstraction; and then, as if his compassion welled out and overflowed, he muttered, in an under tone, —"The cup and the loaf are more than needful, seeing that the bit and the drop are wanted. I will think that I was once young; that I was cradled and had a mother; and then the thought will come, that there are those that have never nestled to the heart that gave them life, nor have had either kindred or friend to give them the bread they craved: and the child is so pretty, too. Well, we shall see who comes to claim what some would think cheap at a dear price."

The old man held out his hand to Barbara; and the child, as if won by this simple act, placed hers within it, and gazed wistfully at the stranger; and delighted with this confidence, Justice Tender placed Barbara on his knee, and kissed her with as

much pleasure as if he had known her from her birth.

After sundry mutterings, to which Justice Tender was greatly addicted, he turned round to the worthy Mr. Saltry, and having consulted that personage and Joe the wagoner, it was agreed that all present should adjourn to Tender's house; where, after due refreshment, the examination of witnesses should proceed, not only under the eye of the worthy magistrate himself, but materially assisted by the legal knowledge of Mr. Cæsar Crumpsure.

"The constable can bring up that here female wagrant," said Mr. Saltry, approaching Barbara, with the intention of displacing her rather roughly from the arms of Tender. "The Justice and the wagrant don't do together."

But Barbara, as if assured of protection, clung to the arms of Tender; and that worthy old gentleman returned the confidence by saying to Mr. Saltry,—"I would advise you just to look over that little text upon charity, Mr. Saltry; and if my horse is at the door, I will mount—the old man and the child shall go together."

Without saying more, Justice Tender left the house; and mounting his horse, placed Barbara before him, and wrapping his warm coat round her, rode slowly through the village towards his own house, some half-mile distant, followed by the rebuked Mr. Saltry, Joe, the country girl, and the constable, who had charge of the downcast Mr. Smug.

In the meantime, the hours had passed pleasantly enough with Mr. Cæsar Crumpsure and Miss Priscilla Snig: for the wine and the broiled fowl, seasoned by dalliance and varied by some important conversation, had somewhat changed the views of Mr. Cæsar, and thawed the assumed frigidity of Miss Priscilla.

After Peg had removed the fragments of the fowl and custards, to which Crumpsure had done ample justice, Miss Priscilla produced a bottle of Tender's good old port, and two glasses; and then drawing her chair—and with it Mr. Cæsar's—very near the fire, proceeded to some important conversation, the subject of which it is as well to withhold from the reader in the present stage of our history.

As we have before said, the house of Justice Tender was an ancient dwelling, and, as such, possessed many a closet, gallery, and winding stair, that, hidden by oaken beams, massive walls, and antique chimneys, were unknown, save to the prying eye of some ancient servitor. Between the oak pannel and the chimney of Tender's study, ran a little, narrow staircase, dilapidated by time, and, probably, constructed in those ages when to pray as conscience taught was heresy; and now, in its ruined state, unknown and unthought of to most of Tender's household, saving to Miss Snig's confidant, the worthy Peg, who, having a pardonable desire for knowledge, had placed herself here unseen, thus gaining the full import of Miss Snig's conversation, and the sage replies of the excellent Crumpsure, through a warped rent in the old timber walls.

This was the position of affairs; and the old clock in the hall had struck two, and Miss Snig was preparing to pour Mr. Crumpsure a third glass from the second bottle of Tender's bee's-winged port, when, in turning her head, she glanced through the bow-window, and there, sure enough, was Justice Tender riding slowly round the narrow lawn that divided the house from meadows of green pasture that sloped down to the distant highway.

What a change that one glance made! The wine and Miss Snig disappeared; and by the time that Justice Tender had reached the hall-door, Mr. Crumpsure had dipped his pen in the red ink, drawn his papers towards him, and looked like a man who had digested the Vagrant Act, rather than the grosser food of chicken and old Stilton.

No sooner had good Justice Tender alighted from his horse than the amiable Miss Priscilla, issuing from a door that led to what she called her "private sitting-room," appeared, full of smiles, to welcome home her relative.

"Excellent Priscilla!" said the old man, returning with warmth his relative's salutation. "I have brought thee a little stranger that will affect thy compassion greatly: her story shall be known to thee presently. In the meantime, let it have wherewith to eat, and that suitable to a child; and for these people that you see, let Peg place something substantial before them, not forgetting a jug of the best ale. Thou lookest well, Priscilla; and now, a word of our worthy friend Crumpsure."

"I believe that he's in the study. Peg said so; but of course my many housekeepering duties—"

"Ah, ah!" said Tender; "I understand. Thou art my good Priscilla. By the by, I hope thou hast not forgot something wherewith to refresh the labours of Mr. Cæsar; he and I have two hours' tough work before us. In the meanwhile, care you for this pretty child, and when I ring, let those you see present be forthwith ordered to my study."

"You don't mean this here old fellow to have ale, do you, Sir?" said the constable, pointing to the rueful Mr. Smug; "for, I take it, 'twouldn't be right in the eye of the law."

"A man may not be punished till his crime be proved," said the Justice. "Water when the crime is proven; but, in God's name, let a man have his ale beforehand."

Thus saying, Justice Tender retired to his study, first ordering his pipe and tobacco-box; and the constable, Joe, the girl, and Barbara, were conducted by Peg into the kitchen.

Great were the consultations between Miss Snig and Peg,—Peg proposing ale and beef for those within the kitchen, and Miss Snig cider and bacon; for Peg, in her ambuscade, had overheard divers consultations concerning herself, and those not of the most pleasant nature; and this discovery made her declare for beef and ale. But the matter was at length compromised by Miss Snig consenting to the ale, and Peg to the bacon.

"Mind and draw but one jug of ale," said Miss Snig, in an admonitory voice; "for, to say the truth, Crumpsure said the satin bonnet would become you; and whilst you draw the ale, send that

girl and the child in here, that I may learn who they are. The girl won't want beer then!"

After Peg's exit, Miss Snig drew forth her work, and seating herself near the table, put on her severest look, and awaited the presence of Barbara.

Ushered in by Peg, and leading in one hand the forlorn Barbara, the country girl approached, with awe, the chair of Miss Snig, who, in a very peremptory voice, elicited from the girl the known history of Barbara, and the death of Mrs. Fagg.

"I wonder how Justice Tender can encourage such a horrid, motherless vagrant: let the child not approach the table. There can be no sympathy between a beggar and a lady; it smells of the workhouse—faugh! draw it back. Girl, you and that brat may leave the room!"

The mandate was about to be obeyed, when the door opened, and Justice Tender, pipe in hand, entered the room. Barbara recognised him, and held out her hand.

"Ah! ah! thou wilt win the old man's heart," said the Justice, moving the pipe into his left hand, and with the other taking that of Barbara. "Thou admirest this little child, I know, Priscilla. Thou wert once friendless, cousin; and knowest how sad a thing it is to be alone. Well, well; cousin Priscilla and cousin Tender have wherewith to give in charity. This child shall remain with us until the morrow, for our proceedings cannot go on till one Mr. Ruffle arrive; and he may clear up the story of this little Barbara;—and if he doth not, heaven will raise some mercy unto it. Thou thinkest so, I know, my excellent Priscilla."

"To be sure," said Miss Priscilla, averting her eyes from the face of Tender.

"I thought so: cousin Priscilla and cousin Tender always think alike. Peg shall give some heed unto this little Barbara; and after our dinner, unto which I have invited the worthy and confidential Crumpsure, we will discuss the matter of Barbara and her little fortunes. And as for you, my good girl," said the Justice, turning to Barbara's companion, "Mr. Crumpsure shall note down a few of your answers to his questions; and then thou shalt proceed safe on thy journey with good John Shortstaff, (a worthy man,) who proceeds from hence presently in search of one Ruffle."

Whilst the girl followed Tender to his study, Peg was again summoned to Miss Snig's parlour; where, after sundry admonitory charges, Barbara was consigned to the kitchen and her care.

After a few interrogatories, which Crumpsure assured Tender were leading questions, the girl was dismissed; and after a tearful parting with Barbara, and a present of half-a-sovereign from the worthy Justice, she proceeded on her journey, and was seen no more in the present era of our history.

"Crumpsure to dinner!" ejaculated Miss Snig, as she prepared her toilette for that important event; "what can heart desire more? But Tender is a fool; and this matter of the brat must be nipped in the bud. Yes! yes! Priscilla Snig is not a fool—Crumpsure knows she isn't;—and Crumpsure and Snig will be too much for the Justice. The old man will sleep; and I shall have an excuse to press Crumpsure's hand. How pleasant! The strength of what I have to say will be an excuse! But I look very nice. How love becomes a woman!—this shoulder seen a little more—this chain—and now ——!"

And here, for the present, our eventful history must stop.

(To be continued.)

ORDER *VERSUS* TIDINESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A DRESSMAKER'S DIARY."

. . . . . And if any one should find fault with my title, I answer that it is certainly defective, inasmuch as it does not contain the whole of my subject. It ought to run, Neatness, Order, and Tidiness; as I intend to talk about them all, and hope to prove, to the satisfaction of all reasonable beings, that so far from being synonymous, one has the same relation to the other that death has to life: neatness or tidiness expressing that quality in a human being which never exists in a high degree except when the organ of *arrangement* is absolutely without brains; while, in proportion as the bump of Order is developed, the passion for Neatness loses its opportunities for indulgence,—it being impossible that the two things should exist together.

A PERSON with a head for *order*, finds in every new idea some natural or logical relation to those which he already possesses. By this point of resemblance, he attaches it to the pile of *intelligence* already in his head; being united to other pieces of the same material, the whole becomes one substance. A continual repetition of the operation heightens the *pile* to a mountain; and the mental structure so erected is called a man. Thus we may see why passions and inclinations strengthen with age. The idea, or feeling, that related to the favourite subject was accepted and preserved. It found its niche. That concerning other things fell to the ground, and was covered by time. It is evident from this that every one's arrangement must be made for himself; and no one can accuse another of being *disorderly*, until assured that he has no mode of arrangement whatever. One piles up a quantity of ideas concerning light and shade, size and proportion, colour, distance, and perspective; and if he pile industriously, and fit each stone (idea) well with its neighbour, he raises to himself an eminence on which he stands as a painter. Another, having eaten plenty of dinner, and not being easily impressed by the beauty of a line or a changing shadow, takes a walk to a skittle-ground. Now, supposing him without any previous inclination, he has only to meet with some trivial incident that makes him laugh, and he lays the foundation of a pile of ideas on which he will stand renowned as a skittle-player. All the ideas that pour continually upon the *living* mind, like light on a green

hill-side, are shed upon him in vain. Of all that he might amass and build up, he has convenience only for those that relate to skittle-playing. And as one idea is worth but little, raising one but little above the ground, the moment a man has, accidentally or otherwise, got three ideas on a heap, he does not willingly leave it to begin another. Order is the quality of the human mind which enables *all* its efforts to be directed to the production of *one* result; and as ideas are not wanting in the most confined range of existence, it is on the *arrangement* of our means that great results depend. Napoleon said he had a "relative memory;" which we might have known if he had not told us. It is evident that, if a person let ideas wander through his head in any way that accident may direct, and has not in one train those relating to any particular subject, he must seek them amongst the confused mass, and can never be sure he has found them *all*. Order, in the degree possessed by Napoleon, collects scattered atoms to a mass; and the mountain is thrown at pleasure by its creator, to the astonishment of spectators unconscious of the mode of its creation.

Should any think I am giving a definition of Order, different to any ever given before, I beg to say they are mistaken. What definition will you be content with, who are just now looking at me through *Tait's Magazine*? Here is one:—"*Order is the placing together of things similar.*" Then, a person who easily seizes points of similarity has a disposition to order. Along with the rest of the world, I think this a most valuable quality.

But neatness! God preserve me from neatness. This lays things at right angles, without knowing why. It changes a convenient and orderly arrangement, "that it may look tidy!" It hides every useful tool for fear of its being lost. It would cut off the arms and legs of a human being, "*and make it neat;*" and does actually distort the forms, and destroy the health of thousands of human beings, because the shape in which Nature made them was not *tidy*. An orderly man arranges his book-shelf, putting the works of one kind, or treating of one subject, together. He goes away, contented with the idea, that now no effort of memory will be required to know where a particular book is, amongst a few hundreds of volumes, and no useless time will be expended in seeking, when he shall have forgotten the place of each individual work. He has only to know the subject of the work in question, and by this is guided to its place. Now comes his tidy wife. The books of one size are set together: little ones at the top, and great ones at the bottom. The prayer-book cannot lie by the Bible,—it is too little: it must go, along with an Annual and a pocket dictionary, on to the top shelf. An atlas, and a book on designing, must stand by the Bible, because her bump of tidiness (order run mad) has found, or fancied, a connexion between them. There is nothing this mad woman won't do. The excellent arrangement of a dictionary, by means of which one particular word may be found in a minute, amongst many thousands, would be changed by her in obedience to a favourite saw, "Little ones at the top, and great ones at the bottom;" and if any one complained they could not find what they wanted, she would answer, "You should remember where you put it"—"You ought to be able to go to it in the dark," &c., &c.

This good woman has, probably, heard all her life of the wonders accomplished by *order*. That it was indispensable to success of every kind; that it saved an infinity of time and labour; and—if her instructors were rather indefinite in their manner of speaking—that it "brought down a blessing on those who observed its rules;" that "luck went with it," &c., &c. Now, without considering that she did not know what a "blessing" was,—some thinking it a blessing to live, and some to die; some to be rich, and some to be poor; some saying, "blessed with a kind father," and some, "it's a blessing he's taken away,"—and without knowing that "luck" did not go with it, but come after it, as an effect follows a cause, she set herself industriously to create this thing called *order*, imagining thereby to secure the blessing and the luck which result from its existence. She took the candle, but, unluckily, forgot to light it; and so she goes, brandishing her mutton-dip, with the conviction that she is enlightening the community, preaching old saws which she can't apply, concerning a thing which she does not understand; and, what is worse than all this, tormenting a whole family of working Christians, putting a drag on the wheel of progress, and capable of throwing a tree-trunk across a railroad—from having a passion for things at right angles.

It is a curious inquiry, how this mental disease begins—what causes it—what nourishes it—what are its effects on the patient and her neighbours—and, if the cure be possible, what it is? As neatness is the death of order, it follows that a person actively employed, with an object in view, cannot afford to lose his time by indulging the propensity to be "tidy." A joiner out of work may amuse himself by setting his tools to represent any geometrical figure he thinks proper; but let him have something to do, and all neatness is at an end. The methodical arrangement of a case of joiner's tools would put a *tidy* woman into hysterics. The man cannot afford time, and has not memory to "remember where he put it,"—he does not employ his bump of arrangement to save him the use of his eyes,—he can't go in the dark to the thing he wants; but, provided no tidy woman intermeddles, he can find it in half-a-minute, when months have intervened, and he has forgotten whether he had such a tool or not.

As the tidy woman has generally a passion for "finding things in the dark," it is necessary that she should put them by daylight where they are to undergo the operation of being "found." Being utterly ignorant of the way in which an orderly person is guided to the thing he looks for, she has invented another. Believing that "those who hide can find," she is continually hiding; and experience having shown her that she is liable to forget where she hides, she is forced to "find" the thing and hide it afresh every day, or, at least, every week. Nothing is more common than

to hear—"I've being tidying the drawers in.... *I've not been in these for a long time.*" No? Why did you go, then? O! because the things you have been tidying, being, in fact, arranged in the most disorderly manner possible, nothing but a most laborious effort of memory could keep their situation present to your mind. Such a mode of employing time could only be invented by some one having nothing in the world to do. Accordingly, a woman who can't employ herself in a sensible manner—who can't read because she has no mind, who can't walk because she is too idle, can't ride because other people don't, and can't find any rational employment "because she *never did such a thing in her life,*" invariably takes to "*tidiness.*" She can't well *do* worsted-work all day; but she can fill up her time, and keep her faculties in a state of blissful quiescence, by carrying things from one place to another; setting chairs where nobody ever sits; covering up the piano that it can't be used; hiding the ink in one corner, and the pens in another; covering the carpet which covers the floor; and, when in full tide, covering the covering. If any luckless mortal should ask *why* she does all this, she will answer by such a look of horror as a "Christian in a Christian land" would bestow upon the wretch who should ask "Who is Christ?" "*Tidiness*" is part of her religion—perhaps all of it. She treats persuasion as "temptation," and reason on the subject as blasphemy. She gives no "reason for the faith that is in her," but coolly lays it down, that those who do not what she does, and think not as she thinks, are ignorant, benighted beings, that "don't fulfil their duties as women." "Why did you put my chair away?" "That it may be in its place."—"If its place is where it's not wanted, it had better be out of it." "No."—"Why not?" "Because it would be untidy."—"Well, if things are better untidy?" "For shame! things can't be better *un*tidy."—"But if a man can do more work in a day, and be more comfortable at night?" "He ought not to be comfortable."—"Why not?" The last question being unanswerable, the tidy woman gets into a great passion, and repeats sentences innumerable, every one having less relation to the subject than the one before it; of which she is wholly unconscious, never having understood what her subject is.

Tidiness or neatness arises first, then, out of idleness; or rather, not from disinclination to work, but from having no object to work for. A person who has all his physical wishes gratified, and who is forbidden to indulge any other, must soon become mentally unhealthy. When the mind, from long idleness, is become incapable of effective activity, the morbid dreamer fancies himself a superior genius. A number of things well arranged have an appearance of *intention*, evident even to the most unobserving. This design the tidy person perceives to exist; but what is, is beyond her comprehension. Nevertheless, the appearance must be imitated. The arrangement of words in columns is evidently intentional; and when all the words begin with the same letter, why not make the book perfect by putting the shortest first? or, if you liked, the longest? Is it not better to have some order? The same utterly useless regulations obtain with regard to everything managed by people who have nothing to do. And there is nothing vehemently wrong in a whist-player, or a wine-drinker, going into hysterics because the cards or the bottle goes the wrong way round. But suppose a servant girl, not having much time at her disposal, or not much material to make her gown of,—or, finally, even suppose her having a will of her own, and succumbing to these deficiencies, or, following this *will*,—should lay the stripes of her cotton print horizontally, instead of letting them fall perpendicularly, would her mistress not forbid her wearing such a dress? There are some primitive places where nobody—not even women—has *nothing to do;* and in these retreats the originality might escape persecution. But wherever, through constraint, idleness, and bad education, the women have got the quality of "tidiness," even as seamen get the scurvy, the enormity would be hunted to death. In vain the girl might urge that she had no other, that it did no harm to any one. "No harm! but don't you see the stripes go across?" Which of the ten commandments says that stripes must be perpendicular is not clearly understood; but it appears probable that a third "table of the law" is known to most people, although unknown to the writer of this article. Heavy curses must be denounced against the infringers of this table, or glorious rewards promised to those who observe it: for it is certainly more faithfully kept than the other two by those initiated into the secret of its existence. No temptation can make the votaries of this tidy worship relax in their strictness. The comfort of a family may be secured by certain trifling indulgencies; but comfort is nothing compared to neatness. Several hours a-day may be saved to those whose time is their bread; but the bread must be dispensed with, for *neatness* claims the time.

There is a peculiar phase of this disease yet to be noticed. Having once decided as to the relative position of the goods and chattels over which they have control, the tidy fraternity spend their idle existence in propagating their reasonless code to the habiliments of men, women, horses, tables, windows, floors—all things on which custom or necessity authorizes the hanging of textile substances. It is, to a man employed with the occupations of a man, a very simple operation; still it takes up time, and it is as well, therefore, to leave this inferior occupation to inferior minds; but the consequences are frightful; not merely unfortunate, not *disagreeable*—frightful.

A man's three-score years and ten are passed in a painful struggle with misery and suffering of various kinds. His object is to come from the contest instructed, elevated, and purified. Through this course of suffering must he hold fast his principles, increase his knowledge, and, if possible, help his neighbour on the dreary way that they must tread together. Often his spirit is weighed down beneath its burden, "till one feather more would break the camel's back;" often so weary, that but for some little pleasure, some momentary relief from labour, it would forget in despair its duties

and its hopes. In the name of God, for themselves and for each other, men are called upon to lighten the burden that all must bear; not to hang fetters on the weary limbs that have so far to climb; not to wall out by a convention or caprice a single ray that might otherwise gild and cheer some corner of this gloomy world, where so much is to be done and suffered. And it is to beings so called, so destined, that idle minds prescribe their trifling code of proprieties. By the side of the command—"Thou shalt not steal," they write "thou shalt wear white gloves," or, perhaps, black. After "Cease to do evil, learn to do well," comes, in their Bible, "On no account wear clothes of the same cut as those you wore last year."

That men, windows, and floors should be clothed in any way most convenient or agreeable to their mistresses is fully granted. That great pleasure may be derived from the amusement of dressing them is also acknowleged. No attack is made upon the worldly wisdom displayed by those who carry an advertisement on their backs, aiming to convince the world that they are richer than they really are, and to win the worship of fools thereby. It is against the law, that people without motive for following this example shall strain their strength to keep up in this weary race, that protest is made; a law obeyed with such senseless devotion, with such slavish fear, that a right-minded person would hate and despise the miserable worshippers of this imaginary deity, if he happened to be so young in the world as not to know that *he* might fear something, and worship something too; and afterwards awake and find his worship senseless, and his fear unworthy.

Then let us not despise the weakness of those who, yielding to the "sin that most easily besets them," sacrifice the little daily pleasures that make life sweet;—who do not ask a friend to their table to enjoy companionship, but *invite*, from time to time, their acquaintances because they *must*;—who do not provide what is necessary to the enjoyment of the evening, but what the strict, aimless, incomprehensible *law* requires. Who repeat the mystic *we must* without inquiring how far this *ignis fatuus*, followed by them for a guiding light, has led them astray from their path. "Does not *must* mean ought? and does not *ought* imply *duty?* And can one ask *why* people must do their *duty?*" How many things, stupid, reasonless, absurd, are veiled by this dazzling word, and worshipped for their drapery!

It may be that the mania for imitating other people in dress, and following the despotic law of custom in household arrangements, is different from the one which I have endeavoured to describe as *order run mad*. Yet it seems to me that a blind worship of the opinions of others is the cause of both sorts of madness. In both instances the imitation is as much like the original, as the galvanic convulsions of a corpse are like those of a living animal. All actions performed with the idea of *following a good example must* be equally monstrous and unnatural: the frantic or imbecile movements of a body without a soul.

The ceremony which fetters social intercourse, and the *tidiness* which destroys individual comfort, both arise from the following the example of others, without knowing the motive of their conduct. A zealous wife, whom heaven has blessed with more good-will than bright ideas, imitates the proceedings which bring the money in; sometimes with the joyous exuberance of motion that makes a boy gallop by the side of his favourite dog; sometimes with the painful energy with which we clench our hand as we watch the drowning struggles of a man we cannot help; sometimes with the last wrestling of despair when that hardest of woman's work, "patient endurance," has driven them to the last refuge from ever-wearing anxious thought: then, O! then, chained down to witness what she can't relieve, bound hand and foot by—let us not say what, for thereby hangs a tale too long for our space; the being, with powers that call for exercise, with feelings martyred by "passive endurance;" this being, "a little lower than the angels," "with perceptions like a god," drags herself about the house arranging chairs, straightening window-curtains, dusting tables "that all *at least* may be tidy!" Spending days of weary labour that the dress may be *tidy*. "I do not want my children to be fine, but I do want them to be *tidy*." Warmth, or covering, is not the object; nay, so slight is the change made by hours of employment on the dress which is an object of such great concern, that reasonable beings often pass it by unnoticed. But then others, perhaps seated in the opposite window, and occupied likewise in drawing a thread after a needle, "know all about it!" And though the true wife would not give up an hour of her children's pleasure, or her husband's time, or yield one iota of her principles to the *they* in question, she throws away her own time and health, and peace *and life*, at last, if necessary, to "keep things tidy." Not to please her neighbours: for in the bitterness of distress *they* are indifferent; not to earn money: for it earns none; not for her husband's comfort: as it is no relief to have constraint added to poverty. It is in vain to seek the motive of a reasonless proceeding: the third code of laws has never been shown to the uninitiated—it might be scorned! But till we see it, we can only conclude, God have mercy on the hopeless idiot! she does for herself.

A SPRING, IN THE SUMMER OF LIFE.

To London's denizen, if country-born,
The foliage of trees and fields of corn
Are ever welcome prospects, and bestow
Upon the heart some portion of the glow,
Howe'er remote, of boyhood:—for there 's joy
While man can recollect himself a boy!

And thus it was with a kind friend I went,
From noise and smoke, into the "Weald of Kent,"
Where, midst the shelter of its noble trees,
The corn-fields smile on blooming beans and peas;
Where fences, fragrant with the milk-white thorn,
Protect the yellow meadows they adorn;

And twining hops, and half-mown fields of tares,
Greet purple apple-bloom and tiny pears,—
All children of one mother, who rejoice,
In their young life, with one harmonious voice.
But all these beauties only half beguiled
My friend's anxiety for wife and child,
Who, sickening 'mid the noise and smoke of streets,
Had sojourned a brief space among the sweets
Of renovating nature. And he now
Was hastening to behold, upon their brow,
That glowing welcome which he knew would rise
From the blue-brightness of their kindred eyes,
At his approach;—and well the love he bore
Deserved the welcome which their faces wore!

But he had business, also, by the way,
Which, as thereby we were compelled to stay
One night upon the road, made him regard
His lot, no doubt, as not a little hard!

Our host was a kind man, though rather rough,
Whose wife, perhaps not so kind, was *smooth* enough;
Yet each improved the other—while his frown
Was by her smiling blandness softened down;
Her formal affectation and display
Before his blunt good-heartedness gave way;—
Thus with them both a stranger shy like me
Could feel at home, and, as 'tis called, "make free."

'Tis morn at last! and through green fields we pass,
Leaving our footsteps on the dewy grass;
Or through the woods, shaking, from the tree-tops
To the earth's bosom, hosts of pearly drops;
The loss of which may prove a source of grief
To many a balmy bud and slumbering leaf,
Who, when they wake from some delicious dream,
Will lack their tears of joy for morning's beam.

By princely mansion, and by peasant's shed,
Farm-yard and church-yard, our green pathway led,
Where, brutalized by wealth, or crushed by toil,
Lives he who *owns* and he who *tills* the soil;
Or, resting in the more impartial grave,
Lo! here is Labour's and there Luxury's slave;—
Although their roads through life diverged so wide,
They meet at last, to moulder side by side.

Musing, relieved by unconnected talk,
So seemed to shorten our some twelve miles' walk,
That with sensation kindred to regret
Our journey ended—even while the wet
Which overflows the opening eyes of morn
Hung on the odorous blossom of the thorn;
And the lark's song did still to heaven disclose
How beautiful the earth from whence it rose!
But we are seated in a quiet grange,
At breakfast with our rural friends. 'Tis strange,
That feelings which in boyhood's bosom shoot,
Should take in manhood's heart so deep a root,
And with its aspirations intertwine
So intricately hopeless, as in mine.

Thoughts that came o'er me at that morning meal,
Produced a conflict none may hope to feel
And yet be happy. There, with quiet grace,
Presided one with the same beaming face
That ever haunted me—with the same voice
That bade the ear of boyhood to rejoice
At its first sound of music—the same eye
Whose light first made me love the earth and sky
For their most kindred lustre. There she sate,
The mistress and the mother, 'mid the chat
With which my merry friend proved himself free
From all such sadness as came over me.

A moment, merely, did the heart's-blood flow,
As if her presence had restored the glow
Which it inspired in boyhood; and then came
Torrents of icy thought, to quench all flame
Save such as mine, and that which *darkens* hell—
Both hopeless torture—both unquenchable.

The rain, which had been falling since the noon,
Ceased before sunset. Grateful for the boon
Of a blue sky, and gazing on the west,
Where clouds all fringed with fire devoutly press'd
Round their retiring god—we seek the lake
Which the dark forest trees hem in, and make,
Impervious to the breeze that sighs beyond,
This summer's hiding-place "The furnace Bond;"
As if lamenting that aught should exclude
Its presence from the watery solitude.

And gloom seemed hanging o'er us, like a veil
O'er sorrow-stricken faces, that bewail
The vacancy which some untimely death
Has made in the affections—until breath
Itself becomes a burthen and a curse;
And from Earth's breast, whose province 'tis to nurse
The orphan spirit with its gushing stream
Of hopeful milk and honey, there doth seem
To issue forth pale poison. Yet one ray,
Though a reflected one, flashed o'er that day
Ere darkness was complete.

Our homeward road
Led us, through miry lanes, by the abode
Of one who seemed—as round his dwelling spread
His barns and stables, flanked with many a shed
To shelter implements from sun and rain,
And by his corn and hay-stacks—to remain,
As it became a pastoral patriarch,
As much attached to earth as any lark
That builds its nest thereon—as any nest
Of frugal ants that rear upon her breast
Their little "hill of Zion." Here we seek
A shelter from the storm about to break
Impetuously upon us, 'neath a roof
Of friendly thatch, both warm and waterproof.

Here, as on flakes of fragrant hay we sit,
The lightning-flashes that about us flit
To me are dark, compared with that bright eye
Whose beams the heart can still electrify;
And solemn twilight throws its envious shade
All vainly that eye's brightness to invade!
Now youthful scenes and youthful hopes come back,
And hiding from me disappointment's rack,
On which I've long been stretched, they bring to view
A paradise that 's past, yet wears the hue
In which we paint the future. Hill and vale,
Peaceful and verdant; and the ocean pale,
Beating his boundary with his foaming waves,
As fruitlessly as the chained madman raves
Against his iron-bars; the lofty rocks
Which are anon by bluest waters laved;
The lonely rivulets, whose beds are paved
With sparkling pebbles, and whose banks, o'ergrown
With the tall grass and the rank water-weeds, are strown
With many lovely flowers that peep between,
Like stars 'mong midnight flowers; and many a scene
In school and chapel, wherein those bright eyes
Were all the eye and heart could recognise
Of bright in youth's bright world; all these came back,
Erasing from my mind the deep-worn track
Of misery's cloven foot, and making life
Seem free from all its error and its strife,—
From all its bitterness and blank despair.
Was this a vision? 'Twas a vision fair
As ever floated o'er a restless mind,—
As ever fled therefrom and left behind
Remembrance of its glory. The next day
I walked as usual on my lonely way
Among the myriads of a careless crowd,
With my own heart in its upbraidings loud,
That I should have exposed it thus again
To such a sad renewal of its pain. L. D.

REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, SIR HENRY RAEBURN, &c., &c.—No. III.

BY JOHN MORRISON.

Sir Walter was fond of talking of his uncle Thomas Scott of Monklaw, near Jedburgh; and said that he had been his early guardian when he was a little boy at Smailholm, and first mounted him on a pony. "He was," he said, "the best horse-jockey on the Border, though he was once outwitted. It is a custom on the evenings of horse-fair days to lead out the unsound animals when their blemishes cannot be observed, and cry, Helter for halter! that is, exchange horse for horse. My uncle had a blind one, which was fat and in excellent order. He fell in with a lean raw-boned horse, but in his mind younger than his own, which a little good keeping would soon bring round, and made the exchange; but on more closely inspecting the new horse, he turned out also to be blind, and not younger than his own. He had therefore received a *lean* blind horse for his *fat* blind horse." But telling the story, his uncle used to add, "I was not often outwitted."

"Morrison," said Sir Walter, "you must step over to Monklaw and paint my uncle's portrait. He is an excellent performer on the Northumberland bagpipe; and his son James plays the great Highland bagpipe with great taste. He will also delight you with his tales and anecdotes; some, perhaps, about myself, which I wish you would keep on your memory. My uncle tells of a most wonderful bagpipe which he constructed. He prepared a board, with a sufficient number of holes bored through it; and selected as many cats, and confined them in appropriate boxes with their tails out. These tails he introduced through the holes in his prepared board, and arranged them so as to form an octave or gamut. The first low or grave note was performed by a great tom cat: my uncle with a small stick giving the imprisoned tail a rap which caused the cat to cry out; and so, by selecting cats with the proper pitch of voice, he formed his scale; a kitten, of course, would perform the high notes." On this singular instrument Monklaw affirmed that he could play several slow tunes; but I never heard his performance.

About this time Mr. Shortrede, the Sheriff-substitute for Roxburghshire, came on a visit to Abbotsford. Scott and he had been early friends, and had ranged the Border together, collecting matter for the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Many of the songs were supplied by Mr. Shortrede himself, and sung in excellent style to the original airs—as, Jock o' the Side, Hobbie Noble, Johnny Armstrong, &c. On learning from Sir Walter that I was going to Monklaw to paint his uncle's portrait, Mr. Shortrede invited me to his house; and I shall never forget the kindness and attention I received in his family. They were all musical, particularly Mrs. Shortrede, who sung the softer Border airs, with the words, in a style that I have never heard equalled, as *The Lament of the Border Widow*, *Binnorie*, The *Wee Wee Man*, and numbers more. Mr. Alexander Campbell was sent here to collect for his work, and resided in the house of Mr. Shortrede, and wrote down all the above airs, which are to be found in his book, "Albyn's Anthology;" and, so far as I know, in no other work.

I found that Sir Walter had not overrated his uncle's powers, either as a tale-teller or performer on the bagpipe. "My nephew Walter was an auld-farrand boy, and is a strange chield," he said. "I had him under my charge at Sandyknowe. He used to argue every point with me, and would obey no order till he had examined its tendency; and he is still obstinate. He desired me to give his piper (Bruce) a few lessons, and sent him here for that purpose; but after having assured myself that the man had little talent for music, and told his master as much, 'Bruce,' said his master, 'is a good-looking fellow, and shall be equipped in the first style. I do not see the use of what you call a fine performer, and greatly prefer a bold, loud pipe; besides, I wish him to play the Pibroch, and that, you know, has neither beginning nor end. My cousin, your son James, does not play so loud a pipe as Bruce.' So you see," said Monklaw, "I thought on the Fable of the Cuckoo, Nightingale, and Ass, which last was made umpire of the melody. 'You have a very soft, pretty note,' said the ass to the nightingale; 'but for a strong, bold song, give me the cuckoo.'" I made a memorandum of this anecdote, which made Sir Walter laugh much.

"I expostulated with Walter," said Monklaw, "in one of his poems, where he says to the Teviot water,—

> Thy wild and willowëd shore.

Now there is not a willow wand grows from head to foot of it. I have heard him say that he was never in Melrose by moonlight."

I had made a drawing of Cauldshiels Loch, with the Eildon hills in the distance, where they, with their three tops, look very formal. "I do not think," said Sir Walter, "that the Rhymer has much improved the Eildon hills, by cleaving them in three; I would rather have had one good mountain."

"Parnassus, however," said I, "has two summits; and it is the *beau-ideal* of mountains. Your own verse has rendered the three summits immortal:—

> And warrior, I could tell to thee
> The words that cleft Eildon hills in three."

While painting Monklaw's portrait, I was engaged to paint several others in the neighbourhood. I also received a letter from Sir Walter, desiring me to paint a portrait of an acquaintance. "Paint Jamie Veitch; he is a most wonderful man. He not only makes the best ploughs and carts in the country, but the best telescopes. He has a side-

long kind of stealthy look, which is highly characteristic, which you would do well to consider; and do not forget his apron." The apron, however, Mr. Veitch did not approve of.

In the town of Jedburgh, and its neighbourhood, the name of Scott was in high estimation; and when, with the family of Mr. Shortrede, I visited the surrounding families, after the King the health of Sir Walter followed: himself and his books were the general theme of conversation, particularly at the tea-table. Every letter or card which I received while here, was requested as a particular favour; and to be under his patronage was a passport.

Having finished these commissions, I came to Edinburgh; the Court was sitting, and Sir Walter Scott in town. He seemed pleased with my portraits, and said, "You must also paint me Tam Purdie and Allister Dhu."

One Sunday I dined with him in Castle Street. Mr. Constable and the two Ballantynes were of the party. When I entered the library they were sitting in judgment on the portrait of Allister Dhu; and they all approved of the likeness. Sir Walter proposed that I should paint for him these three gentlemen; and, addressing them, said, "Constable and Ballantyne must sit: I wish to have a gallery of the portraits of all my friends." On going, Mr. Constable and I walked the same way home towards his house in Park Place, when he said to me, "I will pay my own portrait in books; and you will let me know what you would wish to have." I said, "It will be time enough when the portrait is painted; then you may send me ten guineas' worth of any books you think proper." Next day he sent me the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, then publishing, and continued it from time to time, as it appeared. Mr. Constable soon after sat to Mr. Raeburn, and the portrait turned out one of the best he had ever painted. Mr. Constable, on this, said to me, "You can paint me a landscape: I wish a drawing of Caerlaverock castle, as I understand that it sat for the portrait of Ellangowan in Guy Mannering." —"With respect to Guy Mannering," said I, "the scenery is completely Galloway."—"Do," said he, "tell me all about Guy Mannering."

"Colonel Mannering spends the afternoon in sketching some ruined abbeys in Dumfries-shire; and, after passing the town of Dumfries, rides thirty miles into Galloway, which would carry him nearly to the scenery alluded to. It lies near a point of land running into the sea, where a revenue cutter had an engagement with the smuggling lugger of the famous Yakins. From Ellangowan, Kennedy rides round to Wigtown to give information that a smuggler was on the coast. David M'Guffog was the baron-officer at the Ferrytown-of-Cree, the Portinferry of Guy Mannering; and Skyrburn, a sequestered romantic village, is Dercleugh, and was at one time the habitation of a gipsy gang. The mother of the notorious Jane Gordon, who sat for Meg Merrilees, is said to have been the last of the gipsies expelled by the proprietor. She was driving her only cow before her when she met the laird on horseback, with his servant. 'Woman,' said he, 'ye manna drive awa' the beast,—the rent 's no settled;' and, with his servant's assistance, he turned back the cow."

While residing in the house of Mr. Shortrede, in Jedburgh, he told me that it was rumoured, and believed by many in the country, that Gilbert Glossin was meant for himself. "And so, and Mr. Scott is the author. It is very unkind to an old acquaintance." I said to Mr. Shortrede that he might make himself perfectly easy on that point: the person who sat for the portrait of Gilbert Glossin was a John Bushby.

Soon after this, on meeting with Sir Walter, I asked if he had any guess who was meant by Gilbert Glossin; and mentioned the uneasy feelings of Mr. Shortrede on that point. "I have always understood that the 'Black-nebbit' Johnny of Robert Burns was the person who had sat for the picture of Glossin." On telling this to Mr. Shortrede, it gave him entire satisfaction.

Being in Edinburgh, I mentioned that I was about to make a short excursion over the Border, as far as Lannercost and Naworth castle. "I will," said Sir Walter, "write a list of what are the most interesting objects. If you go by Abbotsford, I have a day's work for you there. Have you read the 'Monastery,' which was published the other day? He or she, or whoever writes it, must have been in our neighbourhood. I wish that you would hunt me out this Fairy Glen, the Corrie-nan-Shian, Glendearg, &c.; and here is a copy of the book: take it in your hand. We are to be at Abbotsford in two days: you had better wander about till we arrive."

The route which he wrote out is now before me: —"Newark, Darnick, Melrose, Smailholm; a view from the Eildon Tree, looking down upon Old Melrose; Jedburgh Abbey; and, if you go by Hawick, the Peel of Goudielands. And as you purpose to go by Cannobie, Hermitage lies on your way. I should like much to have a drawing of Curdell castle, particularly the gate-way. You will then pass along the Roman wall to Lannercost and Naworth castle. Still further on, you will meet with Thirlwall castle, which is said to be the place where the Scots broke through the wall; and, if you have time, cross the country to Barnard castle, and I will give you a letter to my friend Mr. Morrit at Rokeby. The scenery at Greta Bridge is fine."

I was at Abbotsford two days before he arrived, and proceeded to explore the Fairy Glen. I crossed the Tweed, and ascended the Alnwyn,—a stream that passes through the valley,—and soon found myself in the Fairy Glen, among the beautiful green knolls formed by the action of the stream when at much higher level. The fairy stones, which a shepherd assisted me to pick up, confirmed the author's description to be correct.

On proceeding up the glen about three miles, I came to Hillslap Tower, with some fine old trees. It is a strong tower, and may well represent the Glendearg Tower of the "Monastery." There are two more strong houses, all within half-a-mile of each other, with some very old ash-trees. On proceeding further up, the glen began to narrow; and I observed a rocky eminence to the right, and a

small, sparkling stream descending, of which I conjectured the source must be the Fairy Well. On passing up to this rock, I was much delighted to find a beautiful holly-bush, and at the base of the rock a well, pure and sparkling. The sun was nearly sinking below the disc of the western hill, and tinted all the Fairy Well side of the Corrie-nan-Shian. I took off my shoe, and repeated the incantation—

"Thrice to the holly brake,
Thrice to the Well,
I bid thee awake,
White Maid of Avenel!"

I thought that I observed a thin, white mist beginning to dance on the surface of the Well; but it was only a dense group of midges revelling in the beams of the setting sun. I repeated the incantation; but the White Lady was not in the humour. I thought it might be too early for her ladyship, and proceeded to make a drawing of the rock, holly-bush, and Well. The sun was down, and gloaming began to spread her mantle over the scene. I again took off my shoe, and invoked the Maid of Avenel; but she still refused to make her appearance.

On Sir Walter's arrival I presented him with my portfolio. "Your drawings appear to be exactly what is described in the book. I am afraid, my friend, that your imagination has run away with your judgment; but Mr. Skene is to be here to-morrow, and these pretty drawings shall be put to the test."

Mr. and Mrs. Skene arrived. "Now," said he, "Morrison, we are bound for the Corrie-nan-Shian, to prove your drawings." We were mounted on ponies, &c., Scott, Skene, Laidlaw, Charles, Tam Purdie, and myself. Tam Purdie had charge of a bottle of whisky and a glass, to have some grog from the Fairy Well.

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On Lady Byron's visit to Edinburgh, she had a letter from some London bookseller to Robert Miller,* who escorted her about the place. I met them on the walk round the base of Salisbury Craigs, with another lady in company. After having passed, he turned back and whispered, "That is the great Lady Byron."

"She is," said I, "very little. Does she speak much?"

"No," said he; "very little. She has an elegant taste for music. Call at the shop, and I will tell you about it."

On afterwards calling, I found that he had whistled Highland Laddie, and other Scots airs; "with which," said he, "her Ladyship is highly delighted."

At this meeting I made a cast round, and met them at Holyroodhouse, on their return. I saw a pale little woman, which, contrasted with Mr. Bobby's bluff face and figure, made the contrast still greater. I saw her again at Abbotsford; but for a few minutes only. I had come in soon after dinner, and I had just drank one or two glasses of wine, and had a tolerable survey of her Ladyship, when a servant announced that Lady Byron's carriage was waiting; which surprised the family much, for she had given no intimation of her departure. She had written to Selkirk for post-horses, and intended to proceed that night to Hawick, a good stage of 14 or 16 miles. On speaking of her afterwards, "She is," said Sir Walter, "a cold-blooded little woman."

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When, in 1823, Miss Edgeworth visited Abbotsford, I was not in the country. She sat on a cushion, I was told, at Sir Walter's knee, looking up in his face, and talked much. She is a little body; "But she has," said Sir Walter, "the mind of a giant."

I met her in York Place, in the painting-gallery of Sir Henry Raeburn, who told me there was an excursion projected to Fife, to visit the castle of Ravensheugh; "and maybe," said he, "as far as St. Andrews. You had better accompany us as topographer-general." I was unfortunately engaged, on the day fixed, to be examined before a committee respecting an estate of which I had made a survey and plan. This engagement I much regretted, and was strongly tempted to break through every restraint; but Sir Walter said that I could not do so.

During their excursion the weather was hot; and Sir Henry, not accustomed to long walking, and exposed, although in summer, to the keen air of Fife, had taken cold; and particularly as, Sir Walter observed, he walked with his hat in his hand, Miss Edgeworth having hold of the other arm. On the day after his return, he walked to his gallery in York Place, and proceeded to touch the portrait of a Mrs. Dennistoun, but was unable to proceed. He walked home, and, with considerable headache, went to bed, from whence he never arose. Sir Walter regretted his death, and was much affected. "I never knew Raeburn, I may say," was his remark, "till during his painting my last portrait. His conversation was rich, and he told his story well. His manly stride backwards, as he went to contemplate his work at a proper distance, and, when resolved on the necessary point to be touched, his step forward, were magnificent. I see him, in my mind's eye, with his hand under his chin, contemplating his picture: which position always brought me in mind of a figure of Jupiter which I have somewhere seen."

When Sir Henry Raeburn was first taken ill, I was some miles from town, but had occasion to return to have my surveying instrument repaired; and, hearing of his illness, I had called down late in the evening to inquire for him. The servants told me that every hope of his recovery was over,—that he was lying motionless on his bed, and the family had retired. I mentioned to the servant who was in waiting and used to arrange his palette, that I wished much to have a last look, to which he readily agreed. It was about twenty-four hours before his death: he was lying motion-

* Late bookseller in Edinburgh, and among the last of the Old School of Edinburgh Bibliopoles; gentlemanly, jovial, and of elaborate courtesy. Mr. Miller's elegantly furnished back-shop was, until his death, the boudoir of the Edinburgh *Blues*, whom the spirit of trade has now, we fear, driven from all such retreats. Mr. Miller was a famous whistler.

less, with his eyes shut, but not asleep. I touched softly the hand which was lying across his breast, —that hand which had been so often stretched out to welcome me. "When you are in Edinburgh," he had said, "take your lodgings near York Place, and Robert will bring you up a palette and canvass at any time; or, having little else to do, he will grind you a set of colours; and any query you think necessary to put shall be readily answered. But, indeed, a word goes in at one ear and out at the other; so, if you will write down your query, I will write the answer under it."

I have a book containing thirty-six queries so put by me, with Sir Henry's answers. Sir Walter Scott expressed a strong wish to see these queries and answers; and after reading them, said, "They will some day be worth a hundred pounds."

Prior to this excursion with Miss Edgeworth, Sir Henry had symptoms of falling off. "I sometimes," he previously said, "lose sight of the picture, and stand still in a kind of dream; while the picture changes its aspect, and sometimes looks to be composed of many figures. A few days ago one of my teeth fell out; it was fresh and good, and gave me no pain. To-day the same thing happened: the tooth was one of my best. It came out, or rather fell out, without giving me any pain; and no blood followed." On my mentioning this to Dr. Saunders, who attended him at his death, "I wish," said the Doctor, "that I had known of these symptoms sooner." Miss Edgeworth was still in Scotland at Sir Henry's death. He had purposed taking her portrait for his own private gallery, which contains most of the celebrated characters in Edinburgh, and which is now in the possession of his only son.

Sir Walter Scott proposed having a map to illustrate the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and desired me to construct one from Selkirk, Roxburgh, and Dumfries shires. I stated that a map was already in preparation from the National Survey, and was engraving in the Tower, of much more perfect workmanship and accuracy than could be produced by any individual, and at a fourth of the price; and that a square, containing any county in Scotland, would, in a short time, be forthcoming.

From Abbotsford, after the visit I have mentioned, made with Sir Walter, to the scene of the White Lady, I accompanied him to Edinburgh in his carriage. He had some observation to make on every passing scene. "There," said he, on passing Torwoodlee, "and farther west to Caddenhead, was the hunting-ground of Thomas the Rhymer."—"Yes," said I,—

> They roused the deer from Caddenhead
> To distant Torwoodlee.

"In some of these broomy fields across the Gala Water, the lassie lost her silken snood, poor thing:

> Down among the broom, the broom,
> And down among the broom, my dearie,
> The lassie lost her silken snood—
> That makes her look sae wae and wearie."

Sir Walter desired me to repeat him some of my poems. "I will," said I, "repeat you an ode for the anniversary of Burns' dinner at Dumfries. In your Review of Cromek's Reliques there is a ridiculous story of a sword-stick told you by Mr. Syme. Now my uncle, Mr. Boyd, was present, and gives a very different turn to the story. The whole was a piece of rodomontade, and acted entirely for effect." Mr. Syme was reproving Burns for some of his irregularities, when Burns started up and made the exhibition alluded to.

"I have ever thought," said Sir Walter, "that it was a ridiculous story, and am sorry that it was ever mentioned. As you are from the same place, did you know anything of my old friend Thomas Douglas Earl of Selkirk? I have known little of him since he became Earl; but we were members of the same club, and passed advocate about the same time. We once formed a party to have a sail and visit Inchcolm, [a small island in the Firth of Forth, where there is the ruin of an old monastery.] My friends, William Erskine, William Clerk, and others, were of the party. We landed, spread our scrips, and made a hearty dinner. In the meantime it had come on to blow; and the sea became so rough, that we durst not launch our boat. We, therefore, made up our minds to pass the night on the island; and, with the sails of our boat, constructed a tent; and having plenty to eat and drink, determined to be happy in spite of wind or weather. Tom Douglas was the most romantic of us all, and strolled about the monastery, repeating verses applicable to our situation."

"If," said I, "his Lordship spouted poetry, he must have been very different from what I knew him. He first brought me to Edinburgh, and took considerable charge of my studies. Once, in my absence, he called at my lodgings, and said to the landlady 'that being a friend, he would wait for my return.' He inquired most particularly respecting my walk and conversation; what I ate and drank; whether I rose early; what time I went to bed; if I saw much company, &c.; and had left before I came home. On the following day I received a note to call. On going, he looked grave. I did not much like his appearance. 'Morrison,' said he, 'I called at your lodgings yesterday, and was disappointed to observe the arrangement of your studies. Instead of books of science, I found Shakspere, Ossian, and other stuff. I even saw a violin, and books of music! What have you to do with such trumpery? A lad like you, fighting for your existence, ought to mind nothing but the sternly useful.' I answered that I could not live without such articles about me; that constant application to the sternly useful would drive me stupid; but that a little relaxation of that nature prepared me for closer application.—'Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.'

"'Well, well,' said he, half laughing; 'but let me advise you to let those trifling amusements occupy as little of your time as possible.' I was," I told Sir Walter, "well acquainted with his Lordship, and read under his eye the first six books of Euclid; received from him much instruction in drawing; and had liberty to borrow any book from the library at St. Mary's Isle, which was magnificent in books of prints, and everything connected with the study of drawing." I added, that some of his letters in my possession proved his accomplished taste in painting, and its connecting studies.

"I have heard something of your acquaintance

with my old friend, and that the whole correspondence is romantic. I should like to see some of these letters. Also, if you have made any memorandums, I should wish to have a sight of those along with the letters." On returning the letters referred to, —"They are splendid," said Sir Walter; "and show his Lordship in an entirely new point of view. One letter, in particular, gives the best instructions to the student in painting that I ever read; and his letter to Major Dawson is excellent. He has watched over your studies with the greatest care. I have also heard of your proposed voyage to America."—"I have," said I, "a Journal of my whole acquaintance and adventures with his Lordship, which I have not looked into for many years. It contains a Tour among the Hebrides, particularly in Mull and Skye, which I made by the advice of the Earl when we parted at Tobermory."—"Do," said Sir Walter, "let me see it by all means. Come to-morrow, and Allister Dhu shall read it."

[Though this Tour in the Hebrides has but slight connexion with Mr. Morrison's Reminiscences of Scott, it is in itself a somewhat remarkable production. Nowhere has steam navigation, and the facilities of intercourse which it affords, effected a more rapid change in manners than in the Islands of the Hebrides, which, save for this discovery, might have remained much as Martin or Dr. Johnson describes them for centuries more. In Mr. Douglas, afterwards the Earl of Selkirk, Mr. Morrison seems to have found a liberal, a really kind and considerate, besides an enlightened patron; yet the history of their connexion makes it doubtful if ever any patronage benefited a young artist, except giving him occasionally a generous order for some specimen of his art. When Lord Selkirk went out with the first detachment of those colonists whom he wished to settle on his Canadian territory, he invited Mr. Morrison to accompany him on the expedition; which Morrison did, though he was fated not to get farther than the Island of Mull. Lord Selkirk and his emigrants were detained at Tobermory, from some misunderstanding with the custom-house; and disappointment as to ulterior views having arisen between the Earl and his protegé, Mr. Morrison was to return to Dumfries; but he resolved first to see something of the Hebrides and the Highlands. By selling the most of his outfit to the emigrants he raised the necessary supplies. The Earl also gave him five guineas as pre-payment of five sketches that were to be made in the course of the Tour; and he set forth on the discursive ramble, which we shall leave him to describe. His friend the Ettrick Shepherd has recorded a voyage of discovery to the same misty regions some years later. Both these tours contrast singularly with those undertaken in our times, though only forty years have elapsed. Thus Mr. Morrison sets forth.]

"From Tobermory I walked down the Sound to Arros, where there is an old castle, and from thence to the head of Loch Na-Keal, where I found a boat with a number of young men about to embark. I inquired whither they were bound. They said for Iona; that they had plenty of provisions, and invited me to come on board. They were purchasing whisky from a person who had a *still* in the neighbourhood, with whom they seemed well acquainted. I purchased a gallon as my contribution. They bought two more. They had also cold fowls, roast beef, hams, with bread and cheese in abundance. We commenced fishing, and were very successful. We called at a farmer's house, and were invited to dinner. The lady played very gracefully on the guitar, and accompanied with her voice in Gaelic; the subject was from Ossian, and the air of the same age, very plaintive and beautiful. We went to visit a cave, and landed on Inch Kenneth, the former residence of Sir Allan Maclean, where Dr. Johnson was entertained. The island was now without an inhabitant. It was now too late for gaining Iona, so we landed in Mull, and were hospitably entertained at the house of a clergyman: a most hospitable gentleman, with a numerous family of daughters. After tea, we were entertained by the young ladies with some excellent ghost stories; the scene of one of which was not fifty yards from where we were sitting. A young lady, the beauty of the country, was about to be married, and, with her betrothed and many friends, was making merry on the green, when a handsome youth on horseback made his appearance, and at once rode up and whispered in the bride's ear; on which she at once sprung up behind him, and they galloped off like the wind, and were never seen or heard of more, except on the anniversary of their flight, when the horse with his riders is seen galloping round the green. The young lady is said to have been very proud and fickle, and her lover some air or water spirit, and she was thus punished; so that the tale is not without a moral. We sat up late after supper, and were entertained by other tales of the same kind: one of a mermaid who carried away a young man, and kept him for seven years in a palace studded with precious stones. She allowed him to come to land and visit his friends, who could see no symptoms of approaching age; indeed, he himself thought that he had been absent a day only. He, however, declined to return, and removed more inland. The mermaid was often heard lamenting on the shore and singing a mournful ditty, which, with its original tune, was sung by a young lady of the company.

In the morning the minister paid us a visit in our bed-room, with the family whisky bottle under his arm, and gave us the morning dram. After an excellent breakfast, we pursued our voyage, and soon landed on Iona, the sacred island of St. Columba. After visiting the graves of the kings, Scots, Irish, and Norwegian, the Crosses and monastery, I proceeded to draw, my young friends forming a circle around me, with a bottle of mountain dew and some biscuit. Previous to this we had secured a room in the public-house, landed our provisions, and moored our boat. I continued drawing for several hours; and in the meantime it was agreed that we should pass the night on holy ground. I was anxious to draw as long as possible, knowing that there would be little time after dinner; and I found my companions very accommodating. We had caught plenty of fish, and had it both boiled and broiled in excellent style; which, with our cold roast-beef and pie, made a sumptuous

feast. We had also plenty of sugar to make our toddy. In order to prevent too much drinking, I proposed having a walk; that we should ascend Dun I,—that is, the Hill of God,—and see the sun setting on the Atlantic; which was unanimously seconded. The hill is said to be 500 feet high. I should think that it is more; but I had no means of ascertaining it. The sea was smooth as glass, with all the islands to the west—Coll, Tiree, the Dutchman's Cap, and others, with the sun three diameters of himself above the sea line. We descended, and returned by the Abbot's Walk, where we saw, in a bog, some remains of birch-wood. Some old people recollected having seen decaying trees, that appeared to have been planted in rows, forming an avenue; and, indeed, all the mosses or bogs contain the remains of wood, which is said at one time to have covered the island. At present, there is not one bush growing on the island. We returned to our inn through the burying-ground, and examined the Day of Judgment Stone, or *Clach-brath*. Three stones, of about 3 or 4 lbs. weight, were placed on a thruch-stone at a considerable distance from each other. Every stranger must give each of these stones a turn round; and they must have often been turned, for each has worn a hollow or pot from the repeated action of turning round. When the grave-stone, on which the *Clach-brath* are placed, shall be worn through, so that the stones shall fall to the ground, then comes the end of the world, and Day of Judgment! It is accounted unlucky not to turn these stones; and equally so to turn them more than once round. In the evening, as we returned by the ruins of the Nunnery, we observed thousands of starlings returning from the sea-shore to their lodgings in the walls of the building. These holes, or nests, they had formed by picking out the mortar and small stones; and at each hole the owner was sitting half in and half out, chattering to his neighbour, or to ourselves. They appeared not in the least disturbed by our presence, though we were standing not more than three yards from the wall. If not speaking to us, it is at least probable that we were the subject of their conversation. The daws were also returning to the abbey. The starlings and daws form distinct and separate establishments, the one not intruding on the other; and are held sacred by the people. They are thought to be the souls of the monks and nuns, and are not allowed to be molested. Some dandy tourists, visiting the island, commenced shooting the birds; and after being warned, still persisted. They were instantly seized, and underwent a severe ducking.

On arriving at our inn we had good tea, which had been brought from the mainland, with excellent fish and ham; and finished with toddy of the best quality.

There was but one bed, which, it was insisted, I should occupy, being the stranger. The rest of the party were to sit up, and drink *moderately*. This preference I declined; when it was concluded that we should occupy the bed by turns, and that I should take the first. We, however, sat singing and telling tales till midnight. I went to bed, which was in a separate apartment; but the people of the inn contrived to make up a succession of beds, or shake-downs, all round the room; and when I awoke, for the first time, about four o'clock, on going into the room, I found my new friends all fast asleep.

The sun was just rising over the mountains of Mull; and on going out, I found my old friends, the starlings, at their morning's conversation, consulting, I suppose, in what direction they were to take their flight; which is, I was informed, always regulated by the point from which the wind is blowing, which best answers their feeding-ground. I stood very near; but they did not seem in the least alarmed, and kept chattering away. After I had retreated to a considerable distance, they all took flight in the direction of Mull, which is their feeding-ground. I was soon joined by most of the company, who brought along with them the morning dram, and stood and overlooked my drawing, which I continued till the hour of breakfast. After breakfast we embarked for Staffa, and had a pleasant sail, the morning being beautiful. After reading Sir Joseph Banks' and Pennant's description, I was disappointed in Staffa; which, however, must strike every beholder with wonder. On entering the cave, the action and swell of the water below makes one giddy. My attention was directed to a sound, which was not the immediate action of the waves rising and falling within the cave: for I was told that it was the music of an enchanted organ, played by a wizard; which all my companions firmly believed. It appeared to me to be an echo, from the roof of the cave, of the rushing of the waves, which rose and fell not less than fifteen feet. When our piper played a pibroch, the music of the waves drowned or softened down the harsh sound of the bagpipe, which discoursed most excellent music. I recommend all performers on the great pipe to go to this cave, at least once in their lives, and get a lesson.

We landed on the island; and as the sea was becoming rough, we felt the ground trembling under our feet. A family once resided on Staffa; but they were afraid, one stormy night, that the island might fall to pieces; and left as soon as a boat could be launched. Here we spread the feast, having seated ourselves immediately above Fingal's Cave. The day was fine; but a heavy sea was setting into the cave. The sound was musical, and the ground beneath us was still trembling. Our glasses and plates felt the motion, and made a small clattering noise.

From Staffa we landed on Ulva, where I found a boat preparing to sail for Rasay, which, in passing the strait between Glenelg and Skye, could readily land me on that island. The boatman offered to carry me for half-a-crown, including provisions; but this last was unnecessary, as my friends, from our boat, put me up a basket of biscuit, ham, cheese, and three bottles of whisky, which was the half of our remaining stock. As my boat was not to sail till the evening, we had tea and toddy before parting. Some years after this, I had it in my power to be useful to two of those young men, when they were attending college in Edinburgh.

We had a good voyage to the ferry betwixt

Glenelg and Skye; and in order that I might have a view of Skye as an island, I was landed on the shore of Glenelg, from which the view of the Cuchullin mountains is magnificent! I was ferried over to Skye, and walked about fifteen miles to Dunscaich castle of Cuchullin, "the noble son of Semno." I rested on the rock, which affords the best view of the sea towards Ireland, and thought of the spouse of the car-borne chief of the Isle of Mist:—

Dost thou raise thy fair face from the rock to find the sails of Cuchullin? Return, my love, for it is night.

What remains of the castle is not much; but the view towards Strathaird, Coruishk, and the whole range of the Cuchullin mountains, is a scene of gloomy grandeur that I have never seen equalled.

From Dunscaich I engaged a boat to cast me over to Coruishk at once, a distance of about seven miles. I sat in the stern of the boat, and kept drawing the varying outline of the scene before me, which I was approaching. On landing, I began to ascend the Cuchullin mountains to the west of Coruishk. The view to the west, with all its islands, is very fine; and from the edge of the summit, to look down into the dark waters of Coruishk, is not unmixed with terror. To the north and east, the mountains enclosing the lake are of most rugged character; and beyond the first range, enclosing the lake of Coruishk, the mountains seem much higher. They are, I was informed, the highest in Skye.

The sun was about an hour from sinking in the ocean, which was smooth and of a rich yellow. I began to think, like Edom of Gordon, "of drawing to some hauld," and descended down Strath Na, a valley to the north. I had not walked a mile downward till I met a shepherd, and inquired if a public-house was near. "You can be at no loss," said he; "for the first house that you come to will be happy to receive you. I will go with you." We soon arrived at, and entered the cottage. I asked for whisky, intending to treat my guide, when a good-looking young woman put down glasses, and a bottle and whisky of the finest quality, and said that tea would soon be ready. I observed the whisky was fine—

"Yes," said he; "I made it."

"Then this is your house?"

"It is," said he; "and that is my sister. You are in no public-house; but make equally free."

The tea came, and was excellent, with eggs, ham, cakes, &c. The sister had been in Glasgow for years with a lady, and understood housekeeping well. My bed-room and bed were very neat. In the morning we had an early breakfast, and the shepherd proposed to instruct me the proper route of descending to the Glen of Ghosts, and insisted that I should return in the evening.

(To be continued.)

VERSES ON FREE TRADE. BY A LADY.

Genius of England, hail! All hail! With hopeful hearts we trace
A bright'ning beam within thine eye, a smile upon thy face.
Genius of England, Commerce, hail! Soon shalt thou rise again
To feed, with free, unshackled hand, the pining artisan!
Yes, thou shalt rise, and spring aloft with bold, elastic bound;
Spread thy broad wings, and speed afar wherever man is found;
Shalt traverse every ocean path, through distant regions roam,
To bring back plenty, peace, and joy, to this thy island home,
Exulting in thy boundless course! spite of that ruthless band,
Whose sordid grasp sent Famine forth to stalk through all the land;
Who bound thee down with heavy chains, which made thee droop and die,
Thy vital essence freedom is—Thy wings were meant to fly!
That band whose mean and cruel laws kept thee a fetter'd slave,
And tore from us the sacred right that God and Nature gave,
To feed ourselves, as best we might, with Labour's honest hand,
And seek our food where cheapest found, though on a foreign strand.
That blind and suicidal band destroyed a nation's weal,
And marr'd their own prosperity, for which alone they feel.

Oh, you brave champions of our cause, who boldly flung the gage—
The sturdy gage of battle down, a dauntless war to wage
With the dark fiend Monopoly, whose pestilential breath,
Like Upas-shade, had doom'd the poor to slow and lingering death!
On! on! ye peaceful warriors! and heed not though ye find
That feebler spirits shrink aghast before the march of mind!
Or while the struggle lasts look on, supine, and half-afraid,
Who, when the victory is won, will rush to offer aid!
But though the crowd may stand aloof, your friends are firm and true;
To the good cause devoted all; through life to that and you!
And though your foes, with slanderous lies, may seek to blast your fame;
In England's annals shall be found, inscribed, each honour'd name!
When you your noble task have done; when Trade again is free;
And every willing hand may work; your high reward shall be
To mark the smile on Labour's face; to see the humble thrive;
To listen to the cheerful hum through all the busy hive:
When shall you hear their grateful shouts in pealing echoes rise,
Then may you "read your history within a nation's eyes!"

MINOR SPANISH POETRY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Having, not long since, invited the literary reader to accompany us in a rapid survey of the French Minor Poets, we had designed to introduce him in the same manner to the most considerable Spanish authors of this class; and so afford him the double pleasure of enjoying in themselves, and of comparing their productions with those of a different soil. But the task is quite beyond our present means. In proposing to undertake it, we thought only of the many beauties which it would be a pleasure to depict; forgetting how wide the canvass must be to contain them in any reasonable proportion. Not that this wealth of poetry has in itself anything likely to confuse or weary the true "Servant of the Lamp," who may be permitted to count it. He could desire no better task than to turn, for a while, from the anxious realities of the day, to a world where everything is youthful and joyous, and seems to glow in an atmosphere of sunshine and fragrance. It would be a welcome labour to follow, step by step, the line of Singers that brighten three centuries of Spanish history;—to see them towering in the monarch's court, and on the field of battle, as well as kneeling in the lady's bower, or reclined at ease by the waters of the Guadalquiver;—the most extraordinary race of men that ever carried the cognizance of Poetry through every scene of an eventful and picturesque era. Surrounded by the images of a time when the power, the chivalry, and the splendour of Spain were the wonder and envy of Europe, the lover of poetry would trace the influence which these circumstances, the softness of a voluptuous climate, the presence and the subjection of their Moorish invaders, had alternately exercised on the genius of poets who were not recluse or low in station, but partook intensely of the spirit of the time, and were themselves amongst its most distinguished personages:—soldiers, statesmen, courtiers,—the flower of the gentry of Spain. Amongst these it would be no idle delight to linger, observing the peculiar graces of each, learning from each his proper accents, and celebrating all that was most distinguished by genius, personal eminence, or adventure, throughout the shining procession. *Sed Cynthius aurem vellit.* Few of our readers, we fear, are now ready for so long a pilgrimage to the past. The English men of this day, like the Roman ladies of a former time, have a great toleration for less fragrant things, but soon grow sick of flowers. We must spare them our bede-roll of worthies; we cannot reconcile ourselves to capriciously honouring a few, to the exclusion of others equally deserving. For this reason, we do not attempt to describe the Minor Spanish Poets. A description from which two-thirds of what is excellent must be left out, would be little better than a deception; and to do justice even to the remaining third would require sheets, where our poor efforts must be contented with pages.

But, although compelled to abandon the purpose of depicting, in order, the Minor Poets, we may at least venture to touch upon some portions of the Minor Poetry of Spain; and, from a few of its choicer fruits, give an idea of the riches of the land in which they grew. Any of its fields, indeed, is too fertile to be exhausted in one progress; and as here our journey must be short, and our scrip is but scanty, it will be expedient to confine within a certain range the present gleaning, and ask leave to come again and gather on some future day.

From very early times Spain had a poetry of her own: a spontaneous growth of the soil, instinct with the properties which belonged to her climate and history, and coloured by the dispositions which both had fostered. The warm blood of the south, chivalrous Gothic feeling, and a tinge of Oriental imagination, were all blended in the Spanish poet; in whom the utterance of song was the unstudied expression of his daily emotions. In a nation endowed with a highly poetical temperament, and possessed of two languages (the Catalan and the Castilian) which ran almost spontaneously into numbers, the birth of song, allied to music, was almost coeval with its existence. The progress of national independence was favourable to the advance of the national poetry; and the union of Ferdinand and Isabella not only raised the kingdom to a new splendour, but served the fortunes of the art by giving to the Castilian language the supremacy throughout Spain. In this language a rich and popular poetry, closely interwoven with the habits and feelings of every class, had existed long before scholars and admirers of foreign literature began to train and cultivate it. It was never wholly subdued to academic restraint; nor were the national modes at any time banished by the imitations of Latin or Italian authors. By the side of these ornamented beauties, the healthy offspring of the soil still ran on in gipsy freedom, laughing and ogling with a grace so ingenuous and charming, that even the gravest could not refrain from stopping to toy with the winning child of nature. The rivalry, or rather dualism, which thus existed, has given to Spanish poetry a character far more varied than appears in nations where it never has been, or has ceased to be, a concern of the people, as well as a luxury of the higher classes; and where one style for a time prevails over all others, with a progressive culture, each stage of which defines all contemporary productions of the art, and gives them a common likeness. Such a literature can be more easily followed, and represented by a few specimens from each successive period. But the Spanish muses are not so tractable. To say nothing of heroic legends, * and doctrinal poems, which are foreign to the subject of this essay, the romance, the seguidilla, and the copla, or stanza sung to the national dances, had been long established, and were all but perfect be-

* We allude to the *Poema del Cid*, the *Alexandro Magno*, the *Poesias of the Arcipreste de Hita*, &c., &c.

fore Boscan ventured to tread in the steps of Petrarca. They have survived the whole race of artificial poetry, and during its best days were perpetually mingled with it; and while this alliance gave birth to infinite varieties of composition, they became themselves beautified and improved. The popular strains, without losing their freedom, grew into elegance, and spoke a purer language. The foreign manner was softened and strengthened in turns by the influence of the native poetry; and from their reciprocal influence and union, there arose an abundance of lovely creations, partaking of the graces of each, with a certain new charm possessed by neither. A poetical literature thus composed, is difficult to describe by specimens and general characteristics in proportion as it is various and delightful.

The Italian style was introduced by Boscan; and after him Garcilaso, Herrera, and many other men of genius, cultivated it with success, often approaching, and at times surpassing the originals which they copied. But while thus engaged, the same poets often relaxed themselves with writing in the national mode, adding to its simplicity and ease the polish of a newly-refined taste. Amongst these, from the latter half of the sixteenth, to the beginning of the seventeenth century, the most charming of the minor poems of Spain must be sought. They are little known in England; where our popular conceptions of Spanish poetry are almost exclusively founded on the romances, (of which, thanks to Mr. Lockhart, all have heard;) on some Eclogues of Garcilaso; and a far off-notion, perhaps, of Ercilla's Araacana. Many educated readers hardly suspect the existence of a family of poets as highly cultivated as the more celebrated Italians, and adding to their suavity and skill a certain dignity belonging to the Spanish language, and once possessed by the national character. Still less seems to be known of the mixed productions in the popular style, which succeeded the romances; so that in attempting to afford some remote idea of these truly characteristic compositions, we may render a welcome service to those who still can enjoy the utterances of poetry.

The period we shall select extends from the era of Boscan (1520) down to Quevedo (1580.) In these years the nation had not yet lost the energy which was undermined by the destruction of its freedom: the language had reached its utmost beauty, and retained all its strength; and poetry was still free from the affectations introduced by Gongora. The literature of this period was at one time justly admired and studied in England; where many poets, from Davenant down to Prior, enriched themselves with ideas gathered, without acknowledgment, from its authors. In the present day, the state of our popular information on the subject may be collected from the fact that Mr. D'Israeli, a writer of many volumes, could venture, in a revised edition of his "Curiosities," published in 1841, after twenty years' interval, to repeat, without dread of immediate exposure, an assertion, which he has stolen from some French pretender to letters:—that Spain has nothing worth reading but the Don Quixote! What an outcry should we raise against the foreign writer who described Paradise Lost as the only poem that England has produced!

In all languages the first and sweetest theme of lyrical poetry is Love. In the Spanish it is beyond all measure predominant; and for tenderness, purity, and various grace, there is nothing within the compass of European literature that can be compared to many of the Castilian love songs. It was natural that this delightful passion should be sung with unusual warmth, where a glowing climate fired the imagination, and the facility of musical utterance aided the display of a devotion to women, which was the boast of Christian Spain, although it had unconsciously borrowed much of its tone from the hyperbolic fictions of Moorish poetry. The elaborate love poems in the "cultivated" style, especially, are to our feelings overstrained, and generally wearisome. But even in his most far-sought images, there is an intensity of manner in the Castilian lover, which redeems them from the charge of affectation. The language which would be absurd in the complaint of an amorous son of the north, ceases to seem unnatural when it flows from the native of a burning region, where love was (and to this day is) the master-passion,—not of the young only; and where the freaks of amorous extravagance were practised without exciting wonder or disapprobation, by men advanced in years, and charged with the gravest offices of state. The great historian Hurtado de Mendoza, the soldier and patron of learning, whom Charles the Fifth selected as his representative at the Council of Trent, was banished, in his sixtieth year, from court, for throwing out of a window his rival in some love quarrel! To one of this fiery temperament, expressions which seem mere raving to us, would be quite natural; and the tempestuous idea of love which he has depicted in the following sonnet, (extracted from the scarce remains of this distinguished author,) possessed, to him, a reality which seems to pervade its very extravagance:—

Lukewarm in Love, O never let me feel,
  But inly freeze or burn in ardent flame!
  If love the mind unseat not from its frame,
Its pain no pain becomes, its joys unreal.
He little loves whose sense Love cannot steal,
  And mock his wit, and all his wisdom shame:—
  May love ne'er vanquish, but indifference tame
The man that better thinks with Love to deal!
As ships storm-driven in a starless night,
  Near rocky barriers, by a raging blast,
Trust to the gale, and the waste ocean seek:
So I, afraid to find my sorrow's wreck,
New evil heaping on my evil plight,
  Set my sole fortune on a desperate cast!

But we shall not detain the reader with such high-flown imaginations, but seek a more natural and varied expression of the sorrows and delights of love, in the canciones, or songs in the popular manner. These compositions, beside the happy choice of their subjects, and the delicious untranslateable ease of the verse, have other excellencies, which lie deep in the genuine poetical growth of the class. The several modes of life and feeling depicted, have a vivacity which no mere fiction ever possessed: the strain is not the curious description of a bystander, but lives and breathes in

the very being of the objects to which it belongs. It must be felt at once that the charm is by no means owing to the art of the composition, exquisite as its structure and verse may be; but to the heart and life of a people which is thrown into these melodious forms. The poet is lost sight of; and in his place appear in succession the several figures which he has created, each with his own accents, breathing of the passion that rejoices or torments him. Here, for instance, is a dialogue which has doubtless had many a repetition on the slopes of the Sierra de Ronda, or in the Valencian hills, where the fair herdmaidens, like the Sennerinnen of the Tyrol, are left in the mountains in charge alike of their herds and of their maiden treasure. The author is the celebrated MONTEMAYOR, author of the Diana, and one of the earliest poets in our list, having been born in 1520. The form of the composition is a popular one in Spain, —most of the canciones beginning with a kind of short theme or text, which defines the scope of the piece, and is repeated at the close of the strain.*

Give me shelter in thy dwelling,
Maid! so guard thee Heaven from ill!
Think 'tis freezing on the hill.

"Open, maiden! I am weary,
And the hills are lone and dreary."
"In a word I'll answer thee,
What thou wouldst may never be."
—"Ah, no comfort then for me!
Can thy heart no pity thrill?
Think 'tis freezing on the hill.

"Tell me why thy heart, unfeeling,
Knows my pain, denies its healing?"
—"Youth, the wound I must not bind,
Lest myself a wound should find."
—"Oh, was coyness c'er so blind,—
Either heal me, sweet, or kill!
Think 'tis freezing on the hill.

"Shepherd maid, why wilt not hear me?"
—"Shepherd boy, because I fear me;
And the care for virgin state,
Bids me welcome none so late."
—"Fairest, why on trifles wait?
Once, but once, my anguish still!
Think 'tis freezing on the hill."

"Is it but a trifle, stranger,
Maiden fame to put in danger?"
—"Trifles, ay! beneath our care,
All that is not loving are!
Grant this favour, then, my fair,
So may Heaven thy prayers fulfil!
Think 'tis freezing on the hill."

Another feature of Spanish life in the sixteenth century has furnished the subject of the following charming lament, to no less a writer than FRANCISCO BORJA, Prince de Esquillache, who flourished towards the end of the sixteenth century. Although amongst the highest in Spain, and distinguished by great charges, both in the old and new world, he was one of the most sweet and natural of the poets that chose the popular style; and is now only remembered for the graceful tenderness of his verses. In his day a considerable part of the royal navy consisted of galleys, which swept the coasts to protect them from the corsairs of Barbary, and during the winter were stationed in the principal harbours. Their officers were chosen amongst the chief families of Spain. One of these has but too well employed the period of his stay in Seville. The order has come to weigh anchor, or a gale of wind drives the fleet to sea; and the forsaken maiden sees her lover depart, most likely for ever!

On my lost joy I call,
Sighing on shore:
And the fleet galleys
Ply the quick oar!

O mother! forsaking
The waves of our bay,
The galleys fly, taking
My lover away!
The louder I call them,
The faster they sail;
O! who can enthrall them
That fly with the gale?
My sighs are but zephyrs
That wing them the more
The more my grief ever
Would turn them to shore.
To tempests they leave us,
Whom tempests unchain,
The parting is grievous:
'Tis grief to remain!

On my lost love I call,
Sighing on shore:
And the fleet galleys
Ply the quick oar!

O mother! what trust is
In dwellings that flee?
What hope in love's justice
That rocks with the sea?
So lightsomely roving,
What lengths will they go!
And he that 's still moving,
Will stumble, we know.
The glass of clear ocean
To fragments they break:
All things that they touch on,
Of changes partake!
There ne'er was relying
On billow or breeze;
O! would that my sighing
Were fickle as these!

On my lost love I call,
Sighing on shore:
And the fleet galleys
Ply the quick oar!

In a warm climate, the fervour of mid-day is passed in sleep; and thus the Spanish lover was often enchanted by the most touching object that tenderness can dwell upon—the slumber of a beloved and fragile being, which, at times, he was permitted to watch. To this subject, in an infinite number of variations, all charming and fanciful, the Spanish poets have devoted an especial fondness; and it is almost impossible to resist the dreamy softness which floats through the strains in which sleep ministers to the spirit of Love. The following charming little song, or *Letra*, as light as the noonday hum of a bee, is anonymous; as, indeed, are many of the most exquisite Spanish lyrics of the sixteenth century. The poets who threw off these beautiful trifles, seemed to have cared little to preserve them, and often left them lying unclaimed at the feet of her who had inspired them. When the diligent collector came, a few years

* The *glosa*, or gloss, was a more artificial application of a similar principle, and was made by taking four lines (generally from a known romance) and interweaving them with a new set of verses, so that each line should appear in a new context successively. These compositions are often of great beauty and skill, but almost defy translation.

later, he found the song, indeed, living on a thousand lips; but the name of the writer was already forgotten!

While my girl slumbers,
Light, little zephyr!
Breathe but in whispers,
Least her dreams leave her!

Bring with thee fragrant
Dreams to my love:
Learn, though a vagrant,
Softly to move.
Lend me thy spirit that glows
Through those fresh lips of rose,
New life to give her!
Breathe soft on her repose,
Least her dreams leave her!

'Ware of soon breaking
Her dreams of delight.
The glow of her waking
Would blind me with light!
Thine is a happy star,
Light, little zephyr!
Blest, thou canst touch my fair,
Play in her shining hair,
Cool her lip's fever.—
Softly, thou blessed air!
Least her dreams leave her!

Another anonymous poem, in the romance style, is equally charming; but comes nearer to real life than the fanciful passion of the preceding strain. We are here informed how tempting a manœuvre might be added by the national drowsiness of Spanish noon to the general resources of maiden coquetry: and it would be a favour to bachelors if any of our fair readers would undertake to answer the lover's question, for the benefit of others whom a similar doubt may perplex hereafter:—

The fairest of maidens,
From hundreds and more,
I chose, as the empress
Of all, to adore.
She still promised thousands
Of favours to give:
And granted some small ones
That kept me alive.
With my whole heart I paid her:
The price she denies;
And when my debt presses—
"I'm sleepy," she sighs.
—O! is it of purpose
She closes her eyes?

She might be enchanted,
They guard her so well:
The eyes of a dragon
My courtship repel.
O mother, hard-hearted,
To teach her disdain!
I watch least she hears me,
Before I complain.
I whisper—"You love me!"
The beauty replies
With a "Yes, love!" so sleepy,
I fear me she lies.
—O! is it of purpose
She closes her eyes?

She can't be in earnest,
Or would she forbear?
No barriers could sever,
No dangers would scare.
By sighing mere wishes,
No further she speeds.
O! thinks she intentions
Are reckoned as deeds?
I ask her for dozens
Of things I should prize;
And since she ne'er does them
She 's careless, or nice:
—O! is it of purpose
She closes her eyes?

But though I accuse her,
To blame her 's such pain,
That still I defend her
'Gainst all that complain.
While slumbers the medicine,
The sickness must wake;
My heart grows impatient,
And threatens to break!
If Hope, to restore me
From longing, should rise,
'Tis but in my bosom
'Tis born, and it dies!
—O! is it of purpose
She 's closing her eyes?

A letrilla, by Antonio de Villegas, turns the sleep of a girl, in the shadow of a cliff, into a play of words on the illusions of dreams and the pining of unsuccessful love, which is thoroughly fanciful and Spanish. The conceit (for such it undoubtedly is) has a kind of plaintive iteration, which falls tenderly on the ear; and its toying with words seems rather the fitful pastime of a love-sick imagination, than a frigid sport of wit. It is this air of sincerity, if we may attempt to describe in a word what is rather to be felt than defined, that redeems much of the curious devices and quibbles which the Spanish love-poets delight in weaving upon the ground of their continual theme. A reader must be very severe who cannot even find a certain pleasure in such a delicate piece of music as the following

LETRILLA.

Under the rock, over the stream,
Doth a maiden sleep and dream.

Love hath wounded her fancy deep,
Love has caught her dreams, in these,
While she sleeps, her love she sees,
Rather dreaming than asleep;
Slumbers which a maiden keep
Under the rock, over the stream,
Are not sleep, if Love she dream.

Fondly her bosom throbs with glee,
In the joy that near her seem'd;
Though she saw not what she dream'd,
Yet the joy she dream'd to see.
O! 'tis sad so mocked to be,
Under the rock, over the stream,
Never to see the joy we dream!

Love, a dream is thine! unkind
Even to those thou keepest awake,
Paying cares that sleepless make
Only with dreams that cheat the mind:
He that starved by day has pined,
Under the rock, over the stream,
In his sleep of feasts will dream!

But the most lively and exquisite of this class of lyrics are those in which feeling borrows its language directly from the lips of the maid herself, or of the lover. There is scarcely a shade or a ray of pleasure in the more refined sentiments of the changeful passion which has not been thus preserved in melodious strains; with a graceful propriety of character, and a winning, earnest simplicity, which leave nothing to be desired. In some, the story of a broken-heart is veiled in the loveliest symbols, with a deep and yet almost in-

fantine pathos; of which the following anonymous *Letra* affords a beautiful instance:—

Bubbling leap'd the rivulet,
Splashing me all o'er:
Fear not, mother mine, never
Will I trust it more!
Flying went the faithless stream,
Flying, mother, past its shores;
And with foam-bells decked, and flowers,
Living thing did seem;
Tempted me upon a day,
Splashed me so, all o'er:
Fear not, mother mine, never
Will I trust it more!
'Midst the pebbles, as it played,
Thousand little curls and springs
Were, methought, caressing things
That the murmur said.
I believed the stream was kind,
And it splashed me o'er:
Fear not, mother mine, never
Will I trust it more!
So it left me,—all alas!
With my dainty slippers wet,—
Laughing on with flowers it met
On the banks of grass.
In the house alone I'll stay,
Since it splashed me o'er:
Fear not, mother mine, never
Will I trust it more!

In another the conflict between affection that cannot hide itself, and maiden coyness that fears to "lay its honour all unchary out," is uttered in bitter-sweet complaints like the following exquisite cançion, (from the collection of JUAN DE LIÑARES). The music, and charmingly fretful and yet caressing tone of the original are hopelessly untranslateable; the prettiness of the idea we hope may be conveyed with more success.

O! I cannot bear him, mother!
Yonder buxom cavalier—
O! his sight I cannot bear!
In my bosom something sighs
That I love him far too well;
But the coxcomb has no eyes,
Sees not what I must not tell.
Were my heart but whispered, 'twere
Saying just for whom it dies,—
O! his sight I cannot bear!
Sure my heart with hopes hath played,
But no favour e'er bestowed;
Least it might be said, a maid
Lost herself for Love unwooed!
Such a shyness, such despair
Never Love deserved, and rued—
O! his sight I cannot bear!
All the town, I know, could prove
That he loves, adores me so!
Calls me mistress, Ladye-Love—
While I treat him worse than foe.
Ill befall him—is my prayer;
He deserves it not, I know—
O! his sight I cannot bear!

In another, the lover breaks out into most melodious yearning on a provocation which pretty women take a cruel pleasure in inflicting on any young man who may be visible, "even unto this day." There is a kind of instinct which tells these sweet tormentors, that the sight of the caresses which they lavish upon infant children is, of all devices, the most likely to drive grown children raving mad; and as this is the greatest pleasure and triumph of the sex, they will continue doing so, in spite of all complaints and protestations whatever. Indeed, we fear that the Celia who is named as the guilty person in the following elegant cançion, would be but too happy to repeat the offence in the hope of provoking a repetition of so flattering and tender a reproof. The name of the suffering poet is unknown.

Blest child! to see thee resting
On Celia's snowy bosom,
And from her lips' rose-blossom
The honeyed sweetness tasting,
With envy keeps me wasting!
Though when reflection tries it
My reason half denies it:
For thou, in grace past measure,
Though blest in such a treasure
Art curst, that can'st not prize it!
Thus each of us half misses
The crown of such sweet favour;
Thou canst not taste its savour,
I cannot touch the blisses.
And when her charming kisses
Assail thy thoughtless coying,
That all this world of joying
May yield its true completeness,
Or learn from me its sweetness,
Or let me have thy toying!
But Celia, have compassion!
'Tis but thyself offending
To live such treasure spending
In this unthrifty fashion.
A gift unheeded, rash one,
For bounty ne'er suffices;—
But if thy strictness this is,
To pet but infants, may be,—
Why then, as Love 's a baby,
Give my poor Love some kisses!

Taking the key-note of this pleasant close, we may observe, that no better test can be applied to the amatory poetry of any country than the way in which it has treated the kiss, the dearest symbol and seal of Love. The Castilians will bear the examination with much honour; their poems on this tempting subject are distinguished in general by much grace and playfulness, and by a delicacy of manner which the most virgin lips would not be profaned by imitating. So much passion and so much purity united, are not to be found in the general compass of any other love literature ancient or modern. We shall begin with the cavalier, as, in this matter of kissing, the man is bound to make the first advances. The cançion is by some Andalusian bard unknown, and may be found in the collection of Sylvestre (Granada, 1599.)

Inez promised me a kiss,
Yonder at the village dance:
Pray to Heaven I may not miss
Such a boon by some mischance!
How I dared, I cannot tell;
As I led her out, her ear
Slyly, slowly I drew near,
And besought a kiss, so well
That she turned with eyes cast down,
Trembling all with love, and shy,—
Whispered, "I will promise one,
When I know thy constancy."
"What is this?" I answered. "Nay,
Hear me, Inez mine, protest,
Never faith was firmer placed;—
Let not doubt my bliss delay.
O! I fear the distant day,
Lest a gift so light and sweet
Meet, ere then, some winds to play
With the longing hopes they cheat."

Surely joy would make me die
Did the wish'd-for hour arrive;
Of the kiss she vowed to give,
O, that now the hour were nigh!
Well the interest shall be paid,
If she keep the vow she swore;
For each kiss she gives, the maid
Shall receive from me a score!

The lady, in the next cançion,* is far more pleasant and playful, and quite as loving. The Dominick, or Minguillo, whom she addresses, was, however, undoubtedly some cousin, or playmate from childhood at least; and so they have been kissing each other, quite innocently, till the mother one day remembers that Mencia was sixteen at Pentecost; and suddenly begins to prohibit and reprove. The picture is complete with a few touches. We can see the pouting, wilful air with which the maiden begins, till at once a quick fancy suggests the most delightful and complete way of amending the mischief; and her project breaks laughing out like a sunbeam :—

†Because I kissed you, Dominick,
My mother chides and frowns:—
So come, return me, dearest, quick,
That kiss I gave you once.

Clear your conscience, love, restore it;
End the stir, and let me then
Say, to those that scold me for it,
What I did 's undone again!
Come, 'twere your advantage, too,
Envied presents to renounce;
Quick, restore, Minguillo, do,
That kiss I gave you once.

So! 'tis kindness to relieve me
From the blame I've had by you.
Fie! you thought one back to give me,
And I've given you other two!
Let us end in peace. I'm sick
Of their scandal and advice;
So restore me, Dominick,
Those kisses given you twice!

In turning from this department of the Spanish Lyrical Poetry, with the flavour of the playful invitation still tingling on our lips, we cannot but pause to remark how infinitely these singers of Castile surpass the poets beyond the Pyrenees, with whom we were lately dwelling, in variety, tenderness, real character, and invention; and, above all, in the healthy purity of their language and ideas. While the translator of French love songs must often turn aside from pictures too naked, and thoughts merely sensual however finely covered, he meets with no such obstacle to his choice from the Spanish. Their more or less of excellence; the ease or difficulty of throwing them into another idiom; the presence of allusions likely or not to be felt by a foreign reader; these are the only cares which demand his attention. All are worthy (and we know no higher praise) of being sung to the nicest female ear. Those who remember what, in other languages, was the general license of expression on such themes in the sixteenth century, will have learned to render full justice to this excellent distinction of the Spanish *minnesingers*.

* Anonymous. In the collection of Juan de Liñares.

† In the late highly embellished edition of Mr. Lockhart's translations of Spanish Ballads, his spirited version of the above ballad, with one or two more, have, from some prudish scruple, been suppressed.—*E.T.M.*

Although the foreigner's general idea of the Spanish character is a kind of composite of stateliness, reserve, and solemn pretension, it can surely surprise no one that has read Don Quixote to be told, that the minor literature of this nation abounds in utterances of a rich and quaint humour. The drollery of these is heightened by its contrast with the sonorous language in which they are clothed; for even in its frankest simplicity the Castilian has a loftiness in its tone, and seems to condescend when it takes up a jest, with an air which wonderfully improves its raciness. There is not only a great store of acute and sportive observation of life and society in these minor poems, but many of them absolutely revel in the queerest combinations of ideas, and in a jocose banter, too pungent for mere burlesque, and too cordial in tone for satire. Such are, of all national compositions, the most difficult to transfer into a foreign idiom; we shall content ourselves with attempting two, both taken from the rich stores of Quevedo, the most humorous moralist that ever looked and laughed at human nature, and the most good-natured withal,—for the sharpest of his jests has no poisonous sting in it.

In selecting the following irreverent picture of marriage, a cynic might say, we are not necessarily denying our previous homage to love; but we entreat that no such misconstruction may be allowed, and protest that we only admit this version of the fable of Orpheus, because it is so very a jest, and a jest, too, without malice,—*un conte pour rire.*

The Poet Orpheus, pride of Thrace,
To seek his wife to Hades went;
And sooth to say, a sorrier place
Was never sought with worse intent.

He sang, and even their pains most dire
The damned forgot, to stand and stare,
Less at the sweetness of his lyre
Than at the strangeness of his prayer.

Wroth at the poet's forwardness,
Stern Dis devised a signal pain;
And as the acmé of distress,
Made him a married man again.

But though his wife Old Pluto gave,
In penance for the bold essay;
In payment for the poet's stave,
—He let him lose her by the way!

The humour of the other piece is more frolicsome and genial; of its kind we can conceive nothing better, although it would be difficult to explain to an atrabilious reader the secret of its attraction. It is the very bubble of a merry fancy, floating in an atmosphere of fun and caprice; and it cannot be taken to pieces without breaking. Those who may complain that "it proves nothing," we can neither contradict nor console.

Buzzing in a cup that caught her,
Said to the Frog a Fly, one day;—
"Better to die in wine, I say,
Than live for ever in water.

"Little joy I find in water,
Be it river's, well's or spring's:
That, with all its babbling chatter,
Talks less mischief than it brings:
I dislike such frothy things;
In my cell I'd rather die,
Master Frog;" said the Fly.

"Fish is all you catch in water;
While the merest foe agrees

You may find in wine a Tartar,
  Dogs that bite you, wings of bees,
  Birds, (I'm one,) and crusts, and trees;
All within my province lie,
Master Frog," said the Fly.

"Not a whit shall I excuse ye,
  Since the scandal you begin;
Calling toper, sot, and boozy,—
  What are you, then, water-skin?
  In the puddles make your din,
In the cellars we live high,
Master Frog," said the Fly.

"What have you to boast, that wallow
  Midst your slime and duckweed, clown?
Every gallant me can swallow,
  Not a horse could get you down?
  Mudlark, hang, you cannot drown—
Crumb on jewelled cup am I—
Master Frog," said the Fly.

"I'm the grape's attendant airy,
  When the cooling vault I seek;
I'm the toper's bird Canary,
  Though I wear not spur or beak:
  I swim ever where bottles leak,
Thou art ever a mere cold cry,
Master Frog," said the Fly.

As Father Mathew, at this present writing, is giving the pledge, almost within earshot, to infinite "batches" of forswearers of all comfortable liquors, we shall not venture to express all our admiration of the Fly's "anti-temperance" sermon; but simply profess the determination to regard it as orthodox and catholic, as well as pleasant, until it has been sufficiently answered by the Frog, which, in Spanish at least, is not the case up to this moment. There is, however, amongst the lighter poems before us a very singular expostulation from one who had suffered from loving water, "not wisely, but too well," after drinking it without stint on a burning day. It is addressed to the element in a tone of affectionate and jocose reproach, which in no cold climate at least could ever have been inspired by water. Its length prevents us from attempting to translate it.

Between this laughing vein, and the solemnity of moral or religious musings, the peculiar humour of the Spaniard has flowed in a broad current of sagacious reflection, now approaching the verge of light satire, at other times rising to the eloquence of passionate censure. This class of composition, of which the satires and epistles of Horace probably gave the first idea to all European nations, can hardly be deemed, in any true sense of the word, poetical; but it may be a vehicle for thoughts and images of great intrinsic beauty. These are by no means thinly scattered amidst the numerous epistles, sonnets, and other *Rimas Doctrinales*, which fill a large space in the collections of Castilian poetry. The following sonnet, by the Prince de Esquillache, of whom a former paragraph has spoken, is pointed and terse in expression, and bespeaks a keen observation of human nature.

He that at home has lady young and fair,
  What seeks he at another lady's feet?
  Seems, then, his own too brown for his conceit,
Too white, too faded? Nay, but fresh as air.
She 's naught, perchance? No, good beyond compare:
  Or coarse? Not she! as exquisite and neat
As if a Sylph or Dian's self she were,—
  Blooming as rosebuds, and as lilies sweet.
What would he, then, thus wandering, thus possess'd?
Dreams he to find a dame surpass his own?
  A vain pursuit, still chasing, never nigher!
  He seeks not woman,—having now the best,—
But seeks the strange delight of seeking one.
  'Tis this that fans the heat of man's desire.

Here is another, in a tone of more earnestness and severity, by CHRISTOVAL DE VIRUES, a soldier as well as poet, and one of the oldest in the present series. It is strange to read in his indignant remonstrance the perennial grief of those who serve the muses; and to discover that, even in poetical Spain's most poetical era, the votary had to fear the hostility of sensualists and worldlings, as may be the case in our own days. The energy of scorn has rarely been more powerfully concentrated than in these masculine verses:—

I tell thee, friend, beware! the walls have ears;
  This is no place of safety: as we prize
  Our lives, some closer hiding let 's devise
To read this precious verse with careful fears.
No case for jesting this! If any hears
  We seek the Lady Muse, what vulgar spies
  Our lives, whate'er they be, with blatant cries,
Will hunt in troops! and no defence appears.
  —Aye! wise, indeed, I deem the baser throng,
And self-approved, in striving thus to chase
  Fair Poesy, and her divine delight:
For not, like them, is she a flatterer base:
  Not, like to them, a ready friend to wrong:
  Not, like to them, creation's brand and blight!

The Muses' destitution, a theme of poetical lament from the earliest times, has also produced one of the sweetest of Castilian sonnets, by FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA, another of the noble soldier-minstrels, who wrote and fought in the latter half of the sixteenth century. The lively impersonation with which his complaint begins, lends an unexpected beauty to the tenderness of its pathetic close; the simple grace of which is instinct with poetry far surpassing the ruder emotion of Virues.

Nine maids! who'll buy? who'll purchase maidens nine,
  Enslaved, or rather exiles, rudely borne
From their own birth-place, far away to pine:
  Who'll bid the highest for these maids forlorn?
—Time was they bloom'd in loveliness divine,
  That wealth, and power, and wisdom, did adorn;
Yet, though by many courted and besworn,
  But few to favour could their hearts incline.
Now beg these hapless maids from door to door,
  Poor, houseless vagrants in a world unkind,
That even would fain, for food alone, be sold:
  —Yet little serves them; could they only find
Flowers and green forest leaves, they ask no more
  Than quiet shades, and waters running cold!

With these sonnets, which belong in manner to the *estilo culto*, we have rather wandered from the track of genuinely popular poetry, for the sake of a passing glance at some noticeable features of the national genius. Before returning, we will add a few instances of its display in a still more sententious form. These metrical recreations, in which a serious thought is taken up, and subjected, in the compass of a few lines, to curious verbal conceits and antitheses, were a favourite exercise of the learned Spanish poets of the sixteenth century; and, in spite of their affected style, have nearly always something which arrests the attention. The following were published in the name of FRANCISCO DELLA TORRE; but the real author is de-

cided by antiquaries to have been the celebrated Quevedo, who chose, for some unexplained reason, to make a portion of his writings known under this *nom de guerre;* as Lope de Vega also is supposed to have used the pseudonym of Tomé de Burguillos.

All the bitterness of pain
In the act of dying flies:
Is not, therefore, death a gain?
Since the pain of him that dies
Is the death of every pain.

Though in the hours when night and sleep preside,
Our slumber takes the counterfeit of death,
So well its aspect apes life's homicide;
Yet never sweeter hours has mortal breath.
Well, then, may wonder seize the pensive mind,
To see, when Death is hateful, and austere,
And harsh, and girt around with woe and fear,
That sleep, his image, looks so sweet and kind.

While the spirit mates with earth,
Like a shroud its garb is worn;
Till the stifling veil is torn:—
Thus it dies with carnal birth,
With the carnal death 'tis born.

In the class of more popular compositions, to which we now retrace our steps, no contrast to the preceding, as regards gravity of subject, at least, will be found. From the strains of love and mirth, it is time to turn to a remarkable description of poems, in which the Church sought to fasten its hold on the inmost feelings of the nation, by mingling with its favourite strains the solemn images of death, futurity, and judgment; or hymning the praises of the Virgin, and the mystical marriage of the Spouse of Christ. The former themes, especially, wholly belong to popular poetry, and are written with a fervour and force of plain idiomatic language, which must have powerfully affected those to whom they were chiefly addressed. Of the higher kinds of mystical religious poetry, some of which belongs to the most gorgeous and dignified productions of the Spanish muse, this is not the place to speak: the compositions written for popular effect, although flowing and musical by the mere beauty of the language itself, are exceedingly simple in structure, and display none of the ornament which encumbers the religious *canciones*. Of this character the following anonymous poem is a striking specimen. We have chosen it, in spite of its length, as well for the sake of its terrible sincerity of tone, (the τὸ δεινὸν in every sense,) as for the remarkable way in which it depicts the ceremonies surrounding the death-bed of the Spaniard, and the received notions of his church concerning the progress of the spirit after dissolution, through hell, to the final judgment. In the original, the wailing "ay!" (alas!) repeated by the dying man at the beginning of each line, has an effect singularly impressive, like that of the reiterated *miserere* in the service of the Sistine Chapel; but this, and the general solemn colouring of the strain, can be but imperfectly approached in translation.

Forsaken soul, conceive
The strife of parting breath;
And what a bitterness is Death,
To him that loved to Live!
Behold thee, feeble grown,
All helpless stretch'd in bed,
With pain and fright bested,
All hope of mending gone.
Think now thy fearful soul foredone
Of hopes that comfort give:—
O what a bitterness is Death
To him that loved to live!

This heaving painful sighs;
This hurried breathing's strife;
This "Woe! beloved Life,
How fast thy remnant flies!"
While now the grave, O terror! lies
So near, and ever near!—
O what a bitterness is Death
When Life has been too dear!

This terror, this affright
That stuns the senses all:
These piteous groans that call
On past and gone delight:
This "Woe! of blooming age, and light
Behold the end arrive!"—
O what a bitterness is Death
To him that loved to live!

The rattling of the chest;
The gnashing of the teeth;
So hard the bed of Death;
So whirls the brain distress'd:
This leaving all we love the best;
This grievous parting here!—
O what a bitterness is Death
When Life has been too dear!

The never-ceasing moan:
"O health by riot blasted!
O youth untimely wasted!
O Life by Death overthrown!
O evil uses tyrants grown!
O hours that Lust would drive!—
O what a bitterness is Death
To him that loved to live!

"O body swollen with waste!
O eyes that wandered wild!
O ears too oft beguiled!
O vile and pamper'd taste!
O greedy touch that stuck so fast;
O tongue of scoff and sneer!—
O what a bitterness is Death
When Life has been too dear!

"O Gold, thou shining cheat!
O foolish boast of blood!
O learning misconstrued!
O pomp of place and state!
O toils of office, full of hate!
O fall that titles give!—
O what a bitterness is Death
To him that loved to live!

"O aids too long abused!
O conscience mock'd by will!
O counsels followed ill!
O chance of good refused!
O fair examples never used!
O laws I would not hear!—
O what a bitterness is death
When Life has been too dear!

"O must I be confess'd!
O me! how grave they speak!
O how they scheme to break
The solemn purpose best!
O how they urge, in terror, lest
New spasms of sense deprive!—
O what a bitterness is death
To him that loved to live!

"O see, the Priest draws nigh!
O! at my ear he stoops,
And speaks of fears and hopes,
And bids me look on high.
O, ill prepared as now I lie,
How slight his frowns appear!—
O what a bitterness is Death
When Life has been too dear!

"O there the notary stands!
The witnesses they call;
O see my kindred all!
They note my last commands,
And counting gold, and parting lands,
My wealth to others give.
O what a bitterness is Death
To him that loved to live!

"O now the chamber 's still
To let the Host arrive!
Now warns the Priest: 'Forgive
Whoe'er hath done thee ill!'—
O holy chrism! O terror! will
The close so soon be here!
O what a bitterness is Death
When Life has been too dear!

"O, all their leave will take!
O how my brothers weep!
O how my hand they keep,
And for my prayer turn back!
O now they dress me all in black!
O shroud, thy corpse receive!—
O what a bitterness is Death
To him that loved to live!

"O dread intelligence,
The Holy Unction 's brought!
O awe and trembling thought!
O sain my every sense!
O parting wrestle, dire suspense!
O agony severe!—
O what a bitterness is Death,
When Life has been too dear!

"O, now they burn the veil!
They stoop the crucifix;
The tapers near me fix;
The anxious Priest turns pale:—
O me! 'tis death! my senses fail;
My soul must onwards strive!—
O what a bitterness is Death
To him that loved to live!

"O worms upon me prey!
O rats and toads devour!
O sinful body, sore
Defiled with base decay!
The spotted hands they waste away;
A blacken'd face I wear!—
O what a bitterness is Death,
When Life has been too dear!

"O me! what fears appal!
O how the demons cling!
O me! what proofs they bring!
O follies, passions foul!
O me! like lions at my soul,
So furiously they drive!—
O what a bitterness is Death
To him that loved to live!

"O sorely anger'd Lord!
O justice long extended!
O Virgin oft offended!
O flaming angel's sword!
O me! defenceless, overpower'd!
O pain deserved! O fear!—
O what a bitterness is Death
When Life has been too dear!

"O God, in mercy hear!
O had I ne'er been born!
O had I time to turn!
O judgment-seat austere!
O man, whose sin confronts thee here,
Behold thy woe arrive!—
O what a bitterness is Death
To him that loved to live!

"O me! I turn to ice!
O help at hand is none!
O misery, rushing on!
O imminent agonies!
Alas, my spirit shrinks and dies!
O passing pang severe!—
O what a bitterness is Death,
When Life has been too dear!

"O me! an endless fate
Of blessedness or pangs,
All on a moment hangs!
With anguish bleeds my sweat;
And voices, floating round, repeat:—
Help, Virgin! Christ, relieve!—
O, what a bitterness is Death
To him that loved to live!"

It is impossible to avoid being strongly moved by the naked energy of this fearful picture. The effect, too, with which, in so long a composition, the interest, by the mere force of the poet's intense earnestness, becomes more and more appalling at each stage of the description, proves how the instinct of deep feeling unconsciously rivals the most deliberate achievements of art. If souls are to be reclaimed by the terrors of religion, the number of the contrite must surely have been great in the day when verses like these were circulating amidst the cities and villages of Spain. But, with all their rude power, there is a tone which seems to breathe the spirit of the dungeon and the cloister, rather than the wholesome air of Christian awe, and which reminds us of the climate that fostered the Inquisition. It is therefore without regret that we turn to conclude with a lighter theme.

Hitherto the poems described, although composed in the national forms, and coloured by popular taste, have been the productions of cultivated men, who had more or less studied the art of writing. The seguidillas, or short verses sung to the accompaniment of dancing, have a more humble origin, being frequently improvised, and were almost universally the free utterance of the poetical element in the least tutored part of the people. In no nation but one possessed of a rich organisation, both for music and numbers, and speaking a melodious language, could this beautiful wild growth of poetry have sprung up. Now that a palsy has fallen upon all the higher classes, this is the only national poetry which can be said to have any remaining life in Spain: it is still a popular amusement in the southern and western provinces; but its birthplace is that pleasant country of La Mancha, immortalized by Cervantes. Of the performance of these seguidillas, we cannot give a better idea than by quoting the words of a Spanish author, who thus speaks of La Mancha:—

"It is the most cheerful country in all Spain; its inhabitants are good-tempered, and very fond of dancing and music; the women of good stature, amiable, and full of grace. A guitar-player and singer of seguidillas, is a person much esteemed in this district. At the sound of his instrument, the youth of both sexes assemble; and in general the dance is formed at the village inn. The best voice of the party sings the seguidillas; the blind men accompany him with their instruments. . . . As to the female dancers, they have an execution so rapid, such flexible arms, such pretty attitudes, such arch and lovely coquetteries,—steps so neat, graceful, and well-timed, that to see one of these amiable dancers makes one forget all philosophy,

. . . In no district of Spain is there so much dancing and singing as in La Mancha: its cançiones, its seguidillas, are native to this province, and were first invented there. These songs turn upon love, joy, absence, constancy, discretion; in short, on everything that has reference to love. Others are burlesque and satirical."

The poetical merit of these songs is not great; but they are notable as the only existing specimens in Europe (we believe) in which the natural alliance between music, poetry, and motion is preserved in a real form. We shall take a few instances only of the various measures and kinds. The following are coplas, (or couplets,) with a recurring burden,—something similar to the songs current amongst the Lithuanian peasants, but not so wild.

From the rose I come, mother,
From the red rose tree.
Over the ford that glistens there
Saw I growing the rose so fair:—
Saw the red rose tree.
By the banks of the water fleet,
Saw the rose that looked so sweet.
I went to the red rose tree.
To that fair rose tree did I hie,
The rose I gathered cost me a sigh:—
I come from the red rose tree.

The preceding stanzas are evidently a solo; the next were destined probably to be sung and danced in chorus.

In the grove the rose was born!
Thither would I go,
All to hear the nightingales,
When the sun is low.
On the river side the maid
Plucks the citron in the shade:—
Thither, &c.
Plucks the citron in the grove,
'Tis to give them to her love:—
Thither, &c.
'Tis to give them to her lover,
In the hat of silken cover:—
Thither, &c.

But the commoner form of the *copla* is either in four lines only, in which case it is called *sin estribillo*, or *without a burden*; or this burden, of three lines, is appended. The variety of the subjects allowed may be conjectured from a few specimens taken almost at hazard from a numerous collection. We begin, of course, with Love. A sentence:

Like the force of the lightning
Is passion you check:—
The stronger the barrier,
The direr the wreck.

A Maiden's Complaint of being too well guarded:—

Pray you, tell my mother, Sir,
Not to chide me so:
Was not courtship sweet to her,
Once, in girlhood, too!
Well I know, for all her scolding,
Joys with years unfolding
Like their shadows go.

Or a Lover's Compliment, rather far sought:—

Say the Deaf thy beauty captures,
"Such a frame no wit can wear."
Say the Blind thy voice enraptures;
"Such a wit can scarce be fair."
Fools are they in both their fancies,
Both are thine, and each enhances
Soul of light and body rare,

The Maiden's contemptuous Opinion of Mankind:—

Passing late the draw-bridge over,
Of the armourer I prayed:—
Make me, all of steel, a lover
True as a Toledo blade.
"What a task to set me to!
Make a thing to be both true,
And a man!" he said.

The Cynic's impudent Disapprobation of Womankind:—

In women and horses
There 's nothing but trick:
Amidst their best courses
They 'll suddenly kick.
Both cattle, too, prone are
To mock the poor owner
That 's sparing of stick!

The Unwilling Lover:—

I'm a fisherman, and watch,
Lady, by the river seated,
Throwing nets in hope to catch
Love, and kill this pirate hated.
But, I know not how, or why,
We have changed our parts, and I
Am the victim netted!

The Rapturous Moment:—

Hither back, soft sigh of mine!
Needs not now thy plaintive speaking;
While my happy arms entwine
Her I sent thee seeking!
All my thoughts around her hover;
Cease not all my soul to love her,
Sleeping or waking!

Satirical and Libellous, probably by a Discarded Admirer:—

Flights of birds are hovering nigh,
More than you can tell;
One by one they stoop and fly
Into yonder cell.
The fair Saint that in the place is
Plucks them with the best of graces,
After that—Farewell!

The irreverent Jest of a Beauty against "venerable Eld":—

One that's bald, O! never love him;
This is worse than tresses white.
Think what hold can you take of him,
Should you chance to fight!
And the discontent of gazing
On a naked pate 's amazing:—
Fie! 'tis unpolite!

Or a humorous trait is related:—

One at ball was playing matches,
That before had lost an eye,
When a blow the other catches,
Stopping thus his sole supply.
He, as patient as could be,—
"As 'tis dark, I'll say," quoth he,
"Gentlemen, good night!"

—And thus they go, dancing and carolling on, with no especial care for either rhyme or reason, into infinitude, whither we must not attempt to follow them. They are, however, all that is left alive of the poetical genius of Spain. A *majo* in his rude finery—a blind *guitarero*,—the only visible relics of the minstrel race of three centuries ago!

A race so richly endowed, so conspicuous, so unlike all others: soldiers who played with the muse amidst the noise of arms; nobles, whose accents met the sympathies of the lowest classes; statesmen, whom cabinet intrigues had not hardened against the gentle influences of poetry. Such

was the growth of once free Spain. The reigns of Charles and Philip the Second saw the last of its liberties perish: the internal struggle against a generous enemy was exchanged for a wretched servile war against the victims of the conquered race; and amidst its ashes uprose the Inquisition, like a lurid cloud, and blotted out the light all over this fair country. Three centuries ago!—and now behold what Spain has become!—misery, disorder, and moral dissolution amongst the nobles and *hijos d'algo;* and the people, little changed perhaps, but now unguided and bewildered, in a land where nothing is left to look up to. But this is a theme too deep and sad for a mere essayist; and we would fain take leave of Spanish Poetry, for a while, with a mind undisturbed by the woeful spectacle, and rather dwelling on the beautiful Past than on the hopeless Present! V.

HISTORY OF ST. ANDREWS.*

INDEPENDENTLY of its claims and merits as an interesting portion of antiquarian and ecclesiastical Scottish history—this work, the production of a most dutiful and zealous son of what calls itself the *Reformed Catholic Church of Scotland*—possesses a special interest, from the juncture at which it appears. Ultra-Presbyterianism and "rampant" Prelacy have not been in such a state of effervescence as now for nearly two centuries. The reverend historian of St. Andrews is no trimmer between parties. He is an enthusiastic, nay, a violent and, in our humble judgment, bigoted son of the High Church, with all the latest improvements comprehended under the term *Puseyism*. Of *passive obedience*, if not the "Divine Right of Kings," he makes no bones; but his great hobby is "Apostolical succession" and "canonical consecration." He is the very antipodes of a half-and-half, or *juste-milieu* ecclesiastical historian: so he will be either heartily approved or violently denounced by men of opposite parties, possessing the same strong prejudices or warmth of passion on those matters about which three-fourths of Scotland are at present more than half mad. We wish that Mr. Lyon had been less successful in finding out the peccant parts of the "Scottish Worthies," or rather that there had been fewer of these for the keen or distorted vision of High-Church zealots to discover. Mr. Lyon anticipates that "some will think that I have not done justice to the Scottish Reformers; and I confess that a close examination of their character has rather tended to lower than raise my admiration of them." And this is not surprising, since Mr. Lyon thinks they had no right to assume the difficult and responsible office of reformers at all; "an office, for the fulfilment of which few of them were qualified, and none of them possessed either *divine* or human authority. Their 'zeal for the Lord' against the Pope seems to have resembled that of Jehu against Ahab, with this important difference, that they wanted the sovereign power and divine commission with which the Israelitish reformer was invested for the accomplishment of his task." This may be considered a sufficient key to the manner in which Mr. Lyon has written the history of the Scottish Reformation; for this, every good History of St. Andrews—the birth-place and great seat or head-quarters of the Reformation—must essentially be. And his principle also affords a key to our judgment of the strain of the work. Those who cannot defend the errors, and rashness of judgment, and blemishes of conduct in our great Church reformers, Knox and Melville, and their coadjutors and successors in their noble work, are yet led to judge of them with leniency and indulgence for that work's sake; while Mr. Lyon considers the Reformation evil in its great principle, in the manner of its accomplishment, and also from the dubious or bad motives of its leaders, lay and ecclesiastical.——It is deeply to be regretted that great revolutions cannot be effected by gentle showers of rose-water, instead of political partisans defiling their hands in assailing their opponents with kennel puddle, or angry ecclesiastics burning their own fingers in

"Spairging about the brumstane cootie."

Such, however, is human infirmity; and we must take the evil with the good, the acrid husk with the succulent kernel. But if Mr. Lyon objects to *Presbyterianism* he professes to be in full charity with *Presbyterians*. We wish the different divisions of that distracted body could honestly say as much at present for themselves.

But our brief space had better be devoted to stating what readers will find in Mr. Lyon's work than criticising the principle on which it is composed; which is sufficiently indicated in the passage quoted above, in connexion with the fact that the author, instead of temporizing or beating about the bush, glories in the character, and almost in the novel name of Puseyite.

The work opens with a description of the ancient but decayed city of St. Andrews, and its neighbourhood; and of the social condition of its inhabitants in past and present times; together with the requisite topographical and statistical information. Another curious chapter presents us with the traditional origin, and early or antiquarian history, of the town.

What must be considered the proper business of the book, the ecclesiastical history of St. Andrews, which is certainly that of all Scotland during many centuries, opens with an account of the Culdees. This, though, like every section of the work, written with the avowed bias of the author, forms an interesting record. But all this may be regarded as mere introductory matter, as clearing the ground and raising the scaffolding for *the Lives and Times of the Bishops of St. Andrews, from the beginning of the thirteenth century until the Revolution of* 1688, and the triumphant reëstablishment of Presbyterianism in Scotland. It may be presumed that

* Episcopal, Monastic, Academic, and Civil; comprising the principal part of the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, from the earliest age till the present time. By the Rev. C. J. Lyon, M.A., formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, and now Presbyter of the Episcopal Church, St. Andrews. 2 vols. 8vo, with Maps, Plan, &c. Edinburgh: William Tait.

this long, and, towards the close, most agitating and stirring period, embraces much curious historical matter. And in detailing events even the violent prejudices of the writer give a certain piquancy to his narrative. His animated defence of the most unpopular of the Prelates is almost as amusing as many passages in that kindred book, Mr. Napier's "Times of Montrose." It must tickle the temperate Presbyterian to see an evidently sincere and earnest man pronounce such strange judgments on characters and events, go so far out of his way to attack, and so passionately maintain his points; while those who entertain similar opinions—and ultra-Episcopacy is in the ascendant in Scotland—will warmly sympathize in the wildest displays of what they must consider an honest enthusiasm. Another section of Presbyterians are likely to attack the book tooth and nail; though we dare say they will not, even in these times, decree it to be burnt by the common hangman.

The History of St. Andrews is briefly carried down to the present day by a chronicle of the most important events which have happened since the Revolution; and there is a tolerably full description of the present state of the University, and those other educational institutions which form the principal features of the modern city. A copious Appendix contains several very curious original documents, consisting of Papal Bulls, charters, college statutes for regulating discipline, &c., &c., with a copy of the Register of the Priory of St. Andrews, recently printed by the Bannatyne Club, the contents of which Mr. Lyon has taken the trouble to arrange chronologically. Extracts from the private account-book of Archbishop Sharp form a curious piece of economical statistics, and illustrate the manners of the age. The charities and the largesses to servants, or *drink money*, authorized in the Archbishop's establishment, appear to have been upon a very liberal scale, considering the general poverty of the country. But the donor was the wealthy Primate; and the recipients the servants of his noble hosts, or personal friends. The only literary *outlay* which his Grace seems to have made for himself, is "for Ovid's works, in one volume, £3,"—Scots money, be it understood,—and £1, 8s. of the same currency for a Hebrew Grammar and Psalm Book. There are some books for the use of his family, as "a Virgall for the use of William Sharp, and for glasping it, 16 shillings" Scots. On the day of Margaret Sharp's christening a quart of some rare kind of wine cost £2 Scots; "a veale" or calf, £3; a sheep, £2; "a pair of muirfoulis, 10 shillings," all Scots money. It may be proper to inform Scottish and English scholars, that 12 shillings Scots made but one English shilling, and 12 of the Scotch pounds a pound sterling. We should have fancied such information superfluous, save for that late pathetic letter of the Rev. Sydney Smith, in which he bewails his own plight as having been fifteen years at school and college, and knowing something of Latin and Greek, though still unable to write a hand that can be read, or do a sum in simple addition! What a brief and beautiful commentary on the system of Eton and Harrow, Oxford and Cambridge, and perhaps—until Bell's School was organized—of St. Andrews University.

We propose to return to the subject of St. Andrews more at large, as one peculiarly interesting to all Scotsmen, and may, meanwhile, very safely confide the censure of Mr. Lyon's anti-Presbyterian prejudices to the many competent and incompetent hands both alike prompt for the duty. It may also be more instructive to general readers at this particular crisis, when the new Secession has so many points of Church government and discipline to settle, to see what were the opinions of the first reformers upon some of them; and first, of *Ordination*, which in Mr. Lyon's eyes seems to be the first, if not the sole essential qualification of a minister, and one wanting which, although he speak with the tongue of men and angels, he is unfit for the sacred office. What makes the matter worse, neither the Church of Scotland, nor any of her numerous offshoots have the power of conferring what he considers true ordination. A Presbyterian minister in London has been attempting, it would appear, to bring in some of our ancient worthies, or Knox and Melville, at least, for a share of the true Apostolic succession, and for immaculate ordination; which, having received themselves, they legitimately imparted to their successors. But Mr. Lyon derides and repudiates this claim of inheritance; and so, we daresay, would John Knox have done:

ORDINATION AMONG THE REFORMERS.

John Knox, in his First Book of Discipline, went so far as to abolish the form of ordination altogether as a useless ceremony: nor was it resumed by his successors till several years after his death. His words are, "Ordinary vocation consisteth in election, examination, and admission. Other ceremonies than the public approbation of the people, and declaration of the chief minister, [who is the chief minister!] that the person there preferred is appointed to serve the church, we cannot approve; for albeit the apostles used imposition of hands, yet seeing the miracle is ceased, the using of the ceremony we judge not necessary." I shall not stop to point out the astonishing misconception of the constitution and perpetuity of the Christian church which these words denote. . . . . At a Synod of Fife, in 1597, the following question and answer are recorded:—"*Q.* Is he a lawful pastor who wanteth imposition of hands? *A.* Imposition, or laying on of hands, is not essential or necessary, but ceremonial and indifferent, in admission of a pastor." This decision, it must be allowed, was in perfect keeping with all their other proceedings.

Knox is accused, of what some will consider the great merit, of having had no steady principle of church polity; shaping his course by circumstances. Some of our early Reformers carried their ideas of Christian parity quite as far as the Quakers do. Patrick Hamilton, the first martyr of the Reformation, held, that every man and woman is a priest; a precedent which should not be forgotten by the Free Church, when settling the question of female rights. Mr. Lyon deals some shrewd hits on the difference between the theory and practice of the Reformers in this question of Christian *parity*. The account of one affair, in which Melville carried matters with a very high hand, and attempted to quash a majority against the side which he favoured, by insisting, that his party's votes, though fewer in number, were more *weighty*,—those, perhaps, of more "prayerful men"!—is thus concluded in the words of Spotswood—

"That of all men, none could worse endure *parity*, and

loved more to command, than they who had introduced it into the church!"

Another of the telling hits at theoretical *parity* is thus bestowed—

One Sunday in this year, [1597,] the king went to the parish church of St. Andrews, to hear a sermon from Mr. Robert Wallace. In the course of it, the preacher advanced something which clashed with the king's sentiments on a point then at issue between him and the Presbyterian ministers. The king rose and contradicted the preacher before the whole audience. Andrew Melville, who was present, got up in his turn, defended Wallace, and sharply reprimanded James for his unseasonable interference, "threatening him and his counsellors with fearful judgments, if they repented not." Soon after this, a slight earthquake occurred in the West Highlands of Scotland, and James Melville in his Diary, where he tells the above story, (p. 274,) gravely ascribes the earthquake to God's displeasure against the king for interrupting the discourse of his servant Mr. Wallace, which he compares to Uzzah's laying hold of the ark of God! This was a strange opinion in one who had called the distinction between the clergy and laity, "the pride of papistry, and arrogancy of the shavelings." According to his own principles, the king had as good a right to lay hold of the ark of God, as Mr. Wallace.

Many readers will imagine that Presbyteries are as old as Presbyterianism, or even as the New Testament. They were, according to Mr. Lyon, altogether an afterthought.

ORIGIN OF PRESBYTERIES.

Douglas [of St. Andrews] was guilty of some ecclesiastical irregularities and remissness of discipline, and neglected to preach as often as the General Assembly thought he should have done; "so that, through his fault, the *exercise* of St. Andrews was like to decay." This "exercise" was a periodical meeting of the ministers and elders of a given district, for the infliction of discipline on delinquents; and out of these meetings are supposed to have arisen the presbyteries, which were as yet unknown in Scotland.

ORIGIN OF FAST DAYS.

The next year, the General Assembly passed an act in these words:—"And because scholars and students give great scandal and offence in keeping of Yule and other superstitious days, it is unanimously concluded, and hereby ordered, that they, being found guilty, shall be *severely chastised* therefor, by their masters, &c." In the Records of the Synod of Fife, "obstinate persons refusing to work on Yule day," are ranked with "drinkers and swearers," and commanded to be censured accordingly. Easter day was required to be observed as a rigid *fast*, at Aberdeen, by Andrew Cant and his coadjutors, who even sent elders to search the private houses to see that no meat was cooked. And about the same time was introduced the practice of administering the Lord's Supper, with long week-day preparatory "preachings," and assistance from neighbouring ministers, to the neglect, very often, of their own parishes. The object seems to have been, to depart as widely as possible, in everything, from the practice of the Church Catholic for the first fifteen centuries of its existence.

LAY PREACHING.

Lay preaching, whatever course the Free Church may adopt, was not only allowed but recognised and *encouraged* by the early Scottish Reformers, who laid down, "That at the public meetings it shall be lawful for any qualified person to interpret Scripture. Of which notion, Mr. Lyon remarks—

This notion, of the priestly functions being performed by any one who, in his own opinion, or that of others, might be qualified for the work, was virtually abolishing the order of the priesthood; and paved the way for the confusion, irregularity, and perpetual change which afterwards prevailed in Scotland, and indeed still prevails, on this most important subject.

Mr. Lyon does, however, admit that his own party were sometimes in the wrong. Of one stage of the Reformation, he remarks—

Meantime, the reformers, who had assumed the title of "The Congregation of Christ," (most of whom shared largely in the plunder of the church after the Reformation,) were carrying things with a high hand, declaring themselves to be the only true Church of God, and denouncing their opponents as "the antichristian members of Satan," "the pestilent prelates and their shavelings," and openly avowing that, in seeking their end, they would employ the coöperation of government when it could be obtained, but that they would utterly disregard its injunctions, and even act in defiance of it, whenever it opposed what they maintained to be the cause of truth. . . . . But, in the times we are reviewing, errors were committed on all sides, and both parties seemed ordained by Providence to punish each other for their sins. "Protestants broke through all restraints of honour, when they were securing liberty and reformation; and papists equally challenged a dispensation from the shackles of morality, when securing religion and the church. And so, knavery, Protestant and Popish, was licensed to walk the round of Christendom." The primate now resorted to a very cruel and impolitic method of restraining the new opinions. He caused Walter Mill, an aged priest, to be tried and burnt at St. Andrews for having adopted them. This was in 1558; and the very next year, the cathedral and monasteries were destroyed by the populace, a proof that this sanguinary measure defeated its own object.

"*The dinging down of the Cathedrals*" is, however, too good an occasion for deserved censure to be slipt by our author; and it is eloquently expatiated upon. There is force of painting in the account given of the general devastation, which Mr. Lyon compares to the atrocities of the French Jacobins; and a little warmth may be forgiven in the historian of a town which suffered such lamentable dilapidation as St. Andrews, and who is, moreover, one of the successors of the "rooks" whose nests were so recklessly pulled down.

We have no details of the destruction of the religious buildings of St. Andrews beyond what I have related; nor have I been able to ascertain, in particular, *how long* the cathedral took to be reduced to its present state,—whether it were the work of days or of years. . . . . But it ought to be remembered that, the very next year, [1559,] the Protestant leaders, in order to testify their approbation of such outrages, and to finish systematically what may have commenced accidentally, passed an act of their own for "demolishing cloysters and abbey churches, such as were not yet pulled down;" or, as Knox in his "History" expresses it, that "all places and monumentis of idolatrie should be destroyed." Then, in all probability, the cathedral would be reduced nearly to the state in which we now see it. . . . . The above-mentioned order for the demolition of the remaining "monumentis of idolatrie" was intrusted to the most zealous of the reforming peers, viz., the Earls of Argyle, Arran, and Glencairn in the west and south, and the Prior of St. Andrews in the north. "Whereupon," says Spotswood, "ensued a pitiful vastation of churches and church buildings, throughout all parts of the kingdom, for every one made bold to put to his hands; the meaner sort imitating the example of the greater. No difference was made; but all churches either defaced or pulled to the ground. The holy vessels and whatsoever else they could make gain of, as timber, lead, and bells, were put to sale." The very sepulchres of the dead were not spared; not even those of our kings and queens at Iona, Dunfermline, Scone, Melrose, Arbroath, and Holyrood; so that there was not one left entire in Scotland. Nor was this all. The numerous libraries and MSS. belonging to the religious houses were, for the most part, burnt. Charters were destroyed by those who had seized on the temporalities of benefices, in the hope of their being more secure in the possession of what

they well knew had been bequeathed for far different purposes; and thus a large proportion of the bulls of popes, charters of kings, noblemen, and prelates; acts of national and diocesan councils, ancient histories, registers, and chronicles, were swept away in one general destruction. A certain number of these, indeed, were saved, and carried over to France, where they were deposited in the Scots College at Paris. Unfortunately, however, many of them experienced the same fate from the French Jacobins in 1790 which the first had experienced from the Scotch fanatics in 1560,—so apt are extremes to meet, and the same atrocities to be committed by men holding diametrically opposite principles!

KNOX'S FIRST IDEAS OF CHURCH POLITY.

It was Knox's wish to appoint over the Protestant functionaries, twelve superintendants with one thousand marks each, and a proportionate salary to the inferior ministers; but this was thought too expensive an establishment by those who had got the church revenues into their hands, and were unwilling to part with them. The Reformer was, therefore, obliged to content himself with five superintendants at reduced incomes; the district of Fife and Strathearn being assigned to Wynram, and Knox himself acting as overseer of the whole, though without any official authority or distinguishing title. These appointments on the part of the reformers, whatever might be the defects inherent in them, sufficiently prove that they were no friends to that system of *parity* which their successors adopted; for to these superintendants, as much, and in some respects more, power was assigned over the inferior ministers than the bishops themselves exercised, under either the Papal or Episcopal systems, with the single but very important exception of ordination, which, as we have already seen, was abolished altogether. Yet so true was Knox to his principle, that "the people" are the source of all power, ecclesiastical as well as civil, that not only did he give the General Assembly control over the superintendants, but even the elders of their own parish churches (for each was obliged to have a parish in addition to his other duties) were authorized to call them to account, and censure them, whenever they saw, or thought they saw, reason for doing so! Such an incongruous system as this, did not, and could not last. . . . . .

The leaders of the new ecclesiastical establishment, being determined to depart as widely as possible from the practice of the Church Catholic for the preceding fifteen hundred years, appointed a new set of functionaries for its government. "Ministers, exhorters, and readers, as we have seen, had been nominated by Knox, as the fittest persons he was able to select for supplying the spiritual wants of the people; but these two last were now set aside, and declared to be "no ordinary officers in the Kirk of God;" and in place of the Knoxian priesthood, these *four* orders were substituted: first, the *pastor* whose business it was to preach and dispense the sacraments, marry, and superintend the congregation generally; second, the *doctor*, who was to explain texts of Scripture, but not to apply them; third, the *presbyter* or *elder*, who was to assist pastors in their ministerial duties; and fourth, the *deacon*, who was to have charge of the pecuniary affairs of the congregation. And to prevent, if possible, any more fluctuations, of which there had already been too many, it was declared that these four offices "ought to continue *perpetually* in the Church, as *necessary* for the government and polity of the same; and no more offices ought to be received or suffered in the true Church of God, established by His word." They little foresaw that, within fourteen short years from this time, this "perpetual and necessary" polity would be set aside; and that, even when Presbyterianism came to be a second time established by law, two of the above orders would be dropped as superfluous—so changeable and unsettled do men become when once they depart from the practice of the Apostles and the primitive ages!

The "imposition of the hands of the eldership," was now also admitted for the first time since the Reformation; but it is easy to conceive, that they who had never themselves received any ordination, could not be in a very fit state to impart it; even admitting that *true* presbyters had been competent to ordain, which they were not, and still less were *nominal* ones. Indeed, it is surprising that they consented to adopt the empty form, considering their well-known sentiments on the subject. But this was said to be done to please the king, who conceived that this mode of inducting ministers into their charges would give additional solemnity to the proceeding.

It is indeed surprising that so many "empty forms" should either be created or pertinaciously clung to by all new sects.——As a specimen of Mr. Lyon's narrative style, we select two passages, which have besides an intrinsic interest. The first he designates as the persecution of the *Tulchan* Archbishop of St. Andrews, Adamson.

James Melville preached at the opening of the Provincial Synod which met at St. Andrews in the month of April, and of which James Wilkie, principal of St. Leonard's college, was president. "The archbishop sat by," says Melville in his Diary, "with a great pontificality and big countenance." He then proceeds to say how ably "he refuted the human and *devilish* bishopric," and demonstrated the general doctrine that the ambition of the chief rulers in the Kirk had ever brought into it all kinds of corruptions; "and lastly," he says, "coming in particular to our own Kirk of Scotland, I turned to the bishop, sitting at my elbow, and directing my speech to him personally, I recounted to him shortly his life, actions, and proceedings against the Kirk; taking the assembly to witness, and his own conscience before God, if he was not an evident proof and example of that doctrine; whom, being a minister of the Kirk, the dragon had so stung with the poison and venom of avarice and ambition, that, swelling exorbitantly out of measure, he threatened the wreck and destruction of the whole body, if he were not timeously and courageously cut off. This particular being confirmed and cleared, exhortation was directed to the assembly to play the chirurgeon, for preserving of the body, seeing all means of amendment had been long since used upon that most corrupt and monstrous member; and this was done with such power of the Spirit and force of utterance as it pleased God to furnish for the work he had in hand." What are we to think of men who can ascribe their own vindictive humour and sectarian partisanship to a divine influence! According to this writer's testimony, the unhappy bishop, after the foregoing rebuke was "so dashed and struck with terror, that he could scarcely sit, and still less stand upon his feet." But not to dwell upon these details, let it be sufficient to say, that Adamson at first refused to answer to the above accusations, alleging it was rather his prerogative to judge his accusers than theirs to judge him. But after being repeatedly summoned, he gave in objections to their procedure and, at the same time, answers to the charges brought against him. He objected, among other things, that the two Melvilles, and the Master of Lindsay who was their coadjutor, were his personal enemies, and ought not, therefore, to be permitted to sit as his judges; but the Synod allowed them to retain their seats, after they had cleared themselves of malice in the customary way. This brought on an altercation between James Melville and the archbishop, in the course of which the former called the latter an unclean beast, a monster, a liar, and a blasphemer, and, among other opprobrious epithets, "an asserter of liberty of conscience." A majority of two only voted for the archbishop's excommunication, which made the Moderator ashamed to pronounce it; "whereupon," says Spotswood, "a young fellow of the name of Hunter, after a number of members had begun to leave the house, willed them to stay, professing that he was *warned by the Spirit* to pronounce the sentence: and so, ascending the chair, he read the same out of the book, a few only remaining as witnesses." This conduct on the part of the Synod, even Dr. M'Crie admits, was "precipitate and irregular."

This *warning of the Spirit*, this direct or inspired

knowledge of *the mind of Christ*, did not perish with the "young fellow named Hunter." It has been one of the most potent weapons, and at the same time one of the most disgusting and presumptuous of the many assumptions of some persons of our own time.—But there were more *warnings of the Spirit:* for next day,

"A person of the name of Cunningham came to church during divine service, accompanied by two of the archbishop's servants, and, ascending the reader's desk, pronounced sentence of excommunication against Mr. Melville himself, and others of the ministers of Fife who had been most violent in the cause." Such were the disgraceful proceedings which arose out of this false position in which the kirk had placed itself, by the novel and uncanonical nature of its constitution, and the insubordinate behaviour of its ministers. It is right to add, that the General Assembly afterwards absolved Adamson from his excommunication; but under a protest from Andrew Melville and the above-mentioned Hunter, who allowed their vindictive feelings so far to get the better of them as to declare, that "they still held him as one justly delivered to Satan, notwithstanding his absolution."

JENNY GEDDES.

Our next extract relates to a person, who, whatever Mr. Carment or Mr. Macalister may think of Dr. Burns' heresy, did prove that a woman may have a voice in the Church, and that to some purpose.

The royal proclamation directed that the new Liturgy should be used in all the churches of Edinburgh on Easter day, 1637; but owing to some unforeseen delay, this was not carried into effect till the 23d of July following. Meanwhile, the leaders of the puritanical democracy had been moving heaven and earth to throw obstacles in the way of its reception; and concerted their measures so skilfully, that success was almost certain to attend them. Messrs. Henderson, Dickson, and Cant, Lord Balmerino, Sir Thomas Hope, and Johnston of Warriston, held a private meeting in Edinburgh with "certain matrons and serving women." These last were instructed to "give the first affront to the book, and were assured that *men* would afterwards take the business out of their hands." Having thus laid the train, they withdrew to a convenient distance to await the explosion. When the Sunday came, and the Dean of Edinburgh had proceeded but a few minutes with the service, he was suddenly saluted by the "matrons and serving women" with such indecent and abusive epithets as "ye devil's gett!" [child], and "ane of a witch's breeding." After numerous expressions of this kind had been poured forth, a woman named Janet Geddes, hearing the dean announce the Collect for the day, exclaimed, "Deil colic the wame [belly] o' ye!" and aimed at his head the small moveable folding-stool on which she had been sitting. A young man happening to respond the "Amen" somewhat audibly at the end of one of the prayers: a "matron" who sat near him, turned quickly round, and, after heating both his cheeks with the weight of her hands, thus shot forth the thunderbolt of her passion: "False thief! is there nae ither part of the kirk to sing your mass in, but ye maun sing it at my lug?" [ear]. In the midst of this tumult, Dr. Lindsay, the bishop of Edinburgh, mounted the pulpit, and tried to recall the unruly mob to a sense of what was due to the holy place in which they were assembled; but his efforts were fruitless. The Archbishop of St. Andrews, in his capacity both of primate and chancellor, then rose up in his gallery, and attempted to address the people, but with as little success. At length the magistrates interfered, and eventually succeeded in clearing the cathedral of the rioters. But when the doors were closed, and the service had once more commenced, they attacked the windows with stones, and kept up such a loud and incessant howl around the walls, as effectually interrupted the devotions of the worshippers. After the service was over, the bishop had the utmost difficulty in reaching his home in safety, and could not have done so but that a nobleman gave him shelter in his carriage. A woman who was near him exclaimed "Fy, if I could get the thrapple [windpipe] out of him;" to whom another responded, "Though ye got your desire, perchance anither waur nor him micht come in his room;" on which the first rejoined, "Na, na; after Cardinal Beaton was *stickit*, there never was anither cardinal in Scotland sinsyne [since]; and if that false Judas were now stickit, scarce ony ane durst hazard to come after him." Singular as it may seem, the contemporary but anonymous relater of these anecdotes tells them to the women's *praise*, and thus winds up his narrative:—"These speeches, I persuade myself, proceeded not from any particular revenge or inveterate malice which could be conceived against the bishop's person, *but only from a zeal to God's glory wherewith their heart was burnt up.*" The character of these women was, no doubt, worthy of their cause; nor is other comment on their behaviour necessary, except what is expressed by Baillie himself, who, though their general vindicator, is honest enough at times to speak out his mind:—"I think," he says, "our people were possessed with a *bloody devil*, far above anything I could have imagined though the mass in Latin could have been presented."

THE NATIONAL COVENANT.

As there are at present whispers of the renewal if not of this, then of the Solemn League and Covenant, the following passage may interest some of our readers:—

The same object they farther promoted by means of a National Covenant which they caused to be drawn up, by which they bound the subscribers, by the most solemn obligation of religion, to persevere at all hazards in the cause they had undertaken. I shall not describe the nature of this bond, farther than by quoting the remark of Dr Cook, the most candid of the Presbyterian historians, who says of it that, "it places beyond a doubt the determination of those by whom it was framed, to defy even the king himself, in attaining the object which it was meant to serve." Yet, such was the excited state of the country at the time, that it met with a reception beyond the most sanguine hopes of its supporters; a circumstance which they did not scruple to ascribe to "a remarkable effusion of the Holy Spirit." Nearly every nobleman in Scotland signed it; and the civil authorities in most of the great towns submitted to its requirements. Many, indeed most, of the clergy in the rural parishes and in the universities objected to it; but their objections were silenced by threats, or drowned by clamour. The Professors of St. Andrews and Glasgow published reasons against it; and at Aberdeen, it experienced so determined an opposition, that the sword of the Earl of Montrose, and the eloquence of Messrs. Henderson, Cant, and Dickson, were put in requisition to bring the doctors of that learned university to reason; but with so little effect, that when they could neither subdue their courage, nor refute their arguments, they compelled them to quit the country, and seek refuge on the Continent. The three above-mentioned divines would have given up the loyal city to be sacked by the covenanting soldiery; but they were diverted from their savage purpose by Montrose, who was at this time beginning to discover the true character of the persons with whom he had incautiously connected himself.

One-sided, anti-M'Crie, nay, strongly prejudiced as our historian is, the unchristian violence of the ministers, and some of the small intrigues and pious frauds of the lay-leaders of the Presbyterian party, which time has revealed, give but too much occasion to the enemy. If there be any one of the leaders whom he dislikes more than another among the laity, it is the Regent Murray, or, perhaps, Johnston of Warriston. The "coarse invective" of Knox, which he condemns, we can only defend upon the axiom with which we set out, "that revolutions," according to the witty Frenchman, "are not made with rose-water." It is quite true, it is indeed emphatically

true, that "a Christian should never allow himself to be outdone in good manners," much more in what is meek and gentle, if it may not be *gentlemanly* feeling. And it is no less true, that the fiery and violent ebullitions of these zealous reformers are mainly chargeable upon the individuals, and not upon the age which they aspired to lead and direct; and to which, therefore, they should have shown a better example in the government of the tongue and the pen. A still worse fault of the early reformers, was a narrow and a persecuting spirit; which, in common candour, none of those who have the greatest cause to bless and glory in their work can venture to defend; any more than another malignant and decided, if lesser error, which is thus alluded to:

It was one of the unhappy characteristics of that age, that the pulpit, instead of being devoted to religious instruction, was often made the vehicle of local controversies and defamatory personalities.

Instances of this are given. The good sense and good taste of the present age has corrected or restrained this abuse of the pulpit. If any modern preacher were to attack even "flagrant vices," overlooked by those in authority, in a personal way, he would very soon, notwithstanding the example of Melville, find but a thin audience to profit by his exhortations. It is only during periods like the present, of fierce religious party-strife, that such improprieties could be tolerated even on the platform.

From the records of the General Assembly, Mr. Lyon gives a frightful picture of the state of morals during this period. Some of these illustrative extracts from Presbyterial records refer to the discipline of the Kirk,—which then intermeddled in many minor affairs that would now be laughed at; and to the *dealings* with witches. Knox is himself accused of having been a party to the burning of a witch; which, however, we think rather assumed than proved, though he seems to have had one of them arraigned before him in church. The Regent Murray is accused of being a wholesale burner of poor old women, probably because he allowed the law "to take its course;" but when Mr. Lyon inquires if it is not as wicked to burn harmless old women for witchcraft as to burn people for heresy, we have no answer ready, save that one crime will not extenuate another. We may, however, say, that in the curious story printed by Mr. Lyon from the records of the St. Andrews and Cupar Presbyteries—those immortal Presbyteries!—by the *Abbotsford Club*, the worthy magistrates of the latter town showed ten times the good sense and Christian feeling of their spiritual teachers; who would have enforced their authority in torturing, maiming, and perhaps at last burning, a certain poor Elspet Seith, because a half-mad or half-drunk tailor had taken a spite at her. The tale is too long for us, but too good and characteristic to be totally omitted; and it besides gives another aspect of the sort of entertainment and edification too, to be found in this racy History of St. Andrews.

One Andrew Patrick, a tailor, coming home late one night from the country, in March 1649, near Cupar, and half drunk by his own confession, "saw seven or eight women dancing, with a meikle man in the midst of them, who did wear towards him till they came to a little loch, into which they put him up till the shoulder blaids." Among these women was Elspet Seith, who had been previously suspected of witchcraft. . . . . The above Andrew Patrick, and witnesses from all quarters, were examined and re-examined at different times, with a view to elicit proofs of Elspet's dealings with the devil. Andrew, being asked if he had any other proofs of her guilt, answered, "that one morning he saw her in the country, and he had a little dog who barked despitefully at her. She desired him to stay the dog. He answered, I would it would worry you. Thereafter the dog never eated." This anecdote shows clearly that Andrew had a spite against Elspet, which should have caused his accusation of her to be discredited.

The affair now looked so serious that the Synod of Fife, backing the Presbytery against the rebellious magistrates, took it up, and from all the pulpits within the bounds, evidence was invited against miserable Elspet Seith; and found, as might have been expected.

One of these informers was Jean Bruise. She stated, that Elspet one day said to her sister, "Is your cow calfed?" to which the girl replied, "Know ye not that our cow is calfed!" Elspet remarked, "There is milk be-west and milk-be east, and ale in David Stennous' house, and a hungry heart can get nane of it. The deil put his foot amang it." The cow soon after lost its appetite; upon which they applied to Elspet to cure it, which she did by giving it some seeds. "And the said Jean Bruise affirms that Elspet went in to see the cow, and laid her hand upon its back, and said, Lamby, lamby, ye'll be weel eneugh; and from that time the cow amended."

The Presbytery—merciful Presbytery!—would now have had the magistrates to "put Elspet in a close prison, *take off her hand*, and watch her at her own expense;" the magistrates thought to compromise matters by putting Elspet in the *thieves' hole*; but this would not satisfy her reverend persecutors, who applied to the Committee of Estates to cause the town of Cupar concur in trying and watching the alleged witch. The town rationally persisted in opposition; which was right spirited and rather surprising, too, when the times are taken into view. The Presbytery were left in the lurch at last, and Elspet Seith, we hope, escaped their claws. In the very same year that the Westminster Assembly was held, 1643, we find deputations of "the Moderator and another" sent from Presbyteries to witness the examination or the burning of witches; and a man brought under church censure, "to abide what penance the Kirk-session should decree," because he had ridden on a Sunday to try to persuade Lord Burghley to release one Margaret Balfour, suspected of witchcraft. Now we conceive it right and even laudable in Mr. Lyon to set forth all these things, and many more of the same sort, and especially at this particular time; though we could have wished, and have deemed it but fair, to see some of the good as well as *all* the evil of our "Scottish Worthies."

But we cannot, perhaps, expect Mr. Lyon to show us what he is not able to perceive himself. It might make "the angels weep" and the imps grin, to find Mr. Lyon so frequently, and not unjustly, denouncing those Presbyterian writers, who, in the calamities of "the prelatists," see nothing but "God's judgments" and awful retribution, falling himself continually into the self-same error.—For the present, we take leave of a work which we foresee will produce a violent *scrimmage* among the polemical critics.

AN IRISHMAN'S THOUGHTS ON REPEAL.

WHAT is Repeal? Does it mean separation? Is it synonymous with dismemberment?

The Repealers deny that it has any such meaning, or is fraught with any such consequence. But without questioning their sincerity, there is much reason to apprehend, that if the Union were dissolved, and an independent Parliament established in College Green, the two nations would soon cease to go along, *paribus legibus*, under one yoke. Distinct and incompatible interests would arise between them. Upon these, conflicting measures of legislation would be founded, and thereupon dissensions follow, which would, most probably, lead to blows or separation.

We find the elements of international jealousy mingling with the very first principles of the present movement. Among the promised fruits held forth to engage the people in pursuit of this object, the first and most captivating to an Irishman's imagination, is the assurance of a revival of trade and manufactures. Before the Union, our country is said to have flourished in commercial prosperity, and abounded in means of employing and rewarding industry, which exist no longer; and it is pretended that nothing is now wanted, in order to restore that state of things, but to have "Ireland for the Irish."

This phrase of "Ireland for the Irish" signifies, in a commercial sense, *exclusive dealing* on a national scale, with a return to the old system of bounties and prohibitions, to ensure it. For as to any exterior influence affecting our trade or manufactures, beyond that of fair and equal competition, we have Ireland to ourselves already. There are no restrictions arising out of our connexion with Great Britain, to check the free course of commercial enterprise. No laws impede it; no treaties of partial operation, as regards other parts of the United Kingdom, interrupt it. We stand on a perfect equality with all our fellow-subjects in this respect; and we possess many advantages, of which we are even prone to boast, peculiar to our position, and to the favourable nature of our soil and climate. We exult in our great and generally-diffused water power, rendering us independent of steam; in the facility of intercourse with foreign countries, no part of our territory being fifty miles distant from a good sea-port; in the noble provision we possess for internal traffic, by our rivers,—one of which alone ("The mighty Shannon") is navigable by steam-vessels, through 150 miles of its course, touching upon every one of the four provinces, and connecting the very heart of the country with the Ocean below Limerick, and with the British Channel by means of the Dublin canals, which run into it. Add to these circumstances, so favourable to trade, the cheapness and abundance of food, of labour, and of building materials, and our exemption from many grinding taxes and impositions which oppress our fellow-subjects in Great Britain. Such superiorities should make us formidable competitors to the English in their own markets, and their masters certainly in ours. But Ireland is not a manufacturing country. She is undersold at her own doors by the English and the Scotch.

What is the cause of this? Many allege, our social miseries, and the consequent insecurity of property, which deters capitalists from coming amongst us. That is an ill-grounded fear: for property invested in trade or manufactures is peculiarly respected in all parts of Ireland. But such an apprehension exists; and the wild talk in which some of our public men indulge, tends in no degree to allay it.

This cause, however, of the depression of our manufacturing interest is not mentioned in "The Repealer's Catechism." They hold that industry languishes for want of "protection;" and the first use which is proposed to be made of a domestic Parliament, is to pass prohibitory laws, giving an undue preference to the home-made article over that which is manufactured in England. 'By undue preference, I mean a preference not due to its intrinsic or comparative value. Very lately, Mr. O'Connell quoted, with approbation, the whimsical maxim of Dean Swift, that we should burn everything which comes from England, except the coals.

In this manner is the woollen manufacture of Ireland, which the partial taxation of William the Third destroyed, to be resuscitated by a like injustice. A domestic market is to be forced, by shutting out the goods of Yorkshire, and compelling us to take coarse and inferior cloth at a higher price than we now pay for the best. The silk-looms in *The Liberty* are to be set in motion again by the same enlarged spirit of legislation; and they would even guard the Irish fisheries with bounties and protections, driving away the Cornish, and Scotch, and Manx fishers from our coast.

Such measures would, of course, provoke reprisals; and the differences so generated would lead to more serious ones, as to our contributions to the Imperial Exchequer. A small pretext would suffice to make us refuse our subsidies, whether they were demanded in the shape of excise, of customs, or of direct taxation; and the end would certainly be an appeal to force, or a mutual separation.

At the great meeting of the 15th of August, on Tara Hill, Mr. O'Connell made a very distinct *pronouncement* as to the share which Ireland will take upon herself of the burden of the National Debt. Having stated that at the period of the Union, Ireland owed only twenty millions, and England four hundred and forty-six millions, he proceeds:—

"I may be permitted to direct your attention to this very obvious fact, that whereas England has only doubled her debt since the passing of the Union, the increase of the National Debt of Ireland during the same period cannot, with justice, be estimated on a different ratio; and that, consequently, Ireland, at the very highest calculation, cannot, in reality, and as of her own account, owe a larger sum than forty millions. And I will tell

you, my friends, that never will we consent to pay one shilling more of a National Debt than that. I say it in the name, and on behalf of the Irish nation."

But long ere these pregnant grounds of quarrel were matured, we should be in a state of civil tumult and disorder amongst ourselves. Our two Houses of Parliament would scarcely agree on any one point of foreign or domestic policy. They would fight, *sans intermission*, like Kilkenny cats, as long as the same roof covered them. There is not a single principle of amalgamation between them. An Irish House of Commons, elected by the free choice of the people upon a comprehensive franchise, would be essentially democratic. The House of Lords, on the other hand, would be composed of the most unreasoning, the most unteachable, and the most intractable aristocracy in the world. You may judge of the antagonist ingredients of such a legislature, by arraying in your mind's eye the Lords Londonderry, Westmeath, Roden, Glengall, and Charleville, on the one part, against O'Connell and his sons, with Steele, Dillon Browne, Pat Lalor, the Ffrenches, and Henry Grattan, on the other. These men are fair samples of their respective classes; and just imagine what a *melée* we should have, when they came to *deliberate* on the land-tenure question, or to dispose of the church property. The Commons would consent to no compromise, nor accept any "instalment." The Lords would listen to no argument, nor yield to the most cogent necessity. The Commons would appeal to the people; the Lords would sit on, in irresponsible dignity, like the old Romans in the forum, while the fierce democracy thundered at their gates; and there they would brandish their toy-sceptres until, some fine morning, the rude Irishry would pluck them by the beard, and throw that sacred and inviolable institution, an hereditary chamber, out at the windows.

We sometimes hear pretty allusions to the "golden link of the crown," as a talisman endued with sovereign virtue to unite all the jarring parts of our proposed constitution in harmony and order. But what with our inevitable family squabbles at home, and our inevitable conflicts with Great Britain on points of international interest, it is doubtful how long we should

"dwell
In the power of that spell."

Our loyalty to the throne, founded, in a great measure, on gratitude and attachment to the person of the reigning monarch, is as yet without taint or suspicion. But she, like Alexander of Russia, is "only a happy accident." If a "new king should arise, which knew not Joseph," some prince of the house of Hanover, with more of an *uncle's* spirit towards Ireland, than of that which animates our good and gracious queen,—where would be the *irrupta copula* then? It is not pleasant, nor perhaps decorous, to speculate on such events; but in the uncertainty of human affairs, the peace and preservation of a great and populous kingdom should be maintained perfectly independent of any mortal contingency.

For these reasons, and because Ireland, more than any other country, at this moment wants repose, instead of being plunged into a new sea of troubles, I am not a Repealer. No—

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still;"

and since it were vain and childish to expect that Ireland can stand alone in this jostling world, to Thee, of all other nations, it is most meet and natural that she should cling and be united in a permanent and stable bond.

If, as I believe, a Repeal of the Union must be followed by a separation from Great Britain—and that separation, in the nature of things, can only lead to a change of masters—let us rather strive for an equality with our present rulers: a struggle which is neither hopeless nor—if we were but united among ourselves—very difficult. But in any case let us abjure French sympathy, which, like every other aspect of French policy, looks only to the aggrandizement of France, indifferent to the happiness or peace of all the world besides. And let us eschew *Brother Jonathan*, with his knotted cartwhip, and hypocritical zeal for the freedom of the human race. I do not call him a "yellow miscreant" as Mr. O'Connell did some three years ago; nevertheless, give us any other alliance; even a *Nation of Shopkeepers* before a Nation of *Repudiators*.

But whilst we admit that a rupture with England, aggravated by the misery and horror of intestine convulsion, would follow a Repeal of the Union, are we, on that account, to adopt Sir James Graham's flippant proposition, that, as the question tends to war, it is better to bring it to that issue at once, than to wait till the movement party shall be better prepared to meet it? The member for Kildare, More O'Ferrall, with the manly but prudent and guarded sincerity which renders him so valuable a public man, has answered the Home Secretary. "In such a war," said he, "I will take no part." These are the words of one who has been lately in the political service of the crown, and than whom no prince can have a braver, a more temperate, or a more loyal servant. And should a spirit of reckless domination, or of overweening confidence in their own power, ever induce ministers to attempt the forcible suppression of this movement, a like answer will be sent back to them, but in less measured tone and accent, by a class on whose assistance they must chiefly rely for the preservation of Ireland. The whole body of the Catholic gentry, with many of their most respected ecclesiastical dignitaries who now stand aloof from the agitation,* and a large proportion, too, of Protestants of all ranks, will cer-

* Bishop Haly of Carlow, in whose character meekness and simplicity are remarkably contrasted with the highest intellectual endowments, sent the following answer to an invitation to a Repeal dinner at Maryborough. It is worthy of a successor of Doctor Doyle, and shows how little ground there is for the Anti-Irish party in the Cabinet to calculate upon the countenance or support of the moderate *Liberals* of this country, should their outrageous counsels ultimately prevail against its peace and welfare.

DUBLIN, 11*th August*, 1843.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,—May I beg you will have the goodness to convey to the managing committee for the meeting to be

tainly take no part in a war *against* their countrymen. Whether they would tamely look on, may be another question, upon which it is still left us to hope they will not be required to form any definite resolution.

But such threats are highly dangerous. If they who use them were aware of the real state of the popular mind in Ireland; if they could see the peasantry crowding in hundreds and in thousands along the roads to the different places of meeting appointed by the great agitator; if they could witness their calm, resolute, and martial bearing; if they could observe, in the pettiest village, as in the most considerable towns, with what impatience the coming in of the post with the newspaper is watched, and mark the breathless attention, the mute significant gestures, the animated and ever-changing expression of the listeners, while some emphatic reader declaims to them with wild vehemence the spirit-stirring passages of O'Connell's speeches, or the impassioned comments of *The Nation* or *The Pilot*,—they would understand how worse than useless is the frothy gasconade of *the Home Office*, and how little of terror there is even in the deadly thunder of the *Horse Guards*.

I well remember the agitation of this people, at the time of the memorable Clare election, and the yells of fierce delight and defiance which drowned the rattle of O'Connell's chariot wheels on his return to Dublin, along the great Southern Road. But although the echoes of that progress shook Whitehall and scared the voluptuous slumberer in Windsor castle, it was nothing like so portentous or so formidable a movement as the present. The great mass of our population were never so "terribly in earnest." They never had so many strong and exciting causes, working at one and the same time, to make them so.

There are three classes of persons comprising the great bulk of the Repealers, to whom the thoughts of change are peculiarly attractive: the artisans and labourers, the small farmers, and the Roman Catholic priesthood. To the first, promises are held out of full and remunerative employment, which must be highly alluring to men who have never known what it is to receive a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. The petty farmers are enlisted by assurances of a secure and permanent tenure of their land, at such rent as their neighbours shall deem a just equivalent; and the Priests, who can wield both these classes at will, are naturally impatient under the hated superiority of a hostile church, and willing to propel any movement which may tend to overthrow it.

There are political topics besides, mixed up with the question of Repeal, such as the scant proportion of Irish representatives in the Imperial Parliament, and the niggard measure of popular franchise which the Reform Bill gave to Ireland, and which—restricted as it was—has been further reduced by lawyers' quibbles and the hard swearing of hired under-valuers, to such wretched dimensions as to have at length made the Tories themselves cry, Shame. These causes have added much to the national discontent, and brought numbers of a more respectable order into the ranks of the Repealers.

Loud complaints are also made of the inadequate measure of Municipal Reform granted to Ireland; complaints which have been reëchoed in Parliament with ludicrous energy by Lord Palmerston, one of the authors of *the grievance*. It is difficult to imagine, however, what would satisfy the malcontents, if they really consider themselves much wronged in this point. For with the single exception of Belfast, all the corporations are absolutely in their hands, and they have in some places—(the city of Dublin for example)—evinced a disposition to use their power with as little moderation as their predecessors.

But the great *momentum* is the Tariff. That is in itself a revolution. Property in Ireland, being exclusively agricultural, was based on monopoly; and the Tariff, incomplete as it is, has removed that foundation. In one year our possessions lost nearly one-half of their money-value, whilst the private debts and incumbrances, as well as the public charges, to which they are subject, continue the same. The gentry, never very generous to their poor dependents, nor in truth able to be so, are insolvent; and their necessities compel them to exact the last penny squeezable out of the unfortunate tenantry. Works of improvement or agricultural speculation have consequently ceased; the great bulk of the people are unemployed; and notwithstanding the unexampled cheapness and

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holden in your county, the warm and respectful expression of my thanks for their kind invitation to dinner on the 13th instant, and of my regret that I cannot have the pleasure of partaking of their hospitality on that day. You know me sufficiently, I believe, to be aware of my dislike for all sorts of political agitation. If I happened to have a taste for politics, I feel I can hardly afford time for its indulgence. But does it follow that because I decline taking any part in the agitation that now occupies the public mind in this country, I am satisfied with the manner in which our interests have been attended to in the Imperial Parliament? It surely does not. I feel as indignantly as you do the affront that has been offered to the loyalty of the great majority of the Irish people, in withholding from them those rights and privileges which have been conferred with a wise and unsparing liberality on our fellow-subjects in the other portions of the empire. The systematic neglect with which measures, having for their object the development of the resources of this country, are uniformly treated, is too marked to escape observation, and of too humiliating a character to be patiently submitted to by a people who repudiate, as they are well warranted in doing, every suspicion of civil or intellectual inferiority.—'Men,' says Mr. Burke, 'may tolerate injuries whilst they are only personal to themselves; but it is not the first of virtues to bear with moderation the injuries that are offered to our country.' England will, I trust, at length discover that it is alike impolitic and unnatural to continue to heap 'indignities' on her Irish sister; and the people of that country should insist on an immediate and radical change in the management of our affairs, by the abolition of all those hateful and impolitic distinctions which have been the source of so much distraction and impoverishment to this country, whilst they have proved, as was truly observed in a late number of the *Morning Chronicle*, 'the shame and the weakness of England.' That man must be a very short-sighted politician, who does not see that doing 'justice to Ireland' is the cheapest and most effectual means that a statesman can *now* adopt to maintain the Union, and of placing England in such a position as would enable her to bid defiance to a world in arms. Accept my thanks for the kind and courteous manner in which you have executed your commission, and believe me to remain, my dear Doctor, most faithfully yours, "✝ F. HALY."

"*Dr. Walshe, &c. &c., Ballinakill*,

abundance of the last year, thousands have wanted food. I could not give you a stronger instance of the lamentable distress which prevails amongst our labouring population and cottier tenantry, than the following fact which I learned from a most credible authority. A gentleman in the neighbourhood of a considerable town advertised at the parish chapel, that he would give *sixpence a-day* to every person who should bring a horse, or donkey, with a car, to remove a large heap of compost: and hundreds came to him on those terms! The ordinary day's hire of a horse, with a person to conduct it, is half-a-crown, and rarely less than two shillings. I write this in the busy autumn, the wheat and the oats being ripe on every side, and the fields crowded with reapers. Yet even so, there is not full employment. At mid-day, in the space of a single hour, I would undertake to assemble a score of able-bodied men, who are unoccupied, and would rejoice and be most thankful, if any one would engage them to bend to the heavy toil of harvest, from daylight to sunset, at eightpence a-day. But they cannot obtain employment even now; judge, then, what must be the condition of the whole labouring class in the winter quarter. *

Such being the state of the agricultural community, trade, which is here principally engaged in the supply of articles required by the holders and cultivators of the soil, has declined in the same degree; and the whole country is a scene of want and discontent.

This is the great cause of the startling advance of the Repeal movement; a result which has amazed every one, and no person, perhaps, more than O'Connell himself. When he said that this would be "the Repeal year," he could not have foreseen what the year has brought to pass. Twenty years of agitation could scarcely have done more for him than the working of the Tariff has effected in a few months.

But will it go on? Will this mighty ferment continue to perplex the public mind, and set statesmen at their wits' end?—or will it subside of itself? There is now and then a lull in the storm, which encourages a hope that it has almost spent its rage, and is going down. But, in the midst of these soothing expectations, a dreadful howl is heard in the air, and the tempest comes upon us afresh, crashing and bellowing more hideously than ever. We thought the "Monster Meetings" had been exhausted, when all at once the happy thought occurred of calling the tribes together upon the famous *hill of Tara*. A high Catholic holiday was selected for the purpose; and the most monstrous of all those monstrous assemblies was gathered on the 15th of August, round the bleak hillocks which mark the site of the old Brehon dynasty.

Thus, also, the weekly receipt of *rent* went down, in a fortnight, from two thousand to nine hundred pounds; and a further decline, on a sliding scale, was confidently predicted. But the receipts of the following week were announced at eleven hundred, and they have since alternated between that and fourteen hundred. That all the cash handed in by the collectors is the fruit of purely voluntary contributions, admits a doubt. Certainly very strong language, at least, is used in some of the Catholic chapels, to pump out the shilling from the poor man's fob; but that a great and universal enthusiasm prevails, it would be equally childish and mischievous to deny. If the people part with their money reluctantly, it is not because their feelings are cold or indifferent; but because, in their actual penury, to give the smallest coin is a sacrifice which they can ill afford.

But the cry for Repeal is confined, in a great measure, to the lower classes; and it may be so much the worse. Sir Edward Sugden has given it a greater share of *éclat* than it is really entitled to, by martyrizing, one after another, all the magistrates who have joined it. But imposing as this array undoubtedly is, very few gentlemen of acknowledged rank, or unembarrassed means, have declared themselves Repealers; and of those, fewer still are disposed to propel the movement. They are agitators, not with ulterior, but with exterior views; and adopt this cry for an Irish Parliament, as a means of compelling the Imperial Parliament to act in that character. They hold the opinion—good reason too they have for it—that England is only to be *coerced* into measures of justice towards this country. Their method of coercion is, indeed, an unwise one; but they are far from approving of all that O'Connell says, or concurring in all that he has led the common people to anticipate as the result of his agitation.

The new doctrine about rents has already staggered them not a little; for be it known to you, there are places where the tenantry have made signs of giving that doctrine a practical application, without waiting for the formal sanction of a native parliament. And however beautiful may be the theory of self-government; however captivating to the imagination of an Irish gentleman may be the thought of a procession, moving vice-regally through College Green; no man who has an actual interest in lands, held and cultivated by under-tenants, is likely to fall in love with the "simple plan" now in vogue, under favour of repeal and the tariff, in some districts of our green isle. There is an old Brehon law extant, which says—"No man is bound to pay brass, silver, or gold, but a king; cows are not to be expected from a man who has none;" and if the axioms broached by Mr. O'Connell, in support of his "fixity-of-tenure" principle, lead to a desire for reviving that law, it is easy to foresee that men of property will soon leave it to himself and *the frieze coats* to work it out.

But why have no steps been taken to check the progress which agitation is making in this direction? It is a landlord's question; and yet a landlords' parliament has separated without devising or applying, or pledging itself, in any specific form, to devise and apply remedies to the evil. Those British *millionaires* who have their capital

* On the same evening that the above was written, I intimated at an adjoining village, that I should require *four* men, on the following morning, to assist my own labourers in cutting down a field of oats. *Thirty-three came*; and it was most painful to see the downcast looks of the twenty-nine rejected candidates for eightpence.

invested in Irish mortgages, or on the security of bonds and settlements, should look to this in time. It is their affair. There is no class of people more willing than the Irish tenantry have hitherto been to meet their engagements, or who practise more extraordinary self-denial, that they may be enabled to discharge them in full. In their present situation, however, they are beset by a twofold temptation. On the one hand, the undeniable truth of the aboriginal maxim, that you must have a cow first before the landlord can take her, starts up in answer to the claim for rent; and, on the other, their feelings are roused by eloquent, and oftentimes over-true, representations of the insecure and precarious tenure by which they hang on to the land, liable to be shaken off at any time, by caprice or political resentment.

If the grievances of these people are not met by just and conciliatory provisions, such as common sense and a spirit of common honesty would suggest, what is to hinder their organizing a plan of "passive resistance" to the demand of rent, just as they resisted the payment of tithes eight years ago? And if such a confederacy were formed and organised throughout the land, what measures could the legislature, or the executive government devise, to control or overpower it?

As to the poor, friendless, labouring population, who dwell in hovels far worse than the meanest office of an English farm-yard, and who would be content if all their labour produced them a sufficiency of roots to eat, it were a denial of human nature to expect them to leave following and shouting at the heels of any person who promised them bread. But when you recollect who it is they follow—that it is O'Connell, the emancipator of his country, the man who has already proved his ability to achieve great things, against the opposition and hostility of the foremost statesmen of the age,—the orator whose prevailing eloquence and thorough knowledge of the habits and feelings of the persons he addresses, can go at once to their hearts, and awaken thoughts and aspirations that have haunted them from their childhood,—who places before them, in colours so true and affecting, the picture of their present misery, and announces, in accents so cheering and so full of confidence and promise, the dawning of a brighter morning, when they shall be fed, and their families clad and comfortably housed;——how are such a people to be taken out of his hands? Surely not by the alluring hospitalities of the workhouse, with its bare, cold stone walls, and iron-barred windows; not by freighting ships to convey a few outcasts to Canada, and turn them loose upon that ice-bound shore; not by sending out judges upon special commissions; nor yet by branding guns and pistols with a cold punch. No. They must be fed, and lodged, and employed at home; and their children must be taught and trained to habits of industry and order. Until this be done, there will always be O'Connells to call them from their dens and lounging-places; and the next generation will be more clamorous and more unruly than the present.

A few words now upon the Church question. This is not Mr. O'Connell's great "Archimedean" stance, although it occupies a prominent place in his harangues, and is the rallying point which draws the Catholic clergy in such force and numbers to his standard. But the multitude, in whose still-slumbering might the real terror of the movement is couched, do not complain of oppression from this source. It is to them an ideal grievance, for they pay no tithe; and those who receive it are often amongst their most useful and benevolent friends. There is no unkind feeling in the breasts of the peasantry (when they are left to themselves) towards the Protestant clergy; who are, generally speaking, more liberal contributors, in proportion to their means, to all public and private charities for the relief of their poor neighbours, than any other class of resident country gentlemen. This is a truth most honourable to the clergy, and which it would be a gross injustice to deny or to conceal.

But for all that, the Church of a small minority, established and ascendant, to the utter exclusion of other religious denominations, and claiming preëminence over all the rest, is a glaring and insufferable anomaly. All who dissent from its doctrines must resent such an assumption, which is, in its nature, peculiarly galling to the intelligent members, and to the pastors, of the more numerous communion. These last, particularly, can never be induced—it would, indeed, be folly to expect that they ever could be induced—to acquiesce in such usurped superiority. They will not rest themselves, nor allow their people to be content, whilst it exists. It has been endured up to this time, and yet hardly endured, because the public mind has been hitherto in its nonage. But the people and their priests are growing rapidly up to the full stature of freedom, and of political knowledge, which *is* power; and the practical absurdity of stilting up a Church-dominant for a mere fraction of the inhabitants of any country, and requiring all creeds and languages to bow to its supremacy, will not be tolerated much longer. The common sense of mankind recoils from an ascendant minority in Churches, even as it renounces and fights against it in Parliaments. The doom of such an incongruous establishment is pronounced already; and seeing that its "necessary end" cannot be delayed beyond a few years at the utmost, Sir James Graham's reasoning, which was merely impertinent, as applied by him, is most apposite to this case. Better the change take place before Repeal than after; better for the Church itself, better for the Protestant people, better for the religious peace of Ireland, and better—far better—for the permanence and security of our connexion with Great Britain.

Some persons think it ought to be received as an answer to all complaints on this subject, that the landlords, upon whose property the payment of the Tithe Rent-charge is charged, are, for the most part, Protestants; and, therefore, that it is quite proper to give the whole proceeds to their Church. As well might it be contended that, forasmuch as the greater part of the Income Tax is drawn from the pockets of the rich, it would be only reasonable to expend it in pensions and salaries to the members of aristocratic families. The tithe, by whom-

soever paid, is a public fund, at the command and disposal of the nation, for purposes of general utility. There are still some antiquated reasoners who deny this; and stoutly maintain that it is the inalienable possession of the Church, as by law established. Such reasoning was considered sacred for a long period; but it is now sadly out of date. When the Parliament enforced a composition in lieu of tithes, the title-deeds of the Church, as the absolute owner of this property, were *de facto* cancelled; and when Parliament made a present of one-fourth of the whole amount to the landlords, still more fully and explicitly was the principle established, that it rests with the same power to do as it pleases with the remainder.

But, in depriving the Protestant Church in Ireland of the mastery which it has exercised so long, and so injuriously to many interests, (not excepting that of the reformed religion,) it does not follow that all public recognition or support should be withdrawn from its ministers. There is nearly enough of ecclesiastical property in Ireland to provide adequately for the religious instruction of the three great divisions of our Christian community; and if, by equalising all the three, and removing just causes of jealousy and dislike, a great step is taken towards the restoration of mutual confidence and good-will between all classes of Irishmen, the public will not refuse to make up the deficiency.*

The Catholic clergy, indeed, declare that they will not accept any allowance from the State; and they are right, so long as it is tendered to them as a sop to purchase an acquiescence or acknowledgment of their own inferiority. But if it were offered to them, *ex æquo*, with other communions, and independently of all avowed or implied compromises and concessions, they would not refuse it. They would take it as their right, and use it without finding their influence diminished, or their energies cramped, by a contact with the Treasury.

The foregoing remarks were committed to writing three months ago, when Tara was the latest-born of the monster-meetings; Mullaghmast was still in the womb of time; and that *fraterculus gigantum*, "birth-strangled" Clontarf, had not even "cast a shadow before." Hence I may be deemed rather *late with my news;* yet the events which have come to light, during the interval that has since elapsed, tend to confirm impressions received in the earlier stages of the movement, and to show more and more clearly the absolute necessity of remedial appliances, to restore society to a wholesome state.

The government has at length given way to the impatient remonstrances and solicitations of its *friends*, and had recourse to what are called *vigorous measures*. O'Connell, for not committing the lives of thousands along with his own, has been assailed by the official journals with the vilest abuse, as a sneaking poltroon. A strange lesson this is to teach a race peculiarly alive to such imputations, that compliance with the ordinances of authority is cowardice, and that a man makes himself infamous by recoiling from a provocation to civil war and carnage. Our Downing Street masters are bound to disseminate a better morality through their "best possible instructors."

Neither the proclamation of Lord De Grey nor the proceedings of his Attorney-general have produced a sedative effect. The Repealers are as sanguine as ever in the prosecution of their favourite scheme; and not only have the receipts of money into their treasury been greatly increased, but the annual tribute for the personal support of "the Liberator," now in the course of collection, will be threefold greater in amount than it has been in any year since the first purse was made up for him, after the passing of the Catholic Relief Act. Every new regiment that lands on Kingston pier is worth an additional thousand pounds to him; a tolerably significant proof how little the heart of Young Ireland quails at these gaudy manifestations of terror.

If it were the policy of the leading Repealers to carry their object by main force, such preparations might perhaps daunt them. But they are playing a surer game; and are fully sensible of the soundness of the advice of a well-known forensic wag, not to "go to war while the sojers are in the country." The organisation in the meantime proceeds, and gathers strength; nor will the result of the pending prosecutions against O'Connell and his brother "conspirators," however *triumphant* it may turn out for the crown solicitor and the Tory newspapers, (which, however, seems rather doubtful,) retard or diminish its tremendous power. The law cannot quell it; and it is the determination of this adroit party that, for some time at least, the sword shall not. The Duke of Wellington never stood more immoveable within the lines of *Torres Vedras* than these politic schemers are resolved to abide, "while *the sojers* remain in the country." If they can keep in their eager multitudes from a false move, they have the iron duke, who is said to be the planner of the new ministerial *tactique*, checkmated.

But will they be able to restrain them much longer? Will not some stirring event,—the expected conviction and punishment of O'Connell, for example,—drive them madly over the rampart, and deliver them into the hands of those who are panting for the reconquest of Ireland? There is much reason to doubt whether in their perfect state of discipline and self-control, the most exciting circumstance could plunge them into the conflict one minute sooner than the word goes forth from the Corn Exchange; and that will not be in Mr. O'Connell's time. I say not this in disparage-

* We must express our entire dissent from our respected contributor's plan of equitable adjustment among religious sects, or distribution of what is a part of the public property. That every sect should support its own clergy, is a principle we have uniformly maintained; and so, in his orations at least, has Mr. O'Connell himself. If it ever was, what is called, politically expedient, that the State should take the Catholic priests of Ireland into its pay, the season has long gone by. What might have been good worldly policy in Mr. Pitt would be weakness in Sir Robert Peel.—*E. T. M.*

ment of his valour, which I have never suspected; but it would be so diametrically opposed to that moral power in which he plumes himself, in which indeed his great strength consists, and by which he has already achieved so great and splendid objects, that he would be vainer and more senseless than Ajax to abandon it for a trial of physical force. Old a man as he is, he can better afford to wait for the fulness of the time, than put the question to so perilous and uncertain an issue. When the empire is engaged in a foreign war, and the whole sea-board of France, from Brest to Dunkirk, is lined with American steam-privateers, then it will be for him to impose the terms of a surrender, or to wrest it by main force. In the meantime, the agitation will go on, and Ireland will continue to be torn with civil discord, unless the English nation and government provide for our relief and their own security by the "only method to subdue us."

Sir Robert Peel has made a sign of conciliating Ireland, by appointing a Commission to inquire and report upon the tenure of land in Ireland. The Commissioners he has selected are good men and good landlords; but they are Irish landlords; and with the exception of the chairman, Lord Devon, their experience has been confined to the management of property in this country. They know nothing better. The minister would have done more wisely had he sent a commission composed of English and of Scottish landlords,* to travel through our country, to see, hear, and inquire for themselves; and to bring back to their wondering countrymen the upshot of their investigations. They who are familiar with the condition of peasants in happier places, could better judge of the neglect, the wrong, and the oppression suffered by our poor people, than men who have been accustomed to look on such things only all their lives.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The British Journal of Homœopathy. Vol. I. London: Baillière.

This is a collection of all the numbers which have appeared of a new Medical Journal, of which the distinctive feature, if not the sole object, is to expound the Homœopathic theory and practice; though it also contains a great variety of miscellaneous, medical, and Homœopathic information, consisting of reports from foreign Homœopathic hospitals, and notices of new medical works. A great deal of industry is displayed in this opening volume. An account of Hahnemann, the head of the School, furnishes matter for an interesting paper, by Dr. Chapman. This is followed by a translation of Hahnemann's "Medicine of Experience," which fully expounds the doctrines of the new sect.

The Influence of Aristocracies on the Revolutions of Nations, considered in relation to the present circumstances of the British Empire. By James J. Macintyre. Octavo, pp. 448. Fisher, Son, & Co.

Our motive for delaying the notice of this work ought to be our apology to the author. It is too considerable, and too good a work, to be slightly treated; and it has been delayed because we could not slight it, and thought it would well bear keeping.

The Young Student; or, Ralph and Victor. By Madame Guizot. Translated from the French, by Samuel Jackson. London: Bogue.

We are much mistaken if there be not a great falling off in our Juvenile Literature of late years. This is a department in which the French are, or like ourselves were, imagined to excel; and though French works of this description, even by the best writers, cannot, to an English child or young person, equal those of Mrs. Barbauld or Miss Edgeworth, they are not without merit. It does Madame Guizot's work not one whit credit in our eyes, that she was the wife of the Prime Minister of France; but her history is of the best kind of romance in real life. Her stories, besides being, partly perhaps from circumstances, exceedingly popular in her own country, deserve to be so in ours, from their sober, sensible, moral tone. The book, well-chosen by Mr. Jackson, who is a proficient in translation, has received all manner of justice from the publisher.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1844.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

We place the Friendship's Offering at the head of our list, for various good reasons. It is one of the oldest of the prolific though short-lived family of Annuals; and in the present season, it has renewed its youth, like the eagles. Friendship's Offering has always been respectable in literature, as Annuals go; and in this respect, in 1844, it not only holds its place, but shames its fashionable contemporaries; while, in the accomplishments of plates, printing, and binding, it not only surpasses itself in former years, but rivals them. Somebody has happily termed it, "*An old friend with a new face;*" but it is so in the reverse of the sense of the adage. The size has increased to that happy medium between the large and the little, the dumpy short and the gawky tall, that every man of taste prefers in his mistress and his editions. The plates are fresh and *original*, whether in design or engraving; and some of them really fine, as if we were getting back to the palmy days of the Annuals, when publishers lost a great deal of money, and purchasers laid up, at a cheap rate, some exquisite small book plates. All this is but the external decorations; nor do we so much regard names that are in vogue, as what is actually produced. The *Friendship's Offering* exhibits a long list of good names; and they are not prefixed to bear off rubbish—"the sweepings of my desk." Altogether, it is to be regarded as the best Annual of the season, by those who consider literature the charm of these works. Those who want only pretty plates, and many of them, had, however, best apply at once to the Messrs. Fisher.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1844.—The Messrs. Fisher possess at all times a command of good plates, which enables them in any given year, and

* And why not tenants also? There being two parties to all bargains, both interests should be represented in settling the terms of them.—*E. T. M.*

on the shortest possible notice, to furnish forth an elegant or splendid Table-book, with the mere addition of gay binding and a few harmless rhymes. Of the series of rhymes which accompany these, and give them a kind of relief, or else perform for them the office of the old housekeeper who marshals visiters over the apartments of grand show-palaces, we have for some years made little account. As a literary work, the *Scrap-Book* died with L. E. L.; never again, we fear, to be resuscitated. Mrs. Ellis, the present editress, appears so sensible of the trivial nature of her poetical performances in the work, that it is needless to make any commentary upon the verses which accompany the different plates. The *Scrap-Book* is a work solely of embellishment; a beautiful book to be turned over, looked at and admired in its season, and returned to for its portraits and a few of its scenic pictures. The *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*, considering its style and equipments, is at all times one of the cheapest of the Annuals. The prints in the present year, if not all new, are abundant in number, and tastefully diversified. Of the thirty-six plates, six are portraits, the frontispiece being a delicately-engraved likeness of Mrs. Ellis. The other portraits are, the Queen of the French; Queen Adelaide, in the tremendous head-gear and costume of Queen Elizabeth; the late Duke of Sussex; Talleyrand; Earl De Grey; and Thomas Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope," who, we are here informed, was, in 1829, chosen Lord *Provost* of the University of Glasgow. Among the finest of the other plates are, Poussin's *Holy Family*. The vignette is, the *Gardens of the Seraglio Palace*, with groups of Eastern beauties reposing by fountains and under embowering trees. *One Hour of Joy* is a subject well adapted to the book—a beautiful girl attired by sisters, Mrs. Ellis says, for a ball; though, we should guess, the marriage altar, and therefore a solemn hour. At least the veil seems to intimate that it is a bride we behold in that placid and thoughtful richly-dressed maiden. Another sweet subject is, a group of girls of different ages, gleaning in a rich harvest field. If they be not exactly English peasants that the artist presents to us, they are pretty innocent-looking girls, well suited to a work of this kind, where nature is not held paramount; and moreover, Mrs. Ellis writes her most natural verses upon them. Her loyal and ultra-loyal strains in honour of the royal personages are such sad hackneyed themes, that Mrs. Ellis, if the task irks her, is as much to be pitied as if she were the real Poet Laureat.

As a literary specimen, we give, in another place, the verses upon the gleaners alluded to above.

On the excellent portrait of the late Duke of Sussex, albeit it may be more flattering than true, we have a set of verses beginning—

"Illustrious scion of a noble line!"

and closing in the same loyal strain.

Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book, with sixteen highly-finished plates, elegantly bound. There is not much in this book, "by Mrs. Ellis," that requires particular notice; but it is externally an elegant book. The literature is somewhat heavy and common-place: and not in the least attractive to young persons, unless they be kiln-dried juvenile utilitarians; yet it communicates some scraps of information, and has some pleasing verses. There is a brief memoir of Cook; and, with the description of one or two pictured foreign towns, some curiosities of natural history.

China, its Scenery, Architecture, Social Habits, &c. Illustrated. Vol. I. Imperial Quarto. Fisher & Son.—We class this portion of *China Illustrated*, under the head *Annuals*, because it comes out at the same season, is a highly embellished, and elegantly-bound work, and one in every way adapted for either a table-book or a gift-book. And after prudent consideration, we will say, that if we had but a single guinea to lay out on Annuals in the year 1844, our purchase should be this same *China*. It is not merely an elegant book, but one of which the literature does not, like that of those ephemera, the Annuals, perish in the use. It contains much accurate information about the most numerous and singular human community under the canopy of Heaven. By and by we hope the Chinese may get the length of thinking the English the most extraordinary people in the world: for that will be a great step. The letter-press of the work, which is historical and descriptive, is written by the Rev. G. N. Wright, an experienced hand in such matters. The drawings are from "original and authentic sources." They are in general admirable, especially those illustrating manners and costumes; and even the pictures of scenery are enlivened by characteristic figures and groups. Among the best of the plates, whether in point of artistic merit, or as exhibiting the daily life and habits of the Chinese, we class *the culture and preparation of Tea*, *The worshippers in the Temple of Budha at Canton*; *A taree-show at Sin-Sinchoo*,—an exhibition which seems somewhat like the Punch and Judy of Europe. *Feeding silk-worms, and sorting the cocoons*, is another in which only females are seen; and the interior of a *Mandarin's house near Nanking*, with a native merchant exhibiting rich silks for the choice of the Mandarin's lady. This plate gives a high idea of the personal charms and air of refinement which distinguish ladies of rank in China, and of the luxury and splendour by which they are surrounded. The *Cat Merchants and Tea-dealers, at Tong Chow*, the port of Pekin, is a clever sketch, and not without truth of character; and so is the *Rice Sellers and Eaters* at a military station; and a *Dinner Party* at a Mandarin's house. But we have already expressed our high opinion of this as an embellished book, in the way which best comes home to "men's business and bosoms."

Curiosities of Modern Travel: a Year-book of Adventure. London: Bogue.—This book is the first of a projected series for young readers. The plan is excellent, if not original. It is that of the Rev. Mr. Innes of this city, in his valuable little Annual, the Excitement; and is made up of striking incidents, and scraps from modern travellers. The extracts are well selected, and are not so long as to weary juvenile readers. With its many pretty illustrative wood-engravings, and handsome binding, the book altogether wears that attractive appearance, which must render it an acceptable gift, as well as an instructive companion to young folks.

The Complete Suffrage Almanac for 1844. London: Davis & Hasler; Edinburgh: Tait; and all Booksellers.—It is proper to keep good objects before the public in every honest way. This principle was acted on by the Anti-Slavery party; by those who attempted, and forced the Cheap Postage; and is now employed by the Anti-Corn-Law League. And here comes a cheap Almanac which, besides the usual business of such publications, contains many apt tabular, and other illustrations of the beauties of Class Legislation, the

expense of wars, the amount and manner of increase of the National Debt, and other things which ought to be constantly kept before the public. This year's Almanac, as it is the first, gives a sketch of the Complete Suffrage movement, and of the organization of the Society. The publications, besides Newspapers, which advocate the Complete Suffrage, were, for some time, only two; the *Eclectic Review*, and *Tait's Magazine*; but another work has been begun, entitled the *Philanthropist*. As a specimen of the new Almanac, we take the following table, without pledging ourselves for its accuracy:—

TABLE

Showing the Amount of Taxes paid Weekly by a Working Man who expends 7s. 7½d. in the following manner:—

2 ounces of tea.	7 lbs. of flour.
2 ounces of coffee.	7 pints of ale.
8 ounces of sugar.	¼ pint of brandy.
3 lbs. 8 ounces of meat.	1 ounce of tobacco.

The cost of the above, if freed from tithe, corn, custom, and excise tax, would not exceed 2s. 4½d.; while at present the cost is 7s. 7½d., being a weekly tax of five shillings and threepence one-eighth of a penny, on the poor consumer.

[Calculation made by William Wrexland of Birmingham.]

COMPARATIVE TAXATION OF ENGLAND AND OTHER COUNTRIES.

Taxes upon land in England,	£1,531,916
Taxes upon land in Prussia,	3,999,500
Taxes upon land in Austria,	8,700,000
Taxes upon land in France,	23,186,760
Taxes on the people in England,	23,186,760
Taxes on the people in Prussia,	3,761,500
Taxes on the people in Austria,	7,700,000
Taxes on the people in France,	17,423,240

POETRY OF THE ANNUALS.

Among the best poems in the Annuals for 1844, are the following verses by BARRY CORNWALL, on the disastrous Retreat from Cabul:—

Out in the savage mountains,
Down in the Kyber Pass,
Women and men, and babes at breast,
Are mown down like grass.
From the dawn until the night,
From the night until the dawn,
Nought is heard but Death, and curses
From the wild Affghan.

They toil through the swampy rivers,
They struggle amidst the snow;
But wherever they turn, a bullet rings,
And a brave man lieth low.
In vain the captain cheereth,
The soldier he fights in vain;
By one and one a thousand hearts
Pour out the red, red rain.

Oh! many will mourn in India
The close of this deadly day;
Even now there are dread and trembling hearts
From Delhi to proud Bombay.
The wife, in her lonely fortress,
Keeps watch for the distant drum;
And the far-off mother is looking out
For her boy—who will never come.

Yet sound, ye brazen trumpets!
For through that dark despair
A glory shines like the lightning
While it runs through the stormy air.
There are spirits whom nought can conquer;
And foremost of all is one—
A WOMAN,* as brave, as the bravest be,
Though she buries her bleeding son.

. . . . . .

* Lady Sale.

BY LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

A presence terrible and sweet
Must thine be still to me:
For years I have not dared to greet
Thy smile, save tremblingly!

For years, for years my love hath proved
Unchanging and the same.
The same! no! More and more I loved,
As years still went and came.

Most dear! 'Twas long ago, that first
Thou mad'st my soul thine own:
And still the enchanted dream I nursed,
Unwhisper'd and unknown.

On *earth* (where pilgrims still we are,
Poor children of the dust!)
Is 't wrong to lavish all this care,
This over-love and trust?

The beauty of *thy* form and face,
And of thy kingly mind,
Must stand th' excuse that must efface
The faults they leave behind!

So perfect these, I feel, I know,
My soul hath little right,
To share the mighty bliss and woe
Of such a passion's might.

And yet for years its love hath grown
Towards full perfection still;
And now that soul is all thine own,
Meek watcher of thy will.

Thus being *thine*, must be the boast
That yet shall courage bring:
For, O! the heart that loves *thee most*
Can be no worthless thing.

And surely, whatsoe'er it be,
There it surpasseth all:
None else so well can worship thee,
Though none escape thy thrall!

LISY'S PARTING WITH HER CAT.

BY JAMES THOMSON, AUTHOR OF "THE SEASONS."

The dreadful hour with leaden pace approach'd,
Lash'd fiercely on by unrelenting Fate,
When Lisy and her bosom Cat must part;
For now, to schools and pensive needle doom'd,
She's banish'd from her childhood's undash'd joys,
And all that pleasing intercourse she kept
With her grey comrade, which has often sooth'd
Her tender moments, while the world around
Glowed with ambition, business, and vice,
Or lay dissolved in Sleep's delicious arms,
And from their dewy orbs the conscious stars
Shed on their friendship influence benign.

But see where mournful Puss, advancing slow,
With outstretch'd tail, casts looks of silent woe
On melting Lisy, in whose eye the tear
Stood tremulous, and thus would fain have said
If nature had not tied her struggling tongue:
"Unkind, O, who shall now with fatt'ning milk,
With flesh, with bread, and fish, beloved of meat,
Regale my taste; and at the cheerful fire,
Ah! who shall bask me in their downy lap!
Who shall invite me to their bed, and throw
The bed-clothes o'er me in the winter nights,
When Eurus roars!—But now, when Lisy 's gone,
What is the dull officious world to me!
I loathe the thought of life!"

Thus plain'd the Cat,
While Lisy felt, by sympathetic touch,
These anxious thoughts that in her mind revolved;
And, casting on her a desponding look,
She snatch'd her to her arms with eager grief,
And moving, thus began:

"O, Cat beloved!
Thou dear companion of my tender years!

Joy of my youth! that oft has lick'd my hands
With velvet tongue, ne'er stained by mouse's blood—
O, gentle Cat! how shall I part with thee?
How dead and heavy will the moments pass
When you are not in my delighted eye,
With Cubi playing, or your flying tail!
How harshly will the softest muslin feel,
And all the silk of schools, while I no more
Have your sleek skin to soothe my soften'd sense!
How shall I eat when you are not beside
To share the bit? how shall I sleep
When I no more your lulling murmurs hear?
Yet we must part—so rigid Fate decrees;
But never shall your loved idea, dear,
Part from my soul: and when I first can mark
The embroider'd figure on the snowy lawn,
Your image shall my needle keen employ.
Hark, how I'm called away—a direful sound!
I come, I come! But first I charge you all—
You—you—and you, particularly you,
O, Mary! Mary! feed her with the best,
Repose her nightly in the warmest couch,
And be a Lisy to her!"

Having said,
She set her down, and with her head averse,
Rush'd to the evil which she could not shun;
While a sad mew went knelling to her heart.

HAPPY DAYS.

Oh! happy were the days,
The gleaning days of old,
When the sun's unclouded rays
Shone o'er the fields of gold;
When the merry harvest laugh'd
Beneath the reaper's smile;
And the foaming bowl was quaffed
To cheer her heart the while;

And childhood gathered flowers,
While the maiden's jocund song
Told how the sunny hours
So lightly danced along;
And we were blithe and gay,
Sweet sister of my youth.
How have they passed away,
Those days of love and truth!

. . . . .

NEW POEMS AND DRAMAS.

The verses of the Annuals, and original verses, occupy so much of our space in the present month, that we are under the necessity of deferring our *Catalogue Raisonné* of the Poetry of 1843 until 1844. The passing year has not been remarkable in the annals of English Poetry; yet it has left some tokens of the spirit of poesy not being utterly extinct among the rising generation. A rather remarkable Dramatic Poem appeared in Dublin during the summer, entitled *Judas, a Tragic Mystery*, which has not, so far as we have yet observed, obtained the notice which, from its vigour and originality, it merited. The author is named Digby P. Starkey, a name to us unknown, but which will yet be known in connexion with this production.—The other day, Mr. Moxon published three volumes of dramas, translations, and poems, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. We hope the poet is not a Yankee, as is said, and as the name rather imports; for he is worthy of being mother-English. We shall hold him in mind.—Mr. Simm's poems were formerly announced in this Magazine; and from Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, we lately have a small volume, creditable to the classical reputation of his family.—Nor has the Muse of Scotland been dumb; though, at present, we can only add to our former lists of poems and dramas published in England,—

THE POWER OF ASSOCIATION. A Poem in Three Parts. By the Rev. J. T. Campbell, Rector of Tilsin; but apparently not in the most distant way poetically related to the author of the Pleasures of Hope.

LIGHTER HOURS. By an Etonian.—A collection of juvenile compositions, displaying facility of versification, and a cultivated taste.

MR. MAKGILL CRICHTON.—On the last page of our November No., we stated, (following the *Edinburgh Advertiser*,) that Mr. Crichton had retracted the story of the aged minister of Lairg and his daughter. The *Advertiser* had mistaken the subject of Mr. Crichton's retractation. That story was not retracted.

LORD BROUGHAM AND HIS DETRACTORS.

THE authorship of a short paper in the November Number of this Magazine, has excited a good deal of curiosity, and something else, which the Whig *Globe*, and ultra-Whig *Examiner*, have been so obliging as to gratify—according to the cue they hold in playing their respective parts: that is, by first affirming, and then proving, that the offending article is either written by Lord Brougham himself, or by some *double* or retainer of his. The *Morning Chronicle* has both insinuated and affirmed the same thing. Had the matter gone no farther, we should not have felt it necessary to say one word on the subject; but the party-writers act to Lord Brougham and others on the maxim, "Throw dirt enough, for some will be sure to stick;" and this is, unhappily for human nature, too true. We therefore owe it as much to Lord Brougham, as to the character of our own publication, to give the assertions so unscrupulously made, and ingeniously supported, the most direct, positive, and explicit contradiction; and to assure our readers, that neither has Lord Brougham, nor any friend, or advocate, or *doubles* of his, whoever these may be, written, or caused to be written, one syllable of that article. The contrary assertion is as erroneous in *letter* as it is malicious in *spirit*. We trust that this simple fact may tend to open the eyes of all party-writers to the manner in which disinterested and impartial lookers-on regard their assaults on Lord Brougham, and others. It says ill for the spirit in which journalism is conducted—ill, indeed, for the frankness and generosity of the conductors of the metropolitan Whig press, that they appear unable to comprehend that a writer, in attempting to point out the shameful injustice done to an illustrious man, and a great benefactor of his species, may have other motives than those that spring either from personal, party, or sordid considerations. The love of Fair-play—the generous impulsive love of justice, has ever been the honourable characteristic on which Englishmen pride themselves. Heaven knows whether or not Lord Brougham has gotten fair-play from the Whig scribes; who, had he still been the ally or champion of their party, would have pursued a very different course. What man has been so baited—so disgracefully attempted to be "written-down," as one of the greatest men of his age!

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